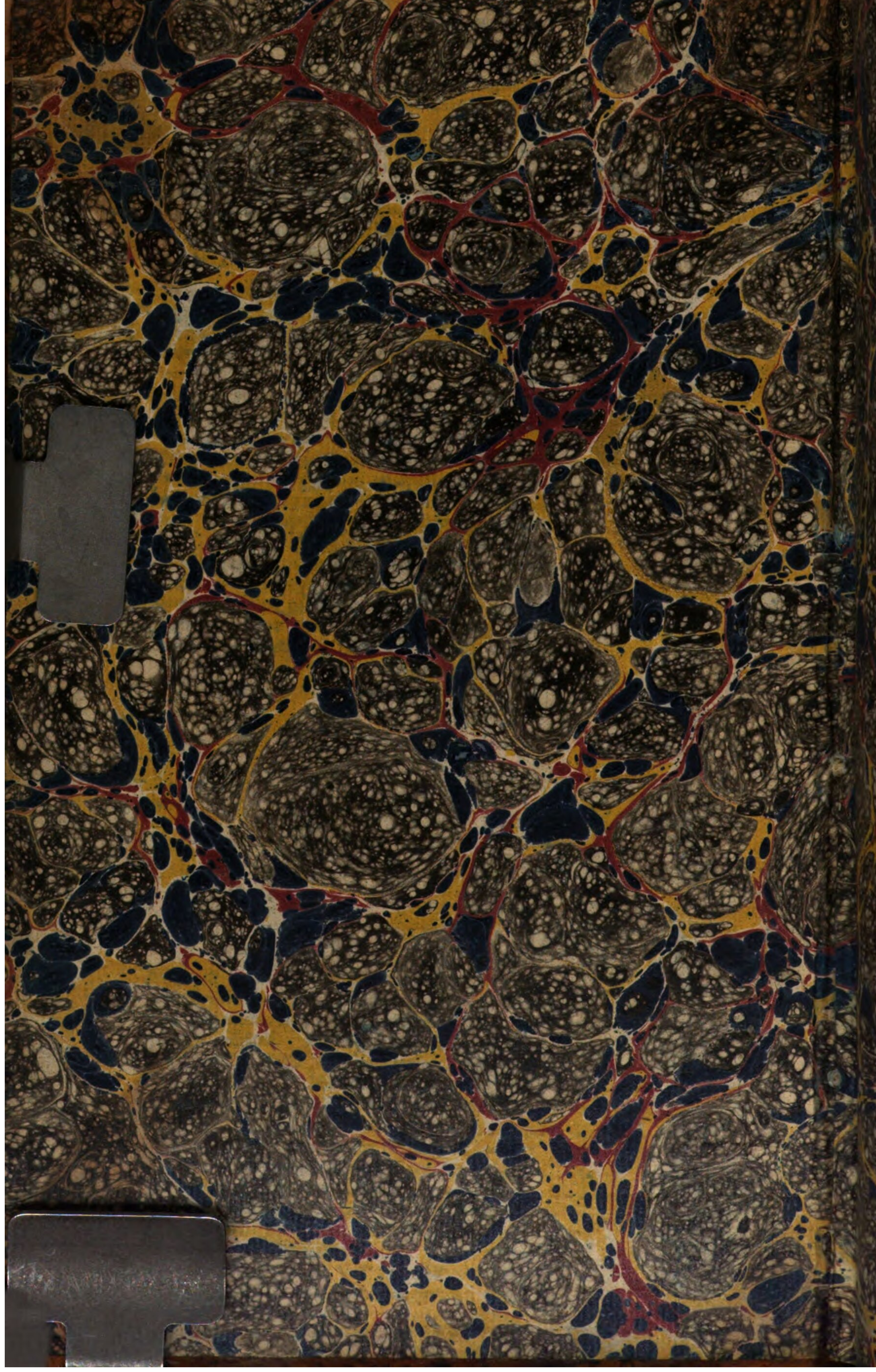






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A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Third.

Containing
Drayton Carew & Suckling.



L O N D O N :

*Printed for John & Arthur Arch, 23 Gracechurch Street.
and for Bell & Bradfute and I Mundell & C^o Edinburgh.*



THE LIFE OF DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, one of the most distinguished names in the poetical age of Elizabeth, was of an ancient family, originally descended from the town of Drayton in Leicestershire; but his parents removing into Warwickshire, he was born at Atherston in that county, as it is conjectured, about 1563.

Aubrey's MSS. call him the son of a butcher; but his biographers, whether from ignorance, or disbelief of the fact, or from a ridiculous delicacy, take no notice of this circumstance.

While he was extremely young, he discovered a remarkable propensity to learning; and, it appears from his *Epistle to Henry Reynold, Esq.*, that, even at ten years of age, he had made a considerable proficiency in the Latin, and was a page to a person of quality.

Sir Aston Cokayne, in his "Choice Poems," mentions his having been for some time a student at Oxford; but as he is not taken notice of by Wood, it is most probable that he completed his education at the other University.

His propensity to poetry was extremely strong, even from his infancy; and he appears to have been distinguished as a poet about nine or ten years before the death of Queen Elizabeth; but at what time he began to publish cannot be exactly ascertained.

All who have written of him, however, affirm that most of his principal pieces were published by the time he was about thirty years of age.

It appears from his poem of *Moses's Birth and Miracles*, that he was a spectator at Dover of the famous Spanish Armada; and it is not improbable that he was engaged in some military employment there.

It is certain that he was then highly esteemed and strongly patronized by several persons of consequence; particularly by Sir Henry Goodere, Sir Walter Aston, and the Countess of Bedford; to the first of whom he owns himself indebted for great part of his education, and for recommending him to the Countess; and by the second he was for many years supported, as he himself gratefully acknowledges in the dedication of his *Barons' Wars*, "in the spring of their acquaintance," and in many other dedications.

In 1693, he published a collection of pastorals under the title of *Idea: The Shepherd's Garland, fashioned in nine Eclogues*, 4to: and his *Baron's Wars, England's Heroical Epistles*, and *Legends*, not long after.

In 1603, he welcomed King James to his British dominions with a "congratulatory poem," 4to. The same year, he was chosen by Sir Walter Aston one of the Esquires who attended him at his creation of knight of the bath.

It has been alleged, that during King James's minority, he was instrumental in a correspondence carried on between that Prince and Queen Elizabeth; but this assertion is not confirmed by any favourable notice he received from that monarch after his accession; for, though he had testified an early attachment to his interest, and had written some Sonnets in his praise as a poet, he certainly met with no preferment: and even his poems themselves met with a very cool and unfavourable reception.

It does not appear that he ever printed those poems, in which he unquestionably stooped to gross flattery, in praise of a monarch who was as devoid of poetry as courage.

It is probable, however, that he had indulged himself in forming expectations on James's coming to the throne, but was disappointed; for, in the preface to his *Poly-Olbion*, and his Epistles to Browne and Sandys, he moralizes on the times, with the peevish dissatisfaction of one who thinks himself neglected or ill-treated.

In 1612, he published the first part of his *Poly-Olbion*, in eighteen books, or songs, in folio, addressed to Prince Henry, by whose encouragement it was undertaken, but who died before it was finished.

It is a topographical poem, containing a description of the several parts of England and Wales, in twelve foot verse, interwoven with episodes of the Roman conquest, the arrival of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, &c.

It was illustrated with notes by Selden, who, at the age of thirty-three, was so highly distinguished as a philologist, antiquary, herald, and linguist, that he was actually then, what he was afterwards usually styled "the great dictator of learning to the English nation."

It was also embellished with maps, representing the cities, mountains, forests, rivers, &c. by the figures of men and women.

In 1619, he published the first volume of his poems in folio; and in 1622, came out the second part of his *Poly-Olbion*, making in all thirty books, or songs; dedicated to Prince Charles, to whom he gives hopes of a continuation,—upon Scotland.

In 1626, the addition of Poet Laureat is affixed to his name, in a copy of recommendatory verses prefixed to "Holland's poems;" probably as a mark of his excellency in the art of poetry; for that appellation was not formerly restricted, as it is now, to his majesty's servant, known by that title, who, at that time, is presumed to have been Jonson.

In 1627, he published the second volume of his poems in folio; containing his *Battle of Agincourt*, *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, *Nymphidia*, *the Court of Fayrie*, *Quest of Cynthia*, *Shepherd's Sirena*, *Elegies*, and *the Moon-Calf*.

In 1630, he published another volume of poems in 4to, entitled *The Muses Elysium*, dedicated to Edward Sackville Earl of Dorset, who, it seems, had now made him one of his family; with three divine poems, *Noah's Flood*, *Moses's Birth and Miracles*, and *David and Goliath*, dedicated to the Countess of Dorset, the justly celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, afterwards Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

He died in 1631, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey among the poets. A handsome table monument of blue marble was raised over his grave the same year, adorned with his effigies in busto, laureated.

The MSS. abovementioned say, that his monument was given by the high-spirited and magnificent Countess of Dorset, who gave monuments to Spenser and Daniel; and that his epitaph was written by Quarles, and not by Jonson, to whom it is commonly attributed.

The epitaph, which was written in letters of gold, runs as follows.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

A memorable poet of his age,
Exchang'd his laurel for a crown of glory,
1631.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To DRAYTON's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.

Protect his memory, and preserve his story;
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name that cannot fade shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

THE LIFE OF DRAYTON.

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An imperfect edition of his collected works was printed in folio 1748; and a more complete one in 4 vol. 8vo, 1753. They are now for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Drayton among his contemporaries was that of an elegant poet, and a modest and amiable man. The testimonies of Jonson, Drummond, Selden, Sir William Alexander, Browne and Sandys, are unquestionable authorities in his favour.

Jonson in his "conversation with Drummond" says, that Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, had he performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent. Drummond says "his *Poly-Olbion* is one of the smoothest poems I have seen in English; poetical and well prosecuted. There are some pieces in him I dare compare with the best transmarine poems; the 7th song pleaseth me much; the 12th is excellent; the 13th also; the *discourse of bunting* passeth with any poet." Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury, pronounces the following eulogium upon him. "As Aulus Perlius Flaccus is reputed among all writers to be of an honest life and upright conversation; so Michael Drayton (*quem toties honoris & amoris causa novino*) among schollers, souldeers, poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conversation, and well governed carriage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but rogerie in villanous man; and when cheating and craftiness is counted the cleanest wit and the soundest wisdom." Winstanley is very lavish in displaying the great extent of his fame: "He had drunk as deep a draught at Helicon as any in his time: for fame and renown in poetry he is not much inferior, if not equal to Spenser: his *England's Heroical Epistles*, generally liked and received, entitling him unto the appellation of the *English Ovid*."

His reputation in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. stood on much the same level with that of Cowley in the two succeeding reigns; but it has declined considerably since that period.

The modern testimonies to his merit are few, when compared with those of the last century, and by no means equal to his desert. Most readers, either discouraged at his voluminousness, or from an unlucky perverseness or fastidiousness of taste, content themselves with superficially skimming him over, without going deep enough to be real judges of his excellence.

The *Poly-Olbion*, his greatest performance, is one of the most singular and original works this country has produced. The information contained in it is in general so accurate, that it is quoted as an authority by Hearne, Wood, and Nicholson. His perpetual allusions to obsolete traditions, remote events, remarkable facts and personages, together with his curious genealogies of rivers, and his taste for natural history, have contributed to render his work very valuable to the antiquary.

To many just objections it is most certainly liable; his verse of twelve syllables, though generally harmonious, is antiquated and unsuitable to the dignity and importance of his subject, and his continual personification of woods, mountains, and rivers, are tedious, and must be read rather for information than pleasure.

His *Barons Wars* are not liable to the same objections, the measure is more judiciously chosen; and though they frequently want the elevation of thought which is essential to poetry, the numbers are harmonious, and in some stanzas scarce inferior to the finest passages in Spenser.

The subject, it may be thought, is too extensive, and the province of the historian too far transgressed upon; in order to be introduced to good incident and reflection, one must toil through dry facts, listen with patience to the developement of uncertain primary causes; and, at last, perhaps, be obliged to have recourse to a prose explanation in the notes.

In his *Legends* and *Heroical Epistles*, both the time and the events are properly limited; the attention is gratified, but not satiated. He is in general, however, happier in the choice than the execution of his subjects; yet some of his imitations of Ovid are more in the spirit of a poet than several of the English translations of him.

His *Nymphidia: the Court of Fayrie*, seems to have been the greatest effort of his imagination, and is the most generally admired of his works. It is a most pleasing effort of a sportive fancy. The charm, in particular, is ludicrously whimsical; the component parts are put together with great propriety. It is a fine prelude to the witches Cauldron in Macbeth, and only exceeded by the stronger genius of Shakspeare.

His *Ideas* expresses much fancy and poetry.

His *Sonnets* possess, in a high degree, those distinctions which have been esteemed the most delicate improvements in English versification, and are scarce inferior to the best compositions of that kind in our language. His *Divine Poems* contain some sublime images.

"He possessed" says Mr. Headley, "a very considerable fertility of mind, which enabled him to distinguish himself in almost every species of poetry, from a trifling sonnet to a long topographical poem. If he any where sinks below himself, it is in his attempt at Satire. The goodness of his heart seems to have produced in him that confused kind of honest indignation which deprived him of the powers of discrimination; he therefore lost the opportunities of seizing on those nice allusions, situations and traits of character, by which vice and folly are rendered odious and contemptible."

"He wanted neither fire nor imagination, and possessed great command of his abilities. He has written no masques; his personifications of the passions are few; and that allegorical vein which the popularity of Spenser's works may fairly be supposed to have rendered fashionable, and which overruns our earlier poetry, but seldom occurs in him. While his contemporary Jonson peopled his pages with the heathen mythology, and gave our language new idioms, by the introduction of Latinisms, Drayton adopted a style, that with a few exceptions, the present age may peruse without difficulty, and not unfrequently mistake for its own offspring. In a most pedantic æra he was unaffected, and seldom exhibits his learning at the expence of his judgment."

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.

Containing his

POLY-OLBION,
BARONS WARS,
ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES,
BATTLE OF AGINCOURT,
ELEGIES,

LEGENDS,
IDEAS,
NYMPHIDIA,
QUEST OF CYNTHIA,
SONNETS,

W. W. W.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DRAYTON, sweet ancient bard, his ALBION sung
With their own praise, her echoing vallies rung,
His bounding Muse o'er every mountain rode,
And every river warbled where he flow'd.

KIRKPATRICK'S SEA-PIECE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

I HAVE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.

Containing his

LEGENDS,
IDEAS,
HYMNODIA,
QUEST OF CYNTHIA,
SONNETS,

THE UNION,
BARONS WARS,
ENGLAND'S HEROICAL REVELS,
BATTLE OF AGINCOURT,
FLEETES,

OF THE

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Drayton, sweet and simple bard, his Aetion sung
With their own hands, her echoing valleys rung,
His bounding horse o'er every mountain rode,
And every river waded where he flowed.

FINKEATON'S SEA-PIECE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1793.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

CEAS'D was the thunder of those drums which
wak'd
Th' affrighted French, their miseries to view,
At Edward's name which to that hour still quak'd,
Their Salique tables to the ground who threw;
Yet were the English courages not flak'd,
But the same bows and the same blades they drew,
With the same arms those weapons to ad-
vance,
Which lately lopt the fleur-de-liz of France.

Henry the Fifth, that man made out of fire,
Th' imperial wreath plac'd on his princely brow,
His lion's courage stands not to enquire
Which way old Henry came by it; or how
At Pomfret-castle Richard should expire:
What's that to him? he hath the garland now;
Let (a) Bullingbrook beware how he it wan,
For (b) Monmouth means to keep it if he can.

That glorious day, which his great father got
Upon the Percyes (calling to their aid
The valiant Douglas, that Herculan Scot)
When for his crown at Shrewsbury they play'd,
Had quite dishearten'd ev'ry other plot,
And all those tempests quietly had lay'd,
That not a cloud did to this Prince appear,
No former King had seen a sky so clear.

Yet the rich clergy felt a fearful rent
In the full bosom of their church (whilst she
A monarchess, immeasurably spent,
Less than she was, and thought she might not be)
By Wickliff and his followers: to prevent
The growth of whose opinions, and to free
That foul aspersion which on her they laid,
She her strong'st wits must stir up to her aid.

When presently a parliament is call'd,
To set things steddily that stood not so right,
But that thereby the poor might be intrall'd,

(a) Henry IV. so named from a town in Lincolnshire, where he was born.

(b) Henry V. was born at Monmouth in Wales.

Should they be urg'd by those that were of might;
That in his empire equity install'd,
It should continue in that perfect plight;
Wherefore to (c) Lei'ster he th' assembly draws,
There to enact those necessary laws.

It which one bill, 'mongst many, there was read,
Against the general and superfluous waste
Of temporal lands, the layety that had fed
Upon the houses of religion caste,
Which for defence might stand the realm in sted
Where it most needed, were it rightly plac'd;
Which made those church-men generally to
fear,
For all this calm, some tempest might be near.

And being right skilful, quickly they foresaw
No shallow-brains this bus'ness went about:
Therefore with cunning they must cure this flaw;
For of the King they greatly stood in doubt,
Lest him to them their opposites should draw,
Some thing must be thrust in, to thrust that out:
And to this end they wisely must provide
One, this great engine clerkly that could guide.

Chichley (d), who sat on Canterbury's see,
A man well spoken, gravely, stout, and wise,
The most select (then thought of that could be)
To act what all the prelacy devise;
(For well they knew, that in this bus'ness he
Would to the utmost strain his faculties;)
Him list they up with their main strength, to
prove
By some clean flight this libel (e) to remove.

His brain in labour, gladly forth would bring
Somewhat that at this needful time might fit
The sprightly humour of this youthful King,
If his invention could but light on it.
His working soul projecteth many a thing,
Until at length, out of the strength of wit,

(c) A parliament called at Leicester, A. D. 1413.

(d) Henry Chichley, who succeeded Arundel just then deceased the see of Canterbury.

(e) So they termed it, as not worthy of a better title.

He found a war with France must be the way
To dash this bill, else threat'ning their decay.

Whilst vacant minds sat in their breasts at ease,
And the remembrance of their conquests past,
Upon their fancies doth so strongly seize,
As in their teeth their cowardice it cast,
Rehearsing to them those victorious days,
The deeds of which beyond their name should
last;

That after-ages reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly think those men had any heirs.

And to this point premeditating well,
A speech (which chanc'd the very pin to cleave)
Aim'd, whatsoever the success befell,
That it no room should for a second leave,
More of this title then in hand to tell,
If so his skill him did not much deceive;
And 'gainst the King in public should appear,
Thus frames his speech to the assembly there.

" (f) Pardon by boldness, my liege sovereign
" Lord,
" Nor your dread presence let my speech offend;
" Your mild attention favourably afford,
" Which such clear vigour to my spirit shall
" lend,
" That it shall set an edge upon your sword,
" To my demand and make you to attend,
" Asking you, why men train'd to arms you
" keep,
" Your right in France yet suff'ring still to
" sleep.

" Can such a prince be in an island pent,
" And poorly thus shut up within a sea?
" When as your right includes that vast extent,
" To th' either Alps your empire forth to lay.
" Can he be English-born, and is not bent
" To follow you? Appoint you but the way,
" We'll wade if we want ships, the waves or
" climb,
" In one hand hold our swords, with th' other
" swim.

" What time controuls your brave great-grand-
" fire's claim
" To th' realm of France, from Philip nam'd the
" fair,
" Which to king Edward by his mother came,
" Queen Isabel, that Philip's only heir,
" Which this short intermission doth not maim?
" But if it did, as he, so yours repair;
" That where his right in blood prevailed not,
" In spight of hell, yet by his sword he got.

" What set that conqueror, by their Salique laws,
" Those poor decrees their parliaments could
" make?
" He enter'd on the justness of his cause,

(f) The Archbishop of Canterbury's speech in this and
the ten following stanzas.

" To make good what he dar'd to undertake;
" And once in action, he stood not to pause,
" But in upon them like a tempest brake,
" And down their buildings with such fury
" bare,
" That they from mists dissolved were to air.

" As those brave Edwards, father and the son,
" At conquer'd Cressy with successful luck,
" Where first all France (as at one game) they
" won,
" Never two warriors such a battle struck,
" That when the bloody dismal fight was done,
" Here in one heap, there in another ruck,
" Princes and peasants lay together mixt,
" The English swords no difference knew be-
" twixt.

" There Lewis King of Beame was overthrown,
" With valiant Charles, of France the younger
" brother;
" A dauphin, and two dukes, in pieces hewn;
" To them six earls lay slain by one another;
" There the Grand Prior of France fecht his last
" groan;
" Two archbishops the boist'rous croud doth
" smother;
" There fifteen thousand of their gentry dy'd,
" With each two soldiers slaughter'd by his
" side.

" Nor the Black Prince, at Poitiers battle, fought
" Short of his father, and himself before,
" Her king and prince, that prisoners hither
" brought
" From forty thousand welt'ring in their gore,
" That in the world's opinion it was thought,
" France from that instant could subsist no
" more:
" The marshal, and the constable, there slain
" Under the standard, in that battle ta'en.

" Nor is this claim for women to succeed
" ('Gainst which they would your right to France
" debar)
" A thing so new, that it so much should need
" Such opposition, as though fetcht from far.
" By Pepin this is prov'd, as by a deed,
" Deposing Cheldrick by a fatal war,
" By Blythild dar'd his title to advance,
" Daughter to Clothar, first so nam'd of France.

" Hugh Capet, who from Charles of Lorain
" took
" The crown of France, that he in peace might
" reign,
" As heir to Lingard to her title stuck,
" Who was the daughter of King Charlemain:
" So holy Lewes poring on his book,
" Whom that Hugh Capet made his heir again,
" From Ermingard, his grandame, claim'd the
" crown,
" Duke Charles his daughter, wrongfully put
" down.

" Nor think, my liege, a fitter time than this,
 " You could have found your title to advance,
 " At the full height when now the faction is,
 " 'Twixt Burgoyne and the house of Orleance:
 " Your purpose you not possibly can miss,
 " It for my lord so luckily doth chance,
 " That whilst these two in opposition stand,
 " You may have time your army there to land.

" And if my fancy doth not overpress
 " My visual sense, methinks in every eye
 " I see such cheer, as of our good success
 " In France hereafter seems to prophesy.
 " Think not, my sovereign, my allegiance less,
 " Quoth he; my lords, nor do you misapply
 " My words, thus long upon this subject spent,
 " Who humbly here submit to your assent."

This speech of his that powerful engine prov'd,
 Than e'er our fathers got, which rais'd us higher;
 The clergy's fear that quietly remov'd,
 And into France transfer'd our hostile fire;
 It made the English through the world belov'd,
 That durst to those so mighty things aspire;
 And gave so clear a lustre to our fame,
 That neighbouring nations trembled at our name.

When through the house, this rumor scarcely ran,
 That war with France propounded was again,
 In all th' assembly there was not a man,
 But put the project on with might and main;
 So great applause it generally wan,
 That else no bus'ness they would entertain;
 As though their honour utterly were lost,
 If this design should any way be crost.

So much men's minds now upon France were set,
 That every one doth with himself forecast,
 What might fall out this enterprise to let,
 As what again might give it wings of haste;
 And for they knew the French did still abet
 The Scot against us, which we us'd to taste,
 It question'd was, if it were fit or no,
 To conquer them e'er we to France should go.

Which Ralph then Earl of Westmorland propos'd:
 Quoth he, with Scotland let us first begin,
 By which we are upon the North inclos'd,
 And lockt with us one continent within;
 Then first let Scotland be by us dispos'd,
 And with more ease ye spacious France may win;
 Else of ourselves, e'er we our ships can clear,
 To land in France, they will invade us here.

Not so, brave Nevill, (a) Exeter replies,
 For that of one two labours were to make,
 For Scotland wholly upon France relies;
 First conquer France, and Scotland ye may take;
 'Tis the French pay, the Scot to them that ties;
 That slept, asunder quickly ye shall shake

(a) The Duke of Exeter, the king's own uncle.

The French and Scots. To France then first,
 say I.

" First, first to France," then all the commons
 cry.

And instantly an embassy is sent
 To Charles of France, to will him to restore
 Those territories, of whose large extent
 The English kings were owners of before;
 Which if he did not, and incontinent,
 The king would set those English on his shore,
 That in despite of him, and all his might,
 Should leave their lives there, or redeem his right.

First Normandy in his demand he makes,
 With Aquitain, a duchy no less great;
 Anjou and Mayne, with Gascoyne, which he
 takes
 Clearly his own, as any English feat.
 With these proud France he first of all awakes,
 For their delivery giving power to treat:
 For well he knew, if Charles should these re-
 store,
 No King of France was ever left so poor.

The king and dauphin, to his proud demand,
 That he might see they no such matter meant,
 As a thing fitter for his youthful hand,
 A ton of Paris tennis-balls him sent,
 Better himself to make him understand,
 Deriding his ridiculous intent:
 And that was all the answer he could get;
 Which more the king doth to this conquest
 whet.

That answering the ambassador, quoth he,
 Thanks for my balls to Charles your sovereign
 give,
 And thus assure him and his son from me,
 I'll send him balls and rackets, if I live,
 That they such such racket shall in Paris see,
 When over line with bandies I shall drive,
 As that before the set be fully done,
 France may (perhaps) into the hazard run.

So little doth luxurious France foresee,
 By her disdain what she upon her drew,
 (In her most bravery seeming then to be)
 The punishment that shortly should ensue:
 Which so incens'd the English king, that he
 For full revenge into that fury grew,
 That those three horrors, famine, sword, and
 fire,
 Could not suffice to satisfy his ire.

In all men's mouths now was no word but war,
 As though no thing had any other name;
 And folk would ask of them arriv'd from far,
 What forces were preparing whence they came?
 'Gainst any bus'ness 'twas a lawful bar,
 To say for France they were; and 'twas a shame
 For any man to take in hand to do
 Aught, but something that did belong thereto.

A ij

THE WORKS OF DRAYTON.

Old armours are drest up, and new are made;
Jacks are in working, and strong shirts of male;
This scowes an old (a) Fox, that a (a) Bilboa blade;
Now shields and targets only are for sale;
Who works for war, now thriveth by his trade.
The brown bill and the battle-ax prevail;
The curious fletcher fits his well-strung bow,
And his barb'd arrow, which he sets to shew.

Tents and pavillions in the fields are pitch'd,
E'er full wrought up, their roomthiness to try;
Windows and towers with ensigns are enrich'd
With ruffling banners, that do brave the sky;
Wherewith the wearied labourer bewitch'd,
To see them thus hang waving in his eye,
His toilsome burthen from his back doth throw,
And bids them work that will, to France he'll
go.

Rich saddles for the light-horse and the bard,
For to be brav'd there's not a man but plies;
Plumes, bandrolls, and caparizons prepar'd;
Whether of two, and men at arms devise,
The (b) greaves or (c) guises were the surer guard,
The (d) vambrass or the pouldron they should
prize;
And where a stand of pikes plac'd close, or
large,
Which way to take advantage in the charge.

One trains his horse, another trails his pike;
He with his poll-ax practiseth the fight;
The bow-man (which no country hath the like)
With his sheaf-arrow proveth by his might,
How many score off he his foe can strike,
Yet not to draw above his bosom's height.
The trumpets sound the charge and the re-
treat;
The bellowing drum the march again doth
beat.

Cannons upon their carriage mounted are,
Whose battery France must feel upon her walls;
The engineer providing the petard,
To break the strong portcullice; and the balls
Of wild-fire, devis'd to throw from far,
To burn to ground their palaces and halls:
Some studying are the scale which they had
got,
Thereby to take the level of their (e) shot.

The man in years preach'd to his youthful son
Press'd to this war, as they fate by the fire,
What deeds in France were by his father done,
To this attempt, to work him to aspire;
And told him there how he an ensign won,
Which many a year was hung up in the quire:
And in the battle, where he made his way,
How many Frenchmen he struck down that day.

- (a) Blades accounted of the best temper.
- (b) Armed at all points.
- (c) Armings for the thigh and leg.
- (d) Armings for arm and shoulder.
- (e) Great ordnance then but newly in use.

The good old man, with tears of joy, would tell
In Cressly field what prizes Edward play'd;
As what at Poitiers the Black Prince befell,
How like a lion he about him laid:
In deeds of arms how Audley did excel;
For their old sins how they the Frenchmen paid;
How bravely Basset did behave him there;
How Oxford charg'd the van, Warwick the
rear.

And boy, quoth he, I have heard thy grandfire
say,
That once he did an English archer see,
Who shooting at a French twelve score away,
Quite through the body stuck him to a tree;
Upon their strengths a king his crown might
lay:
Such were the men of that brave age, quoth he,
When with his ax he at his foe let drive,
Murrian and scalp down to the teeth could
rive.

The scarlet judge might now set up his mule,
With neighing steeds the streets so pester'd are;
For where he wont in Westminster to rule,
On his tribunal fate the man of war;
The lawyer to his chamber doth recule,
For he hath now no bus'ness at the bar;
But to make wills and testaments for those
That were for France, their substance to dis-
pose.

By this, the council of this war had met,
And had at large of every thing discust;
And the grave clergy had with them been set,
To warrant what they undertook was just;
And as for monies, that to be no let,
They bade the king for that to them to trust:
The church to pawn would see her chalice laid,
E'er she would leave one pioneer unpaid.

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,
Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
(For there the king the rendezvous decreed)
To bear aboard his most victorious freight;
The place from whence he with the greatest
speed
Might land in France, of any that was thought,
And with success upon that lucky shore,
Where his great (f) grandfire landed had be-
fore.

But, for he found those vessels were too few,
That into France his army should convey,
He sent to Belgia, whose great store he knew
Might now at need supply him every way.
His bounty ample as the winds that blew,
Such barks for portage out of ev'ry bay
In Holland, Zealand, and in Flanders, brings,
As spread the wide (g) Sleeve with their can-
vass wings.

- (f) Edward the third.
- (g) The sea between France and England, so called.

But first seven ships from Rochester are sent,
The narrow seas of all the French to sweep :
All men of war with scripts of mart that went,
And had command the coast of France to keep,
The coming of a navy to prevent,
And view what strength was in the bay of Diepe ;
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To do their best to fire it in the road.

The (a) Bonaventure, George, and the Expence,
Three as tall ships as e'er did cable tew ;
The Henry Royal, at her parting thence,
Like the huge (b) ruck from Gillingham that
flew :

The Antelope, the Elephant, Defence,
Bottoms as good as ever spread a clue :
All having charge, their voyage having been,
Before Southampton to take soldiers in.

Twelve merchants ships, of mighty burthen all,
New off the stocks, that had been rigg'd for Stoad,
Riding in Thames by Limehouse and Blackwall,
That ready were their merchandise to load,
Straitly commanded by the admiral,
At the same port to settle their abode ;
And each of these a pinnacle at command,
To put her fraught conveniently to land.

Eight goodly ships so Bristol ready made,
Which to the king they bountifully lent,
With Spanish wines which they for ballast lade,
In happy speed of his brave voyage meant,
Hoping his conquest should enlarge their trade,
And therewithall a rich and spacious tent :
And as this fleet the Severn seas doth stem,
Five more from Padstow came along with
them.

The Hare of Loo, a right good ship well known,
The year before that twice the Streights had past,
Two wealthy Spanish merchants did her own,
Who then but lately had repair'd her waste ;
For from her deck a pirate she had blown,
After a long fight, and him took at last :
And from Mounts-Bay six more, that still in
fight
Waited with her before the isle of Wight.

From Plymouth next came in the blazing star
And fiery dragon, to take in their fraught,
With other four especial men of war,
That in the bay of Portugal had fought ;
And though returning from a voyage far,
Stem'd that rough sea, when at the high't it
wrought,
With these, of Dartmouth seven good ships
there were,
The golden crescent in their tops that bear.

So Lyme three ships into the navy sent,
Of which the Sampson scarce a month before

Had sprung a plank, and her main-mast had
spent,

With extreme peril that she got to shore :
With them five other out of Weymouth went,
Which by Southampton were made up a score :
With those that rode at pleasure in the bay,
And that at anchor before Portsmouth lay.

Next these, Newcastle furnisheth the fleet
With nine good hoyes, of necessary use ;
The Danish pirates valiantly that beat,
Offering to sack them as they sail'd for Sluce.
Six hulks from Hull at Humber's mouth them
meet,
Which had them oft accompany'd to (c) Pruce.
Five more from Yarmouth falling them a-
mong,
That had for fishing been prepared long.

The Cow of Harwich, never put to flight,
For hides and furs late to Muscovia bound ;
Of the same port, another nam'd the Spight,
That in her coming lately through the Sound,
After a two days still-continued fight,
Had made three Flemings run themselves a-
ground ;
With three neat fly-boats, which with them do
take
Six ships of Sandwich, up the fleet to make.

Nine ships for the nobility there went,
Of able men, the enterprise to aid,
Which to the king most liberally they lent,
At their own charge, and bountifully paid.
Northumberland and Westmorland in sent
Fourscore at arms apiece, themselves and laid
At sixscore archers each, as Suffolk shews,
Twenty tall men at arms, with forty bows.

Warwick and Stafford levied at no less
Than noble Suffolk, nor do offer more
Of men at arms, and archers which they press,
Of their own tenants, arm'd with their own
store :
Their forwardness foreshews their good success
In such a war as had not been before :
And other barons, under earls that were,
Yet dar'd with them an equal charge to bear,

Darcy and Camois, zealous for the king ;
Lovell, Fitzwater, Willoughby and Ross,
Berckley, Powis, Burrell, fast together cling ;
Seymour and St. John, for the bus'ness close,
Each twenty horse, and forty foot do bring
More, to nine hundred mounting in the gross,
In those nine ships, and fitly them bestow'd,
Which with the other fall into the road.

From Holland, Zeland, and from Flanders won
By weekly pay, threescore twelve bottoms came,
From fifty upward to five hundred ton,
For ev'ry use a mariner could name,

Prussia.

A iij

(a) The names of the king's seven ships of war.

(b) An Indian bird, so large, that she is able to carry
an elephant.

Whose glittering flags against the radiant sun,
Shew'd as the sea had all been of a flame :

For skiffs, crays, shallops, and the like, why
these

From ev'ry small creek cover'd all the seas.

The man whose way from London hap'd to lie,
By those he met might guess the general force ;
Daily encounter'd as he pass'd by,
Now with a troop of foot, and then of horse,
To whom the people still themselves apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meer remorse ;
And still the acclamation of the press,
Saint George for England, to your good suc-
cess.

There might a man have seen in ev'ry street,
The fathir bidding farewell to his son ;
Small children kneeling at their father's feet ;
The wife with her dear husband ne'er had done ;
Brother his brother with adieu to greet ;
One friend to take leave of another run ;
The maiden, with her best-belov'd to part,
Gave him her hand, who took away her
heart.

The nobler youth, the common rank above,
On their courveting coursers mounted fair,
One wore his mistress' garter, one her glove ;
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair ;
And he her colours whom he most did love,
There was not one but did some favour wear ;
And each one took it on his happy speed,
To make it famous by some knightly deed.

The clouds of dust that from the ways arose,
Which in their march the trampling troops do
rear ;

When as the sun their thickens doth oppose
In his descending, shining wondrous clear,
To the beholder far off standing, shews
Like some besieged town that were on fire :
As though foretelling, e'er they should return,
That many a city, yet secure, must burn.

The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,
For this short cut with victual fully stor'd,
The king impatient of their long abode,
Commands his army instantly aboard,
Casting to have each company bestow'd,
As then the time convenience could afford ;
The ships appointed wherein they should go,
And boats prepar'd for wastage to and fro.

To be imbarck'd when every band comes down,
Each in their order as they muster'd were,
Or by the difference of their armings known,
Or by their colours ; for in ensigns there,
Some wore the arms of their most antient town,
Others again their own devices bear :
There was not any, but that more or less,
Something had got, that something should ex-
press.

First in the Kentish streamer was a wood,
Out of whose top an arm that held a sword,
As their right emblem ; and to make it good,
They above other only had a word,
Which was, unconquer'd, as that freest had
stood.

Suffex, the next that was to come aboard,
Bore a (d) black lion rampant, fore that bled,
With a field-arrow darted through the head.

The men of Surry, checky blue and gold,
Which for brave Warren their first earl they
wore,

In many a field that honour'd was of old.
And Hampshire next, in the same colours bore
Three lions passant, th' arms of Bevis bold,
Who through the world so famous was of yore.
A silver tower, Dorset's red banner bears :
The Cornish-men two wrestlers had for theirs.

The Devonshire band, a beacon set on fire ;
Somerset, a virgin bathing in a spring :
Their city's arms the men of Glo'stershire,
In gold three bloody chevernels, do bring.
Wiltshire a crowned pyramid, as nigher
Than any other to march to the King ;
Berkshire a stag, under an oak that stood ;
Oxford, a white bull wading in a flood.

The muster'd men for Buckingham, are gone
Under the swan, the arms of that old town ;
The Londoners and Middlesex as one,
Are by the red crosses and the dagger known.
The men of Essex, over-match'd by none,
Under queen Helen's (e) image marching down.
Suffolk, a sun half risen from the brake ;
Norfolk, a triton on a dolphin's back.

The soldiers sent from Cambridgeshire, a bay
Upon a mountain, water'd with a shower ;
Hartford, two harts that in a river play ;
Bedford's, an eagle perch'd upon a tower ;
And Huntington, a people proud as they,
Nor giving place to any for their power,
A youthful hunter with a chaplet crown'd,
In a py'd lyam leading forth his hound,

Northampton with a castle seated high,
Supported by two lions, thither came ;
The men of Rutland, to them marching nigh,
In their rich ensign bear an ermin ram ;
And Leicestershire, that on their strength rely,
A bull and mastiff (f) fighting for the game.
Lincoln a (g) ship most neatly that was limn'd,
In all her sails with flags and pennants trimm'd,

(d) An expression of king Harold's death, slain with an arrow in the head at the battle of Hastings, fighting against the Conqueror.

(e) Queen Helen, foundress of the cross, wife to Constantine, and daughter to king Coell, builder of Colchester in Essex.

(f) A sport more used anciently in that shire than in any other.

(g) For the length it hath upon the German ocean.

Stout Warwickshire, her ancient badge the bear;
 Wor'ster, a pear-tree laden with the fruit;
 A golden fleece and Hereford doth wear;
 Stafford, a (b) hermit in his homely suit;
 Shropshire, a falcon tow'ring in the air:
 And for the shire whose surface seems most brute,
 Darby, an eagle sitting on a root,
 A swathed infant holding in her foot.

Old Nottingham, an archer clad in green,
 Under a tree with his drawn bow that stood,
 Which in a chequer'd flag far off was seen;
 It was the picture of old Robin Hood;
 And Lancashire, not as the least I ween,
 Thoro' three crowns three arrows smear'd with
 blood:

Cheshire, a banner very square and broad,
 Wherein a man upon a lion rode,

A flaming lance, the Yorkshire-men for them;
 As those for Durham, near again at hand,
 A mitre crowned with a diadem;
 An armed man, the men of Cumberland;
 So Westmorland, link'd with it in one stem,
 A ship that wrack'd lay fir'd upon the sand:
 Northumberland with these com'n as a bro-
 ther,
 Two lions fighting, tearing one another.

Thus as themselves the Englishmen had shew'd
 Under the ensign of each sev'ral shire,
 The native Welch, who no less honour ow'd
 To their own king, nor yet less valiant were,
 In one strong reg'ment had themselves bestow'd,
 And of the rest resumed had the rear;
 To their own quarter marching as the rest,
 As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the best.

Pembroke, a boat (i) wherein a lady stood,
 Rowing herself within a quiet bay;
 Those men of South Wales of the (k) mixed
 blood,
 Had of the Welch the leading of the way.
 Caermarthen in her colours bore a rood,
 Whereon an old man lean'd himself to stay,
 At a star pointing; which of great renown,
 Was skilful Merlin, namier of that town.

Glamorgan-men, a castle great and high,
 From which, out of the battlement above,
 A flame shot up itself into the sky:
 The men of Monmouth (for the ancient love
 To that dear country, neighbouring them so
 nigh)
 Next after them in equipage that move,

(b) Many hermits formerly lived there, it being all
 foresty.

(i) Milford haven in Pembrokeshire, one of the bravest
 harbours in the world, therefore not unaptly so ex-
 pressed.

(k) Partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welch.

Three (l) crowns imperial, which supported
 were
 With three arm'd arms, in their proud ensign
 bear.

The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,
 Upon whose top there sat a watchful cock;
 Radnor (m), a mountain of a high ascent,
 Thereon a shepherd keeping of his flock;
 As (n) Cardigan, the next to them that went,
 Came with a mermaid sitting on a rock;
 And Merioneth bears (as these had done)
 Three dancing goats against the rising sun.

Those of Montgomery bear a prancing steed;
 Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace;
 Flintshire, a work-maid in her summers weed,
 With sheaf and sickle. With a warlike pace
 Those of Caernarvon (not the least in speed,
 Tho' marching last in the main army's face)
 Three golden eagles in their ensign brought,
 Under which oft brave Owen Guyneth fought.

The seas, amazed at the fearful sight
 Of arms and ensigns that aboard were brought,
 Of streamers, banners, pennons, ensigns pight
 Upon each poop and prow; and at the fraught
 So full of terror, that it hardly might
 Into a natural course again be brought,
 As the vast navy which at anchor rides,
 Proudly presumes to shoulder out the tides.

The fleet then full, and floating on the main,
 The numerous masts with their brave topmasts
 spread,
 When as the wind a little doth them strain,
 Seem like a forest bearing her proud head
 Against some rough flaw, that fore-runs a rain:
 So do they look from every lofty sted,
 Which with the surges tumbled to and fro,
 Seem even to bend, as trees are seen to do.

From every ship when as the ordnance roar,
 Of their depart that all might understand;
 When as the zealous people from the shore
 Again with fires salute them from the land;
 For so was order left with them before,
 To watch the beacons with a careful hand,
 Which being once fir'd, the people more
 less
 Should all to church, and pray for their suc-
 cess.

They shape their course into the mouth of Sein,
 That destin'd flood those navies to receive;
 Before whose fraught her France had prostrate
 lain,

(l) To express the king's birth-place and principal-
 ties.

(m) The middle of Wales, abounding with sheep on its
 mountains.

(n) Expressing the maritime situation of that shire.

As now she must this, that shall never leave,
 Until the engines that it doth contain,
 Into the air her heighten'd walls shall heave;
 Whose stubborn turrets had refus'd to bow
 To that brave nation that shall shake them
 now.

Long-boats with scouts are put to land before,
 Upon light nags the country to descry,
 (Whilst the brave army setting is on shore)
 To view what strength the enemy had nigh;
 Pressing the bosom of large France so fore,
 That her pale Genius in affright doth fly
 To all her towns, and warns them to awake,
 And for her safety up their arms to take.

At Paris, Roan, and Orleans she calls,
 And at their gates with groanings doth com-
 plain:

Then cries she out, "O get up to your walls:
 "The English armies are return'd again,
 "Which in two battles gave those fatal falls
 "At Cressly and at Poitiers, where lay slain
 "Our conquer'd fathers, which with very
 "fear
 "Quake in their graves to feel them landed
 "here."

The king of France now having understood
 Of Henry's entrance (but too well improv'd)
 He clearly saw that dear must be the blood
 That it must cost, e'er he could be remov'd:
 He sends to make his other sea-towns good,
 (Never before so much it him behov'd)
 In every one a garrison to lay,
 Fearing fresh pow'rs from England every day.

To the high'st earth whilst awful Henry gets,
 From whence strong Harfleur he might easi'st
 see,
 With sprightly words and thus their courage
 whets:
 "In yonder walls be mines of gold, quoth he;
 "He's a poor slave that thinks of any debts;
 "Harfleur shall pay for all, it ours shall be.
 "This air of France doth like me wond'rous
 "well;
 "Let's burn our ships, for here we mean to
 "dwell."

But through his host he first of all proclaim'd,
 In pain of death, no Englishman should take
 From the religious, aged, or the maim'd,
 Or women, that could no resistance make:
 To gain his own for that he only aim'd,
 Nor would have such to suffer for his sake:
 Which in the French, when they the same did
 hear,
 Bred of this brave king a religious fear.

His army rang'd in order fitting war,
 Each with some green thing doth his murrian
 crown,

With his main standard fixt upon the (o) ear,
 Comes the great king before th' intrenched
 town,

Whilst from the walls the people gazing are,
 In all their sights he sets his army down;
 And for their shot he careth not a pin,
 But seeks where he his battery may begin.

And into three his army doth divide,
 His strong approaches on three parts to make;
 Himself on th' one, Clarence on th' other side;
 To York and Suffolk he the third doth take;
 The mines the Duke of Gloucester doth guide:
 Then caus'd his ships the river up to stake,
 That none with victual should the town re-
 lieve,
 Should the sword fail, with famine them to
 grieve.

From his pavilion, where he sat in state
 Arm'd for the siege, and buckling on his shield,
 Brave Henry sends his herald to the gate,
 By trumpet's sound to summon them to yield,
 And to accept his mercy, ere too late;
 Or else to say, ere he forsook the field,
 Harfleur should be but a mere heap of stones,
 Her buildings buried with her owners bones.

France on this sudden put into a fright
 With the sad news of Harfleur in distress,
 Whose unexpected miserable plight
 She on the sudden knew not to redress;
 But urg'd to do the utmost that she might,
 The peoples fears and clamours to suppress,
 Raiseth a power with all the speed she could,
 Somewhat thereby to loose king Henry's hold.

The Marshal and the constable of France,
 Leading those forces levied for the turn,
 By which they thought their titles to advance,
 And of their country endless praise to earn;
 But it with them far otherwise doth chance?
 For when they saw the villages to burn,
 And high-tower'd Harfleur round ingirt with
 fire,
 They with their pow'rs to Cawdebeck re-
 tire.

Like as a hind, when she her calf doth see
 Lighted by chance into a lion's paws,
 From which should she adventure it to free,
 She must herself fill his devouring jaws,
 And yet her young one still his prey must be,
 (She so instructed is by nature's laws:)
 With them so fares it, which must needs go
 down
 If they would fight, and yet must lose the
 town.

(o) The king's main standard (for the ponderousness thereof) ever born upon a carriage.

(p) Now do they mount their ordnance for the day,
 Their scaling-ladders rearing to the walls;
 Their battering-rams against the gates they lay,
 Their brazen flings send in the wild-fire balls,
 Baskets of twigs now carry stones and clay,
 And to th' assault who furiously not falls?

The spade and pick-ax working are below,
 Which then unfelt, yet gave the greatest blow.

Rampiers of earth the painful pioneers raise
 With the walls equal, close upon the dike;
 To pass by which the soldier that assails,
 On planks thrust over, one him down doth strike:
 Him with a mall a second English pays;
 A second French transpierc'd him with a pike;
 That from the height of the imbattl'd tow'rs,
 Their mixed blood ran down the walls in show'rs.

A Frenchman back into the town doth fall,
 With a sheaf-arrow shot into the head;
 An Englishman, in scaling of the wall,
 From the same place is by a stone struck dead,
 Tumbling upon them logs of wood, and all,
 That any way for their defence might stand:
 The hills at hand re-echoing with the din,
 Of shouts without, and fearful shrieks within.

When all at once the English men assail,
 The French within all valiantly defend,
 And in a first assault if any fail,
 They by a second strife it to amend:
 Out of the town come (a) quarries thick as hail;
 As thick again their shafts the English send:
 The bellowing cannon from both sides doth
 roar
 With such a noise, as makes the thunder poor.

Now upon one side you should hear a cry,
 And all that quarter clouded with a smother;
 The like from that against it by and by,
 As though the one were echo to the other.
 The King and Clarence so their turns can ply;
 And valiant Glo'ster shews himself their brother,
 Whose mines to the besieg'd more mischief do,
 Than, with th' assaults above, the other two.

An old man sitting by the fire side,
 Decrepit with extremity of age,
 Stilling his little grandchild when it cry'd,
 Almost distracted with the batteries rage;
 Sometimes doth speak it fair, sometimes doth
 chide,
 As thus he seeks its mourning to assuage,
 By chance a bullet doth the chimney hit,
 Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilst the sad weeping mother sits her down,
 To give her little new-born babe the pap,
 A luckless quarry, level'd at the town,

(p) A description of the siege of Harfleur, in the nineteen following stanza's.

(a) Cross-bow arrows.

Kills the sweet baby sleeping in her lap,
 That with the fright she falls into a swoon;
 From which awak'd, and mad with the mishap,
 As up a rampier shrieking she doth climb,
 Comes a great shot, and strikes her limb from limb.

Whilst a sort run confusedly to quench
 Some palace burning, or some fired street.
 Call'd from where they were fighting in the trench,
 They in their way with balls of wild-fire meet,
 So plagued are the miserable French,
 Not above head, but also under feet;
 For the fierce English vow the town to take,
 Or of it soon a heap of stones to make.

Hot is the siege, the English coming on
 As men so long to be kept out that scorn,
 Careless of wounds, as they were made of stone,
 As with their teeth the walls they would have torn:
 Into a breach who quickly is not gone,
 Is by the next behind him overborn;
 So that they found a place that gave them way,
 They never car'd what danger therein lay.

From ev'ry quarter they their course must ply,
 As't pleas'd the King them to th' assault to call:
 Now on the Duke of York the charge doth ly;
 To Kent and Cornwall then the turn doth fall;
 Then Huntingdon up to the walls they cry;
 Then Suffolk, and then Exeter; which all
 In their mean soldiers habits us'd to go,
 Taking such part as those that own'd them do.

The men of Harfleur rough excursions make
 Upon the English, watchful in their tent,
 Whose courages they to their cost awake,
 With many a wound, that often back them sent,
 So proud a sally that durst undertake,
 And in the chase pell-mell amongst them went;
 For on the way such ground of them they win
 That some French are shut out, some English in

Nor idly sit our men at armes the while,
 Four thousand horse that ev'ry day go out,
 And of the field are masters many a mile,
 By putting the rebellious French to rout;
 No peasants them with promises beguile,
 Another bus'ness they were come about;
 For him they take, his ransom must redeem,
 Only French crowns the Englishmen esteem.

Whilst English Henry lastly means to try
 By three vast mines the walls to overthrow,
 The Frenchmen, their approaches that espy,
 By countermines do meet with them below;
 And as oppos'd in the works they ly,
 Up the besieged the besiegers blow,
 That stifled quite with powder, as with dust,
 Longer to walls they found it vain to trust.

Till Gaucourt then and Tuttiville, that were
 The town's commanders, with much peril find
 The resolution that the English bear,

As how their own to yielding were inclin'd,
 Summon to parley; off'ring frankly there,
 If that aid came not by a day assign'd,
 To give the town up, might their lives stand
 free;
 As for their goods, at Henry's will to be,

And having won their conduct to the King,
 Those hardy chiefs on whom the charge had lain,
 Thither those well-fed burghesses do bring,
 What they had offer'd strongly to maintain
 In such a case, although a dang'rous thing;
 Yet they so long upon their knees remain,
 That five days respite from his grant they have
 Which was the most they for their lives durst
 crave,

The time prefixed coming to expire,
 And their relief ingloriously delay'd;
 Nothing within their sight but sword and fire,
 And bloody ensigns ev'ry where display'd;
 The English still within themselves entire;
 When all these things they seriously had weigh'd
 To Henry's mercy found that they must trust,
 For they perceiv'd their own to be unjust.

The ports are open'd, weapons laid aside,
 And from the walls th' artillery displac'd;
 The arms of England are advanc'd in pride,
 The watch-tow'r with saint George's banner
 grac'd:
 "Live England's Henry," all the people cry'd;
 Into the streets their women ran in haste
 Bearing their little children for whose sake
 They hop'd the King would the more mercy
 take.

The gates thus widen'd with the breath of war,
 Their ample entrance to the English gave;
 There was no door that then had any bar,
 For of their own not any thing they have:
 When Henry comes on his imperial car,
 To whom they kneel, their lives alone to save;
 Strucken with wonder when that face they saw,
 Wherein such mercy was, with so much awe.

And first themselves the English to secure,
 Doubting what danger might be yet within,
 The strongest forts and citadel make sure,
 To shew that they could kepe as well as win;
 And though the spoils them wond'rously allure,
 To fall to pillage ere they will begin,
 They shut each passage, by which any pow'r
 Might be brought on to hinder but an hour

That conqu'ring King, which entring at the
 gate,
 Born by the prefs as in the air he swam,
 Upon the sudden lays aside his state,
 And of a lion is become a lamb;
 He is not now what he was but of late,
 But on his bare lect to the church he came,
 By his example as did all the prefs,
 To give God thanks for his first good success

And sends his herald to King Charles to say,
 That though he was thus settled on his shore,
 Yet he his arms was ready down to lay,
 His ancient right if so he would restore:
 But if the same he wilfully deny,
 To stop th' effusion of their subjects gore,
 He frankly off'reth in a single fight
 With the young Dauphin to decide his right,

Eight days at Harfleur he doth stay, to hear
 What answer back his herald him would bring:
 But when he found that he was ne'er the near,
 And that the Dauphin meaneth no such thing
 As to fight single, nor that any were
 To deal for composition from the King;
 He casts for Calais to make forth his way,
 And take such towns as in his journies lay.

But first his bus'ness he doth so contrive
 To curb the townsmen, should they chance to stir
 Of arms and office he doth them deprive,
 And to their rooms the English doth prefer:
 Out of the ports all vagrants he doth drive,
 And therein sets his uncle Exeter:
 This done, to march he bids the thundr'ing
 drums,
 To scourge proud France, when now her Con-
 queror comes.

The King and Dauphin having understood,
 How on his way this haughty Henry was
 Over the Soame, which is a dangerous flood,
 Pluckt down the bridges which might give him
 And ev'ry thing, if fit for human food, [pass;
 Caus'd to be forag'd, to a wond'rous mass;
 And more than this, his journies to foreflow,
 He scarce one day unskirmish'd with doth go.

But on his march, in midst of all his foes,
 He like a lion keeps them all at bay;
 And when they seem him strictly to enclose,
 Yet through the thick'ft he hews him out a way;
 Nor the proud Dauphin dare him to oppose,
 Though oft'ring oft his army to forelay;
 Nor all the power the envious French can make,
 Force him one foot his path but to forsake.

And each day as his army doth remove,
 Marching along upon Soame's marshy side,
 His men at arms on their tall horses prove
 To find some shallow, over where to ride:
 But all in vain, against the stream they strove,
 Till by the help of a laborious guide
 A ford was found to set his army o'er,
 Which never had discover'd been before.

The news divulg'd that he had waded Soame,
 And safe to shore his carriages had brought,
 Into the Dauphin's bosom struck so home,
 And on the weakness of King Charles so wrought,
 That like the troubled sea when it doth foam,
 As in a rage to beat the rocks to nought;
 So do they storm, and curse on curse they heap,
 'Gainst those which should the passages have kept.

And at that time both resident in Roan,
Thither for this assembling all the Peers,
Whose counsels now must underprop their throne
Against the foe, which not a man but fears;
Yet in a moment confident are grown,
When with fresh hopes each one his fellow cheers,
That ere the English to their Calais got,
Some for this spoil should pay a bloody shot.

Therefore they both in solemn council sat,
With Berry and with Bretagne their allies;
Now speak they of this course, and then of that,
As to ensnare him how they might devise;
Something they fain would do, but know not
what.

At length the Duke Alanzon up doth rise,
And craving silence of the King and Lords,
Against the English brake into these words.

" Had this unbridled youth an army led,
" That any way were worthy of your fear,
" Against our nation that durst turn the head,
" Such as the former English forces were,
" This care of yours your country then might
" stand:

" To tell you then who longer can forbear,
" That into question you our valour bring,
" To call a council for so poor a thing

" A rout of tatter'd rascals, starved so,
" As forced through extremity of need
" To rake for scraps on dunghills as they go,
" And on the berries of the shrubs to feed;
" Besides, with fluxes are enfeebled so,
" And other foul diseases that they breed,
" That they their arms disabled are to sway,
" But in their march do leave them on the way.

" And to our people but a handful are,
" Scarce thirty thousand when to land they came,
" Of which to England daily some repair,
" Many from Harfleur carry'd sick and lame,
" Fitter for spitels and the surgeons care,
" That with their swords on us to win them fame:
" Unshod and without stockings are the best,
" And those by winter miserably oppress.

" To let them die upon their march abroad,
" And fowls upon their carcases to feed,
" The heaps of them upon the common road
" A great infection likely were to breed;
" For our own safeties see them then bestow'd,
" And do for them this charitable deed,
" Under our swords together let them fall,
" And, on that day they die, be buried all."

This bold invective forc'd against the foe,
Although it most of the assembly feis'd,
Yet those which better did the English know,
Were but a little with his speeches pleas'd;
And that the Duke of Berry meant to shew:
Which when the murmur somewhat was appeas'd,
After a while their list'ning silence breaks,
And thus in answer of Alanzon speaks.

" My Liege, quoth he, and you, my Lords and
" Peers,

" Whom this great business chiefly doth concern,
" By my experience, now so many years,
" To know the English I am not to learn;
" Nor I more feeling have of human fears
" Than fitteth manhood, nor do hope to earn
" Suffrage from any; but by zeal am won
" To speak my mind here, as the Duke hath
done.

" Th' events of war are various (as I know)
" And say, the loss upon the English light,
" Yet may a dying man give such a blow,
" As much may hinder his proud conquerors
" might;
" It is enough our puissant power to shew
" To the weak English now upon their flight,
" When want and winter strongly spurthem on;
" You else but stay them that would fain be
" gone.

" I like our forces their first course should hold,
" To skirmish with them upon every stay,
" But fight by no means with them, though they
" would,
" Except they find them foraging for prey;
" So still you have them shut up in a fold,
" And still to Calais keep them in their way;
" So Fabius wearied Hanibal, so we
" May English Henry, pleased if you be.

" And of the English rid your country clean,
" If on their backs but Calais walls they win,
" Whose frontier towns you eas'ly may maintain,
" With a strong army still to keep them in;
" Then let our ships make good the mouth of
" Sein,

" And at your pleasure Harfleur you may win,
" Ere with supplies again they can invade,
" Spent in the voyage lately hither made.

" That day at Poitiers, in that bloody field,
" The sudden turn in that great battle then
" Shall ever teach me, whilst I arms can wield,
" Never to trust to multitudes of men;
" 'Twas the first day that e'er I wore a shield,
" Oh let me never see the like again!
" Where their Black Edward such a battle won,
" As to behold it might amaze the sun.

" There did I see our conquer'd fathers fall
" Before the English, on that fatal ground,
" When as to ours their number was but small,
" And with brave spirits France ne'er did more
" abound:

" Yet oft that battle into mind I call,
" Whereas of ours, one man seem'd all one wound.
" I instance this, yet humbly here submit
" Myself to fight, if you shall think it fit."

The Marshal and the Constable about
To second what this sager Duke had said,
The youthful Lords into a cry brake out

'Gainst their opinions; so that over-sway'd,
Some seeming of their loyalties to doubt,
Alanzon as an oracle obey'd,
And not a French then present, but dothswear
To kill an English, if enow there were.

A herald posted presently away,
The King of England to the field to dare,
To bid him cease his spoil, nor to delay
'Gainst the French pow'r his forces, but prepare:
For that King Charles determin'd to display
His bloody ensigns, and through France declare
The day and place that Henry should set
down,
In which their battles should dispose the crown.

This news to Henry by the herald brought,
As one dispassion'd, soberly quoth he, [fought;
"Had your King pleas'd, we sooner might have
"For now my soldiers much enfeebled be:
"Nor day, nor place, for battle shall be fought
"By English Henry; but if he seek me,
"I to my utmost will my self defend,
"And to th' Almighty's pleasure leave the end."

The bruit of this intended battle spread,
The coldness of each sleeping courage warms,
And in the French that daring boldness bred,
Like casting bees that they arise in swarms,
Thinking the English down so far to tread,
As past that day ne'er more to rise in arms,
T'extirp the name, if possible it were,
At least not after to be heard of there.

As when you see the envious crow espy
Something that she doth naturally detest,
With open throat how she doth squal and cry,
And from the next grove calleth in the rest,
And they for those beyond them bawling fly,
Till their foul noise do all the air infest:
Thus French, the French to this great battle call,
Upon their swords to see the English fall;

And to the King when seriously one told,
With what an host he should encounter'd be;
Gam, noting well the King did him behold
In the reporting, merrily quoth he,
"My liege, I'll tell you, if I may be boid,
"We will divide this army into three;
"One part we'll kill, the second pris'ners stay;
"And for the third, we'll leave to run away."

But, for the foe came hourly in so fast,
Lest they his army should disorder'd take,
The King, who wisely doth the worst forecast,
His speedy march doth presently forsake,
Into such form and his battalion cast, [shake;
That, do their worst, they should not eas'ly
For that his scouts, which forag'd had the coast,
Bade him at hand expect a puissant host.

On which ere long the English vaward light,
Which York, of men the bravest, doth command,
When either of them in the other's fight,

He caus'd the army instantly to stand,
As though preparing for a present fight;
And rideth forth from his courageous band
To view the French, whose numbers overspread
The troubled country on whose earth they tread.

Now were both armies got upon that ground,
As on a stage, where they their strengths must try,
Whence, from the width of many a gaping wound,
There's many a soul into the air must fly.
Mean while the English, that some ease had
By the advantage of a village nigh, [found
There sat them down the battle to abide,
When they the place had strongly fortify'd.

Made drunk with pride, the haughty French dis-
Less than their own a multitude to view, [dain
Nor ask of God the victory to gain
Upon the English, waxt so poor and few,
To stay their slaughter thinking it a pain;
And lastly to that insolence they grew,
Quoits, lots, and dice for Englishmen to cast,
And swear to pay, the battle being past.

For knots of cord to ev'ry town they send,
The captiv'd English that they caught to bind,
For to perpetual slav'ry they intend
Those that alive they on the field should find:
So much as that they fear'd lest they should spend
Too many English, wherefore they assign'd
Some to keep fast those slain that would be gone,
After the fight to try their arms upon.

One his bright sharp-edg'd scymitar doth shew,
Off'ring to lay a thousand crowns (in pride)
That he two naked English at one blow,
Bound back to back, would at the waists divide:
Some bett his sword will do't, some others no,
After the battle and they'll have it try'd.
Another wafts his blade about his head, [shred.
And shews 'em how their ham strings he will

They part their pris'ners, passing them for debt,
And in their ransom ratably accord:
To a prince of ours, a page of theirs they set,
And a French lacquey to an English lord.
As for our gentry, them to hire they'll let,
And as good cheap as they can them afford,
Branded for slaves, that if they hapt to stray,
Known by the mark, them any one might slay.

And cast to make a chariot for the King,
Painted with antics and ridiculous toys,
In which they mean to Paris him to bring,
To make sport to their madams and their boys,
And will have rascals rhimes of him to sing,
Made in his mockery; and in all these joys,
They bid the bells to ring, and people cry
Before the battle, France and Victory.

And to the King and Dauphin sent away
(Who at that time residing were in Roan)
To be partakers of that glorious day,
Wherein the English should be overthrown;

Left that of them ensuing times should say,
That for their safety they forsook their own,
When France did that brave victory obtain,
That shall her lasting'st monument remain.

The poor distressed Englishmen the whiles,
Not dar'd by doubt, and less appall'd with dread,
Of their arm'd pikes some sharp'ning are the piles,
The archer grinding his barb'd arrow-head;
Their bills and blades some whetting are with files,
And some their armours strongly riveted;
Some pointing stakes to stick into the ground,
To guard the bowmen, and their horse to wound.

The night fore-running this most dreadful day,
The French that all to jollity incline,
Some fall to dancing, some again to play,
And some are drinking to this great design;
But all in pleasure spend the night away:
The tents with lights, the fields with bonfires shine;
The common soldiers free-mens catches sing;
With shouts and laughter all the camp doth ring.

The wearied English, watchful o'er their foes,
The depth of night then drawing on so fast,
That fain a little would themselves repose,
With thanks to God do take that small repast
Which that poor village willingly bestows;
And having plac'd their sentinels at last,
They fall to prayer, and in their cabins blest,
To refresh their spirits then took them to their rest.

In his pavillion princely Henry laid,
Whilst all his army round about him slept;
His restless head upon his helmet staid,
For careful thoughts his eyes long waking kept.
"Great God (quoth he) withdraw not now thy
"Nor let my father Henry's sins be heapt [aid,
"On my transgressions, up the sum to make,
"For which thou may'st me utterly forsake.

"King Richard's wrongs to mind, Lord, do not
"Nor how for him my father did offend; [call,
"From us alone derive not thou his fall,
"Whose odious life caus'd his untimely end,
"That by our alms be expiated all:
"Let not that sin on me his son descend,
"When as his body I translated have,
"And buried in an honourable grave."

These things thus pond'ring, sorrow-ceasing sleep,
From cares to rescue his much-troubled mind,
Upon his eye-lids stealingly doth creep,
And in soft slumbers every sense doth bind,
As undisturbed every one to keep;
When as that angel, to whom God assign'd
The guiding of the English, gliding down,
The silent camp doth with fresh courage crown.

His glitt'ring wings he gloriously displays
O'er the host, as every way it lies,
With golden dreams their travail and repays;
This herald from the Rector of the skies

In vision warns them not to use delays,
But to the battle chearfully to rise,
And be victorious; for that day at hand
He would amongst them for the English stand.

The dawn scarce drew the curtains of the East,
But the late wearied Englishmen awake,
And much refreshed with a little rest,
Themselves soon ready for the battle make:
Not any one but feelth in his breast
That sprightly fire which courage bids him take;
For ere the sun next rising went to bed,
The French by them in triumph should be led.

And from their cabins ere the French arose,
(Drowned in the pleasure of the passed night,)
The English cast their battels to dispose,
Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight:
Forth that brave King courageous Henry goes,
An hour before that it was fully light,
To see if there might any place be found
To give his host advantage by the ground.

Where 'twas his hap a quickset hedge to view,
Well grown in height, and for his purpose thin;
Yet by the ditch upon whose bank it grew,
He found it to be difficult to win,
Especially if those of his were true,
Amongst the shrubs that he should set within;
By which he knew their strength of horse must
come,
If they would ever charge his vanguard home.

And of three hundred archers maketh choice,
Some to be taken out of every band,
The strongest bowmen by the general voice,
Such as beside were valiant of their hand,
And to be so employ'd as would rejoice,
Appointing them behind the hedge to stand
To shroud themselves from sight, and to be mute,
Until a signal freely bade them shoot.

The gamesome lark now got upon her wing,
As 'twere the English early to awake,
And to wide heaven her chearful notes doth sing,
As she for them would intercession make;
Nor all the noise that from below doth spring,
Her airy walk can force her to forsake;
Of some much noted, and of others less,
But yet of all presaging good success.

The lazy French their leisure seem to take,
And in their cabins keep themselves so long,
Till flocks of ravens them with noise awake,
Over the army like a cloud that hung;
Which greater haste inforceth them to make,
When with their croaking all the country rung,
Which boded slaughter, as the most do say,
But by the French it turned was this way:

That this divining fowl well understood
Upon that place much gore was to be spill'd;
And as those birds do much delight in blood,
With human flesh would have their gorges fill'd,

So waited they upon their swords for food,
To feast upon the English, being kill'd;
Then little thinking that these came indeed
On their own mangled carcases to feed.

When soon the French preparing for the field,
Their armed troops are setting in array,
Whose wond'rous numbers they can hardly wield,
The place too little whereupon they lay;
They therefore to necessity must yield,
And into order put them as they may,
Whose motion founded like to Nilus' fall,
That the vast air was deafen'd therewithal.

The Constable and Admiral of France,
With the grand Marshal, men of great command;
The Dukes of Bourbon and of Orleans,
Some for their place, some for their birth-right
The Dauphin of Averney (to advance [stand;
His worth and honour) of a puissant hand;
The Earl of Ewe, in war that had been bred;
These mighty men the mighty vaward led.

The main brought forward by the Duke of Barr,
Nevers, and Beaumont, men of special name;
Alanzon, thought not equall'd in this war:
With them Salines, Rous, and Grandpere came,
Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
Whom this expected conquest doth enflame,
Consisting most of cross-bows, and so great,
As France herself it well might seem to threat.

The Duke of Brabant of high valour known,
The Earls of Marle and Falconbridge the rear;
To Arthur Earl of Richmond's self alone
They leave the right wing to be guided there:
Lewes of Bourbon, second yet to none,
Led on the left; with him that mighty Peer
The Earl of Vendome, who of all her men
Large France entitled her great Master then.

The Duke of York the English vaward guides,
Of our strong archers that consisted most,
Which with our horse was wing'd on both the sides,
T' affront so great and terrible an host;
There valiant Fanhope, and there Beaumont rides,
With Willoughby, which scower'd had the coast
That morning early, and had seen at large
How the foe came, that then they were to
charge.

Henry himself, on the main battle brings,
Nor can these legions of the French affright
This Mars of men, the King of earthly Kings:
Who seem'd to be much pleased with the sight,
As one ordain'd t' accomplish mighty things;
Who to the field came in such brav'ry dight,
As to the English bodes successful luck,
Before one stroke on either side was struck.

In warlike state the royal standard born
Before him, as in splend'rous arms he rode,
Whilst his courvetting courser seem'd in scorn
To touch the earth whereon he proudly trod,

Lilies and lions quarterly adorn
His shield, and his caparison do load:
Upon his helm a crown with diamonds deckt,
Which thro' the field their radiant fires reflect.

The Duke of Glo'ster near to him agen,
T' assist his brother in that dreadful day;
Oxford and Suffolk, both true martial men,
Ready to keep the battle in array:
To Exeter there was appointed then
The rear, on which their second succours lay,
Which were the youth, most of the noblest blood,
Under the ensigns of their name that stood.

Then of the flakes he doth the care commend
To certain troops that active were and strong,
Only devis'd the archers to defend,
Pointed with iron, and of five feet long;
To be remov'd still which way they should bend,
Where the French horse should thick'ft upon them
throng;
Which when the host to charge each other went,
Shew'd his great wit that first did them invent.

Both armies fit, and at the point to fight,
The French themselves assuring of the day,
Send to the King of England (as in spight)
To know what he would for his ransom pay.
Who with this answer doth their scorn requite;
"I pray thee, Herald, wish the French to stay,
"And ere the day be past, I hope to see,
"That for their ransoms they shall send to me."

The French, which found how little Henry makes
Of their vain boasts, as set therewith on fire,
Whilst each one to his ensign him betakes;
The Constable to raise their spleen the higher,
Thus speaks: "Brave friends, now for your grand-
"fires fakes,
"Your country, honours, or what may inspire
"Your souls with courage, strain up all your
"pow'rs
"To make this day victoriously ours.
"Forward, stout French, your valours and advance,
"By taking vengeance for our fathers slain,
"And strongly fix the diadem of France,
"Which to this day unsteady doth remain:
"Now with your swords their traitours bosoms
"lance,
"And with their blood wash out that ancient stain,
"And make our earth drunk with the English
"gore,
"Which hath of ours oft surfeited before.

"Let not one live in Englaud once to tell,
"What of their King or of the rest became;
"Nor to the English what in France befell,
"But what is bruited by the general fame."
Bot now the drums began so loud to yell,
As cut off further what he would declaim:
And Henry seeing them on so fast to make,
Thus to his soldiers comfortably spake.

" Think but upon the justness of our cause,
 " And he's no man their number that will weigh;
 " Thus our great grandfire purchas'd his applause,
 " The more they are, the greater is our prey.
 " We'll hand in hand wade into danger's jaws,
 " And let report to England this convey,
 " That it for me no ransom e'er shall raise;
 " Either I'll conquer, or here end my days.

" It were no glory for us to subdue [more;
 " Them, than our number were the French no
 " When in one battle twice our fathers flew
 " Three times so many as themselves before.
 " But to do something that were strange and new,
 " Wherefore (I ask you) came we to this shore?
 " Upon these French our fathers won renown,
 " And with their swords we'll hew yon forest
 " down.

" The meanest soldier, if in fight he take
 " The greatest Prince in yonder army known,
 " Without controul shall him his pris'ner make,
 " And have his ransom freely as his own.
 " Now, English, lies our honour at the stake,
 " And now or never be our valour shewn:
 " God and our cause, St. George for England
 " stands.
 " Now charge then, English; fortune guide
 " your hands,"

When hearing one with all the valiant men
 At home in England with them present were;
 The King makes answer instantly agen,
 " I would not have one man more than is here:
 " If we subdue, less should our praise be then;
 " If we overcome, less loss shall England bear;
 " And to our numbers we should give that deed,
 " Which must from God's own pow'rful hand
 " proceed."

The dreadful charge the drums and trumpets sound,
 With hearts exalted, though with humbled eyes,
 When as the English kneeling on the ground,
 Extend their hands up to the glorious skies;
 Then from the earth as though they did rebound,
 Active as fire immediately they rise, [sent,
 And such a shrill shout from their throats they
 As made the French to stagger as they went.

Wherewith they stopt; when Erpingham, which led
 The army, saw the shout had made them stand,
 Wasting his warder thrice about his head,
 He cast it up with his auspicious hand,
 Which was the signal through the English spread,
 That they should charge: which, as a dread com-
 mand,

Made them rush on, yet with a second roar,
 Frighting the French worse than they did before.

But when they saw the enemy so slow,
 Which they expected faster to come on,
 Some scattering shot they sent out, as to shew,
 That their approach they only stood upon;
 Which with more fervour made their rage to glow,
 So much disgrace that they had undergone;

Which to amend, with ensigns let at large,
 Upon the English furiously they charge.

At the full moon look how th' unwieldy tide,
 Shov'd by some tempest that from sea doth rise
 At the full height, against the ragged side
 Of some tough cliff (of a gigantic size)
 Foaming with rage impetuously doth ride;
 The angry French (in no less furious wise)
 Of men at arms upon their ready horse,
 Assail the English to dispierce their force.

When as those archers there in ambush laid,
 Having their broad-side as they came along,
 With their barb'd arrows the French horses paid,
 And in their flanks like cruel hornets stung:
 They kick and cry, of late that proudly neigh'd,
 And from their seats their armed riders flung;
 They ran together, flying from the dike,
 And make their riders one another strike.

And whilst the front of the French vanguard makes
 Upon the English, thinking them to rout,
 Their horses run upon the armed stakes,
 And being wounded, turn themselves about:
 The bit into his teeth the courser takes,
 And from his rank flies with his master out,
 Who either hurts, or is hurt of his own,
 If in the throng not both together thrown.

Tumbling on heaps, some of their horses cast
 With their four feet all up into the air,
 Under whose backs their masters breathe their last:
 Some break their reins, and thence their riders bear;
 Some with their feet stick in the stirrups fast,
 By their fierce jades and trail'd here and there;
 Entangled in their bridles, one back draws,
 And plucks the bit out of another's jaws.

With show'rs of shafts yet still the English ply
 The French so fast, upon the point of flight:
 With the main battle yet stood Henry by,
 Nor all this while had meddled in the fight;
 Upon the horses as in chase they fly,
 Arrows so thick in such abundance light, [see,
 That their broad buttocks men like butts might
 Whereat for pastime bowmen shooting be.

When soon De Linnies and Sureres haste
 To aid their friends, put to this shameful foil,
 With two light wings of horse, which had been
 Still to supply where any should recoil. [plac'd
 But yet their forces they but vainly waste,
 For being light into the general spoil,
 Great loss De Linnies shortly doth sustain,
 Yet 'scapes himself, but brave Sureres slain.

The King, who sees how well his vanguard sped,
 Sends his command that instantly it stay;
 Desiring York, so bravely that had led,
 To hold his soldiers in their first array;
 For it the conflict very much might sted
 Somewhat to fall aside, and give him way,
 Till full up to him he might bring his pow'r,
 And make the conquest complete in an hour.

Which York obeys; and up King Henry comes,
When for his guidance he had got him room;
The dreadful bellowing of whose straight-brac'd
drums,

To the French sounded like the dreadful doom;
And them with such stupidity benumbs,
As tho' the earth had groaned from her womb;
For the grand slaughter ne'er began till then,
Covering the earth with multitudes of men.

Upon the French what Englishman not falls,
(By the strong bowmen beaten from their steeds)
With battle-axes, halberts, bills, and mauls?
Where, in the slaughter, every one exceeds,
Where every man his fellow forward calls,
And shews him where some great-born Frenchman
bleeds;

Whilst scalps about like broken potsherds fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the conqu'ring English cry.

Now waxed horror to the very height,
And scarce a man but wetshot went in gore;
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded as one tumbleth o'er,
This Frenchman falling, with his very weight
Doth kill another stricken down before;
As he again so falling, likewise feels
His last breath hasten'd by another's heels.

And whilst the English eagerly pursue
The fearful French, before them still that fly,
The points of bills and halberts they imbrue
In their sick bowels beaten down that ly;
No man respects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can hear those that for their mercy cry:
Ears are damn'd up with howls and hellish
sounds,
One fearful noise a fearfuller confounds.

When the courageous Constable of France,
Th' unlucky vanguard valiantly that led,
Saw the day turn'd by this disastrous chance,
And how the French before the English fled;
'O stay (quoth he) your ensigns yet advance,
'Once more upon the enemy make head;
'Never let France say we were vanquish'd so,
'With our backs basely turn'd upon our foe.'

Whom the (a) Chatillyon happen'd to accost,
And seeing thus the Constable dismay'd:
"Shift, noble Lord (quoth he) the day is lost,
"If the whole world upon the match were laid;
"I cannot think but that black Edward's ghost
"Assists the English, and our horse hath fray'd;
"If not, some devils they have then,
"That fight against us in the shapes of men."

'Not I, my Lord, the Constable replies;
'By my blest soul, the field I will not quit,
'Whilst two brave battles are to bring supplies,
'Neither of which one stroke have stricken yet.'
"Nay (quoth Dampier) I do not this advise
"More than your self, that I do fear a whit:

(a) The Admiral.

"Spur up, my Lord, then side to side with me,
"And that I fear not you shall quickly see."

They struck their rowels to the bleeding sides
Of their fierce steeds, into the air that sprung;
And as their fury at that instant guides,
They thrust themselves into the murth'ring throng,
Where such bad fortune those brave Lords betides,
The Admiral from off his horse was flung;
For the stern English down before them bear
All that withstand, the peasant and the peer.

Which when the noble Constable with grief
Doth this great Lord upon the ground behold,
In his account so absolute a chief, [condol'd;
Whose death through France he knew would be
Like a brave knight, to yield his friend relief,
Doing as much as possibly he could,
Both horse and man is born into the main,
And from his friend not half a furlong slain.

Now Willoughby, upon his well-arm'd horse,
Into the midst of this battalion brought;
And valiant Fanhope, no whit less in force,
Himself hath hither thro' the squadrons wrought;
Whereas the English, without all remorse,
(Looking like men that deeply were distraught)
Smoking with sweat, besmear'd with dust and
blood,
Cut into cantels all that them withstood.

Yet whilst thus hotly they hold up the chase
Upon the French, and had so high a hand,
The Duke of Bourbon, to make good his place,
Inforc'd his troops (with much ado) to stand:
To whom the Earl of Suffolk makes apace,
Bringing a fresh, and yet-unfought-with band
Of valiant bill-men; Oxford with success
Up with his troops doth with the other press:

When in comes Orleance, quite thrust off before
By those rude crowds that from the English ran,
Encouraging stout Bourbon's troops the more,
T' affront the foe that instantly began:
Pain would the Duke (if possible) restore
(Doing as much as could be done by man)
Their honour, lost by this their late defeat,
And caused only by their base retreat.

Their men at arms their lances closely lock
One in another, and come up so round,
That, by the strength and horror of the shock,
They forc'd the English to forsake their ground,
Shrinking no more than they had been a rock,
Though by the shafts receiving many a wound;
As they would shew, that they were none of
those
That turn'd their backs so basely to their foes.

Panting for breath, his morion in his hand,
Woodhouse comes in as back the English bear:
"My Lords (quoth he) what now inforc'd to stand,
"When smiling fortune offers us so fair?
"The French lie yonder like to wrecks of sand,
"And you by this our glory but impair:

" Or now, or never, your first fight maintain,
" Chatillyon and the Constable are slain.

" Hand over head pell-mell upon them run,
" If you will prove the masters of the day :
" Ferrers and Greystock have so bravely done,
" That I envy their glory, and dare say
" From all the English they the goal have won ;
" Either let's share, or they'll bear all away."
This spoke, his ax about his head he flings,
And hastes away, as though his heels had wings.

The incitation of this youthful Knight,
Besides amends for their retreat to make,
Doth re-enforce their courage, with their might
A second charge with speed to undertake
Never before were they so mad to fight,
When valiant Fanhope thus the Lords bespake :
" Suffolk and Oxford, as brave Earls you be,
" Once more bear up with Willoughby and me."

" Why now, methinks, I hear brave Fanhope speak,
" Quoth noble Oxford, thou hast thy desire :
" These words of thine shall yon battalion break ;
" And for myself, I never will retire,
" Until our teen upon the French we wreak,
" Or in this our last enterprize expire."
This spoke, their gauntlets each doth other give,
And to the charge as fast as they could drive ;

That slaughter seem'd to have but stay'd for breath,
To make the horror to ensue the more :
With hands besmear'd with blood, when meager
death

Looketh more grievously than he did before ;
So that each body seem'd but as a sheath
To put their swords in to the hilts in gore ;
As though that instant were the end of all,
To sell the French, or by the French to fall.

Look how you see a field of standing corn,
When some strong wind in summer haps to blow,
At the full height, and ready to be shorn,
Rising in waves, how it doth come and go
Forward and backward ; so the crowds are born,
Or as the eddy turneth in the flow ;
And, above all, the bills and axes play
As do the atoms in the sunny ray.

Now with main blows their armours are unbrac'd,
And as the French before the English fled,
With their brown bills their recreant backs they
baste,
And from their shoulders their faint arms do shred :
One with a gleave near cut off by the waist,
Another runs to ground with half a head ;
Another stumbling falleth in his flight,
Wanting a leg, and on his face doth light.

The Dukes, who found their force thus overthrown,
And those few left them ready still to rout,
Having great skill, and no less courage shewn,
Yet of their safeties much began to doubt ;
For having few about them of their own,
And by the English so impal'd about,

Saw that to some one they themselves must
Or else abide the fury of the field. [yield,

They put themselves on those victorious Lords,
Who led the vanguard with so good success,
Bespeaking them with honourable words,
Themselves their prisoners freely and confess ;
Who by the strength of their commanding swords
Could hardly save them from the slaught'ring
press,
By Suffolk's aid till they away were sent,
Who with a guard convey'd them to his tent.

When as their foldiers, to eschew the sack,
'Gainst their own battle bearing in their flight,
By their own French are strongly beaten back,
Lest they their ranks should have disorder'd quite :
So that those men at arms go all to rack,
'Twixt their own friends and those with whom
they fight,
Wherein disorder and destruction seem'd
To strive, which should the pow'rfullest be
deem'd.

And whilst the Dauphin of Averney cries,
" Stay, men at arms, let fortune do her worst,
" And let that villain, from the field that flies,
" By babes yet to be born be ever curst :
" All under heav'n that we can hope for lies
" On this day's battle ; let me be the first.
" That turn'd ye back upon your desp'rate foes,
" To save our honours, tho' our lives we lose."

To whom comes in the Earl of Ewe, which long
Had in the battle ranged here and there,
A thousand bills, a thousand bows among,
And had seen many spectacles of fear ;
And finding yet the Dauphin's spirit so strong,
By that which he had chanc'd from him to hear,
Upon the shoulder claps him, " Prince, quoth he,
" Since I must fall, O let me fall with thee."

Scarce had he spoke, but th' English them inclose,
And like to mastiffs fiercely on them flew,
Who with like courage strongly them oppose ;
When the Lord Beaumont, who their armings knew,
Their present perill to brave Suffolk shews :
Quoth he, " Lo where D'Averney are, and Ewe !
" In this small time, who since the field begun,
" Have done as much as can by men be done.

" Now slaughter cease me, if I do not grieve
" Two so brave spirits should be untimely slain ;
" Lies there no way (my Lord) them to relieve,
" And for their ransoms two such to retain ?"
" Quoth Suffolk, ' Come, we'll hazard their re-
prieve,
' And share our fortunes.' In they go amain,
And with such danger thro' the press they wade,
As of their lives but small account they made.

Yet ere they thro' the cluster'd crouds could get,
Oft down on those there trod to death that lay,
The valiant Dauphin had discharg'd his debt,
Than whom no man had bravelier serv'd that day

The Earl of Ewe and wondrous hard beset,
Had left all hope of life to 'scape away,
Till noble Beaumont and brave Suffolk came,
And as their pris'ner seiz'd him by his name.

Now the main battle of the French came on,
The vaward vanquish'd, quite the field doth fly,
And other helps besides this they have none,
But that their hopes do on their main rely;
And therefore now it standeth them upon
To fight it bravely, or else yield or die:
For the fierce English charge so home and fore,
As in their hands Jove's thunderbolts they bore.

The Duke of York, who since the fight begun,
Still in the top of all his troops was seen,
And things well-near beyond belief had done,
Which of his fortune made him overween
Himself so far, into the main doth run;
So that the French, which quickly got between
Him and his succours, that great chieftain
flew,
Who bravely fought whilst any breath he
drew.

The news soon brought to this courageous king,
Overspread his face with a distemper'd fire;
Though making little shew of any thing,
Yet to the full his eyes express his ire,
More than before the Frenchmen menacing:
And he was heard thus softly to respire:
"Well, of thy blood revenged will I be,
"Or, ere one hour be past, I'll follow thee."

When as the frolick cavalry of France,
That in the head of the main battle came,
Perceiv'd the king of England to advance
To charge in person, it doth them inflame;
Each one well hoping it might be his chance
To seize upon him, which was all their aim:
Then with the bravest of the English met,
Themselves that there before the king had
set.

When the Earl of Cornwall with unusual force
Encounters Grandpre, next that came to hands,
In strength his equal, blow for blow they scorne,
Wielding their axes as they had been wands,
Till the Earl tumbles Grandpre from his horse;
Over whom straight the Count Salines stands,
And lendeth Cornwall such a blow withall,
Over the crupper that he makes him fall.

Cornwall recovers, for his arms were good,
And to Salines maketh up again,
Who chang'd such boist'rous buffets, that the
blood
Doth through the joints of their strong armour
strain,
Till Count Salines sunk down where he stood.
Blamont, who sees the Count Salines slain,
Straight copes with Cornwall beaten out of
breath,
Till Kent comes in, and rescues him from death.

Kent upon Blamont furiously doth fly,
Who at the Earl with no less courage struck,
And one the other with such knocks they ply,
That either's ax in th' other's helmet stuck;
Whilst they are wrestling, crossing thigh with
thigh,
Their axes pikes which soonest out should pluck,
They fall to ground, like in their casks to smother,
With their clutcht gantlets cuffing one another.

Couragious (a) Cluet grieved at the sight
Of his friend Blamont's unexpected fall,
Makes in to lend him all the aid he might,
Whose coming seem'd the stout Lord Scales to
call;
Betwixt whom then began a mortal fight,
When instantly fell in Sir Philip Hall;
'Gainst him goes Rouffy, in then Lovell ran,
Whom next Count Morvile chooseth as his
man.

Their cuirates are unriveted with blows,
With horrid wounds their breasts and faces
flaht;
There drops a cheek, and there falls off a nose,
And in one's face his fellow's brains are dash't:
Yet still the better with the English goes;
The earth of France with her own blood is
washt;
They fall so fast she scarce affords them room,
That one man's trunk becomes another's tomb.

When Suffolk chargeth Huntington with sloth,
Over himself too wary to have been,
And had neglected his fast-plighted troth
Upon the field, the battle to begin,
That where the one was, there they would be
both:
When the stout Earl of Huntington, to win
Trust with his friends, doth this himself en-
large
To this great Earl, who dares him thus to
charge.

"My Lord (quoth he) it is not that I fear,
"More than yourself, that so I have not gone;
"But that I have been forced to be near
"The king, whose person I attend upon,
"And that I doubt not but to make appear
"Now, if occasion shall but call me on;
"Look round about, my Lord, if you can
"see,
"Some brave adventure worthy you and me."

"See yon proud banner of the Duke of Barr's,
"Methinks it wafts us, and I hear it say,
"Where's that couragious Englishman that dares
"Adventure but to carry me away?
"This were a thing now worthy of our wars."
"Is't true, quoth Suffolk? by this blessed day,

(a) Called Cluet of Brabant.

"On, and we have it." "Say'st thou so in-
deed,
'Quoth Huntington? Then fortune be our
'speed.'

And through the ranks then rushing in their
pride,
They make a lane, about them so they lay;
Foot goes with foot, and side is join'd to side,
They strike down all that stand within their
way,
And to direct them have no other guide,
But as they see the multitude to sway;
And as they pass, the French as to defy,
Saint George for England and the king, they
cry.

By their examples, each brave English blood
Upon the Frenchmen for their ensigns run,
Thick there as trees within a well-grown wood,
Where great achievements instantly were done,
Against them toughly whilst that nation stood.
But O! what man his destiny can shun?
That noble Suffolk there is overthrown,
When he much valour fundry ways had
shewn.

Which the proud English farther doth provoke,
Who to destruction bodily were bent,
That the main battle instantly they broke,
Upon the French so furiously they went;
And not an English but doth scorn a stroke,
If to the ground it not a Frenchman sent,
Who weak with wounds, their weapons from
them threw,
With which the English fearfully them flew.

Alanzon back upon the rearward born
By those unarm'd that from the English fled,
All farther hopes then utterly forlorn,
His noble heart in his full bosom bled:
"What fate (quoth he) our overthrow hath
"sworn?
"Must France a pris'ner be to England led?
"Well, if she be so, yet I'll let her see,
"She bears my carcass with her, and not
"me."

And puts his horse upon his full career,
When with the courage of a valiant Knight
(As one that knew not, or forgot to fear)
He tow'rs King Henry maketh in the fight,
And all before him as he down doth bear,
Upon the Duke of Gloucester doth light,
Which on the youthful chivalry doth bring,
Scarce two pikes length that came before the
king.

Their staves both strongly riveted with steel,
At the first stroke each other they astound,
That as they stag'ring from each other reel,
The Duke of Glouc' ter falleth to the ground;
When as Alanzon round about doth wheel,
Thinking to lend him his last deadly wound,

In comes the king, his brother's life to save,
And to this brave duke a fresh onset gave.

When as themselves like thunderbolts they shot
One at the other, and the light'ning brake
Out of their helmets, and again was not,
Ere of their strokes the ear a sound could take,
Betwixt them two the conflict grew so hot,
Which those about them so amaz'd doth make,
That they stood still, as wond'ring at the
fight,
And quite forgot that they themselves must
fight.

Upon the king Alanzon prest so fore,
That with a stroke (as he was wond'rous strong)
He cleft the crown that on his helm he wore,
And tore his plume, that to his heels it hung;
Then with a second bruis'd his helm before,
That it his forehead pitifully wrung;
As some that saw it certainly had thought,
The King therewith had to the ground been
brought.

But Henry soon, Alanzon's ire to quit,
(As now his valour lay upon the rack)
Upon the face the duke so strongly hit,
As in his saddle laid him on his back;
And once perceiving that he had him split,
Follow'd his blows, redoubling thwack on
thwack,
Till he had lost his stirrups, and his head
Hung where his horse was like thereon to
tread.

When soon two other seconding their Lord,
His kind companions in this glorious prize,
Hoping again the duke to have restor'd,
If to his feet his arms would let him rise;
On the king's helm their height of fury scor'd,
Who like a dragon fiercely on them flies,
And on his body flew them both whilst he
Recovering was their aid again to be.

The king thus made the master of the fight,
The duke calls to him as he there doth lie:
"Henry, I'll pay my ransom, do me right,
"I am the duke Alanzon, it is I."
The king to save him putting all his might,
Yet the rude soldiers with their shout and cry,
Quite drown'd his voice, his helmet being
shut,
And that brave duke into small pieces cut.

Report once spread through the distracted host;
Of their prime hope the duke Alanzon slain,
That flower of France, on whom they truste
most,
They found their valour was but then in vain;
Like men their hearts that utterly had lost,
Who slowly fled before, now ran amain;
Nor could a man be found but that despairs,
Seeing the fate both of themselves and theirs,

The duke Nevers now, in this sad retreat,
By David Gam and Morisby pursu'd,
(Who throughly chaf'd near melted into sweat,
And with French blood their pole-axes imbru'd)
They seize upon him following the defeat,
Amongst the faint and fearful multitude;

When a contention fell between them twain,
To whom the duke should rightfully per-
tain.

"I must confess thou had'st him first in chace,
"(Quoth Morisby) but left'st him in the throng,
"Then put I on." Quoth Gam, "hast thou the
face,

"Insulting knight, to offer me this wrong?"

Quoth Morisby, "Who shall decide the case?"

"Let him confess to whom he doth belong."

"Let him, quoth Gam; but if't be not to me,

"For any right you have, he may go free."

With that couragious Morisby grew hot:

"Were not, said he, his ransom worth a pin,

"Now by these arms I wear, thou get'st him
not;

"Or if thou do'st, thou shalt him hardly win."

Gam, whose Welch blood could hardly brook
this blot,

To bend his ax upon him doth begin:

He his at him, till the Lord Beaumont came,

Their rash attempt and wisely thus doth
blame.

"Are not the French twice trebled to our
pow'r,

"And fighting still, nay doubtfull yet the day?

"Think you not these us fast enough devour,

"But that your braves the army must dismay?

"If aught but good befall us in this hour,

"This be you sure, your lives for it must pay:

"Then first the end of this day's battle see,

"And then decide whose pris'ner he shall be."

Now Exeter with his untainted rear

Came on, which long had labour'd to come in;

And with the king's main battle up doth bear,

Who still kept off till the last hour had been;

He cries and clamours ev'ry way doth hear,

But yet he knew not which the day should win;

Nor asks of any what were fit to do,

But where the French were thick'st, he falleth
to.

The Earl of Vendome, certainly that thought

The English fury somewhat had been staid,

Weary with slaughter, as men over-wrought,

Nor had been spurr'd on by a second aid,

For his own safety then more fiercely fought,

Hoping the tempest somewhat had been laid;

And he thereby, though suff'ring the defeat,

Might keep his rearward whole in his re-
treat.

On whom the Duke of Exeter then fell,

Rear with the rear now for their valours vie;

Ours find the French their lives will dearly sell,
And the English mean as dearly them to buy:
The English follow, should they run through
hell,

And through the same the French must if they
fly;

When to't they go, deciding it with blows;

With th' one side now, then with th' other't
goes.

But the stern English with such luck and might
(As though the fates had sworn to take their
parts)

Upon the French prevailing in the fight,

With doubled hands and with redoubled hearts,

The more in peril still the more in plight,

'Gainst them whom fortune miserably thwarts;

Disabled quite before the foe to stand,

But fall like grafs before the mower's hand:

That this French earl is beaten on the field,

His fighting soldiers round about him slain;

And when himself a pris'ner he would yield,

And begg'd for life, it was but all in vain;

Their bills the English do so eas'ly wield,

To kill the French as though it were no pain;

For this to them was their auspicious day,

The more the English fight, the more they
may.

When now the Marshal Boucequalt, which long

Had through the battle waded ev'ry way,

Oft hazarded the murther'd troops among,

Encouraging them to abide the day;

Finding the army that he thought so strong,

Before the English faintly to dismay,

Brings on the wings which of the rest re-
main'd,

With which the battle stoutly he maintain'd.

Till old Sir Thomas Erpingham at last

With those three hundred archers cometh in,

Which laid in ambush not three hours yet past,

Had the defeat of the French army been;

With these that noble soldier maketh haste,

Left other from him should the honour win;

Who, as before, now stretch their well-waxt
strings

At the French horse, then coming in the
wings.

The soil with slaughter ev'ry where they load,

Whilst the French stoutly to the English stood;

The drops from either's empty'd veins that
flow'd,

Where it was lately firm, had made a flood:

But heav'n that day to the brave English ow'd;

The sun that rose in water, set in blood;

Nothing but horror to be look'd for there,

And the stout Marshal vainly doth but fear.

His horse sore wounded, whilst he went aside

To take another still that doth attend,

A shaft which some too lucky hand doth guide,

Piercing his gorget, brought him to his end ;
Which when the proud Lord Falconbridge
 espy'd,
Thinking from thence to bear away his friend,
 Struck from his horse with many a mortal
 wound,
Is by the English nailed to the ground.

The marshal's death so much doth them affright,
That down their weapons instantly they lay,
And better yet to fit them for their flight,
Their weightier arms they wholly cast away ;
Their hearts so heavy, makes their heels so
 light,
That there was no intreating them to stay ;
 O'er hedge and ditch distractedly they take,
And happiest he that greatest haste could
 make.

When Vadamont now in the conflict met
With valiant Brabant, whose high valour shewn
That day, did many a blunted courage whet,
Else long before that from the field had flown :
Quod Vadamont, " See how we are beset,
" To death like to be trodden by our own !
 " My lord of Brabant, what is to be done ?
 " See how the French before the English run !"

" Why let them run, and never turn the head,
Quoth the brave duke, ' until their hateful
 ' breath

" Forsake their bodies, and so far have fled,
" That France be not disparag'd by their death :
" Who trusts to cowards ne'er is better sped.
" Be he accurst with such that holdeth faith ;
 " Slaughter consume the recreants as they flie,
 " Branded with shame so basely may they die.

" Ignoble French, your fainting cow'rdice craves
" The dreadful curse of your own mother earth,
" Hard'ning her breast, not to allow you graves,
" Be she so much ashamed of your birth :
" May he be curst that one of you but saves ;
" And be in France hereafter such a dearth
 " Of courage, that men from their wits it fear,
 " A drum or trumpet when they hap to hear.

" From Burgundy brought I the force I had,
" To fight for them that ten from one do flie ;
" It splits my breast, O that I could be mad !
" To vex these slaves who would not dare to die ?
" In all this army is there not a lad,
" Th' ignoble French for cowards that dare
 " cry ?
 " If scarce one found, then let me be that
 " one,
 " The English army that oppos'd alone."

This said, he puts his horse upon his speed,
And in like light'ning on the English flew,
Where many a mother's son he made to bleed,
Whilst him with much astonishment they view ;
Where having acted many a knight-like deed,
Him and his horse they all to pieces hew :

Yet he that day more lasting glory wan,
Except Alanzon, than did any man.

When as report to great King Henry came,
Of a vast rout which from the battle fled,
(Amongst the French most men of special name)
By the stout English fiercely followed ;
Had for their safety (much though to their
 shame)
Got in their flight into so strong a sted,
 So fortify'd by nature (as 'twas thought)
They might not thence, but with much blood,
 be brought.

An aged rampier with huge ruins heapt,
Which serv'd for shot 'gainst those that should as-
 sail,
Whose narrow entrance they with cross-bows
 kept,
Whose sharpen'd quarries came in show'rs like
 hail.
Quoth the brave king, " First let the field be
 swept,
" And with the rest we well enough shall deal."
Which though some heard, and so shut up their
 ear,
Yet relish'd not with many soldiers there.

Some that themselves by ransoms would en-
 rich,
To make their prey of peasants yet despise,
Felt, as they thought, their bloody palms to itch,
To be in action for their wealthy prize ;
Others, whom only glory doth bewitch,
Rather than life would to this enterprise ;
 Most men seem'd willing, yet not any one
 Would put himself this great exploit upon.

Which Woodhouse hearing, merrily thus spake,
One that right well knew both his worth and
 wit :

" A dangerous thing it is to undertake
" A fort, where soldiers are defending it ;
" Perhaps they sleep, and if they should awake,
" With stones, or with their shafts they may us
 " hit,
" And in our conquest whilst so well we fare,
" It were meer folly ; but I see none dare."

Which Gam o'erhearing, being near at hand :
" Not dare ! quoth he, and angerly doth frown ;
" I tell thee, Woodhouse, some in presence stand,
" Dare prop the sun if it were falling down ;
" Dare grasp the bolt from thunder in his hand,
" And through a cannon leap into a town ;
 " I tell thee, a resolved man may do
 " Things that thy thoughts yet never mounted
 " to."

" I know that resolution may do much,"
Woodhouse replies ; " but who could act my
 " thought,
" With his proud head the pole might eas'ly
 " touch.

"And Gam," quoth he, "though bravely thou
 "hast fought,
 "Yet not the fame thou hast attain'd to such,
 "But that behind as great is to be bought,
 "And yonder 'tis; then, Gam, come up with
 "me,
 "Where soon the king our courages shall see.

"Agreed," quoth Gam; and up their troops they
 call,
 Hand over head and on the French they ran,
 And to the fight couragiously they fall,
 When on both sides the slaughter soon began.
 Fortune a while indifferent is to all,
 These what they may, and those do what they
 can;

(a) Woodhouse and Gam upon each other vie,
 By arms their manhood desperately to try.

To climb the fort the light-arm'd English strive,
 And some by trees there growing to ascend;
 The French with flints let at the English drive,
 Themselves with shields the Englishmen defend,
 And fain the fort down with their hands would
 rive;

Thus either side their utmost pow'r extend,
 Till valiant Gam fore wounded, drawn aside
 By his own soldiers, shortly after dy'd.

Then take they up the bodies of the slain,
 Which for their targets ours before them bear,
 And with a fresh assault come on again;
 Scarce in the field yet such a fight as there:
 Cross bows and long bows at it are amain,
 Until the French, their massacre that fear,
 Of the fierce English a cessation crave,
 Off'ring to yield, so they their lives would
 save.

Lewis of Bourbon, in the furious heat
 Of this great battle, having made some stay,
 Who with the left wing suffer'd a defeat
 In the beginning of this luckless day,
 Finding the English forcing their retreat,
 And that much hope upon his valour lay;
 Fearing lest he might undergo some shame,
 That were unworthy of the Bourbon name,

Hath gather'd up some scatter'd troops of horse,
 That in the field stood doubtful what to do:
 Though with much toil, which he doth rein-
 force

With some small pow'r that he doth add thereto,
 Proclaiming still the English had the worse;
 And now at last, with him if they would go,
 He dares assure them victory; if not,
 The greatest fame that ever soldiers got.

And being wise, so Bourbon to beguile
 The French preparing instantly to fly,
 Procures a soldier, by a secret wile,
 To come in swiftly, and to crave supply,

(a) For this service done by Woodhouse, there was an ad-
 dition of honour given him; which was a hand holding a
 club, with the words *Frappe Fort*, which is born by the fa-
 mily of the Woodhouse of Norfolk to this day.

That if with courage they would fight a while,
 It certain was the English all should die;
 For that the king had offer'd them to yield,
 Finding his troops to leave him on the field:

When Arthur Earl of Richmount coming in
 With the right wing, that long stay'd out of
 fight,

Having too lately with the English been;
 But finding Bourbon bent again to fight,
 His former credit hoping yet to win
 (Which at that instant easily he might)
 Comes up close with him, and puts on as fast,
 Bravely resolv'd to fight it to the last.

And both encourag'd by the news was brought
 Of the arriving of the dauphin's power,
 Whose speedy van their rear had almost raught
 (From Agincourt discover'd from a tower)
 Which with the Norman gallantry was fraught,
 And on the suddain coming like a shower,
 Would bring a deluge on the English host,
 Whilst yet they stood their victory to boast.

And on they come, as doth a rolling tide
 Forc'd by a wind, that shoves it forth so fast,
 Till it choak up some channel side to side,
 And the craz'd banks doth down before it cast,
 Hoping the English would not them abide,
 Or would be so amated at their haste,
 That should they fail to rout them at their will,
 Yet of their blood the fields should drink their
 fill.

When as the English, whose o'er-weary'd arms
 Were with long slaughter lately waxed sore,
 These unexpected and so fierce alarms
 To their first strength do instantly restore,
 And like a stove their stiffen'd sinews warms
 To act as bravely as they did before;
 And the proud French as stoutly to oppose,
 Scorning to yield one foot despite of blows.

The fight is fearful; for stout Bourbon brings
 His fresher forces on with such a shock,
 That they were like to cut the archers strings
 E'er they their arrows handsomely could nock:
 The French, like engines that were made with
 springs,
 Themselves so fast into the English lock,
 That th' one was like the other down to bear,
 In wanting room to strike, they stood so near.

Till stragg'ring long, they from each other reel'd,
 Glad that themselves they so could disengage;
 And falling back upon the spacious field
 (For this last scene that is the bloody stage)
 Where they their weapons liberally could wield,
 They with such madness execute their rage,
 As though the former fury of the day,
 To this encounter had but been a play.

Slaughter is now defect'd to the full:
 Here from their backs their batter'd armours
 fall;
 Here a fleft shoulder, there a cloven skull;

There hang his eyes out beaten with a mall;
 Until the edges of their bills grow dull,
 Upon each other they so spend their gall.
 Wild shouts and clamours all the air do fill;
 The French cry *tuez*, and the English *kill*.

The Duke of Barr, in this vast spoil, by chance
 With the Lord St. John on the field doth meet,
 Tow'ards whom that brave duke doth himself advance,

Who with the like encounter him doth greet:
 This English baron and this peer of France,
 Grappling together, falling from their feet,
 With the rude crouds had both to death been crush'd,

In for their safety had their friends not rush'd.

Both again rais'd, and both their soldiers shift
 To save their lives, if any way they could;
 But as the French the duke away would lift,
 Upon his arms the English taking hold
 (Men of that sort, that thought upon their thrift)
 Knowing his ransom dearly would be sold,
 Drag him away in spite of their defence,
 Which to their quarter would have born him thence.

Mean while brave Bourbon, from his stirring horse

Gall'd with an arrow, to the earth is thrown;
 By a mean soldier seized on by force,
 Hoping to have him certainly his own;
 Which this Lord holdeth better so than worse,
 Since the French fortune to that ebb is grown;
 And he perceives the soldier him doth deem
 To be a person of no mean esteem.

Berkeley and Burnell, two brave English lords,
 Flush'd with French blood, and in their valour's pride,

Above their arm'd heads brandishing their swords
 As they triumphing through the army ride,
 Finding what prizes fortune here affords
 To ev'ry soldier, and more wistly ey'd
 This gallant pris'ner; by this arming see
 Of the great Bourbon family to be;

And from the soldier they his pris'ner take,
 Of which the French lord seemeth wondrous fain,

Thereby his safety more secure to make:
 Which when the soldier finds his hopes in vain,
 So rich a booty forced to forsake,
 To put himself and pris'ner out of pain,
 He on the sudden stabs him, and doth swear,
 Would th'ave his ransom, they should take it there.

When Rofs and Morley making in amain,
 Bring the Lord Darcy up with them along,
 Whose horse had lately under him been slain,
 And they on foot found fighting in the throng,
 Those lords his friends remounting him again,
 Being a man that valiant was and strong;

They all together with a gen'ral hand
 Charge on the French, that they could find to stand.

And yet but vainly, as the French suppos'd;
 For th' Earl of Richmount forth such earth had found,

That on two sides with quick set was enclos'd
 And the way to it by a rising ground,
 By which a while the English were oppos'd
 At every charge; which else came up so round,
 As that except the passage put them by,
 The French as well might leave their arms, and fly.

Upon both parts it furiously is fought,
 And with such quickness riseth to that height,
 That horror need no farther to be sought,
 If only that might satisfy the fight.
 Who would have fame, full dearly here it bought;
 For it was sold by measure and by weight;
 And at one rate the price still certain stood,
 An ounce of honour cost a pound of blood.

When so it hapt, that Dampier in the van
 Meets with stout Darcy; but whilst him he press'd,
 Over and over cometh horse and man,
 Of whom the other soon himself possess'd:
 When as Saveffes upon Darcy ran
 To aid Dampier; but as he him address'd,
 A halbert taking hold upon his greaves,
 Him from his saddle violently heaves.

When soon five hundred English men at arms,
 That to the French had given many a chase,
 And when they cover'd all the field with swarms,
 Yet oft that day had bravely bid them bafe;
 Now at the last, by raising fresh alarms,
 And coming up with an unusual pace,

Made them to know, that they must run or yield;

Never till now the English had the field.

Where Arthur Earl of Richmount beaten down,
 Is left (suppos'd of ev'ry one) for dead;
 But afterwards awaking from his swoon,
 By some that found him was recovered.

So Count Du Marle was likewise overthrown,
 As he was turning, meaning to have fled.

Who fights, the cold blade in his bosom feels;
 Who flies, still hears it whiffing at his heels.

Till all disfrank'd, like silly sheep they run,
 By threats nor pray'rs to be constrain'd to stay,
 For that their hearts were so extremely done,
 That fainting, oft they fall upon the way;
 Or when they might a present peril shun,
 They rush upon it by their much dismay;
 That from the English should they safely flee,
 Of their own very fear yet they should die.

Some they take pris'ners, other some they kill,
 As they affect those upon whom they fall;
 For they, as victors, may do what they will,

For who this conqueror to account dare call?
 In gore the English seem their souls to swill,
 And the dejected French must suffer all;
 Flight, cords, and slaughter, are the only three,
 To which themselves subjected they do see.

A shoeless soldier there a man might meet
 Leading his Monsieur by the arms fast bound;
 Another his had shackled by the feet,
 Who like a cripple shuffled on the ground;
 Another, three or four before him beat
 Like harmful cattle driven to a pound:
 They must abide it, so the victor will,
 Who at his pleasure may or save or kill.

That brave French gallant, when the fight began,
 Whose lease of lacqueys ambled by his side,
 Himself a lacquey now most basely ran,
 Whilst a ragged soldier on his horse doth ride;
 That rascal is no less than at his man,
 Who was but lately to his luggage ty'd;
 And the French lord now court'sies to that slave,
 Who the last day his alms was like to crave.

And those few English wounded in the fight,
 They force the French to bring with them away,
 Who when they were depressed with the weight,
 Yet dar'd not once their burden down to lay:
 Those in the morn whose hopes were at their height,
 Are fallen thus low e'er the departing day!
 With picks of halberts prickt instead of goads,
 Like tired horses lab'ring with their loads.

But as the English from the field return,
 Some of those French who when the fight began
 Forsook their friends, and hoping yet to earn
 Pardon, for that so cowardly they ran,
 Assay the English carriages to burn,
 Which to defend them scarcely had a man;
 For that their keepers to the field were got;
 To pick such spoils as chance should them allot.

The captains of this rascal cowardly rout,
 Were Isambert of Agincourt, at hand;
 Rissant of Clunass, a dorp thereabout;
 And for the chief in this their base command
 Was Robinett of Burnivelle, throughout
 The country known all order to withstand;
 These, with five hundred peasants they had rais'd,
 The English tents upon an instant seiz'd.

For setting on those with the luggage left,
 A few poor fustlers with the camp that went,
 They basely fell to pillage and to theft;
 And having rifled every booth and tent,
 Some of the silliest they of life bereft;
 The fear of which some of the other sent
 Into the army with their sudden cries,
 Which put the King in fear of fresh supplies.

For that his soldiers tired in the fight,
 Their pris'ners more in number than they were,
 He thought it for a thing of too much weight

T' oppose fresh forces, and to guard them there.
 The Dauphin's pow'rs yet standing in their fight,
 And Bourbon's forces of the field not clear;
 Those yearning cries that from the carriage
 came,
 His blood yet hot, more highly doth inflame:

And in his rage he instantly commands
 That every English should his pris'ner kill,
 Except some few in some great captain's hands,
 Whose ransoms might his empty'd coffers fill.
 All's one who's loose, or who is now in bonds,
 Both must one way, it is the Conqueror's will.
 Those who late thought small ransoms them
 might free,
 Saw only death their ransoms now must be.

Accursed French, and could it not suffice,
 That ye but now bath'd in your native gore,
 But ye must thus unfortunately rise,
 To draw more plagues upon ye than before?
 And 'gainst yourselves more mischief to devise
 Than th' English could have? and set wide the door
 To utter ruin, and to make an end
 Of that yourselves, which others would not
 spend?

Their utmost rage the English now hath breath'd,
 And their proud hearts 'gan somewhat to relent;
 Their bloody swords they quietly had sheath'd,
 And their strong bows already were unbent;
 To careful rest their bodies they bequeath'd,
 Nor farther harm at all to you they meant;
 And to that pains must ye them needfully put,
 To draw their knives once more your throats
 to cut?

That French who lately by the English stood,
 And freely ask'd what ransom he should pay,
 Who somewhat cool'd and in a calmer mood,
 Agreed with him both of the sum and day,
 Now finds his flesh must be the present food
 For wolves and ravens, for the same that stay;
 And sees his blood on th' other's sword to flow,
 E'er his quick sense could apprehend the blow.

Whilst one is asking what the business is,
 Hearing (in French) his countryman to cry;
 He who detains him pris'ner, answers this,
 "Monsieur, the King commands that you must
 die:
 "This is plain English." Whilst he's killing his,
 He sees another on a Frenchman flie,
 And with a pole-ax dasheth out his brains,
 Whilst he's demanding what the garboil means,

That tender heart, whose chance it was to have
 Some one that day who did much valour shew,
 Who might perhaps have had him for his slave,
 But equal lots had fate pleas'd to bestow;
 He who his pris'ner willingly would save,
 Lastly constrain'd to give the deadly blow,
 That sends him down to everlasting sleep,
 Turning his face, full bitterly doth weep,

Ten thousand French, that inwardly were well,
 Save some light hurts that any man might heal,
 Even at an instant, in a minute fell,
 And their own friends their deaths to them do
 Yet of so many, very few could tell, [deal.
 Nor could the English perfectly reveal
 The desp'rate cause of this disastrous hap,
 But ev'n as thunder kill'd them with a clap.

How happy were those, in the very height
 Of this great battle that had bravely dy'd!
 When as their boiling bosoms, in the fight,
 Felt not the sharp steel thorough them to slide;
 But these now in a miserable plight,
 Must in cold blood this massacre abide,
 Caus'd by those villains (curst alive and dead)
 That from the field the passed morning fled.

When as the King, to crown this glorious day,
 Now bids his soldiers, after all this toil,
 (No forces found that more might them dismay)
 Of the dead French to take the gen'ral spoil,
 Whose heaps had well near stopt up ev'ry way,
 For ev'n as clods they cover'd all the soil:
 Commanding none should any one controul,
 Catch that catch might, but each man to his
 dole.

They fall to groping busily for gold,
 Of which about them the slain French had store;
 They find as much as well their hands can hold;
 Who had but silver, him they counted poor.
 Scarfs, chains, and bracelets, were not to be told;
 So rich as these no soldiers were before.
 Who got a ring, would scarcely put it on,
 Except therein there were some radiant stone.

Out of rich suits the noblest French they strip,
 And leave their bodies naked on the ground;
 And each one fills his knapsack, or his scrip,
 With some rare thing that on the field is found:
 About his bus'ness he doth nimbly skip,
 That had upon him many a cruel wound:
 And where they found a French not outright
 They him a pris'ner constantly retain. [slain

Who scarce a shirt had but the day before,
 Nor a whole stocking to keep out the cold,
 Hath a whole wardrobe at command in store,
 In the French fashion flaunting it in gold;
 And in the tavern in his cups doth roar,
 Chocking his crowns; and grows thereby so bold,
 That proudly he a captain's name assumes,
 In his gilt gorget with his tossing plumes.

Waggons and carts are laden till they crackt,
 With arms and tents there taken in the field;
 For want of carriage, on whose tops are packt
 Ensigns, coat-armours, targets, spears, and shields;
 Nor need they convoy, fearing to be sackt,
 For all the country to King Henry yields;
 And the poor peasant helps along to bear,
 What late the goods of his proud landlord were.

A horse well furnish'd for a present war,
 For a French crown might any where be bought;
 But if so be that he had any scar,
 Though ne'er so small, he valu'd was at nought.
 With spoils so sated the proud English are,
 Amongst the slain that who for pillage fought,
 Except some rich caparizon he found,
 For a steel saddle would not stoop to ground.

And many a hundred beaten down that were,
 Whose wounds were mortal, others wond'rous deep,
 When as the English over-pass'd they hear,
 And no man left a watch on them to keep,
 Into the bushes and the ditches near
 Upon their weak hands and their knees do creep;
 But for their hurts took air, and were undrest,
 They were found dead, and buried with the rest.

Thus when the King saw that the coast was clear'd,
 And of the French who were not slain were fled,
 Nor in the field not any then appear'd,
 That had the pow'r again to make a head:
 This Conqueror exceedingly is cheer'd,
 Thanking his God that he so well had sped;
 And so tow'rd's Calais bravely marching on,
 Leaveth sad France her losses to bemoan.

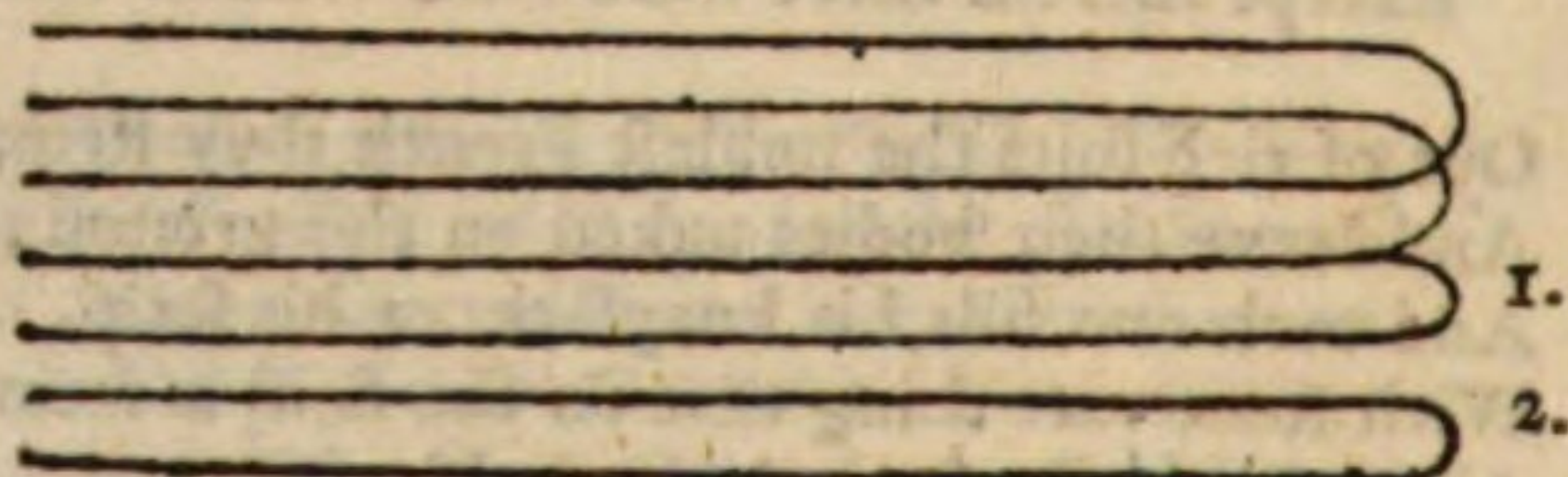
THE BARONS WARS.

PREFACE TO THE READER,

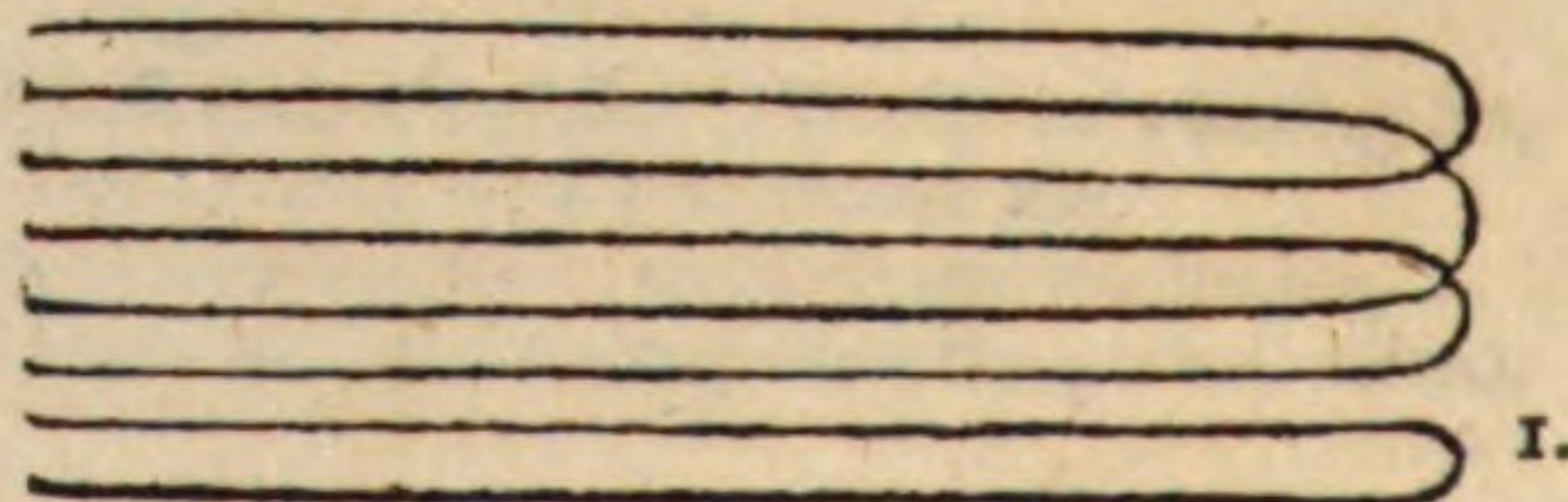
On this Author's publishing a second and improved Edition of the Barons Wars, which he had before called Mortimeriados.

THAT at first I made choice of this subject, I have not as yet repented; for, if the Muse hath not much abused me, it was most worthy to have found a more worthy pen than mine own. For the *Barons Wars* (omitting the quality of those arms whereof I have not here to speak) were surely, as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloodshed, and multitude of horrid accidents, fit matter for trumpet or tragedy. Therefore, as at first the dignity of the thing was the motive of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more than boldness to venture on so noble a subject without leisure and competent study, either of which travail hardly affords; yet the importunity of friends made me, contrary to mine own judgment, undertake and publish it so as the world hath seen; but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuse (knowing that even as it was, it ought to have passed for better than some would suffer, who can hardly think any thing hath favour but their own, though never so unfavoury) or as if I should seem now to have exceeded myself, and failing in my hopes be kept without excuse. Grammaticasters have quarrelled at the title of *Mortimeriados*, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case: But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of *Mortimer* at all, but the same better advice which hath caused

me to alter the whole; and where before the stanza was of seven lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this figure appeareth,



the often harmony thereof softened the verse more than the majesty of the subject would permit, unless they had all been geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without new-fashioning the whole frame) I chose *Ariosto's* stanza, of all other the most complete and best proportioned, consisting of eight; six interwoven or alternate, and a couplet in base.



The Quadrin doth never double; or, to use a word of Heraldry, never bringeth forth Gemells: The Quinzain too soon. The Sestain hath twins in the base, but they detain not the music nor the close, as musicians term it, long enough for an Epic Poem. The stanza of seven is touched before; this of eight both holds the tune clean

through to the base of the column, which is the couplet at the foot or bottom, and closeth not but with a full satisfaction to the ear for so long detention.

Briefly, this sort of stanza hath in it majesty, perfection, and solidity, resembling the pillar which in Architecture is called the *Tuscan*, whose shaft is of six diameters, and base of two. The other reasons this place will not bear; but generally all stanzas are, in my opinion, but tyrants and torturers, when they make invention obey their number, which sometimes would otherwise scantle itself; a fault that great masters in this art strive to avoid.

Concerning the division which I use in this Poem, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath used to distinguish works into Books, and every one to bear the number of their order. *Homer's Iliads* and *Odysseys* indeed are distinguished by several letters of the Greek alphabet, as all the world knows, and not by the numeral letters only, which to Iota are digit, and afterwards compound, the Alpha being our unit; for the Greeks had no figures nor

cyphers in their arithmetic. *Virgil's Æneis*, *Statius's Thebais*, *Silius's* work of the *Carthaginian War*, *Illyricus's Argonautics*, *Vida's Ghrisfeis*, are all divided into Books. The *Italians* use Cantos, and so does our first great reformer *Spenfer*. That I assume another name for the sections in this volume cannot be disgraceful, nor unavowable.

Lastly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an epistle, I am to intreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himself a party to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that Spartan Prince, who being found by certain embassadors playing among his children, requested them to forbear to censure till also they had some of their own. To such I give as ample power and privilege as ever *Jus liberorum* could in *Rome*, craving back again at their hands by a regrant, the like of that which I impart; for great reason there is that they should undergo the license which themselves challenge; and suffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the most indifferent law of the *Talis*. Fare you well.

THE BARONS WARS

IN THE REIGN OF
KING EDWARD II.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

'The grievous plagues, and the prodigious signs,
That this great war and slaughter do foreshew;
'Th' especial cause the Baronage combines;
'The Queen's strong grief, whence many troubles grow;
The time by course unto our fall inclines,
And how each country doth to battle go;
What cause to yield the Mortimers pretend,
And their commitment perfecting the end.

I.

THE bloody factions, and rebellious pride
Of a strong nation, whose unmanag'd might
Them from their natural sovereign did divide,
Their due subjection, and his lawful right,
Whom their light error loosely doth misguide,
Urg'd by loose minions tyrannous despight;
Me from the soft lays and tender loves doth
bring,
Of dreadful fights and horrid wars to sing.

II.

What hellish fury poison'd your high blood,
Or should bewitch you with accursed charms,
That by pretending of the general good,
Rashly extrudes you to tumultuous arms,
And from the safety wherein late you stood,
Reft of all taste, and feeling of your harms,
That France and Belgia with affrighted eyes,
Were sad beholders of your miseries?

III.

Th' inveterate rancour in their bosoms bred,
Who for their charter wag'd a former war,
Or through your veins this raging venom spread,
Whose next-succeeding nephews now you are,
Or that hot gore your bows in conquest shed,
Having enlarg'd your country's bounds so far,
Ensign to ensign furiously oppose,
With blades of Bilboa dealing English blows,

IV.

O! thou, the great director of my muse,
On whose free bounty all my powers depend,
Into my breast a sacred fire infuse,
Ravish my spirit this great work t'attend;
Let the still night my labour'd lines peruse,
That when my poems gain their wished end,
They whose sad eyes shall read this tragic story
In my weak hand, shall see thy might and
glory.

V.

What care would plot, dissensions quickly cross,
Which like an earthquake rends the tott'ring state,
By which abroad we bear a public loss,
Betray'd at home by means of private hate;
Whilst us these strange calamities do tofs;
(The daily nurse of mutinous debate)

Confusion still our country's peace confounds
No help at hand, and mortal all our wounds.

VI.

Thou Church then swelling in thy mightiness,
Tending the care and safety of the soul;
O nurse not factions flowing in excess,
That with thy members should'st their grief con-
In thee rests pow'r this outrage to repress, (dole;
Which might thy zeal and sanctity enroll;
Come thou in pureness meekly with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the unhallow'd sword.

VII.

Blood-thirsting War, arising first from Hell,
And in progression seizing on this isle,
Where it before near forty years did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which so many a worthy English fell,
By our first Edward banished a while,
Transferr'd by fortune to the Scottish meer,
To ranfack that, as it had ravin'd here.

VIII.

Where hovering still with inauspicious wings
About the verge of these distemper'd climes,
Returning now, new error hither brings,
To stir us up to these disastrous crimes,
Weak'neth our power by oft diminishings,
And taking hold on these unsettled times,
Forcing our frailty sensually at length,
Crack'd the stiff nerves that knit our ancient
strength.

IX.

Whose frightful vision, at the first approach,
With violent madness struck that desp'rate age,
So many sundry miseries abroad,
Giving full speed to their unbridled rage,
That did our ancient liberty encroach,
And in these strong conspiracies engage
The worthiest blood, the subjects loss to bring,
By unnatural wrongs unto their natural king.

X.

When in the North, whilst horror yet was young,
These dangerous seasons swiftly coming on,
Whilst o'er our heads portentous meteors hung,
And in the skies stern comets brightly shone,
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,
Such as before to times had been unknown,
In bloody issues forth the earth doth break,
Weeping for us, whose woes it could not speak.

XI.

When, by the rankness of contagious air,
A mortal Plague invadeth man and beast,
Which soon disperseth and raging every where
In doubt the same too quickly should have ceas'd,
More to confirm the certainty of fear
By cruel Famine heptlessly increas'd;
As though the heavens, in their remissful doom,
Took those best-lov'd from worse days to come.

XII.

The level course that we propose to go,
Now to th' intent you may more plainly see,
And that we every circumstance may shew,
The state of things, and truly what they be,
And with what skill or project we bestow,
As our occurrences happen in degree;
From these portents we now divert our view,
To bring to birth the horrors that ensue.

XIII.

The calling back of banish'd Gaveston,
'Gainst which the Barons were to Longshanks
sworn,
That insolent lascivious minion,
A sovereign's blemish, and a country's scorn,
The signories and great promotion,
Him in his lawless courses to suborn,
Stirs up that hateful and outrageous strife,
That cost e'er long so many an English life.

XIV.

O worthy Lacy! had'st thou spar'd that breadth,
Which shortly after nature thee deny'd,
To Lancaster deliver'd at thy death,
To whom thy only daughter was affy'd,
That this stern war too quickly publisheth,
To aid the Barons 'gainst that minion's pride,
Thy earldoms, lands, and titles of renown,
Had not so soon return'd unto the crown.

XV.

The lordships Bruce unto the Spensers past,
Crossing the Barons vehement desire,
As from Jove's hand that fearful lightning cast,
When fifty towns lay spent in envious fire,
Alas! too vain and prodigal a waste,
The strong effects of their conceived ire;
Urging the weak King with a violent hand,
T'abjure those false Lords from the troubled land.

XVI.

When the fair Queen (a), that progressing in Kent,
Lastly deny'd her entrance into (b) Leeds,
Whom Badlesmere unkindly doth prevent,
Who 'gainst his Sovereign in this course proceeds
As adding farther to this discontent,
One of the springs which this great mischief feeds,
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,
To thrust on that which went too fast before.

XVII.

Which more and more a kingly rage increas'd,
Mov'd with the wrongs of Gaveston degraded,
Which had so long been settled in his breast,
That all his powers it wholly had invaded,
Giving the Spensers an assured rest,
By whom his reasons chiefly are persuaded.
By whose lewd counsels he is only led
To leave his true Queen, and his lawful bed.

XVIII.

That now herself, who while she stood in grace,
Apply'd her powers these discords to appease,
When yet confusion had not fully place,
Nor former times so dangerous as these,
A party now in their afflicted case,
A willing hand to his destruction lays;

(a) Isabel,

(b) Leeds castle.

That time, whose soft palm heals the wound of
war,

May cure the sore, but never close the scar.

XIX.

In all this heat his greatness first began
The serious subject of our sadder vein,
Brave Mortimer, that ever-matchless man,
Of the old Heroes great and godlike strain;
For whom invention doing best it can,
His weight of honour hardly can sustain,
Bearing his name immortaliz'd and high,
When he in earth unnumber'd times shall lie.

XX.

That uncle now whose name this nephew bare,
The only comfort of the woful Queen)
Who from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great name was seen,
For this young Lord now wisely doth prepare,
Whilst yet this deep heart-goring wound is green,
And on this fair advantage firmly wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

XXI.

At whose deliberate and unusual birth,
The heavens were said to council to retire,
And in aspects of happiness and mirth,
Breath'd him a spirit insatiably t'aspire,
That took no mixture of the pond'rous earth,
But all compos'd of clear ascending fire,
So well made up, that such an one as he,
Jove, in a man, like Mortimer would be.

XXII.

The temper of that nobler-moving part,
With such rare pureness rectify'd his blood,
Raising the powers of his resolved heart,
Too proud to be lock'd up within a flood,
That no misfortune possibly could thwart
Which from the native greatness where it stood,
Even by the virtue of a piercing eye,
Shew'd that his pitch was boundless as the sky.

XXIII.

Worthy the grand-child of so great a Lord,
Who whilst first Edward fortunately reign'd,
Re-edify'd great Arthur's ancient board;
The seat of goodly Kennelworth ordain'd,
The order of old Knighthood there restor'd,
To which an hundred duly appertain'd,
With all the grace and beauties of a court,
As best became that brave and martial sport.

XXIV.

The heart-swoln Lords, with fury set on fire,
Who Edward's wrongs to vengeance still provoke,
With Lancaster and Hartford now conspire
No more to bear the Spensers servile yoke.
And thus whilst all a mutual change desire,
The ancient bonds of their allegiance broke,
Resolv'd with blood their liberty to buy,
And in this quarrel vow'd to live and die.

XXV.

What privilege hath our free birth, say they,
Or in our blood what virtue doth remain,
To each lascivious minion made a prey,
That us and our nobility disdain,
Whilst they triumphant boast of our decay?
Either those spirits we do not now retain,

That were our fathers, or by fate we fall
Both from their greatness, liberty, and all.

XXVI.

Honour, dejected that from that sovereign state
From whence at first it challenged a being,
Now prostitute to infamy and hate,
As with itself in all things disagreeing,
So out of order, disproportionate,
From her fair course preposterously flying;
Whilst others as themselves, and only we
Are not held those we would but seem to be.

XXVII.

Then to what end hath our great conquest serv'd,
Those acts achieved by the Norman sword,
Our charters, patents, or our deeds reserv'd,
Our offices and titles to record,
The crests that on our monuments are carv'd,
If they to us no greater good afford?
Thus do they murmur ev'ry one apart
With many a vext soul, many a grieved heart.

XXVIII.

Thus while the Queen to depth of sorrow thrown,
Wherein she wastes her flow'r of youth away,
Beyond belief, to all but heaven unknown,
This quick'ning spark, where yet it bury'd lay,
By the sharp breath of desp'rate faction blown,
Converts her long night to the wished day,
Her woful winter of misfortune cheering,
As the dark world at the bright sun's appearing.

XXIX.

Yet ill perplex'd amid these hard extremes,
All means depress'd her safety to prefer,
Depriv'd of those late comfortable beams,
Whose want might make her the more eas'ly err,
Her hopes relinquish'd like deceitful dreams,
Which in her breast such sundry passions stir,
Where struggling which each other should controul,

Work strange confusion in her troubled soul.

XXX.

That now disabled of all sovereign state,
That to her graces rightly did belong,
To be rejected, and repudiate,
So true a lady, goodly, fair and young,
Which with more fervour still doth intimate
Her too-deep settled and inveterate wrong;
What wisdom would, a woman's will denies,
With arguments of her indignities.

XXXI.

When to effect the angry fates pursue
In heaven's high court, that long time did depend,
When these full mischiefs to a ripeness grew,
And now the harvest hast'ning in the end,
And all these lines into one centre drew,
Which way so e'er they seemingly extend;
All these together in proportion laid,
Each breath of hope a gale of certain aid.

XXXII.

Now is the time when Mortimer doth enter,
Of great employment in this tragic act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venture,
And tell him still how strongly he was back'd;
And at this instant in due season sent her,
When the strait course to her desire is track'd.

(And but upon more certainty doth stay)
By a direct, what though a dangerous way.

XXXIII.

This dreadful comet drew her wond'ring eye,
Which now began his golden head to rear,
Whose glorious fixure in so fair a sky
Strikes the beholder with a chilly fear,
And in a region elevate and high,
And by the form wherein it did appear,
As the most skilful seriously divine,
Foresaw'd a kingdom shortly to decline.

XXXIV.

Yet still recoyling at the Spensers power,
As often check'd with their intemp'rate pride,
Th' inconstant Barons wavering every hour,
The fierce encounter of this boisterous tide,
That easily might their livelyhood devour
Had she not those that skilfully could guide;
She from suspicion craftily retires,
Careless, in shew, of what she most desires.

XXXV.

Dissembling grief, as one that knew not ill,
So can she rule the greatness of her mind,
As a most perfect rectress of her will,
Above the usual weakness of her kind;
For all this storm, immoveable and still,
Her secret drift the wisest miss to find;
Nor will she know what (yet) these factions
meant,
With a pleas'd eye to sooth sad discontent.

XXXVI.

The least suspicion cunningly to heal,
Still in her looks humility she bears,
The safest way with mightiness to deal,
So policy religion's habit wears;
'Tis now no time her grievance to reveal,
He's mad who takes a lion by the ears:
This knew the Queen, exampled by the wife;
This must they learn who rightly temporize.

XXXVII.

The Bishop Torleton, learned't in the land,
Upon a text of politics to preach,
Which he long studying, well did understand,
And by a method could as aptly teach;
He was a prelate of a potent hand,
Wife was the man that could go beyond his reach:
This subtle tutor Isabel hath taught,
In nicer points than ever England fought.

XXXVIII.

Rage, which no longer limits can contain,
Lastly breaks forth into a public flame,
Their slipp'd occasion better to regain,
When to their purpose things so fitly frame,
And now discerned visibly and plain,
When treason boldly dare itself proclaim,
Casting aside all secular disguise,
Doth with proud legions furiously arise.

XXXIX.

As Severn lately in her ebbs that sank,
Vast and forsaken leaves th' uncover'd sands,
Fetching full tides, luxurious, high and rank,
Seems in her pride t' invade the neighb'ring lands,
Breaking her limits, cov'ring all her banks,
Threat'ning the proud hills with her watry hands,

As tho' she meant her empery to have,
Where e'en but lately she beheld her grave.

XL.

Through all the land, from places far and near,
Led to the field as fortune lots their side
(With th' ancient weapons us'd in war to bear)
As those directed whom they chose their guide;
Or else perhaps as they affected were,
Or as by friendship, or by duty ty'd;
Sway'd by the strength and motion of their blood,
No cause examin'd, be it bad or good.

XLI.

From Norfolk and the countries of the East
That with the pike must skilfully could fight;
Then those of Kent, unconquer'd of the rest,
That to this day maintain their ancient right;
For courage no whit second to the best,
The Cornish-men, most active, bold and light
Those near the plain, the pole-axe best that wield,
And claim for theirs the vaward of the field.

XLII.

The noble Welsh, of th' ancient British race;
From Lancashire men famous for their bows;
The men of Cheshire, chiefest for their place,
Of bone so big, as only made for blows,
Which for their faith are had in special grace,
And have been ever fearful to their foes;
The Northern then in feuds so deadly fell,
That for their spear and horfemanship excell.

XLIII.

All that for use experience could espy,
Such as in fens and marsh-lands us'd to trade,
The doubtful fords and passages to try,
With stilts and lope-staves that do aptliest wade,
Most fit for scouts and currens, to descry;
Those from the mines with pick-axe and with
spade,
For pioneers best, that for entrenching are,
Men chiefly needful in the use of war.

XLIV.

O noble nation, furnished with arms,
So full of spirit, as almost match'd by none!
Had heaven but blest thee to foresee thy harms,
And as thy valiant nephews did, have gone
Roan, Orleans, Paris, shaking with alarms,
As the bright sun thy glory then had shone;
To other realms thou had'st transferr'd this
chance,
Nor had your sons been first that conquer'd
France.

XLV.

And thus on all hands setting up their rest,
And all make forward for this mighty day,
Where every one prepares to do his best,
When at the stake their lives and fortunes lay,
No cross event their purposes to wrest,
Being now on in so direct a way: [game,
Yet whilst they play this strange and doubtful
The Queen stands off, and secretly gives aim.

XLVI.

But Mortimer his foot had scarcely set
Into the road where Fortune had to deal,
But she, dispos'd his forward course to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reveal,

Glory to her vain deity to get
By him, whose strange birth bare her ominous seal:
Taking occasion from that very hour
In him to prove and manifest her pow'r.

XLVII.

As when we see the early-rising sun
With his bright beams to emulate our fight;
But when his course yet newly is begun,
'The hum'rous foggs deprive us of his light,
'Till through the clouds he his clear forehead run,
Climbing the noon-tide in his glorious height:
His clear-beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

XLVIII.

The King, discreetly that considered
The space of earth whereon the Barons stand,
As what the powers to them contributed,
Then being himself but partner of his land;
Of the small strength and army that he led,
'Gainst them which did so great a pow'r command,
Wisely about him doth begin to look:
Great was the task which now he undertook.

XLIX.

And warn'd by danger to misdoubt the worst,
In equal scales whilst either's fortunes hung,
He must perform the utmost that he durst,
Or undergo intolerable wrong:
As good to stir, as after be forc'd;
To stop the source whence all these mischiefs sprung,
He with the Marchers thinks best to begin,
Which first must lose, e'er he could hope to win.

L.

The Mortimers being men of greatest might,
Whose name was dreadful, and commanded far,
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty spirit,
Strongly ally'd, much follow'd, popular,
On whom if he but happily could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the war:
Which he intendeth speedily to try,
To quit that first which most stood in his eye.

LI.

For which he expeditiously provided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which, if made good, might keep his foes divided
Their combination cunningly to let;
Which should they join, would be so strongly sided,
Two mighty hosts together safely met,
The face of war would look so stern and great,
As it might threat to heave him from his seat.

LII.

Wherefore the King from London setteth forth
With a full army, furnish'd of the best,
Accompany'd with men of special worth,
Which to this war his promises had prest.
Great Lancaster was lord of all the North,
The Mortimers were masters of the West,
He tow'rd mid England makes the way 'twixt
either,
Which they must cross e'er they could come
together.

LIII.

Strongly inveigled with delightful hope,
Stoutly t' affront and shoulder with debate,
Knowing to meet with a resolved troop,

That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,
Whose stubborn crests if he forc'd to stoop,
It him behoves to tempt some pow'rful fate,
And through stern guards of swords and hostile
fire

Make way to peace, or shamefully retire.

EIV.

When now the Marchers well upon their way,
(Expecting those that them supplies should bring
Which had too long abus'd them by delay)
Were suddenly encounter'd by the King;
They then perceive that dilatory stay
To be the causer of their ruining,
When at their bosoms black Destruction stood,
With open jaws, prepared for their blood.

LV.

And by the shifting of th' inconstant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
Which even at first so awkwardly they find,
Before they could give sea-room to their fleet,
Clean from their course, and cast so far behind,
And yet in peril every hour to split,
Some unknown harbour suddenly must sound,
Or run their fortunes desp'rately on ground.

LVI.

The elder Peer, grave, politic, and wise,
Which had all dangers absolutely scann'd,
Finding high time his nephew to advise,
Since now their state stood on this desp'rate hand,
And from this mischief many more to rise,
Which his experience made him understand:
"Nephew," saith he, "'tis but in vain to strive,
"Counsel must help our safety to contrive.

LVII.

"The downright peril present in our eye,
"Not to be shunn'd, we see what it assures;
"Think then what weight upon our fall doth
"lye,
"And what our being this design procures:
"As to our friends what good may grow thereby,
"Prove, which the test of reason best endures:
"For who observes strict policy's true laws,
"Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

LVIII.

"To hazard fight with the imperial powers,
"Will our small troops undoubtedly appall;
"Then this our war us wilfully devours,
"Yielding our selves; yet thus we lose not all,
"We leave our friends this smaller force of ours,
"Reserv'd for them, though haplessly we fall:
"That weakness ever hath a glorious hand,
"That falls itself to make the cause to stand.

LIX.

"'Twixt unexpected and so dang'rous ills,
"That saf'st, wherein we smallest peril see,
"Which to make choice of reason justly wills,
"And it doth best with policy agree:
"The idle vulgar breath it nothing skills,
"'Tis sound discretion must our pilot be.
"He that doth still the fairest means prefer.
"Answers opinion, howsoe'er he err.

LX.

"And to the world's eye seeming yet so strong,
"By our descending willingly from hence,

" 'Twill shew we were provoked by our wrong,
 " Not having other sinister pretence :
 " This force left off that doth to us belong,
 " Will in opinion lessen our offence :
 " Men are not ever incident to loss,
 " When Fortune seems them frowardly to cross.

LXI.

" Nor give we envy absolute excess,
 " To search so far our subtilties to find ;
 " There's nearer means this mischief to redress,
 " And make successful what is yet behind.
 " Let's not ourselves of all hope dispossess,
 " Fortune is ever variously inclin'd :
 " A small advantage in th' affairs of Kings,
 " Guides a slight means to compass mighty
 " things."

LXII.

This speech so caught his nephew's pliant youth,
 (Who his grave Eam did ever much respect)
 Proceeding from integrity and truth :
 Well could he counsel, well could he direct
 With strong persuasions, which he still pursu'd ;
 Which in a short time shew'd by the effect,
 A wise man's counsel, by a secret fate,
 Seeming from reason, yet proves fortunate.

LXIII.

To which the King they gravely do invite,
 By the most strict and ceremonious way ;
 No circumstance omitted, nor no rite
 That might give colour to their new essay,
 Or that applause might publicly excite.
 To which the King doth willingly obey :
 Who, like themselves, in seeing danger near,
 Rather accepts a doubt, than certain fear.

LXIV.

Which he receives in presage of his good,
 To his success auspiciously apply'd,

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Which somewhat cool'd his much-distemper'd
 blood,

E'er he their force in doubtful arms had try'd ;
 And whilst they thus in his protection stood,
 At his disposing wholly to abide,
 He first in safety doth dismiss their power,
 Then sends them both his pris'ners to the Tower.

LXV.

O all-preparing Providence Divine !
 In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd ?
 What sundry helps doth thy great pow'r assign,
 To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold ?
 What mortal sense is able to define
 Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold ?
 It is thy wisdom, strangely that extends
 Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

LXVI.

This was the means by which the Fates dispose
 More dreadful plagues upon that age, to bring
 Utter confusion on the heads of those
 That were before the Barons ruining ;
 With the subversion of the public's foes,
 The murder of the miserable King :
 And that which 'came catastrophe to all,
 Great Mortimer's inevitable fall.

LXVIII.

This to these troubles lends a little breath,
 As the first pause to hearten this affair,
 And for a while defers oft-threat'ning death,
 Whilst each their breach by leisure would repair,
 And as a bound their fury limiteth.
 But in this manner whilst things strangely fare,
 Horror beyond all wonted bounds doth swell,
 As the next Canto fearfully shall tell.

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

At *Burton bridge* the puissant pow'rs are met;
The form and order of the doubtful fight,
Whereas the King the victory doth get,
And the proud Barons are inforc'd to flight;
When they again towards *Borough* forward set,
Where they by him were vanquished outright :
Lastly, the laws do execute their power
On those which there the sword did not devour.

I.

THIS chance of war, that suddenly had swept
So large a share from their selected store,
Which for their help they carefully had kept,
That to their aid might still have added more,
By this ill luck into their army crept,
Made them much weaker than they were before :
So that the Barons reinforc'd their bands,
Finding their hearts to stand in need of hands.

II.

For deadly hate, so long and deeply rooted,
Could not abide to hear the name of peace,
So that discretion but a little bootied
Gainst that, thereby which only did increase :
For the least grief by malice was promoted,
Anger set on, beginning to surcease ;
So that all counsel much their ears offended,
But what to spoil and sad invasion tended.

III.

All up in action for the public cause,
Scarcely the mean'st, but he a party stood
Tax'd by the letter of the cens'ring laws
In his estate, if failing of his blood ;
And who was free'st, intangled by some clause,
Which to their fury gives continual food :
For where Confusion once hath gotten hold,
Till all fall flat, it hardly is controul'd.

IV.

And now by night, when as pale leaden sleep
Upon their eye-lids heavily did dwell,
And step by step on every sense did creep,
Mischief, that black inhabitant of Hell,
Which never fails continual watch to keep,
(Fearful to think, a horrid thing to tell !)
Enter'd the place whereas those warlike Lords
Lay mail'd in armour, girt with ireful swords.

v.

She, with a sharp sight, and a meagre look,
Was always prying where she might do ill,
In which the fiend continual pleasure took,
(Her starved body Plenty could not fill)
Searching in every corner, every nook;
With winged feet, too swift to work her will,
Furnish'd with deadly instrument she went
Of ev'ry sort, to wound where so she meant.

vi.

Having a viall fill'd with baneful wrath,
(Brought from Cocytus by that cursed sprite)
Which in her pale hand purposely she hath,
And drops the poison upon every wight:
For to each one she knew the ready path,
Though in the midst and dead time of the night:
Whose strength too soon invadeth every Peer,
Not one escap'd her that she cometh near.

vii.

That the next morning breaking in the East,
With a much-troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venom lately did infest,
The strong effect in their swol'n stomachs find;
Now doth the poison boil in every breast,
To sad destruction ev'ry one's inclin'd;
Rumours of spoil through ev'ry ear do fly,
And threat'ning fury sits in ev'ry eye.

viii.

'This done, in haste she to King Edward hies,
Who late grown proud upon his good success,
His time to feasts and wantonness applies,
And with crown'd cups his sorrows doth suppress,
Upon his fortune wholly that relies;
And in the bosom of his courtly prefs
Vaunteth the hap of this victorious day,
Whilst the sick land in sorrow pines away.

ix.

Thither she comes, and in a minion's shape
She getteth near the person of the King;
And as he tastes the liquor of the grape,
Into the cup her poison she doth wring:
Not the least drop untainted doth escape,
For to that purpose she her store did bring:
Whose strong commixture as the sequel try'd,
Fill'd his hot veins with arrogance and pride.

x.

That having both such courage and such might,
As to so great a business did belong,
Neither yet think by their unnatural fight
What the republic suffer'd them among:
For misty error so deludes their sight,
(Which still betwixt them and clear reason hung)
And their opinions in such sort abus'd,
As that their fault can never be excus'd.

xi.

Now our Minerva puts on dreadful arms,
Further to wade into this bloody war,
And from her slumber waken'd with alarms,
Riseth to sing of many a massacre,
Of gloomy magics, and benumbing charms,
Of many a deep wound, many a fearful scar:
For that low sock wherein she us'd to tread,
Marching in greaves, a helmet on her head.

xii.

Whilst thus vain hope doth these false Lords de-
lude,
Who having drawn their forces to a head,
They their full purpose seriously pursu'd,
By Lancaster and valiant Hertford led,
Their long proceeding lastly to conclude;
Whilst now to meet both armies hotly sped,
The Barons taking Burton in their way,
Till they could hear where Edward's army lay.

xiii.

To which report too suddenly bewray'd
Their manner of encamping, and the place,
Their present strength, and their expected aid,
As what might most avail them in this case.
The speedy march th' imperial power had made,
Had brought them soon within a little space:
For still the King conducted had his force,
Which way he heard the Barons bent their course.

xiv.

Upon the East, from bushy Needwood's side,
There riseth up an easy-climbing hill,
At whose fair foot the silver Tent doth slide,
And the slow air with her soft murmuring fill,
Which with the store of liberal brooks supply'd,
Th' insatiate meads continually doth swill,
Over whose stream a bridge of wondrous strength
Leads on from Burton to that hill in length.

xv.

Upon the mount the King his tentage fixt,
And in the town the Barons lay in sight,
When as the Trent was risen so betwixt,
That for a while prolong'd th' unnat'ral fight,
With many waters that itself had mixt,
To stay their fury doing all it might.
Things which preface both good and ill there be
Which Heav'n foreshews, but will not let us see.

xvi.

The heaven ev'n mourning o'er our heads doth sit,
Grieving to see the times so out of course,
Looking on them who never look at it,
And in mere pity melteth with remorse;
Longer from tears that could not stay a whit,
Whose influence on every lower source,
From the swoln fluxure of the clouds, doth shake
A rank imposthume upon every lake.

xvii.

O warlike nation, hold thy conqu'ring hand,
Ev'n senseless things do warn thee yet to pause;
The mother-soil, on whom thou arm'd dost stand,
Which should restrain thee by all natural laws,
Canst thou (unkind!) inviolate that band?
Nay, heav'n and earth are angry with the cause:
Yet stay thy foot in mischief's ugly gate;
Ill comes too soon, repentance oft too late.

xviii.

Oh, can the clouds weep over thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy drougthy eyes?
Seest thou the snare, and wilt not shun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by passed miseries?
'Tis yet but early in this dismal day,
Let late experience learn thee to be wise.
An ill foreseen may eas'ly be prevented;
But hap'd, unhelp'd, tho' ne'er enough lamented.

XIX.

Cannot the Scot of your late slaughter boast?
 And are yet scarce healed of the sore?
 Is't not enough ye have already lost,
 But your own madness must needs make it more?
 Will ye seek safety in some foreign coast?
 Your wives and children pitied ye before;
 But when your own bloods your own swords
 imbrue,
 Who pities them who should have pitied you?

XX.

The neighb'ring groves are spoiled of their trees,
 For boats and timber to assuage the flood,
 (Where men are lab'ring as 'twere summer-bees,
 Some hollowing trunks, some binding heaps of
 wood;
 Some on their breasts, some working on their
 knees.)
 To win the bank whereon the Barons stood;
 Which o'er the current they by strength must
 tew,
 To shed that blood which many an age shall rue.

XXI.

Some sharp their swords, some right their morions
 set:
 Their greaves and pouldrons others rivet fast;
 The archers now their bearded arrows whet,
 Whilst every where the clam'rous drums are brac'd;
 Some taking view where they sure ground might
 get;
 Not one, but some advantage doth forecast:
 With ranks and files each plain and meadow
 swarms,
 As all the land were clad in angry arms.

XXII.

The crests and badges of each noble name,
 Against their owners rudely seem to stand,
 As angry for th' achievements whence they came,
 That to their fathers gave that generous brand.
 O ye unworthy of your ancient fame,
 Against yourselves to lift your conqu'ring hand,
 Since foreign swords your height could not abate,
 By your own pride yourselves to ruinat!

XXIII.

Upon his surcoat valiant Nevil bore
 A silver saltire upon martial red;
 A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore;
 Ferriers his taberd with rich verri spred,
 Well known in many a warlike match before.
 A raven sat on Corbet's armed head;
 And Culpepper in silver arms enrail'd,
 Bare thereupon a bloody bend engrail'd

XXIV.

The noble Piercy, in this dreadful day,
 With a bright crescent in his guidon came:
 In his white cornet Verdon doth display
 A fret of gules, priz'd in this mortal game,
 That had been seen in many a doubtful fray,
 His lance's penons stained with the same.
 The angry horse chaf'd with the stubborn bit,
 With his hard hoof the earth in fury smit.

XXV.

I could the sum of Stafford's arming shew,
 What colours Ros and Courtney did unfold;
 Great Warren's blazon I could let you know,

And all the glorious circumstance have told,
 Nam'd every ensign as they stood a-row;
 But oh, dear Muse, too soon thou art controul'd:
 For in remembrance of their evil speed,
 My pen, for ink, warm drops of blood doth shed.

XXVI.

On the King's part th' imperial standard's pitch'd,
 With all the hatchments of the English crown.
 Great Lancaster (with no less power enrich'd)
 Sets the same leopards in his colours down.
 O, if ye be not frantic or bewitch'd,
 Yet do but see that on yourselves you frown:
 A little note of diff'rence is in all, [fall?
 How can the same stand, when the same doth

XXVII.

Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,
 The badges of your famous ancestries;
 Shall those brave marks by their inglorious heirs
 Stand thus oppos'd against their families?
 More ancient arms no Christian nation bears,
 Relics unworthy of their progenies:
 Those beasts ye bear do in their kind agree,
 O that than beasts more savage men should be!

XXVIII.

And whilst the King doth in sad council sit,
 How he might best the other bank recover,
 See how misfortune still her time can fit!
 Such as were sent the country to discover,
 (As up and down from place to place they flit)
 Had found a ford to pass their forces over.
 Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
 Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.

XXIX.

When Edward fearing Lancaster's supplies,
 Proud Richmond, Surry, and great Pembroke sent,
 On whose success he mightily relies,
 Under whose conduct half his army went,
 The nearest way, conducted by the spies;
 And he himself, and Edmond Earl of Kent,
 Upon the hill in sight of Burton lay,
 Watching to take advantage of the day.

XXX.

Stay Surry, stay, thou may'st too soon be gone;
 Pause till this heat be somewhat overpast;
 Full little know'st thou whither thou dost run;
 Richmond and Pembroke, never make such haste,
 Ye do but strive to bring more horror on.
 Never seek sorrow, for it comes too fast:
 Why strive ye thus to pass this fatal flood,
 To fetch but wounds, and shed your nearest
 blood?

XXXI.

Great Lancaster, yet sheath thy angry sword,
 On Edward's arms whose edge thou should'st not
 set,
 Thy nat'ral kinsman and thy sov'reign Lord,
 Both from the loins of our Plantagenet:
 Call yet to mind my once-engaged word:
 Canst thou thy oath to Longshanks thus forget?
 Men should perform, before all other things,
 The serious vows they make to God and kings.

XXXII.

The winds were hush'd, no little breath doth blow,
 Which seems fate still as tho' they list'ning stood;
 With trampling crowds the very earth doth blow,

And thro' the smoke the sun appear'd like blood.
 What with the shout, and with the dreadful shew,
 The herds of beasts ran bellowing to the wood,
 When drums and trumpets to the charge did
 found,
 As they would shake the gross clouds to the
 ground.

xxxiii.

The Earls then charging with their pow'r of horse,
 Taking a signal when they should begin,
 Being in view of the imperial force,
 Which at that time assay'd the bridge to win;
 Which made the Barons change their former course,
 T' avoid the present danger they were in;
 Which on the sudden had they not forecast,
 Of their last day that hour had been the last.

xxxiv.

When from the hill the King's main pow'rs come
 down,

Which had Aquarius to their valiant guide,
 Brave Lancaster and Hartford from the town
 Do issue forth upon the other side;
 Peer against peer, the Crown against the crown,
 The King assails, the Barons munify'd:
 England's red cross upon both sides doth fly;
 St. George the King, St. George the Barons cry.

xxxv.

Like as an exhalation hot and dry,
 Amongst the air-bred misty vapours thrown,
 Spitteth his lightning forth outrageously,
 Rending the thick clouds with the thunder-stone,
 Whose fiery splinters through the thin air fly,
 That with the horror heaven and earth doth groan:
 With the like clamour and confused Oh,
 To the dread shock the desp'rate armies go.

xxxvi.

There might men see the famous English bows,
 Wherewith our foes we wonted to subdue,
 Shoot their sharp arrows in the face of those,
 Which oft before victoriously them drew;
 Yet shun their aim, and troubled in the loose,
 Those well-wing'd weapons mourning as they flew,
 Slipp'd from the bow-string impotent and slack,
 As to the archers they would fain turn back.

xxxvii.

Behold the remnant of Troy's ancient stock,
 Laying on blows as smiths on anvils strike,
 Grappling together in the fearful shock,
 Where still the strong encount'reth with the like,
 (And each as ruthless as the harden'd rock)
 Were't with the spear, the brown bill, or the
 pike,
 Still as the wings or battles came together,
 E'er fortune gave advantage yet to either.

xxxviii.

From batter'd helms, with ev'ry envious blow,
 The scatter'd plumes fly loosely here and there,
 To the beholder like to flakes of snow,
 That ev'ry light breath on its wings doth bear,
 As they had sense and feeling of our woe:
 And thus affrighted with the sudden fear,
 Now back, now forward such strange windings
 make,
 As though uncertain which way they should
 take.

xxxix.

Slaughter alike invadeth either host,
 Whilst still the battle strongly doth abide,
 Which ev'ry where runs raking through the coast,
 As't pleas'd outrageous fury it to guide;
 Yet not suffic'd where tyrannizing most:
 So that their wounds, like mouths, by gaping wide,
 Made as they meant to call for present death,
 Had they but tongues, their deepness gives them
 breath.

xl.

Here lies a heap half slain, and partly drown'd,
 Gaping for breath amongst the slimy seggs;
 And there a sort laid in a deadly swoond,
 Trod with the press into the mud and dregs;
 Others lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
 Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of arms and legs:
 One sticks his foe, his scalp another cuts;
 One's feet's intangled in another's guts.

xli.

One his assailing enemy beguiles,
 As from the bridge he fearfully doth fall,
 Crush'd with his weight upon the stakes and piles:
 Some in their gore upon the pavement sprall;
 Our native blood our native earth defiles,
 And dire destruction overwhelmeth all.
 Such hideous shrieks the bedlam soldiers breath,
 As the damn'd sp'rits had howled from beneath.

xlii.

The faction still defying Edward's might,
 Edmond of Woodstock, with the men of Kent
 Charging afresh, renew the doubtful fight
 Upon the Barons, languishing and spent,
 Bringing new matter for a tragic fight;
 Forth against whom their skilful warriors went,
 Bravely to end what bravely did begin:
 Their noblest sp'rits will quickly lose or win.

xlii.

As before Troy bright Thetis' god like son,
 Talbot himself in this fierce conflict bare;
 Mowbray in fight him matchless honour won;
 Clifford for life seem'd little but to care;
 Audley and Elmsbridge peril scorn to shun;
 Gifford seem'd danger to her teeth to dare:
 Nor Badlesmer gave back to Edward's power,
 As though they strove whom death should first
 devour.

xliv.

I'll not commend thee Mountfort, nor thee Teis,
 Else your high valour much might justly merit;
 Nor, Denvil, dare I whisper of thy praise;
 Nor, Willington, will I applaud thy spirit,
 Your facts forbid that I your fame should raise:
 Nor, Damory, thy due may'st thou inherit;
 Your bays must be your well-deserved blame,
 For your ill actions quench my sacred flame.

xlv.

O had you fashion'd your great deeds by them,
 Who summon'd Acon with an English drum;
 Or theirs before, that to Jerusalem
 Went with the gen'ral power of Christendom:
 Then had ye caught Fame's richest diadem,
 As they who fought to free the Saviour's tomb,
 And, like them, had immortaliz'd your names,
 Where now my song can be but of your shame.

C iiij

XLVI.

O age inglorious, arms untimely borne,
 When that approved and victorious shield
 Must in this civil massacre be torne,
 Bruis'd with the blows of many a foreign field!
 And more, in this sad overthrow be worn
 By those in flight inforc'd it up to yield!
 For which since then, the stones for very
 dread,
 Against rough storms cold drops for tears do
 shed.

XLVII.

When soon king Edward's faint and wav'ring
 friends,
 Which had this while stood doubtfully to pause,
 When they perceive that Destiny intends
 That his success shall justify his cause,
 Each in himself fresh courage apprehends,
 (For Victory both fear and friendship draws)
 And smile on him on whom they late did
 frown,
 All lend their hands to hew the conquer'd
 down.

XLVIII.

That scarce a man, which Edward late did lack
 Whilst the proud Barons bare an upright face,
 But (when they saw that they had turn'd their
 back)
 Joins with the king to prosecute their chace,
 The baronage so headlong goes to wrack:
 In the just trial of so near a case,
 Inforc'd to prove the fortune of the coast,
 The day at Burton that had clearly lost.

XLIX.

And to the aid of the victorious king
 (Which more and more gave vigour to his hope,
 With good success him still encouraging,
 And to his actions lent a larger scope)
 Sir Andrew Herckley happily doth bring
 On their light-horse a valiant northern troop,
 Arm'd but too aptly and with too much speed,
 Most to do harm, when least thereof was
 need.

L.

When still the barons, making forth their way
 Through places best for their advantage known,
 Retain their army bodied as they may,
 By their defeat far weaker that was grown:
 In their best skill devising day by day
 To offend th' assailant, and defend their own;
 Of their mis-haps the utmost to endure,
 If nothing else their safety might assure.

LI.

In their sad flight, with fury follow'd thus,
 Tracing the North through many a tiresome
 streight,
 And forc'd through many a passage perillous,
 To Borough-bridge, led by their luckless fate:
 Bridges should seem to barons ominous,
 For there they lastly were precipitate;
 Which place the mark of their mischaunce doth
 bear,
 For since that time grass never prosper'd
 there.

LII.

Where for new bloodshed they new battles
 rang'd,
 And take new breath, to make destruction new:
 Chang'd is their ground, but yet their fate un-
 chang'd,
 Which too directly still doth them pursue;
 Nor are they and their miseries estrang'd
 To their estates though they mere strangers
 grew:
 The only hope whereon they do depend,
 With courage is to consummate their end.

LIII.

Like as a herd of over-heated deer,
 By hot-spurr'd hunters labour'd to be caught,
 With hues and hounds recover'd ev'ry where,
 When as they find their speed avails them
 nought,
 Upon the toils run headlong without fear,
 With noise of hounds and halloos as distraught:
 E'en so the Barons, in this desp'rate case,
 Turn upon those which lately did them chace.

LIV.

Ensign beards ensign, sword 'gainst sword doth
 shake,
 Drum brawls with drum, as rank doth rank op-
 pose,
 There's not a man that care of life doth take,
 But death in earnest to his bus'ness goes,
 A gen'ral havock as of all to make,
 And with destruction doth them all inclose,
 Dealing itself impartially to all,
 Friend by his friend, as foe by foe, doth fall.

LV.

Yet the brave Barons, whilst they do respire,
 (In spite of Fortune, as they stood prepar'd)
 With courage charge, with comeliness retire,
 Make good their ground, and then relieve their
 guard,
 Withstand the ent'rer, then pursue the flier,
 New form their battle, shifting ev'ry ward.
 As your high skill were but your quarrel
 good,
 O noble spirits, how dear had been your
 blood!

LVI.

That well-arm'd band ambitious Herckley led,
 Of which the Barons never dreamt before,
 Then greatly stood king Edward's pow'r in
 stead,
 And in the fight assail'd the enemy sore:
 O day most fatal, and most full of dread!
 Never can time thy ruinous waste restore:
 Which with his strength though he attempt to
 do,
 Well may he strive for, and yet fail of too.

LVII.

Pale death beyond his wonted bounds doth
 swell,
 Carving proud flesh in cantels out at large;
 As leaves in autumn, so the bodies fell
 Under sharp steel at ev'ry boist'rous charge:
 Oh, what sad pen can their destruction tell,
 Where scalps lay beaten like the batter'd targe!

And every one he claimeth as his right,
Whose luck it was not to escape by flight.

LVIII.

Those warlike ensigns waving in the field,
Which lately seem'd to brave th' imbattel'd
foe,

Longer not able their own weight to wield,
Their lofty tops to the base dust do bow;
Here sits a helmet, and there lies a shield;
Oh, ill did Fate those ancient arms bestow,
Which as a quarry on the soil'd earth lay,
Seiz'd on by Conquest, as a glorious prey.

LIX.

Where noble Bohun, that most princely peer,
Hartford much honour'd, and of high desert,
And to this nation none as he so dear,
Passing the bridge with a resolved heart,
To stop his soldiers, which retiring were,
Was 'twixt two planks slain through his lower
part:

But Lancaster, not destin'd there to die,
Taken, reserv'd to further misery.

LX.

Whose tragic scene some Muse vouchsafe to
sing:

His, of five earldoms who then liv'd possess'd,
A brother, son, and uncle to a king,
With favour, friends, and with abundance blest:
What could man think, or could devise the
thing,

That but seem'd wanting to his worldly rest?

But on this earth what's free from Fortune's
pow'r?

What an age got, is lost in half an hour.

LXI.

Some few themselves in sanctuaries hide,
Which, though they have the mercy of the
place,

Yet are their bodies so unsanctify'd,
As that their souls can hardly hope for grace;
Where they in fear and penury abide

A poor dead life, which length'neth but a
space:

Hate stands without, whilst horror still with-
in

Prolongs their shame, yet pard'neth not their
sin.

LXII.

Nor was death then contented with the dead,
Of full revenge as though it were deny'd,
And till it might have that accomplished,
It held itself in nothing satisfy'd;

And with delays no longer to be fed,
An unknown torment further doth provide,
That dead men should in misery remain,
To make the living die with greater pain.

LXIII.

Ye sov'reign cities of this woful isle,
In cypress wreaths, and your most sad attire,
Prepare yourselves to build the funeral-pile,
Lay your pale hands to this execrable fire,
All mirth and comfort from your streets exile,
Fill'd with the groans of men when they ex-
pire:

The noblest blood approaching to be shed,
That ever dropt from any of your dead.

LXIV.

When Thomas earl of Lancaster, that late
Th' rebellious Barons trait'rously retain'd,
As the chief agent in this great debate,
Was for the same (e'er many days) arraign'd
'Gainst whom at Pomfret they articulate,
(To whom those treasons chiefly appertain'd;)
Whose proofs apparent, so well, nay, ill
sped,
As from his shoulders rest his rev'rend head.

LXV.

Yet, Lancaster, it is not thy lost breath
That can assure the safety of the crown,
Or that can make a covenant with death,
To warrant Edward what he thinks his own;
But he must pay the forfeit of his faith,
When they shall rise which he hath trodden
down.

All's not a man's that is from others rackt,
And other agents other ways do act.

LXVI.

Nor was it long, but in that fatal place,
The way to death where Lancaster had led,
But many other, in the self-same case,
Him in like manner sadly followed.
London, would thou had'st had thy former
grace,

As thou art first, most blood that thou had'st
shed,

By other cities not exceeded far,
Whose streets devour the remnant of that
war.

LXVII.

O parents ruthful and hert-renting sight!
To see that son that your soft bosoms fed,
His mother's joy, his father's sole delight,
That with much cost, yet with more care was
bred:

O spectacle, ev'n able to affright
A senseless thing, and terrify the dead!

His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth
pour'd,

His quarter'd corse of crows and kites de-
vour'd.

LXVIII.

But 'tis not you that here complain alone,
Or to yourselves this fearful portion share;
Here's strange and choice variety of moan,
Poor orphans tears with widows mixed are,
With many friends sigh, many maidens groan;
So innocent, so simply pure and rare,
As nature, which till then had silence kept,
Near burst with sorrow, bitterly had wept.

LXIX.

O bloody age! had not these things been done,
I had not now, in these more calmer times,
Into the search of those past troubles run;
Nor had my virgin unpolluted rhimes
Alter'd the course wherein they first begun,
To sing these horrid and unnatural crimes:
My lays had still been of Idea's bow'r,
Of my dear Ancor, or her loved Stowre.

C iij

LXX.

Nor other subject than your self had chose,
Your birth, your virtues, and your high respects,
Whose bounties oft have nourish'd my repose;
You, whom my Muse ingeniously elects,
Denying earth your brave thoughts to enclose,
Maugre the Momists and Satyric sects:
That whilst my verse to after-times is sung,
You may live with me, and be honour'd long.

LXXI.

But greater things my subject hath in store,
Still to her task my armed Muse to keep,
And offers her occasion as before,
Whereon she may in mournful verses weep:
And as a ship being gotten near the shore,
By awkward winds redriven to the deep;
So is the Muse from whence she came of late,
Into the bus nefs of a troubled state.

LXXII.

Yet, I am sure, it is not only I, but you,
That can give the history of the times,
In that can write a country with a pen;
To warrant Edward when he ruled in France;
That he must pay the forfeit of his faith,
Which shall be which the hand of heaven
All that a man's heart is from heaven's heart,
And other agents other ways to see.

LXXIII.

Not was it long, but in that last place,
The way to death where I am now,
In many other, in the last time,
In his manner I followed,
London would then had it had any
As then we first, most blood that had
By other eyes not exceeded her,
Whole forces devour the remnant of that

LXXIV.

O parent and parting light,
To see that you from the bottom,
The mother's joy, the father's love,
That with much cost, yet with more care,
O spirit, as a child to a child,
A father's thing, and surely the dear,
His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth
His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth

LXXV.

But 'tis not yet that here complain alone,
Or to yourselves this fearful portion share;
Her's strange and choice variety of grief,
Poor orphan tears with widow's mixed are,
With many friends left, many maidens grown:
So innocent, so simply pure and rare,
A name, which all should have silence kept,
New birth with sorrow, bitterly had wept.

LXXVI.

O bloody age! had not this thing been done,
I had not now, in these more calmer times,
In the teeth of those pale troubles run;
Nor had my virgin reputation
After the course wherein they first began,
To find their horrid and unnatural crimes;
My life had been of less power,
Of my dear Anne, or her loved Bower.

LXXVII.

Yo' for reign of this world ill,
In cups wreaths, and your well had state,
Fare you well to the funeral pile,
I say your part has been this expedition,
All north and compass from your court,
Till with the voice of men, when they
The

Which might have been, I am sure, to
The, of the, I am sure, to
A brother, I am sure, to
With lawyer, I am sure, to
What could have been, I am sure, to
That has been, I am sure, to
In on the, I am sure, to
What an age, I am sure, to
In on the, I am sure, to

Which, though they have the mercy of
Yet are their hearts so uncharitable,
As that their hearts can hardly hope for grace,
Where they in fear and penury stand,
A poor, dear life, which I am sure, to
These hands without, which I am sure, to
In
Prologue their shame, yet pardon their

Not was death that conquered with the dead,
Of fall revenge as the light it were deny'd,
And still it might have been accomplished,
It held itself in nothing, I am sure, to
And with delay to longer to be led,
An unknown torment, I am sure, to
That dead men should in misery stand,
To make the living the with greater pain.

Yo' for reign of this world ill,
In cups wreaths, and your well had state,
Fare you well to the funeral pile,
I say your part has been this expedition,
All north and compass from your court,
Till with the voice of men, when they
The

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

By sleepy potions that the Queen ordains,
Lord Mortimer escapes out of the tower;
And by false flights, and many subtle trains,
She gets to France, to raise a foreign power.
The French king leaves his sister: need constrains
The Queen to Hainault in a happy hour:
Edward her son to Philip is affy'd,
They for invasion instantly provide.

I.

SCARCE had these passed miseries an end,
But other troubles instantly began;
As mischief doth new matter apprehend,
By things that still irregularly ran:
For further yet their fury doth extend,
All was not yielded that king Edward wan;
And some there were in corners that did lie,
Which o'er his actions had a watchful eye.

II.

When as the king (whilst things thus fairly went)
Who by this happy victory grew strong,
Summon'd at York a solemn parliament
T' uphold his right, and help the Spenfers
wrong,
(In all affairs t' establish his intent)
Whence more and more his minions greatness
sprung,

III.

Whose counsels still in ev'ry bus'ness crost
Th' intrag'd Queen, in all misfortunes tost.

When as the eld'st, a man extremely hated,
(Whom all that time the king could not prefer,
Until he had the barons pride abated)
That parliament made earl of Winchester,
As Herckley earl of Carlisle he created:
And likewise Baldock he made chancellor;

One whom the king had for his purpose
wrought,

A man, as subtle, so corrupt and naught.

IV.

When as mishaps (that seldom come alone)
Thick in the necks of one another fell,
The Scot began a new invasion,
And France did thence the English pow'rs ex-
pell,

The Irish set the English pale upon,
At home the Commons ev'ry day rebell:
Mischief on mischief, curse doth follow curse;
One ill scarce past, but after comes a worse.

v.

For Mortimer that wind most fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes, which otherwise might
see;

Whilst the wise Queen, who all advantage
knew,

Was closely casting how to set him free;
And did the plot so seriously pursue,
Till she had found the means how it should be,
Against opinion and imperious might,
To work her own ends through the jaws of
spite.

vi.

And to that purpose she a potion made,
In operation of that pois'ning power,
That it the spirits could presently invade,
And quite dis-sense the senses in an hour,
With such cold numbness, as it might persuade,
That very death the patient did devour
For certain hours, and sealed up the eyes
'Gainst all that art could possibly devise.

vii.

In which, she plantane and cold lettuce had,
The water-lilly from the marish ground,
With the wan poppy, and the nightshade sad,
And the short moss that on the trees is found,
The pois'ning henbane, and the mandrake drad,
With cypress-flowers that with the rest were
pown'd;

The brain of cranes amongst the rest she takes,
Mix'd with the blood of dormice and of snakes.

viii.

Thus, like Medea, fate she in her cell,
Which she had circled with her potent charms,
From thence all hind'rance clearly to expell;
Then her with magic instruments she arms,
And to her bus'ness instantly she fell:
A Vestal fire she lights, wherewith she warms
The mixed juices, from those simples wrung,
To make the med'cine wonderfully strong.

ix.

The sundry fears that from her fact might rise,
Men may suppose, her trembling hand might
stay,

Had she consider'd of the enterprise,
To think what peril in th' attempt there lay;
Knowing besides, that there were secret spies
Set by her foes to watch her ev'ry way:

But when that sex leave virtue to esteem,
Those greatly err, which think them what
they seem.

x.

Their plighted faith they at their pleasure leave;
Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate;
On whom they smile, they surely those deceive,
In their desires they be insatiate;
Them of their will there's nothing can bereave;
Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date;
They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim;
They shun not sin, as little weigh they shame.

xi.

The elder of the Mortimers this while,
That their fure friends so many sundry ways,
By fight, by execution, by exile,
Had seen cut off, then finished his days:
Which (though with grief) doth somewhat re-
concile

The younger's thoughts, and lends his cares some
ease:

Which oft his heart, oft troubled had his
head,

For the dear safety of his uncle dead.

xii.

But there was more did on his death depend,
Than Heav'n was pleas'd the foolish world should
know;

And why the Fates thus hastened on his end,
Thereby intending stranger plagues to shew.
Brave Lord, in vain thy breath thou didst not
spend,

From thy corruption greater conflicts grow;
Which began soon and fruitfully to spring,
New kinds of vengeance on that age to bring.

xiii.

As heart could wish, when ev'ry thing was fit,
The Queen attends her potion's power to prove;
Their steadfast friends their best assisting it,
Their trusty servants seal up all in love:
And Mortimer, his valour and his wit
Then must express, whom most it doth behove:
Each place made sure, where guides and horses
lay,

And where the ship that was for his con-
vey.

xiv.

When as his birth-day he had yearly kept,
And us'd that day those of the Tower to feed;
And on the Warders other bounties heapt,
For his advantage he that day decreed:
Which did suspicion clearly intercept,
And much avail'd him at that time of need:
When after cates, their thirst at last to quench,
He mix'd their liquor with that sleepy drench.

xv.

Which soon each sense doth with dead coldness
seize,

When he, which knew the keepers of each
ward,

Out of their pockets quickly took the keys,
His corded ladders readily prepar'd;
And stealing forth through dark and secret
ways,

(Not then to learn his compass by the card)

To win the walls courageously doth go,

Which look'd as scorning to be master'd so.

xvi.

They soundly sleep, whilst his quick sp'rits a-
wake,

Expos'd to peril in the high'st extremes,

Alcides' labours as to undertake,

O'er walls, o'er gates, through watches, and
through streams,

By which his own way he himself must make;

And let them tell king Edward of their dreams.

For e'er they came out of their brain-sick
trance,

He made no doubt to be arriv'd in France.

XVII.

The fullen night had her black curtain spread,
Low'ring that day had tarried up so long,
And that the morrow might lie long abed,
She all the heav'n with dusky clouds had hung :
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly-horned head
Away to West, and under earth she flung,
As she had long'd to certify the Sun,
What in his absence in our world was done.

XVIII.

The lesser lights, like sentinels in war,
Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,
As though unseen they subt'ly strove from far,
Of his escape the manner to descry.
Hid was each wand'ring as each fixed star,
As they had held a council in the sky,
And had concluded with that present night,
That not a star should once give any light.

XIX.

In a flow silence all the shores are hush'd,
Only the scritch-owl sounded to th' assault,
And Isis with a troubled murmur rush'd,
As if consenting, and would hide the fault ;
And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,
There was a little whisp'ring in the vault,
Mov'd by his treading, softly as he went,
Which seem'd to say, it further'd his intent.

XX.

Whilst that wise Queen, whom care yet restless
kept,
For happy speed to heaven held up her hands,
With worlds of hopes and fears together heapt
In her full bosom, list'ning as she stands,
She sigh'd and pray'd, and sigh'd again and
wept,
She sees him how he climbs, how swims, how
lands :
Though absent, present in desires they be ;
Our soul much farther than our eyes can see.

XXI.

The small clouds issuing from his lips, she faith,
Lab'ring so fast as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the air of pestilence and death ;
And as from heav'n that filch'd Promethean
flame,
The sweetness so, and virtue of his breath,
New creatures in the element should frame :
And to what part it had the hap to stray,
There should it make another milky way.

XXII.

Attain'd the top, whilst spent, he paus'd to
blow,
She saw how round he cast his longing eyes,
The earth to greet him gently from below,
How greatly he was favour'd of the skies :
She saw him mark the way he was to go,
And tow'rd's her palace how he turn'd his eyes ;
From the wall's height, as when he down did
slide,
She heard him cry, " Now Fortune be my
" guide."

XXIII.

As he descended, so did she descend,
As she would hold him that he should not fall,
On whom alone her safety did depend :
But when some doubt did her deep thoughts ap-
pall,
Distractedly she did her hands extend
For speedy help, and earnestly did call
Softly again, if death to him should hap,
She begg'd of heav'n his grave might be her
lap.

XXIV.

To shew him favour she intreats the air,
For him she begg'd the mercy of the wind,
For him she kneel'd before the night with pray'r,
For him herself she to the earth inclin'd :
For him his tides beseeching Thames to spare,
And to command his billows to be kind ;
And tells the flood, if he her Love would
quit,
No flood of her should honour'd be but it.

XXV.

But when she thought she saw him swim a-
long,
Doubting the stream was taken with his love,
She fear'd the drops that on his tresses hung,
And that each wave which most should woo him
strove,
To his clear body that so closely clung,
Which when before him with his breast he
drove,
Pallid with grief, she turn'd away her face,
Jealous that he the waters should embrace.

XXVI.

That angry lion having slip'd his chain,
As in a fever, made king Edward quake ;
Who knew, before he could be caught again,
Dear was the blood that his strong thirst must
flake :
He found much labour had been spent in vain,
And must be forc'd a farther course to take,
Perceiving tempests rising in the wind,
Of which too late too truly he divin'd.

XXVII.

By his escape that adverse part grown proud,
On each hand working for a second war,
And in their councils nothing was allow'd,
But what might be a motive to some jar ;
And though their plots were carried in a cloud,
From the discerning of the popular,
The wiser yet, whose judgments farther
raught,
Eas'ly perceive how things about were brought.

XXVIII.

Those secret fires, by envious faction blown,
Broke out in France which cover'd long had
lain ;
King Charles from Edward challenging his own,
First Guien, next Pontieu, and then Aquitain,
To each of which he made his title known,
Nor from their seizure longer would abstain :
The cause thereof lay out of most men's view,
Which tho' fools found not, wise men quickly
knew.

XXIX.

Their projects hitting (many a day in hand)
That to their purpose prosp'rously had thriv'd,
The base whereon a mighty frame must stand,
By all their cunning that had been contriv'd;
Finding their actions were so thoroughly mann'd,
Their fainting hopes were wond'rously reviv'd,
They made no doubt to see in little time
The full of that, which then was in the
prime.

XXX.

The king much troubled with the French affair,
Which, as a shapeless and unwieldy mass,
Wholly employ'd the utmost of his care
To Charles of France his embassy to pass,
For which it much behov'd him to prepare,
Before the war too deeply settled was:

Which when they found, they likewise cast a-
bout

As they would go, to make him send them
out.

XXXI.

Which when they came in council to debate,
And to the depth had seriously discust,
Finding how nearly it concern'd the state,
To stay a war both dang'rous and unjust;
That weighty bus'ness to negotiate,
They must find one of special worth and trust:
Where ev'ry Lord his censure freely past,
Of whom he lik'd, the Bishop was the last.

XXXII.

Torlton, whose tongue men's ears in chains could
tie,
And like Jove's fearful thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authority did lie,
Than in those words the Sibyls did rehearse,
Whose sentence was so absolute and high,
As had the power a judgment to reverse:
For the wise Queen, with all his might did
stand,
To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

XXXIII.

Urging what credit she the cause might bring,
Impartial 'twixt a husband and a brother,
A queen in person betwixt king and king;
And more than that, to shew herself a mother,
There for her son his right establishing,
Which did as much concern them as the other:
Which colour serv'd to work in this extreme,
That of which then the king did never dream.

XXXIV.

Torlton, was this thy spiritual pretence?
Would God thy thoughts had been spiritual,
Or less persuasive thy great eloquence:
But oh! thy actions were too temporal,
Thy knowledge had too much preheminance,
Thy reason subtle, and sophistical.
But all's not true that supposition faith,
Nor have the mightiest arguments most
faith.

XXXV.

Nor did the Bishop those his learned lack,
As well of power, as policy and wit,
That were prepar'd his great design to back,

And could amend where aught he did omit:
For with such cunning they had made their pack,
That it went hard, if that they should not hit;
That the fair Queen to France with speed must go,
Hard had he ply'd, that had persuaded so.

XXXVI.

When she, well fitted both of wind and tide,
And saw the coast was ev'ry way so clear,
As a wise woman she her bus'ness ply'd,
Whilst things went current, and well carry'd were,
Herself and her's to get aboard she hy'd.
As one whose fortune made her still to fear:
Knowing those times so variously inclin'd,
And ev'ry toy soon alt'ring Edward's mind.

XXXVII.

Her followers such, as meerly friendless stood,
Sunk and dejected by the Spencers pride,
Who bore the taints of treason in their blood,
And for revenge would leave no ways untry'd,
Whose means were bad, but yet their minds were
good,

When now at hand they had their help descry'd;
Nor were they wanting mischief to invent,
To work their wills, and further her intent.

XXXVIII.

Whilst Mortimer (that all this while hath lain
From our fair course) by Fortune strangely crost,
In France was struggling how he might regain
That which before in England he had lost,
And all good means doth gladly entertain,
No jot dismay'd in all those tempests tost,
Nor his great mind could so be overthrown,
All men his friends, all countries were his own.

XXXIX.

Then, Muse (transported by thy former zeal,
Led in thy progress where his fortune lies)
To thy sure aid I seriously appeal;
To shew him fully, without fain'd disguise,
The ancient Heroes then I shall reveal,
And in their patterns I shall be precise,
When in my verse, transparent, neat and clear,
They shall in his pure character appear.

XL.

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the Virtues well did suit,
In whom so mix'd the Elements all lay,
That none to one could sov'raignty impute,
As all did govern, yet all did obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when Nature him began,
She meant to shew all that might be in man,

XLI.

So thoroughly season'd, and so rightly set,
That in the level of the clearest eye,
Time never touch'd him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him but awry;
Whom in his course no cross could ever let,
His elevation fixed was so high, [doth prove,
That those rough storms, whose rage the world
Never taught him, who fate them far above.

XLII.

Which the Queen saw, who had a seeing spirit,
For she had mark'd the largeness of his mind,
And with much judgment look'd into his merit,

Above the usual compass of her kind,
His grandfire's greatness rightly to inherit;
When as the ages in their course inclin'd.
And the world, weak with time, began to bow
To the poor baseness that it rests at now.

XLIII.

He weighs not wealth, nor yet his Wigmore left,
Left needless heaps as things of nothing stand,
That was not his that man could take by theft,
He was a Lord, if he had sea or land,
And thought him rich of those who was not rest.
Man, of all creatures, hath an upright hand,
And by the stars is only taught to know,
That as they progress heav'n, he earth should do.

XLIV.

Wherefore wise nature, from this face of ground,
Into the deep taught men to find the way,
That in the floods her treasure might be found,
To make him search for what she there did lay;
And that her secrets he might thoroughly sound,
She gave him courage as her only key,
That of all creatures as the worthiest, he
Her glory there and wondrous works should see.

XLV.

Let wretched wordlings sweat for mud and earth,
Whose groveling bosoms lick the recreant stones,
Such peasants cark for plenty and for dearth,
Fame never looks upon those prostrate drones;
The brave mind is allotted in the birth,
To manage Empires from the state of thrones,
Fighting coy fortune, when she stern'st appears,
Which scorneth sighs, and jeereth at our tears.

XLVI.

But when report (as with a trembling wing)
Tickled the entrance of his list'ning ear,
With news of ships sent out the Queen to bring,
For her at Sandwich which then waiting were,
He surely thought he heard the angels sing,
And the whole frame of heav'n make up the
 quire,
That his full soul was smother'd with excess,
Her ample joys unable to express.

XLVII.

Quoth he, slide billows smoothly for her sake
Whose sight can make your aged Nereus young,
For her fair passage even alleys make,
And as the soft winds waft her sails along,
Sleek ev'ry little dimple of the lake;
Sweet Sirens, and be ready with your song;
Though 'tis not Venus that doth pass that way,
Yet is as fair as she born on the sea.

XLVIII.

Ye scaly creatures, gaze upon her eye,
And never after with your kind make war;
O steal the accents from her lips that flie,
Which like the tunes of the celestials are,
And them to your sick amorous thoughts apply,
Compar'd with which Arion's did but jar:
Wrapt them in air, and when black tempests rage,
Use them as charms the rough seas to assuage.

XLIX.

France, send t' attend her with full shoals of oars,
With which her fleet may ev'ry way be ply'd;
And when she landeth on thy blessed shores,

And the vast navy doth at anchor ride,
For her departure when the wild sea roars,
Ship mount to heaven, and there be stillify'd:
Next Jason's Argo, on the burnish'd throne,
Assume thyself a constellation.

L.

Queen Isabel then landing with delight,
Had what rich France could lend her for her ease;
And as she pass'd, no town but did invite
Her with some shew, her appetite to please:
But Mortimer once coming in her sight,
His shape and features did her fancy seize;
When she, that knew how her fit time to take
Thus she her most-lov'd Mortimer bespake:

LI.

" O Mortimer, sweet Mortimer, quoth she,
" What angry power did first the means devise,
" To separate Queen Isabel and thee,
" Whom (to despite) love yet together ties?
" But if thou think'st the fault was made by me,
" For a just penance to my longing eyes,
" Though guiltless they, this be to them assign'd,
" To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind.

LI.

" My dear, dear heart, thought I to see thee thus,
" When first in court thou didst my favour wear,
" When we have watch'd lest any noted us,
" Whilst our looks us'd love's messages to bear,
" And we by signs sent many a secret buss,
" An exile then, thought I to see thee here?
" But what could'st thou be then, but now thou
 " art;
" Though banish'd England, yet not from my
 " heart.

LIII.

" That fate which did thy franchisement inforce,
" And from the depth of danger set thee free,
" Still regular and constant in that course,
" Made me this strait and even path to thee,
" Of our affections as it took remorse;
" Our birth-fix'd stars so luckily agree,
" Whose revolution seriously directs
" Our like proceedings to the like effects.

LIV.

" Only wise counsel hath contriv'd this thing,
" For which we wish'd so many a woful day,
" Of which the clear and perfect managing
" Is that strong prop, whereon our hopes may
 " stay:
" Which in itself th' authority doth bring,
" That weak opinion hath not power to sway,
" Confuting those, whose sightless judgments
 fit
" In the thick rank with ev'ry common wit.

LV.

" Then since th' assay our good success assures,
" And we her fav'rites lean on fortune's breast,
" That ev'ry hour new comfort us procures,
" Of these her blessings let us choose the best;
" And whilst the day of our good hap endures,
" Let's take the bounteous benefits of rest:
" Let's fear no storm before we feel a show'r
" My son a King, two kingdoms help my
 dow'r.

LVI.

" Of wanton Edward when I first was woo'd,
 " Why cam'st thou not into the court of France ?
 " Before thy King, thou in my grace hadst stood :
 " O Mortimer, how good had been thy chance !
 " My love attempted in that youthful mood,
 " I might have been thine own inheritance ;
 " Where ent'ring now by force, thou hold'st
 " by might,
 " And art disseisor of another's right.

LVII.

" Thou idol, honour, which we fools adore,
 " (How many plagues do rest in thee to grieve
 " us ?
 " Which when we have, we find there is much
 " more,
 " Than that which only is a name can give us ;
 " Of real comforts thou dost leave us poor,
 " And of those joys thou often dost deprive us,
 " That with ourselves doth set us at debate,
 " And makes us beggars in our greatest state."

LVIII.

With such brave raptures from her words that
 rise,

She made a breach in his impressivè breast,
 And all his pow'rs so fully did surprize,
 As seem'd to rock his senses to their rest,
 So that his wit could not that thing devise,
 Of which he thought his soul was not possesst :
 Whose great abundance, like a swelling flood
 After a show'r, ran through his ravish'd blood.

LIX.

Like as a lute, that's touch'd with curious skill,
 Each string stretch'd up his right tone to retain,
 Music's true language that doth speak at will,
 The base and treble married by the mean,
 Whose sounds each note with harmony do fill,
 Whether it be in descant or on plain ;
 So their affections, set in keys alike,
 In true concert meet, as their humours strike.

LX.

As the plain path to their design appears,
 Of whose wish'd fight they had been long de-
 barr'd,
 By the dissolving of those threat'ning fears,
 That many a purpose, many a plot had marr'd ;
 Their hope at full so heartily them cheers,
 And their protection by a stronger guard,
 Lends them that leisure, the events to cast
 Of things to come, by those already past.

LXI.

For this great bus'ness eas'ly setting out,
 By due proportion measuring ev'ry pace,
 T' avoid the cumbrance of each hindering doubt ;
 And not to fail of comeliness and grace,
 They came with every circumstance about,
 Observe the person, as the time and place :
 Nor leave they aught, that in discretion's laws
 They could but think might beautify the cause.

LXII.

Their embassy deliv'ring in that height,
 As of the same the dignity might fit,
 Apparelling a matter of that weight
 In ceremony well becoming it ;

5

And that it should go steadily and right,
 They at their audience no one point omit,
 As to the full each title to effect,
 That in such cases wisdom should respect.

LXIII.

Nor to negotiate never do they cease,
 Till they again that ancient league combine ;
 Yet so, that Edward should his right release,
 And to his son the provinces resign :
 With whom King Charles concludes the happy
 peace,
 Having the homage due to him for Guien ;
 And that both realms should ratify their deed,
 They for both kings an interview decreed.

LXIV.

Yet in this thing, which all men thought so
 plain,
 And to have been accomplish'd with such care,
 Their inward falshood hidden did remain,
 Quite from the colour that the outside bare :
 For only they this interview did gain
 T' intrap the king, so trained to their snare ;
 For which they knew that he must pass the
 seas,
 Or else the prince, which better would them
 please.

LXV.

Which by the Spensers was approved, who
 (As in his counsels they did chiefly guide)
 With him their sov'reign nor to France durst go,
 Nor in his absence durst at home abide.
 Whilst the weak king stood doubtful what to do,
 His list'ning ears they with persuasions ply'd,
 That he to stay was absolutely won,
 And for that bus'ness to dispatch his son.

LXVI.

Thus is the king encompass'd by their skill,
 And made to act what Torlton did devise,
 Who thrust him on, to draw them up the hill,
 That by his strength they might get power to
 rise,
 For they in all things were before him still :
 That perfect steersman in all policies
 Had cast to walk where Edward bare the
 light,
 And by his aim he levelled their fight.

LXVII.

Thus having made, what Edward most did will
 For his advantage, further their intent,
 With seeming good so varnishing their ill,
 That it went current by the fair event,
 And of their hopes the utmost to fulfil :
 Things in their course came in so true consent,
 To bring their bus'ness to that happy end,
 That they the same might publicly defend.

LXVIII.

The precious time no longer they protract,
 Nor in suspense their friends at home do hold,
 Being abroad so absolutely backt,
 They quickly waxed confident and bold,
 In their proceeding publishing their act ;
 Nor did they fear to whom report it told,
 But with an armed and erected hand,
 T' abet their own did absolutely stand.

LXIX.

And that base bishop then of Exeter,
A man experienc'd in their counsels long,
(Thinking perhaps his fallhood might prefer
Him, or else moved with King Edward's wrong;
Or whether that his frailty made him err,
Or other fatal accident among :)

But he from France and them, to England
flew,
And knowing all, discover'd all he knew.

LXX.

Their treasons, long in hatching, thus disclos'd,
And Torlton's drift by circumstances found,
With what conveyance things had been dispos'd,
The cunning us'd in casting of their ground,
The frame as fit in every point compos'd,
When better counsel coldly came to found,
Awak'd the king to see his weak estate,
When the prevention came a day too late.

LXXI.

Yet her departing whilst she doth adjourn,
Charles, as a brother, by persuasion deals;
Edward with threats would force her to return,
Pope John her with his dreadful curse assails:
But all in vain against her will they spurn,
Persuasion, threat, nor curse with her prevails:
Charles, Edward, John, strive all to do your
worst,
The queen fares best when she the most is
curst.

LXXII.

Which to the Spensers speedily made seen,
With what clean flight things had been brought
about,
And that those here, which well might rul'd have
been,
Quickly had found that they were gotten out,
And knowing well their wit, their pow'r and
spleen,
Of their own safeties much began to doubt,
And therefore must some present means in-
vent,
T' avoid a danger, else most imminent.

LXXIII.

When they, who had the Frenchmen's humours
felt,
And knew the bait wherewith they might be
caught,
By promise of large pensions with them dealt,
If that King Charles might from her aid be
wrought.
What mind so hard that money cannot melt?
Which they to pass in little time had brought;
That Isabel, too eas'y over-weigh'd
By their great fums, was frustrate of her aid.

LXXIV.

Yet could not this amate that mighty queen,
(Whom sad affliction never had controul'd,
Never such courage in that sex was seen,
She was not cast in other women's mold)
Nor could rebate the edge of her high spleen,
Who could endure war, travel, want, and cold,
Struggling with fortune, near by her oppress'd,
Most cheerful still when she was most distress'd.

LXXV.

But then resolv'd to leave ungrateful France,
And in the world her better fate to try,
Changing the air, hopes time may alter chance,
Under her burthen scorning so to lie,
Her weaken'd state still striving to advance,
Her mighty mind flew in a pitch so high:
Yet e'er she went, her vex'd heart that did ake,
Somewhat to ease, thus to the king she spake:

LXXVI.

"Is this a king's, a brother's part (quoth she?)
"And to this end did I my grief unfold?
"Came I to heal my wounded heart to thee,
"Where slain outright I now the same behold?
"Be these thy vows, thy promises to me?
"In all this heat art thou become so cold,
"To leave me thus forsaken at the worst,
"My state at last more wretched than at first?

LXXVII.

"Thy wisdom weighing what my wants require,
"To thy dear mercy might my tears have ty'd,
"Our bloods receiving heat both from one fire;
"And we by fortune as by birth ally'd,
"My suit supported by my just desire,
"Were arguments not to have been deny'd:
"The grievous wrongs that in my bosom be,
"Should be as near thy care as I to thee.

LXXVIII.

"Nature too eas'y working on my sex,
"Thus at thy pleasure my poor fortune leaves,
"Which being entic'd with hopes of due respects
"From thee, my trust dishonestly deceives,
"Who me and mine unnaturally neglects,
"And of all comfort lastly us bereaves:
"What 'twixt thy baseness and thy beastly
"will,
"T' expose thy sister to the worst of ill.

LXXIX.

"But for my farewell thus I prophesy:
"That from my womb he's sprung, or he shall
"spring,
"Who shall subdue thy next posterity,
"And lead a captive thy succeeding king,
"The just revenge of thy vile injury:
"To fatal France I as a Sibyl sing
"Her cities sack, the slaughter of her men,
"Of whom one Englishman shall conquer ten."

LXXX.

The Earl of Hainault, in that season great,
The wealthy lord of many a warlike tower,
Who, for his friendship, princes did intreat,
As fearing both his policy and power,
Having a brother wond'rously complete,
Call'd John of Beaumont (in a happy hour,
As for the distressed queen did chance)
That time abiding in the court of France.

LXXXI.

He, there the while this shuffling that had seen,
Who to her party Isabel had won,
To pass for Hainault humbly prays the queen,
Prompting her still what good might there be
done,
To ease the anguish of her tumorous spleen,
Off'ring his fair niece to the prince her son,

The only way to win his brother's might,
Against the king to back her in her right.

LXXXII.

Who had an ear, not fill'd with his report,
To whom the soldiers of that time did throng,
The pattern to all other of his sort,
Well learn'd in what to honour did belong,
With that brave queen long trained up in court,
And constantly confirmed in her wrong:

Besides all this, cross'd by the adverse part,
In things that fate too near to his great heart.

LXXXIII.

Sufficient motives to invite distress,
To apprehend so excellent a mean,
(Against those ills that did so strongly press)
Whereon the queen her weak estate might lean,
And at that season, though it were the less,
Yet for a while it might her want sustain;
Until th' approaching of more prosp'rous days,
Her drooping hopes to their first height might
raise.

LXXXIV.

When they at large had leisure to debate,
Where welcome look'd with a well-pleased face,
From those dishonours she received late,
For there she wanted no obsequious grace,
Under the guidance of a gentler fate,
All bounteous offers freely they embrace;
And to conclude, all ceremonies past,
The prince affies fair Philip at the last.

LXXXV.

All covenants betwixt them surely seal'd,
Each to the other lastingly to bind,
Nothing but done with equity and zeal,
And suiting well with Hainault's mighty mind,
Which to them all did much content reveal;
The ease the queen was thereby like to find,
The comfort coming to the lovely bride,
Prince Edward pleas'd, and joy on every side.

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The queen in Hainault mighty friends doth win,
In Harwich haven safely is arriv'd
Garboils in England more and more begin,
King Edward of his safety is depriv'd,
Flieth to Wales, at Neath received in,
Whilst many plots against him are contriv'd;
Lastly betray'd, the Spensers and his friends
Are put to death, with which this Canto ends.

I.

Now seven times Phoebus had his welked wain
Upon the top of Cancer's tropic set,
And seven times in his descent again,
His fiery wheels had with the fishes wet,
In the occurrents of King Edward's reign,
Since mischief did these miseries beget;
Which through more strange varieties had run,
Than he that while celestial signs had done.

II.

Whilst our ill-thriving in those Scottish broils,
Their strength and courage greatly did advance,
In a small time made wealthy by our spoils;
And we much weaken'd by our wars in France,
Were well near quite dishearten'd by our foils:
But at these things the Muse must only glance,
And Herckley's treasons haste to bring to view,
Her serious subject sooner to pursue.

VOL. III.

III.

When Robert Bruce with his brave Scottish band,
By other inroads on the borders made,
Had well near wasted all Northumberland,
Whose towns he level with the earth had laid;
And finding none his pow'r there to withstand,
On the north part of spacious Yorkshire prey'd,
Bearing away with pride his pillage got,
As fate to him did our last fall allot.

IV.

For which that Herekley by his Sov'raign sent,
T' intreat a needful, though dishonour'd peace,
Under the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the war, in a fair way to cease,
And with King Robert did a course invent,
His homage due to Edward to release:
Besides, their faith they each to other plight,
In peace and war to join with all their might.

D

v.

Yet more, King Robert (things being carried
so)

His sister to that treach'rous earl affy'd,
Which made too plain and evident a shew
Of what before his trust did closely hide :
But the cause found from whence this league
should grow,
By such as near into their actions pry'd,
Discover'd treasons, which not quickly crost,
Had shed more blood than all the wars had
cost.

vi.

Whether the king's weak counsels causes are,
That ev'ry thing so badly falleth out,
Or that the earl did of our state despair,
When nothing prosper'd that was gone about,
And therefore careless how the English fare,
I'll not dispute, but leave it as a doubt ;
Or some vain title his ambition lackt,
But something hatcht this treasonable act.

vii.

Which once revealed to the jealous king,
The apprehension of that trait'rous peer
He left to the lord Lucy's managing,
(One whose prov'd faith he had held ever dear)
By whose brave carriage in so hard a thing,
He did well worthy of his trust appear ;
Who in his castle, carelessly defended,
That crafty Carlel closely apprehended.

viii.

For which, e'er long, to his just trial led
In all the robes befitting his degree,
Where Scroop, chief justice in that dang'rous
stead,
Commission had his lawful judge to be;
And on the proofs of his indictment read,
His treasons all so easily might see :
Which soon themselves so plainly did expresse,
As might assure them of his ill success.

ix.

His stile and titles to the king restor'd,
Noted with names of infamy and scorn,
And next disarmed of his knightly sword,
On which before his fealty he had sworn,
Then, by a varlet of his spurs discurr'd,
His coat of arms before him raz'd and torn ;
And to the hurdle lastly he was sent
To a trait'rous death, that trait'rously had
meant.

x.

Whereon the king a parliament procur'd,
To fix some things, whose fall he else might fear ;
Whereby he hop'd the queen to have abjur'd,
His son, and such as their adjutors were :
But those, of whom himself he most assur'd,
What they had seem'd, the same did not appear ;
When he soon found he had his purpose mist,
For there were those that durst his power resist.

xi.

For Hereford, in parliament accus'd
Of sundry treasons, wherein he was caught
By such his courses strictly as perus'd,
Whereby subversion of the realm was sought,

His holy habit and his trust abus'd ;
Who, to his answer when he should be brought,
Was by the clergy (in the king's despight)
Seiz'd under colour of the church's right.

xii.

When some, the fav'ers of this fatal war,
Whom this example did more sharply whet,
Those for the cause that then imprison'd were,
Boldly attempt at liberty to set ;
Whose purpose frustrate by their enemies care,
New garboils doth continually beget,
Bidding the king with care to look about,
Those secret fires so hourly breaking out.

xiii.

And th' Earl of Kent, who was by Edward
plac'd
As the great gen'ral of his force in Guien,
Was in his absence here at home disgrac'd,
And frustrated both of supplies and coin,
By such lewd persons to maintain their waste,
As from his treasures ceas'd not to purloin :
Nor could the king be mov'd, so careless still
Both of his own loss and his brother's ill.

xiv.

Whose discontent too quickly being found,
By such as all advantages did wait,
Who still apply'd strong cor'sives to the wound,
And by their tricks and intricate deceit,
Hinder'd those means that hap'ly might re-
dound
That fast-arising mischief to defeat :
Till Edmund's wrongs were to that ripeness
grown,
That they had made him absolute their own.

xv.

With all his faithful followers in those wars,
Men well experienc'd and of worthiest parts,
Who for their pay received only scars,
Whilst the inglorious had their due deserts ;
And minions hate of other hope debars,
Which vex'd them deeply to the very hearts,
That to their gen'ral for revenge they cry,
Joining with Beaumont, giving him supply.

xvi.

These great commanders, and with them com-
bine
The Lord Pocelles, Sares and Boyseers,
Dambretticourt, the young and valiant Hein,
Estotivyle, Comines, and Villeers ;
The valiant knights, Sir Michael de la Lyne,
Sir Robert Baliol, Boswit, and Semeers ;
Men of great skill, whom spoil and glory
warms,
Such as indeed were dedicate to arms.

xvii.

Leading three thousand muster'd men in pay,
Of French, Scots, Alman, Swisser, and the Dutch ;
Of native English, fled beyond the sea,
Whose number near amounted to as much,
Which long had look'd, nay, waited for that
day,
Whom their revenge did but too nearly touch :
Besides, friends ready to receive them in,
And new commotions ev'ry day begin.

XVIII.

Whilst the wise queen, from England day by day,
Of all those doings that had certain word,
Whose friends much blam'd her over-long de-
lay,

When as the time such fitness did afford,
Doth for her passage presently purvey,
Bearing provision ev'ry hour aboard;
Ships of all burthens rigg'd and manned are,
Fit for invasion, to transport a war.

XIX.

When she for England fairly setting forth,
Spreading her proud sails on the wat'ry plain,
Steereth her course directly to the North,
With her young Edward Duke of Aquitain,
With other three of special name and worth,
(The destin'd scourges of King Edward's reign)
Her soldier Beaumont, and the Earl of Kent,
With Mortimer, that mighty malcontent.

XX.

For Harwich road a fore-wind finely blows,
But blew too fast, to kindle such a fire,
Whilst with full sail and the stiff tide she goes;
It should have turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The fleet it drove was fraughted with our woes;
But seas and winds do Edward's wrack conspire:
For when just Heaven to chastise us is bent,
All things convert to our due punishment.

XXI.

The coasts were kept with a continual ward,
The beacons watch'd her coming to descry;
Had but the love of subjects been his guard,
'T had been t' effect that he did fortify:
But whilst he stood against his foes prepar'd,
He was betray'd by his home-enemy.
Small help by this he was but like to win;
Shutting war out, he lockt destruction in.

XXII.

When Henry, brother to that luckless prince,
The first great mover of that civil strife;
Thomas, whom law but lately did convince,
That had at Pomfret left his wretched life:
That Henry, in whose bosom ever since
Revenge lay covered, watching for relief,
Like fire in some fat min'ral of the earth,
Finding a fit vent, gives her fury birth.

XXIII.

And being Earl-Marshal, great upon that coast,
With bells and bonfires welcomes her ashore;
And by his office gath'ring up an host,
Shew'd the great spleen that he to Edward bore,
Nor of the same abash'd at all to boast;
The clergy's power in readiness before,
And on their friends a tax as freely laid,
To raise munition for their present aid.

XXIV.

And to confusion all their powers expose,
On the rent bosom of the land, which long
War, like the sea, on each side did inclose,
A war from our own home-dissensions sprung,
In little time which to that greatness rose,
As made us loath'd our neighb'ring states among:
But this invasion, that they hither brought,
More mischief far than all the former wrought.

XXV.

Besides, this innovation in the state
Lent their great action such a violent hand,
When it so boldly durst insinuate
On the cold faintness of th' ineebled land;
That being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way so openly to stand
To their intendment, might, if followed well,
Regain that height, from whence they lately
fell.

XXVI.

Their strengths together in this mean time met,
All helps and hurts by war's best counsels weigh'd,
As what might further, what their course might
let,
As their reliefs conveniently they laid,
As where they hop'd security to get,
Whereon at worst their fortunes might be stay'd:
So fully furnish'd, as themselves desir'd,
Of what the action needfully requir'd.

XXVII.

When at St. Edmund's they a while repose,
To rest themselves and their sea-beaten force,
Better to learn the manner of their foes,
To th' end not idly to direct their course;
And seeing daily how their army grows,
To take a full view of their foot and horse:
With much discretion managing the war,
To let the world know what to do they dare.

XXVIII.

When as the king of their proceedings heard,
And of the routs that daily to them run:
But little strength to London then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd most favour to have won:
He left the city to the watchful guard
Of his approv'd, most trusted Stapleton;
To John of Eltham, his dear son, the Tow'r,
And goes himself tow'ards Wales, to raise him
pow'r.

XXIX.

Yet whilst his name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaim, in pain of goods and life,
Or who would have a subject's benefit,
Should bend themselves against his son and wife,
And doth all slaughters gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the movers of this strife;
As who could bring in Mortimer's proud
head,
Should freely take th' revenues of the dead.

XXX.

Which was encounter'd by the queen's edict,
By publishing the justness of her cause,
That she proceeded in a course so strict,
T' uphold their ancient liberties and laws:
And that on Edward she did nought inflict
For private hate, or popular applause;
Only the Spencers to account to bring,
Whose wicked counsels had abus'd the king.

XXXI.

Which ballasted the multitude, that stood
As a bark beaten betwixt wind and tide,
By winds expos'd, oppos'd by the flood,
Nought therein left, to land the same to guide:

D Ij

Thus floated they in their unconstant mood,
Till that the weakness of King Edward's side
Suffer'd a seizure of itself at last,
Which to the queen a free advantage cast.

XXXII.

Thus Edward left his England to his foes,
Whom danger did to recreant flight debase,
As far from hope, as he was near his woes,
Depriv'd of princely sov'raignty and grace,
Yet still grew less, the farther that he goes,
His safety soon suspecting ev'ry place:
No help at home, nor succour seen abroad,
His mind wants rest, his body safe abode.

XXXIII.

One scarce to him his sad discourse had done,
Of Hainault's pow'r, and what the queen in-
tends;
But whilst he speaks, another hath begun:
A third then takes it, where the second ends,
And tells what rumours through the countries
run,

Of those new foes, of those revolted friends:
Strait came a fourth, in post that thither sped,
With news of foes come in, of friends out-fled.

XXXIV.

What plagues did Edward for himself prepare?
Forsaken king, O whither did'st thou flee!
Changing the clime, thou couldst not change thy
care;

'Thou fleddest thy foes, but followedst misery.
'Those evil lucks in numbers many are,
'That to thy footsteps do themselves apply;
And still thy conscience, corrosiv'd with grief,
'Thou but pursu'st thyself, both robb'd and
thief.

XXXV.

Who seeking succour offer'd next at hand,
At last for Wales he takes him to the seas,
And seeing Lundy, that so fair did stand,
Thither would steer, to give his sorrows ease;
That little model of his greater land,
As in a dream, his fancy seem'd to please:
For fain he would be king (yet) of an isle,
Although his empire bounded in a mile.

XXXVI.

But when he thought to strike his prosp'rous sail,
As under lee, past danger of the flood,
A sudden storm of mixed sleet and hail
Not suffer'd him to rule that piece of wood.
(What doth his labour, what his toil avail,
That is by the celestial pow'rs withstood?)
And all his hopes him vainly doth delude,
By God and men incessantly pursu'd.

XXXVII.

In that black tempest long turmoil'd and tost
Quite from his course, and well he knew not
where,
'Mongst rocks and sands, in danger to be lost,
Not in more peril, than he was in fear;
At length perceiving he was near some coast,
And that the weather somewhat 'gan to clear,
He found 'twas Wales; and by the mountains
tall,
That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.

3

XXXVIII.

In Neath, a castle next at hand, and strong,
Where he commandeth entrance with his crew,
The Earl of Glo'ster, worker of much wrong,
His Chancellor Baldock, which much evil knew,
Reding his Marshal, other friends among;
Where closely hid, though not from Envy's view,
The Muse a little leaveth them to dwell,
And of great slaughter shapes herself to tell.

XXXIX.

Now lighter humour leave me, and be gone,
Your passion poor yields matter much too slight:
To write those plagues that then were coming on,
Doth ask a pen of ebony and the night.
If there be ghosts, their murder that bemoan,
Let them approach me, and in piteous plight
Howl, and about me with black tapers stand,
To lend a sad light to my sadder hand.

XL.

Each line shall lead to some one weeping woe,
And ev'ry cadence as a tort'ed cry,
Till they force tears in such excess to flow,
That they surround the circle of each eye:
Then whilst these sad calamities I shew,
All loose affections stand ye idly by,
Destin'd again to dip my pen in gore,
For the saddest tale that time did e'er deplore.

XLI.

New sorts of plagues were threaten'd to the earth,
The raging ocean past his bounds did rise,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Unheard-of sickness and calamities,
More unaccustomed and unlook'd-for dearth,
New sorts of meteors gazing from the skies:
As what before had small or nothing been,
And only then their plagues did but begin.

XLII.

And whilst the queen did in this course proceed,
The land lay open to all offer'd ill:
The lawless exile did return with speed,
Not to defend his country, but to kill.
Then were the prisons dissolutely freed,
Both field and town with wretchedness to fill:
London, as thou wast author of such shame,
Even so wast thou most plagued with the same.

XLIII.

Whose giddy commons, merciless and rude,
Let loose to mischief on that dismal day,
Their hands in blood of Edward's friends im-
bru'd;
Which in their madness having made away,
Th' implacable, the monstrous multitude,
On his Lieutenant Stapleton did prey;
Who dragg'd by them o'er many a loathsome
heap,
Beheaded was before the cross in Cheap.

XLIV.

Here first she read, upon her ruin'd wall,
Her sad destruction, which was but too nigh,
Upon her gates was character'd her fall,
In mangled bodies her anatomy,
Which for her errors did that reck'ning call,
As might have wrought tears from her ruthless
eye;

And if the thick air dimn'd her hateful sight,
Her buildings were on fire, to give her light.

XLV.

Her channels serv'd for ink, her paper stones,
Whereon to write her murder, incest, rape;
And for her pens, a heap of dead men's bones,
To make each letter in some monstrous shape;
And for her accents, sad departing groans:
And that to time no desp'rate act should 'scape,
If she with pride again should be o'ergone,
To take that book, and sadly look thereon.

XLVI.

The tender girl, spoil'd of her virgin shame,
Yet for that sin no ravisher was shent:
Black is my ink, more black was her defame,
None to revenge, scarce any to lament;
Nought could be done to remedy the same,
It was too late those mischiefs to prevent:
Against those horrors she did idly strive,
But saw herself to be devour'd alive.

XLVII.

She wants redress, and ravishment remorse,
None would be found to whom she could com-
plain;
And crying out against th' adult'rer's force,
Her plaints untimely did return in vain;
The more she griev'd, her misery the worse:
Only to her this help there did remain,
She spoil'd of fame, was prodigal of breath,
And made her life clear by her resolute death.

XLVIII.

Then of that world men did the want complain,
When they might have been buried, when they
dy'd;
Young children safely in their cradles lain,
The man new married have enjoy'd his bride,
When in some bounds ill could itself contain;
The son kneel'd by his father's death-bed side,
The living wrong'd, the dead no right could
have,
The father saw his son to want a grave.

XLIX.

But 'twas too late those courses to recal,
None have external nor internal fear;
Those deadly sounds, by their continual fall,
Settle confusion in each deafen'd ear.
Of our ill times this was the worst of all,
Only of garboils that did love to hear;
Arms our attire, and wounds were all our
good,
Branded the most with rapine and with blood.

L.

Inglorious age, of whom it should be said,
That all these mischiefs should abound in thee!
That all these sins should to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free!
O let not Time us with those ills upbraid,
Lest fear what hath been, argue what may be,
And fashioning so a habit in the mind,
Make us alone the haters of our kind!

LI.

O pow'rful Heav'n, in whose most sov'reign reign
All thy pure bodies move in harmony,
By thee in an inviolable chain

Together link'd; so ty'd in unity,
That they therein continually remain,
Sway'd in one certain course eternally:
Why his true motion keepeth every star,
Yet, what they govern, so irregular?

LII.

But in the course of this unnatural war,
Muse, say from whence this height of mischief
grew,
That in so short time spread itself so far,
From whence so sundry bloodsheds did ensue,
The cause, I pray thee, faithfully declare.
What, men religious, was the fault in you?
Which, resty grown with your much pow'r,
withdraw
Your stiffen'd necks from th' yoke of civil awe?

LIII.

No wonder though the people grew profane,
When churchmen's lives gave laymen leave to
fall,
And did their former humbleness disdain;
The shirt of hair turn'd coat of costly pall,
The holy ephod made a cloak for gain:
What done with cunning, was canonical,
And blind promotion shunn'd that dang'rous
road,
Which the old prophets diligently trode.

LIV.

Hence 'twas, that God so slightly was ador'd;
That rock remov'd, whereon our faith was
grounded,
Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,
And being weak, by vain opinions wounded:
Professors lives did little fruit afford,
And in her sects religion lay confounded;
Most sacred things were merchandise become,
None talk'd of texts, but prophesying dumb.

LV.

The church then rich, and with such pride possess'd,
Was like the poison of infectious air,
That having found a way into the breast,
Is not prescrib'd, nor long time stays it there,
But through the organs seizeth on the rest,
The rank contagion spreading ev'ry where;
So, from that evil by the church begun,
The commonwealth was lastly over run.

LVI.

When craft crept in, to cancel wholesome laws,
Which fast'ning once on the defective weal,
Where doubts should cease, they rose in ev'ry
clause,
And made them hurt, which first were made to
heal.

One evil still another forward draws:
For when disorder doth so far prevail,
That conscience is cast off as out of use,
Right is the cloak of wrong, and all abuse.

LVII.

Mean while the king thus keeping in his hold,
(In that his poor imprison'd liberty,
Living a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Almost beyond imagin'd misery)
By hateful treason secretly was sold,
Through keys deliver'd to the enemy.

For when th' oppress'd is once up to the chin
Quite over head all help to thrust him in.

LVIII.

The dire disaster of that captiv'd king,
So surely seiz'd on by the adverse part,
(To his few friends sad matter menacing)
Struck with pale terror ev'ry willing heart,
Their expectation clean discouraging,
Him no evasion left whereby to start;
And the black cloud, which greatliest did them
fear,
Rose where their hopes once brightest did ap-
pear.

LIX.

For first, their envy with unusual force
Fell on the Spensers, from whose only hate
The war first sprung; who found their lawless
course
Drew to an end, confined by their fate:
Of whom there was not any took remorse,
But as pernicious cankers of the state,
The father first to Bristol being led,
Was drawn to death, then hang'd and quar-
tered.

LX.

When as the heir to Winchester then dead,
The lot e'er long to his son Glo'ster fell:
Reding the Marshal the like way was led,
And after him the Earl of Arundel,
To pay the forfeit of a reverend head:
Then Muchelden, and with him Daniel;
These following him in his lascivious ways,
Then went before him to his fatal days.

LXI.

Like some large pillar of a lordly height,
On whose proud top some huge frame doth de-
pend,
By time disabled to uphold the weight,

And that with age his back begins to bend,
Shrinks to his first seat, and in piteous plight
The lesser props with his sad load doth spend;
So far'd it with King Edward, crushing all
That had stood near him, in his violent fall.

LXII.

The state whereon these princes proudly lean,
Whose high ascent men trembling still behold,
From whence oft times with insolent disdain
The kneeling subject hears himself controul'd,
Their earthly weakness truly doth explain,
Promoting whom they please, not whom they
should;

When as their fall shews how they foully
err'd,

Procur'd by those whom fondly they prefer'd.

LXIII.

For when that men of merit go ungrac'd,
And by her fautors ignorance held in,
And parasites in good men's rooms are plac'd,
Only to sooth the highest in their sin,
From those whose skill and knowledge is de-
bas'd,

There many strange enormities begin.

For great wits forged into factious tools,
Prove great men (oft) to be the greatest fools.

LXIV.

But why so vainly time do I bestow,
The base abuse of this vile world to chide?
Whose blinded judgment ev'ry hour doth shew
What folly weak mortality doth guide.
Wife was that man which laugh'd at human woe;
My subject still more sorrow doth provide,
And these designs more matter still do breed,
To hasten that which quickly must succeed.

THE BARONS WARS

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Th' imprison'd King his sceptre doth forsake,
To quit himself of what he was accus'd ;
His foes him from the Earl of *Leicester* take,
Who their commission fain would have refus'd ;
His torturers a mock'ry of him make,
And basely and reproachfully abus'd,
By secret ways to *Berkeley* he is led,
And there in prison lastly murdered,

I.

THE wretched King unnaturally betray'd,
By too much trusting to his native land,
From Neath in Walls to Kenelworth convey'd
By the Earl of *Leicester* with a mighty band ;
Some few his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd :
When straight there went a parliament in hand,
To ratify the general intent,
For resignation of his government.

II.

Fall'n through his frailty and intemperate will,
That with his fortune it so weakly far'd,
To undergo that unexpected ill,
For his deserved punishment prepar'd ;
Past measure, as those miseries to fill
To him allotted as his just reward :
All arm'd with malice, either less or more,
To strike at him who struck at all before.

III.

It being a thing the commons still did crave,
The Barons thereto resolutely bent,
Such happy helps on ev'ry side to have,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect speed to their great action gave,
Establish'd by the general consent :
On Edward that such miseries did bring,
As never were inflicted on a King.

IV.

Earls, Bishops, Barons, and the Abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their state,
By Heralds placed in the Castle hall ;
The Burgeffes for places corporate,
(Whom the great bus'ness at that time did call)
For the Cinque ports the Barons convocate,
With the shire Knights for the whole body sent
Both for the south and for the north of Trent.

D iij

V.

When Edward, cloathed mournfully in black,
Was forth before the great assembly brought,
A doleful hearse upon a dead man's back,
Whose heavy looks exprest his heavy thought,
In which there did no part of sorrow lack;
True grief needs not feign'd action to be taught:
His funeral solemniz'd in his cheer,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the beer.

VI.

Torlton, as one select to that intent,
The best experienc'd in that great affair,
A man grave, subtle, stout, and eloquent,
First with fair speech th' assembly doth prepare;
Then with a grace austere and eminent,
Doth his abuse effectually declare,
Winning each sad eye to a reverend fear,
To due attention drawing every ear.

VII.

Urging th' exactions raised by the King,
With whose full plenty he his minions fed,
Him and his subjects still impoverishing;
And the much blood he lavishly had shed,
A desolation on the land to bring;
As under him, how ill all bus'ness sped;
The loss in war, sustained through his blame,
A lasting scandal to the English name,

VIII.

Withall, proceeding with the future good
That they thereby did happily intend,
And with what upright policy it stood,
No other hopes their fortunes to amend;
The resignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend;
The present want, that will'd it to be so,
Whose imposition they might not foreflow.

IX.

Much more he spake; but fain would I be short,
To this intent a speech delivering:
Nor may I be too curious to report
What toucheth the deposing of a King:
Wherefore I warn thee, Muse, not to exhort
The after-times to this forbidden thing,
By reasons for it by the Bishop laid,
Or from my feeling what he might have said.

X.

The grave delivery of whose vehement speech,
Grac'd with a dauntless uncontracted brow,
Th' assembly with severity did teach,
Each word of his authentic to allow,
That in the bus'ness there could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow;
Which they in public gen'rally protest,
Calling the King to consummate the rest,

XI.

Whose fair cheeks cover'd with pale sheets of
shame
Near in a swoon he his first scene began,
Wherein his passions did such postures frame,
As ev'ry sense play'd the tragedian,
Truely to shew from whence his sorrows came,
Far from the compass of a common man:
As nature to herself had added art,
To teach despair to act a Kingly part.

XII.

O pity, didst thou live, or wert thou not?
(Mortals by such sights have to stone been turn'd)
Or, what men have been, had their seed forgot?
Or that for one, another never mourn'd?
In what so strangely were ye over-shot,
Against yourselves that your own frailty spurn'd
Or had tears then abandon'd human eyes,
That there was none to pity miseries?

XIII.

His passion calm'd, his crown he taketh to him,
With a slight view, as though he thought not on it,
As he were senseless that it should forgo him;
And then he cast a scornful eye upon it,
As he would leave it, yet would have it woo him;
Then snatching at it, loth to have foregone it,
He puts it from him; yet he would not so,
He fain would keep what fain he would forego.

XIV.

In this confused conflict in his mind,
Tears drowning sighs, and sighs repelling tears:
But when in neither that he ease could find,
And to his wrong no remedy appears,
Perceiving none to pity there inclin'd,
Besides, the time to him prefixed wears;
As then his sorrow somewhat 'gan to flake,
From his full bosom thus he them bespake.

XV.

" If first my title stedfastly were planted
" Upon a true indubitate succession,
" Confirm'd by nations, as by nature granted,
" Which lawfully deliver'd me possession;
" You must think heav'n sufficiency hath wanted,
" And so deny it power, by your oppression,
" That into question dare this boldly bring
" The awful right of an anointed King.

XVI.

" That hallowed unction by a sacred hand,
" Which once was pour'd upon this crowned head,
" And of this kingdom gave me the command,
" When it about me the rich verdure spread,
" Either my right in greater stead should stand,
" Or wherefore then was it so vainly shed?
" Whose profanation, and unrev'rend touch,
" Just Heaven hath often punish'd, always much.

XVII.

" As from the Sun, when from our sov'reign due,
" Whose virtual influence, as the source of right,
" Lends safety of your livelihood to you,
" As from our fulness taking borrow'd light;
" Which to the subject being ever true,
" Why thus oppugn you by prepost'rous might?
" But what Heaven lent me, wisely to have used,
" It gives to him that vainly I abused.

XVIII.

" Then here I do resign it to your King;
[Pausing thereat, as though his tongue offended,
With griping throws seem'd forth that word to
bring,
Sighing a full point, as he there had ended.
O how that sound his grieved heart did wring!
Which he recalling, gladly would have mended.]
" Things of small moment we can scarcely hold,
" But griefs that touch the heart are hardly told,

xix.

[Which said, his eyes seem'd to dissolve to tears,
After some great storm like a show'r of rain,
As his tongue strove to keep it from his ears,
Or he had spoke it with exceeding pain;
Oh, in his lips how vile that word appears,
Wishing it were within his breast again!]

"Yet," saith he, "say so to the man you bear it,
And thus say to him that you mean shall
wear it:

x.

"Let him account his bondage from that day,
That he is with a diadem invested;
"(A glittering crown hath made this hair so
gray)
"Within whose circle he is but arrested,
"To true content this is no certain way;
"With sweeter cates the mean estate is feasted:
"For when his proud feet scorn to touch the
mold,
"His head's a prisoner in a gaol of gold.

xxi.

"In numb'ring subjects, he but numbers care;
"And when with shouts the people do begin,
"Let him suppose, th' applause but prayers are,
"That he may 'scape the danger he is in,
"Wherein t' adventure he so boldly dares:
"The multitude hath multitudes of sin,
"And he that first doth cry God save the king,
"Is the first man him evil news doth bring.

xxii.

"Lost in his own, misled in other ways,
"Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
"Himself displeasing, wicked men to please;
"Obey'd no more than he shall tyrannize,
"The least in safety, being most at ease,
"With one friend winning many enemies:
"And when he sitteth in his greatest state,
"They that behold him most, bear him most
hate.

xxiii.

"A king was he but now, that now is none,
"Disarm'd of power, and here dejected is;
"By whose deposing he enjoys a throne,
"Who, were he natural, should not have done
"I must confess th' inheritance his own; ["this;
"But, whilst I live, it should be none of his:
"But the son climbs, and thrusts the father
down,
"And thus the crowned goes without a crown."

xxiv.

Thus having play'd his hard constrained part,
His speech, his reign, the day together ended,
His breast shot through with sorrow's deadliest dart,
Car'd for of none, nor look'd on, unattended,
Sadly returning with a heavy heart,
To his strait lodging strictly recommended,
Left to bemoan his miserable plight
To the deaf walls, and to the darksome night.

xxv.

Whilst things were thus disastrously decreed,
Seditious libels every day were spread,
(By such as lik'd not of the violent deed)
That he by force should be delivered;

Whether his wrong remorse in some did breed,
That him (alas!) untimely pitied;
Who knew: or whether but devis'd by some,
To cloak his murder, afterward to come.

xxvi.

And hate at hand, which heark'ning still did
lurk,
And still suspicious Edward was not sure,
Fearing that blood with Leicester might work,
Or that his friends his name might yet procure,
Which the Queen's faction mightily did irk:
At Kenelworth, that no way could endure
His longer stay, but cast to have him laid,
Where his friends least might hope to lend him
aid.

xxvii.

Of which men as they had debated long,
Of Berkely castle they themselves bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous strong,
And yet far stronger eas'ly might be wought:
Besides, it stood their chiefest friends among,
And where he was unlikeliest to be sought;
And for their men, to work what they de-
sir'd,
They knew where villains were that might be
hir'd.

xxviii.

For though the great, to cover their intent,
Seem not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a devilish instrument,
Which they have ready ever at their will:
Such men these had, to mischief wholly bent,
In villany notorious for their skill,
Dishonest, desp'rate, merciless and rude,
That dar'd into damnation to intrude.

xxix.

Vile Gurney and Matrevers were the men,
Of this black scene the actors chose to be,
Whose hateful deed pollutes my maiden pen:
But, I beseech you, be not griev'd with me,
Which have these names now, that were famous
then,
Some boughs grow crooked from the straightest tree:
Yet are no way partakers of their shame;
The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

xxx.

To Kenelworth they speedily dispatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could desire,
At such a time as few their coming watch'd,
When of their bus'ness none was to inquire:
Well were the men and their commission match'd,
For they had their authority entire,
To take the king, his guardian to acquit,
And to bestow him where they thought it fit.

xxxi.

This crew of ribalds, villanous and nought,
With their co-agents in this damned thing,
To noble Lei'ster their commission brought,
Commanding the deliv'ry of the king;
Which (with much grief) they lastly from him
wrought;
About the castle closely hovering,
Watching a time, when silence and the night
Could with convenience privilege their flight.

XXXII.

With shameful scoffs, and barbarous disgrace,
Him on a lean ill-favour'd jade they set,
In a vile garment, beggarly and base,
Which (it should seem) they purposely did get;
So carrying him in a most wretched case,
Benumb'd and beaten with the cold and wet,
Depriv'd of all repose and natural rest,
With thirst and hunger grievously oppress'd.

XXXIII.

Yet still suspicious that he should be known,
From beard and head they shav'd away the hair,
Which was the last that he could call his own:
Never left Fortune any wight so bare,
Such tyranny on king was never shewn,
And till that time with mortals had been rare;
His comfort then did utterly deceive him,
But to his death his sorrows did not leave him.

XXXIV.

For when they had him far from all resort,
They took him down from his poor weary beast,
And on a mole-hill (for a state in court)
With puddle water him they lewdly drest,
Then with his woful miseries made sport;
And for his bason, fitting with the rest,
A rusty iron scull:—O wretched sight!
Was ever man so miserably dight?

XXXV.

His tears increas'd the water with their fall,
Like a pool rising with a sudden rain,
Which wrestled with the puddle, and withal
A troubled circle made it to retain;
His endless grief which to his mind did call,
His sighs made billows like a little main;
Water and tears contending whether should
The mastery have, the hot ones or the cold.

XXXVI.

Vile traitors, hold off your unhallow'd hands,
His brow upon it majesty still bears:
Dare you thus keep your sov'reign lord in bands?
And can your eyes behold th' anointed's tears?
Of if your sight all pity thus withstands,
Are not your hearts yet pierced through your
ears?

The mind is free, whate'er afflicts the man;
A king's a king, do Fortune what she can.

XXXVII.

Dare man take that which God himself hath
given?
Or mortal spill the spir't by him infus'd,
Whose pow'r is subject to the pow'r of heaven?
Wrongs pass not unreveng'd, although excus'd.
Except that thou set all at six and seven,
Rise, Majesty, when thou art thus abus'd:
Or for thy refuge which way wilt thou take,
When in this fort thou dost thy self forsake?

XXXVIII.

When in despite and mock'ry of a crown,
A wreath of grass they for his temples make:
Which when he felt, then coming from a swoon,
And that his spirits a little 'gan to wake:
" Fortune, quoth he, thou dost not always frown;
" I see thou giv'st, as well as thou dost take;
" That wanting natural covert for my brain,
" For that defect thou lend'st me this again.

XXXIX.

" To whom, just Heaven, should I my grief com-
plain,
" Since it is only thou that workest all?
" How can this body natural strength retain,
" To suffer things so much unnatural?
" My cogitations labour, but in vain:
" 'Tis from thy justice that I have my fall,
" That when so many miseries do meet,
" The change of sorrow makes my torment
sweet."

XL.

Thus they to Berkely brought the wretched king,
Which for their purpose was the place forethought.
Ye heavenly pow'rs, do ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horror to be wrought,
That might the nation into question bring?
But oh, your ways with justice still are fraught:
But he is hap'd into his earthly hell,
From whence he bade the wicked world fare-
well.

XLI.

They lodg'd him in a melancholic room,
Where through strait windows the dull light came
far,
(In which the sun did at no season come)
Which strengthen'd were with many an iron bar,
Like to a vault under some mighty tomb,
Where night and day wag'd a continual war;
Under whose floor the common sewer pass'd,
Up to the same loathsome stench that cast.

XLII.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
Whose croaking him of following horror tells,
Begetting strange imaginary fear,
With heavy echoes, like to passing-bells:
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
As though they chim'd his last sad burying knells:
Under his cave the buzzing screech-owl sings,
Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

XLIII.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets;
Of falling down from steep rocks into streams;
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding-sheets;
Of wand'ring helpless in far foreign realms;
Of strong temptations by seducing sprights:
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himself afraid.

XLIV.

Then came the vision of his bloody reign,
Marching along with Lancaster's stern ghost;
Twenty-eight Barons, either hang'd or slain,
Attended with the rueful mangled host,
That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
At Burton-bridge and fatal Borough lost;
Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking ev'ry
limb,
As though that piece-meal they would torture
him.

XLV.

And if it chanc'd that from the troubled skies
The least small star through any chink gave light,
Straitways on heaps the thronging clouds did rise,
As though that heaven were angry with the night,

That it should lend that comfort to his eyes :
Deformed shadows glimpsing in his sight,
As darkness, that it might more ugly be,
Through the least cranny would not let him see.

XLVI.

When all th' affliction that they could impose
Upon him, to the utmost of their hate,
Above his torments yet his strength so rose,
As though that nature had conspir'd with fate;
When as his watchful and too wary foes,
That ceas'd not still his woes to aggravate,
His further helps suspected, to prevent,
To take away his life to Berkely sent.

XLVII.

And to that end a letter fashioning,
Which in the words a double sense did bear ;
Which seem'd to bid them not to kill the King,
Shewing withal how vile a thing it were ;
But, by the pointing, was another thing,
And to dispatch him bids them not to fear :
Which taught to find, the murth'ers need no
more,
Being thereto too ready long before.

XLVIII.

When Edward hap'd a chronicle to find,
Of those nine kings which did him there precede,
Which some there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which, to pass the hours, he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind,
But in his breast that did fore conflicts breed :
For when true sorrow once the fancy seizeth,
What e'er we see, our misery increaseth.

XLIX.

And to that Norman ent'ring on this isle,
Call'd William Conqueror, first his time he plies ;
The fields of Hastings how he did defile
With Saxon blood, and Harold did surprize ;
And those which he so could not reconcile,
How over them he long did tyrannize :
Where he read, how the strong o'ercame the
strong,
As God oft-times makes wrong to punish wrong.

L.

How Robert then his eldest son abroad,
Rufus his second seiz'd on his estate,
His father's steps apparently that trod,
Depressing those who had been conquer'd late ;
But as on them he laid a heavy load,
So was he guerdon'd by impartial fate :
For whilst men's rooms for beasts he did intend,
He in that forest had a beastly end.

LI.

Henry, his young'st, his brother William dead,
Taket the crown from his usurping hand,
Due to the eldest, good Duke Robert's head,
Not then returned from the Holy Land :
Whose pow'r was there so much diminished,
That he his foe not able to withstand,
Was ta'en in battle, and his eyes outdone,
For which, the seas left Henry not a son.

LII.

To Maud the Empress he the sceptre leaves,
(His only daughter, whom (through false pretext)
Stephen Earl of Bulloin from the kingdom heaves,
The Conqueror's nephew, in succession next,

By which the land a stranger war receives,
Wherewith it long was miserably vext :
Till Stephen failing, and his issue gone,
The heir of Maud steps up into the throne.

LIII.

Henry the second, Maud the Empress' son,
Of th' English kings Plantagenet the first,
By Stephen's end a glorious reign begun ;
But yet his greatness strangely was accurst,
By his son Henry's coronation :
Which to his age much woe and sorrow nurs't,
When his, whom he had labour'd to make great,
Abroad his towns, at home usurp'd his seat.

LIV.

Richard, his son, him worthily succeeds,
Who not content with what was safely ours,
(A man whose mind fought after glorious deeds)
Into the East transports the English pow'rs ;
Where, with his sword while many a pagan bleeds,
Relentless fate doth haste on his last hours,
By one, whose fire he justly there had slain,
With a sharp arrow shot into the brain.

LV.

Next follow'd him his faithless brother John,
By Arthur's murder (compass'd by his might)
His brother Geoffrey, th' Earl of Britain's son ;
But he by poison was repay'd his spight :
For whilst he strove to have made all his own,
(For what he got by wrong, he held his right)
And on the clergy tyrannously fed,
Was by a monk of Swinsted poisoned.

LVI.

Henry his son, then crowned very young,
For hate the English to the father bare,
The son's here reigning was in question long,
Who thought on France t' have cast the king-
dom's care ;
With whom the Barons, insolent and strong,
For the old charter in commotion were :
Which his long reign did with much care molest,
Yet with much peace went lastly to his rest.

LVII.

Of him descends a prince, stout, just, and sage,
(In all things happy, but in him, his son)
In whom wise nature did herself engage,
More than in man, in Edward to have done ;
Whose happy reign recurr'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his empire won :
" O God ! " quoth he, " had he my pattern been,
" Heav'n ! had not pour'd these plagues upon
" my fin.

LVIII.

Turning the leaf, he found at unawares,
What day young Edward Prince of Wales was
born ;
Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
Or to despight him they were set in scorn,
Blotting the paper like disfig'ring scars.
" O let that name (quoth he) from books be torn,
" Left in that place the sad displeased earth
" Doth loath itself, as slander'd with my birth."

LIX.

" Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
" Sunk to a lake, or swallow'd by the sea ;
" And future ages asking for that child,

" Say, 'twas abortive, or 'twas stoln away :
 " And left, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
 " In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day ;
 " Let all be done that pow'r can bring to pass,
 " To make forgot that such a one there was."

LX.

The troubled tears then standing in his eyes,
 Through which he did upon the letters look,
 Made them to seem like roundiets, that arise
 By a stone cast into a standing brook,
 Appearing to him in such various wise,
 And at one time such sundry fashions took,
 As like deluding goblins did affright,
 And with their foul shapes terrify his sight.

LXI.

And on his death-bed sits him down at last,
 His fainting spirits forefheewing danger nigh,
 When the doors forth a fearful howling cast,
 To let those in by whom he was to die :
 At whose approach, whilst there he lay aghast,
 Those ruthless villains did upon him fly ;
 Who seeing none to whom to call for aid,
 Thus to these cruel regicides he said :

LXII.

" O be not authors of so vile an act,
 " My blood on your posterity to bring,
 " Which after-time with horror shall distract,
 " When fame shall tell it, how you kill'd a king :
 " And yet more, by the manner of the fact,
 " Mortality so much astonishing,
 " That they should count their wickedness
 " scarce sin
 " Compar'd to that which done by you hath been.

LXIII.

" And since you deadly hate me, let me live ;
 " Yea this advantage angry heaven hath left,
 " Which, except life, hath ta'en what it did give :
 " But that revenge from you should not be rest,
 " Me yet with greater misery to grieve,
 " Hath still reserv'd this from its former theft ;
 " That this, which might of all these plagues
 " prevent me,
 " Were I depriv'd it, lasteth to torment me."

LXIV.

Thus spake this woful and distressed Lord,
 As yet his breath found passage to and fro,
 With many a short pant, many a broken word,

Many a fore groan, many a grievous throw,
 Whilst him his spirit could any strength afford,
 To his last gasp to move them with his woe ;
 Till over-master'd by their too much strength,
 His sickly heart submitted at the length.

LXV.

When 'twixt two beds they clos'd his weary'd
 coarse,
 Basely uncovering his most secret part,
 And without human pity or remorse,
 With a hot spit they thrust him to the heart
 O that my pen had in it but that force,
 T' express the pain ! but that surpasseth art ;
 And that the soul must ev'n with trembling do,
 For words want weight, nor can they reach
 thereto.

LXVI.

When those (i' th' depth and dead time of the
 night)
 Poor simple people, that then dwelled near,
 Whom that strange noise did wond'rously affright,
 That his last shriek did in his parting hear,
 As pitying that most miserable wight,
 (Betwixt compassion and obedient fear,
 Turn'd up their eyes, with heaviness oppress'd,
 Praying to heaven to give the soul good rest.

LXVII.

Berkely, whose fair seat hath been famous long,
 Let thy sad echoes shriek a deadly sound,
 To the vast air complain his grievous wrong,
 And keep the blood that issued from his wound,
 The tears that dropp'd from his dead eyes among,
 In their black footsteps printed on the ground,
 Thereby that all the ages that succeed,
 May call to mind the foulness of their deed.

LXVIII.

When now the Genius of this woful place,
 Being the guide to his affrightful ghost,
 With hair dishevell'd and a ghastly face,
 Shall haunt the prison where his life was lost ;
 And as the den of horror and disgrace
 Let it be fearful unto all the coast,
 That those hereafter that do travel near,
 Never behold it but with heavy cheer,

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

Lord *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*; when he
And the fair Queen rule all things by their might.
The pomp wherein at *Nottingham* they be;
The cost wherewith their amorous court is dight,
Envy'd by those their hateful pride that see.
The King attempts the dreadful cave by night;
Ent'ring the castle, taketh him from thence,
And *March* at *London* dies for the offence.

I.

INFORC'D of other accidents to sing,
(Bearing fair shews of promised delight,
Somewhat to slack this melancholy string)
That new occasions to our Muse excite,
To our conceit strange objects fashioning,
Doth our free numbers liberally invite:
Matter of moment much to be respected,
Must by our pen be seriously directed.

II.

And now the time more cunningly redeeming,
These fraudulent courses fitly to contrive,
How ill so'er, to bear the fairest seeming,
For which they now must diligently strive,
Casting all ways to gain the same esteeming,
That to the world it prosp'rously might thrive;
This far gone on, now with the hand of might,
Upon this wrong to build a lasting right.

III.

The pompous synod of these earthly gods
At *Salisbury* selected by their king,
To set all even that had been at odds,
And into fashion their designs to bring,
And strongly now to settle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions spring,
Firmly t' establish what was well begun,
Under which colour mighty things were done.

IV.

When *Mortimer* pursuing his desire,
Whilst ev'ry engine had his temperate heat,
To b' Earl of *March* doth suddenly aspire,
T' increase the honour of his ancient seat,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who now, but only *Mortimer*, is great?
Who knew a kingdom as her lot was thrown,
Which having all, would never starve her own.

v.

Now stand they firm as those celestial poles,
'Twixt which the stars in all their course do move,
Whose strength this frame of government upholds,
An argument their wisdoms to approve,
Which way soe'er the time in motion rolls,
So perfect is the union of their love.

For might is still most absolute alone,
Where pow'r and fortune kindly meet in one.

vi.

Whilst Edward's nonage gives a further speed
To th' ancient foe-man to renew the war,
Which to prevent they must have special heed,
Matters so strangely manag'd as they are,
Which otherwise if their neglect should breed,
Nothing yet made, it might not easily mar;
Which with the most, reserving their estate,
Inforc'd to purchase at the dearest rate.

vii.

So much t' release the homage as suffic'd,
'Mongst which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of re-
nown,
By which the kings of Scotland had devis'd
Their fealty unto the English crown,
With other relics that were highly priz'd,
Wars that which forc'd the greatest part to frown:
Th' black cross of Scotland men did ominous
deem,
Being a relic of so high esteem.

viii.

To colour which, and to confirm the peace,
They make a marriage 'twixt the Scot and us,
To give more strength unto this strange release,
Which unto all men seem'd so dangerous
Whilst Robert's reign, and after his decease,
The league might ever be continued thus;
David the Prince the Lady Jane should take,
Which 'twixt the realms a lasting bond should
make.

ix.

When th' Earl of Kent, that being one of those
Which in their actions had a pow'rful hand,
Perceiving them of matters to dispose
To the subjection of so great a land,
Finding the inconvenience that grows
Under the guidance of their wilful hand,
To shake their pow'r whilst he strangely doth
cast,
His fatal end too violently doth haste.

x.

Which giving out his brother yet to live,
(Long now supposed the deceased king)
Unto his nephew might that scandal give,
As into question might his title bring;
Ill this report began, and worse it thrive,
Being so foul and dangerous a thing,
Which being the motive of intestine strife,
The time not long e'er it bereft his life.

xi.

Whilst Edward takes what late their pow'r did
give,
Whose nonage craves their bountiful protection,
Which know to rule, whilst he must learn to live,
From their experience taking his direction,

Which more and more their doubtful hopes revive,
When born to reign, yet crown'd by their election,
Th' allegiance duly doth to him belong,
Now makes their faction absolutely strong.

xii.

Providing for protection of the king,
Men of most power, and noblest of the peers,
That no distaste unto the realm might bring,
For ripen'd judgment, or well-season'd years,
With comeliness all matters managing:
Yet whilst they row, 'tis Mortimer that steers.
Well might we think the man were worse than
blind,
That wanted sea-roomth, and could rule the
wind.

xiii.

To smoothe the path wherein this course was gone,
Which as a test might to their actions stand,
And give more full possession of their own,
In being received from a sovereign hand,
Into their bosoms absolutely thrown,
Both for the good and safety of the land;
When their proceedings colour'd with this care,
To the world's eye so fair an outside bare.

xiv.

All complement that appertain'd to state,
By giving greatness every honour'd rite,
To feed those eyes that did their hours await,
And by all means to nourish their delight;
That entertaining love, they welcome hate,
And with free bounty equally invite.
A prince's wealth in spending still doth spread,
Like to a brook with many fountains fed.

xv.

To Nottingham, the North's imperious eye,
Which as a Pharos guards the goodly soil,
And arm'd by nature danger to defy,
There to repose him safely after toil,
Where treason least advantage might espy,
Closely conveys this great invaluable spoil;
That by residing from the public fight,
He might more freely relish his delight.

xvi.

Nine score in check attending in their court,
Whom honour'd knighthood knits in mutual
bands,
Men most select, of special worth and fort;
Much might they do that have so many hands.
Who pays not tribute to this lordly port?
This high-rear'd castle ev'ry way commands;
Thus like those giants, 'gainst great heav'n
they rise,
Which darted rocks at th' empyréal skies.

xvii.

It seems in him Fame means her pow'r to shew,
And 'twixt her wings to bear him through the
sky,
He might more eas'ly see the things below,
Having above them mounted him so high,
Unto whose will they meekly seem to bow,
Under whose greatness meaner pow'rs do lie:
All things concur with fair successful chance,
To raise that man whom Fortune will ad-
vance.

XVIII.

Here, all along the flow'r-enamell'd vales,
The silver Trent on pearly sands doth slide,
And to the meadows telling wanton tales,
Her chrystal limbs lasciviously in pride:
(As ravished with the enamour'd gales)
With often turnings casts from side to side,
As loth she were the sweet soil to forsake,
And cast herself into the German lake.

XIX.

Near whom fair Sherwood, wildly bent to rove,
Twines her loose arms about the flatt'ring
tow'rs,
By the mild shadows of her scatter'd grove,
Lends Winter shelter, and gives Summer bow'rs,
As with the flood in courtesy it strove;
And by repulsing the sharp northern show'rs,
Courts the proud castle, who by turning to
her,
Smiles to behold th' lascivious wood-nymph
woo her.

XX.

Who being retir'd so strictly to this place,
To this fair sted the Princess' person draws,
When fortune seems their greatness to embrace,
That as a working and especial cause,
Effects each formal ceremonious grace,
As by her just and necessary laws,
That in the town retains his kingly seat,
With March's court the castle is replete.

XXI.

Occasion'd where, in counsels to debate,
And by the king conveniently is met,
So sovereign and magnificent in state,
As might all eyes upon his greatness set,
Prizing his honour at that costly rate,
As to the same due reverence might beget,
Which as the object sundry passions wrought,
Stirring strange forms in many a wand'ring
thought.

XXII.

Could blind ambition find the meanest stay
His disproportion'd and vain course to guide,
T' assure some safety in that slippery way
Where the most worldly provident do slide,
Feeling the steep-fall threat'ning sure decay,
Besotted in the wantonness of pride,
The mind assuming abso'luter pow'rs,
Might check the frail mortality of ours.

XXIII.

But still in pleasure sitting with excess,
His savory junkets tasted with delight,
Ne'er can that glutton appetite suppress,
Where ev'ry dish invites a liqu'rish sight.
Nor having much, is his desire the less,
Till tempted past the compass of his might,
The pamper'd stomach more than well suf-
fic'd,
Casts up the surfeit lately gormandiz'd.

XXIV.

As when some brook from th' over-moisten'd
ground
By swelling waters proudly overflow'd,
Stoppeth his current, should'rsth down his mound,

And from his course doth quite himself unload,
The bord'ring meadows ev'ry where surround,
Dispersing his own riches all abroad,
Spending the store he was maintained by,
Leaves his first channel desolate and dry.

XXV.

When now those few that many tears had spent,
And long had wept on murther'd Edward's
grave,
Mutt'ring in corners, griev'd and discontent,
And finding some a willing ear that gave,
Still as they durst bewraying what they meant,
Tending his pride and greatness to deprave;
Urging withall what some might justly do,
If things thus born were rightly look'd into.

XXVI.

Some give it out, that March by blood to rise
Had cut off Kent, the man might next suc-
ceed,
And his late treasons falsely did surmise
As a mere colour to this lawless deed;
That his ambition only did devise,
In time the royal family to weed,
When in account there was but only one,
That kept him off from stepping to the throne.

XXVII.

And those much busied in the former times,
Then credulous that honour was his end,
And by the hate they bare to others crimes,
Did not his faults so carefully attend,
Perceiving how he dissolutely climbs,
Having thus brought his purpose to an end,
With a severe eye now more strictly look
Into the course that his ambition took.

XXVIII.

All fence the tree that serveth for a shade,
Whose large-grown body doth repulse the wind,
Until his wastful branches do invade
The straiter plants, and them in prison bind,
And as a tyrant to the weaker made;
When, like a foul devourer of his kind,
Unto his root all put their hands to hew,
Whose roomth but hinders other that would
grow.

XXIX.

Thus at his ease whilst he securely fate,
And to his will these things assured were
With a well-govern'd and contented fate,
Never so much freed from suspicious fear,
Well fortify'd, and in so good estate,
As not admits of danger to be near.
But still we see, before a sudden show'r
The sun shines hott'st, and hath the greatest
pow'r.

XXX.

Within the castle hath the queen devis'd
A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
As in the same she had imparadiz'd
Almost what man by industry hath sought;
Where with the curious pencil was compris'd
What could with colours by the art be wrought,
In the most sure place of the castle there,
Which she had nam'd the Tower of Morti-
mer.

XXXI.

An orbal form with pillars small compos'd,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compass where they were inclos'd,
Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,
In whose partitions by the lines dispos'd,
All the clear northern asterisms were
In their corporeal shapes with stars inchas'd,
As by th' old Poets they in heav'n were placed.

XXXII.

About which lodgings, tow'rd the upper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,
That as a zone the waift ingirdled,
That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,
'Twixt things near view and those far over
head,
Under the which the painter's curious skill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

XXXIII.

Here Phoebus clipping Hyacinthus stood,
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast imbrue,
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That should't be blood or tears no fight could
view,
So mix'd together in a little flood;
Yet here and there they sev'rally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chafing him with
balm,
To bring the sweet boy from this deadly
qualm.

XXXIV.

With the God's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle cast upon the ground,
T' exprefs whose grief Art ev'n her best did
shew,
The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to rebound,
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
As still to give new anguish to the wound;
The purple flower sprung from the blood that
run,
That op'neth since and closeth with the sun.

XXXV.

By which the heifer Io, Joves's fair rape,
Gazing her new-ta'en figure in a brook,
The water shadow'd to observe the shape
In the same form that she on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,
By perspective devis'd beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way't seem'd a
cow.

XXXVI.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous
toy,
He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;
Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the perfect life could limn,
Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,
As through the drops the fair skin might ap-
pear.

XXXVII.

And ciffy Cynthus with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorn his bushy crown,
Under whose shadow graze the straggling
herds,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling
down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his shaggy
beards,
With moss and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock so lively done in ev'ry part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

XXXVIII.

The naked nymphs, some up and down descend-
ing,
Small scatt'ring flow'rs at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bend-
ing,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles rend-
ing)
Which on the rocks grew here and there among;
Some comb their hair, some making garlands
by,
As with delight might satisfy the eye.

XXXIX.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling through
the clouds,
Cast by his palfreys that their reigns had broke,
And setting fire upon the welked shrouds,
Now through the heav'n run madding from the
yoke,
The elements together thrust in crouds,
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke;
Drawn with such life, as some did much de-
fire
To warm themselves, some frighted with the
fire.

XL.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His seven sisters standing in degrees,
Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,
As the God's turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from their
eyes;
The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in shewing of the same.

XLI.

Aud to this lodging did the light invent,
That it should first a lateral course reflect,
Through a short room into the window sent,
Whence it should come expressively direct,
Holding just distance to the lineament,
And should the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condensated and grave,
To ev'ry figure a sure colour gave.

XLII.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whose broad-leav'd branches cov'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton twine,
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,
Whose rip'ned clusters seeming to decline,

Where, as among the naked Cupids spraul,
Some at the fundry-colour'd birds do shoot,
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

XLIII.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past
In lively pictures neatly handled was;
How he escap'd the Tow'r, in France how
grac'd,
With stones embroider'd, of a wond'rous mass;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impresa's, hieroglyphics set.

XLIV.

This flatt'ring sun-shine had begot the show'r,
And the black clouds with such abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head:
Which when it came, it came with such a pow'r,
As he could hardly have imagined.
But when men think they most in safety stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

XLV.

For to that largeness they increased were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whose props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,
Prepost'rously that moved in one sphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,
That the young king down Mortimer must
cast,
If he himself would e'er hope to sit fast.

XLVI.

Who finding the necessity was such,
That urg'd him still th' assault to undertake,
And yet his person it might nearly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping pow'r awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprize effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least sus-
pect.

XLVII.

Without the castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into hell;
By architects to serve the castle made,
When as the Danes this island did invade.

XLVIII.

Now on along the crankling path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Rising tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the
deep,
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,
It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

XLIX.

By which the king, with a selected crew
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
VOL. III.

Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
And with those treasons that had not been taint-
ed,

Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
To rouse the beast which kept them all at
bay.

L.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his cauples in the ocean stream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,
Into the West went after him apace,
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

LI.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
Which, striving there preheminance to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness
were.

LII.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passage they would have deny'd,
And threat'ned them their journey to foreflow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide;
Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to
say,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

LIII.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their shadows then them following at their
back,
Where like to mourners carrying forth their
dead,
And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;
Whilst the light look'd as it had been amaz'd
At their deformed shapes, whereon it gaz'd.

LIV.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to
chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should
wound,
And struck the cave in passing on each side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act so pitiless should hide;
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
As willing them from murder to refrain.

LV.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these
things)
And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
Whom a choice musician plays and sings,

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Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night-attire more god-like glittering,
Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her most-lov'd Mortimer,
Whose voice, more than the music, pleas'd
her ear,

LVI.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
He lost his way, nor back again could go,
But with those banks of beauty set about,
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

LVII.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too
base!

Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praising which we much impair;
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot shew
it,
Only the soul may be suppos'd to know it.

LVIII.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The Gods pure scepters and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tigre meek,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lilly for a glove;
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

LIX.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
As ev'ry thing did to itself assume
The scent from them, and made the same their
own:

So that the painted flowers within the room
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them
fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

LX.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those
eyes,
Shew how that bird, how well that flow'r was
done;
How this part shadow'd, and how that did
rise,
This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,
The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thousand curious things:

LXI.

Looking upon proud Phaëton wrapt in fire,
The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his desire,
To lose one poor life, or to govern all:
"What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,

"And his great mind made him proud Fortune's
thrall?

"Yet in despite, when she her worst had
done,

"He perish'd in the chariot of the Sun."

LXII.

"Phæbus (she said) was over-forc'd by art;
Nor could she find how that embrace could
be."

But Mortimer then took the painter's part:

"Why thus, bright empress, thus and thus,
(quoth he:)

"That hand doth hold his back, and this his
heart;

"Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips,
you see:

"Now are you Phæbus, Hyacinthus I;

"It were a life, thus ev'ry hour to die."

LXIII.

When, by that time, into the castle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
And they within suspecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how mischances suddenly do fall,
And steal upon us, being farth'fl from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
And tow'rds most peril man is most secure.

LXIV.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
To the bright queen that ever waited near,
Two with great March much credit that had
won,

That in the lobby with the ladies were,
Staying delight, whilst time away did run,
With such discourse as women love to hear;
Charg'd on the sudden by the armed train,
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

LXV.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lofty
cliffs,
Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rds her preying
hour,
Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth scow'r,
Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
The fearful fowl all prostrate to her pow'r:
Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the
vault,
Made by the women at the fierce assault.

LXVI.

Unarm'd was March (she only in his arms,
Too soft a shield to bear their boist'rous blows)
Who least of all suspected such alarms,
And to be so encounter'd by his foes,
When he was most improvident of harms.
O, had he had but weapons to his woes!
Either his valour had his life redeem'd,
Or in her fight dy'd happily esteem'd.

LXVII.

But there, about him looking for the king,
Whom he suppos'd his judgment could not
miss;
Which when he found, by his imagining
Of those most perfect lineaments of his:

Quoth he, "The man that to thy crown did
 "bring
 "Thee, at thy hands might least have look'd for
 "this;
 "And in this place the least of all the rest,
 "Where only sacred Solitude is blest.

LXVIII.

"Her presence frees th' offender of this ill,
 "Whose godlike greatness makes the place di-
 "vine;
 "And canst thou, king, thus countermand her
 "will,
 "Who gave to thee the pow'r that now is
 "thine,
 "And in her arms in safety kept thee still,
 "As in a most inviolated shrine?
 "Yet dar'st thou irreligiously despise,
 "And thus profane these sacred liberties?"

LXIX.

But ev'n as when old Ilion was surpris'd,
 The Grecians issuing from the wooden horse,
 Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,
 Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force,
 Putting in act what was before devis'd,
 Without all human pity or remorse;
 Ev'n so did they, with whose confused sound
 Words were not heard, and poor complaints
 were drown'd.

LXX.

Dissolv'd to tears, she follow'd him: (O tears!
 Elixir-like, turn all to tears you touch;
 To weep with her, the hard wall scarce for-
 bears,
 The woful words she uttered were such,
 Able to wound th' impenetrablest ears,
 Her plaints so piercing, and her grief so much:)
 And to the king, when she at last could come,
 Thus to him spake, though he to her were
 dumb.

LXXI.

"Dear son," quoth she, "let not his blood be
 "spilt,
 "So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown.
 "In all his life can there be found that guilt?
 "Think of his love, on which thou once shouldst
 "frown:
 "'Twas he thy Seat that so substantial built,
 "Long with his shoulder sav'd from shaking
 "down;
 "'Twas he the means that first for thee did
 "find,
 "To pass for France, to exercise thy mind.

LXXII.

"Ev'n for the love thou bear'st to that dear
 "blood,
 "From which (my son) thou didst receive thy
 "life,
 "Play not the niggard in so small a good,
 "With her to whom thy bounties should be rife,
 "Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast
 "stood:
 "O, let my up-held hands appease this strife!
 "Let not the breath, from this sad bosom sent,
 "Without thy pity be but vainly spent."

LXXIII.

When in the tumult, with the sudden fright,
 Whilst ev'ry one for safety sought about,
 And none regarded to maintain the light,
 Which being over-wasted, was gone out,
 It being then the mid-time of the night,
 Ere they could quit the castle of the rout;
 The queen alone (at least, if any near,
 They were her women, almost dead with
 fear:)

LXXIV.

When horror, darkness, and her inward woe,
 Began to work on her afflicted mind:
 Upon her weakness tyrannizing so,
 As they would do their utmost in their kind;
 And as then those, she need no other foe,
 Such pow'r her fortune had to them assign'd,
 To rack her conscience (by their torture due)
 Itself t' accuse of whatso'er it knew.

LXXV.

O God! (thought she) is yet an hour scarce past,
 Since that my greatness, my command more
 high,
 And eminency wherein I was plac'd,
 Wan me respect in ev'ry humble eye?
 How am I now abus'd! how disgrac'd!
 Did ever queen in my dejection lie?
 These things she ponder'd, as despair still
 brought
 Their sundry forms into her troubled thought.

LXXVI.

To London thus they March a pris'ner led,
 Which there had oft been courted by the queen,
 From whom his friends and his late foll'wers
 fled,
 Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,
 Of which, there was not one durst shew his
 head,
 Much less t' abet his side, that durst be seen;
 Which at his fall made them to wonder more,
 Who saw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

LXXVII.

O Misery! where once thou art posses't,
 See but how quickly thou canst alter kind,
 And, like a Circe, metamorphos't
 The man that hath not a most godlike mind:
 The fainting spirit, O how thou canst infest!
 Whose yielding frailty eas'ly thou canst find,
 And by thy vicious presence, with a breath,
 Gives him up fetter'd, basely fear'd, to death.

LXXVIII.

When soon the king a parliament decreed,
 (Ne'er till that time sole master of his crown)
 And against March doth legally proceed,
 Fitted with tools to dig that mountain down,
 To which both high and low took special heed:
 He ne'er had fawn, but then he had a frown,
 King Edward's blood, with both the Spencers,
 call

For vengeance on him, by the voice of all.

LXXIX.

With dear Kent's death his credit next they
 blot,
 Then on him lay the Wards and Liveries,

E ij

Which he by craft into his hands had got,
 The sums then seized to his treasuries
 Then Joan the princess marry'd to the Scot,
 The sign at Stanhope to the enemies;
 With all things ripp'd from the records of
 time,
 That any way might aggravate his crime.

LXXX.

O dire Revenge! when thou by time art rak'd
 Out of the ashes which have hid thee long,
 (Wherein thou laidst as thou hadst quite been
 flak'd)

And becom'st kindled with the breath of wrong,
 How soon thy hideous fury is awak'd!
 From thy poor sparks what flames are quickly
 sprung!

To waste their tops how soon dost thou as-
 pire,
 Whose weight and greatness once repress thy
 fire!

LXXXI.

And what avail'd his answer in that case?
 Which the time then did utterly distaste,
 And look'd upon him with so stern a face,
 As it his actions utterly disgrac'd:
 No friendly bosom gave him any place,
 Who was clean out of all opinion cast;
 Taking his pen, his sorrows to deceive,
 Thus of the queen he lastly took his leave.

LXXXII.

"Bright Empress, yet be pleased to peruse
 "The swan-like Dirges of a dying man,
 "Altho' not like the raptures of the Muse
 "In our fresh youth, when our love first began,
 "Into my breast that did the fire infuse,
 "That glorious day that I thy rich glove wan,
 "And in my course a flame of light'ning
 "beat,
 "Out of proud Hertford's high-plum'd bur-
 "gonet.

LXXXIII.

"As for your son, that halt'neth on my death,
 "Madam you know I lov'd him as mine own;
 "And when I could have grasped out his breath,
 "I set him eas'ly on his father's throne;
 "Which now his pow'r too quickly witnesseth,
 "Who to this height in tyranny is grown:
 "But yet, be his ingratitude forgiven,
 "As after death I wish to be in heaven.

LXXXIV.

"And for the sole rule, whereon so he stands,
 "Came bastard William but himself to shore?
 "Or had he not our father's valiant hands,
 "Who in that field our ancient ensign bore,
 "(Guarded about with our well-order'd bands)
 "Which then his leopards for their safety wore,
 "Looking at Hastings like that ominous lake,
 "From whose black depths our glorious name
 "we take?

LXXXV.

"Why fell I not from that my all-arm'd horse,
 "On which I rode before the gates of Gaunt,
 "Before the Belgic and Burgonian force,
 "There challenging their countries combatant;

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"Cast from my seat in some robustious course,
 "That they of me the victory might vaunt?
 "Why sunk I not under my batter'd shield,
 "To grace a brave foe, and renown a field?

LXXXVI.

"Yet never serv'd I Fortune like a slave,
 "Nor have, through baseness, made her bounties
 "less.
 "In me her judgment poorly to deprave,
 "Nought hath she lent me that I'll not confess;
 "Nay, int'rest for her principal I gave.
 "My mind hath suited with her mightiness;
 "Her frowns with scorn and Mortimer doth
 "bear,
 "For nothing can she do that he can fear.

LXXXVII.

"That ne'er quails me, at which your greatest
 "quake;
 "Nor aught that's dreadful danger me can
 "show,
 "Through sword and fire so us'd my way to
 "take:
 "In death what can be, that I do not know,
 "That I should fear a covenant to make
 "With it, which welcom'd, finisheth my woe?
 "And nothing can th' afflicted conscience
 "grieve,
 "But he may pardon, who can all forgive.

LXXXVIII.

"And thus, thou most adored in my heart,
 "The thoughts of whom my humbled spir't
 "doth raise,
 "Lady most fair, most dear, of most desert,
 "Worthy of more than any mortal praise,
 "Condemned March thus lastly doth depart
 "From the great'st empress living in her days:
 "Nor with my dust my honour I inter;
 "Cæsar thus dy'd, and thus dies Mortimer."

LXXXIX.

When secretly he sent this letter to her,
 Whose superscription was her princely stile,
 She knew the hand, and thought it came to woo
 her;
 With which conceit she pleas'd herself a while,
 Than which no one thing serv'd so to undo her,
 By feeding her with flatt'ry and with guile,
 To make her still more sensible of pain,
 Which her sad heart was shortly to sustain.

xc.

Using her fingers to rip up the seal,
 Which help'd to hide these ill news from her
 eyes,
 Loth as it were such tidings to reveal,
 As might her senses suddenly surprize;
 But when her white hand did so hardly deal
 With the poor paper, that the wax must rise,
 It stuck upon her fingers bloody red,
 As to portend some dear blood should be
 shed.

xci.

When by degrees she eas'ly doth begin,
 And as a fish plays with a baited hook,
 So softly yet she swallow'd sorrow in,
 Till she her bane into her bowels took;

And then she fees th' expences of her fin,
Sadly set down in that black doomsday book,
And the dear sums that were to be defray'd,
Before the debt were absolutely paid.

xcii.

Whole hosts of sorrows her sick heart assail,
When ev'ry letter lanc'd her like a dart,
Striving against her which should most prevail,
And yet not one but prick'd her to the heart:
Where one word might another's woe bewail,
And with its neighbour seem'd to bear a part,
Each line serv'd for so true a text to her,
As in her woes would no way let her err.

xciii.

Grief bade her look, yet soon it bade her leave,
Wherewith o'ercharg'd she neither sees nor
hears,
Her usefull'st senses soonest her deceive,
The sight shuts up her eyes, the sound her
ears,
And of her reading doth her quite bereave,
When for a fescue she doth use her tears;
Which when some line she loosely over-past,
The drops could tell her where she left the
last.

xciv.

Somewhat at length recov'ring of her sight,
Deeply she curs'd her sorrow-seeing eye,
And said she was deluded by the light,
Or was abus'd by the orthography,
Or some one had devised it in spight,
Pointing it false her scholarship to try.

Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars.

xcv.

Her trembling hand, as in a fever, quakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little stir,
Which, she imagines, at her sorrow shakes,
And pities it, which she thinks pities her:
Each small thing somewhat to the greater makes,
And to her humour something doth infer.

Her woe-ty'd tongue but when she once could
free,

" Sweet Mortimer, my most-lov'd Lord
" (quoth she:)

xcvi.

" For thy dear ashes be my breast the urn,
" Which as a relique I of thee will save,
" Mix'd with the tears that I for thee shall
" mourn,
" Which in this bosom shall their burial have;
" Out of which place they never shall return,
" Nor give the honour to another grave;

" But here, as in a temple, be preserv'd,
" Wherein thy image is most lively carv'd.

xcvii.

Then breaks she out in cursing of her son;
But Mortimer so runneth in her mind,
As that she ended ere she had begun,
Speaking before what should have come be-
hind:

From that she to another course doth run,
To be reveng'd in some notorious kind,
By stab, or poison; and she'll swear to both,
But for her life she could not find an oath.

xcviii.

She pen and paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the king's cruel dealing to discover;
But soon forgetting what she went about,
Poor queen, she fell to scribbling to her lover:
Here she put in, and there she blotted out,
Her passion did so violently move her,
That turning back to read what she had writ,
She tore the paper, and condemn'd her wit.

xcix.

But from her passion being somewhat rais'd,
Like one that lately had been in a swoond,
Or felt some strange extremity appeas'd,
That had been taken from some blow or wound,
Yet on that part it had so strongly seiz'd,
That for the same no remedy was found;
But at the very point their life to lose,
As they their goods, she doth her grief dis-
pose.

c.

Quoth she, " King Edward as thou art my
" son,

" Leaving the world, this legacy I leave thee:

" My heart's true love, my Mortimer hath
" won,

" And yet of all he shall not so bereave thee;

" But for this mischief to thy mother done,

" Take thou my curse, so that it may out-live
" thee,

" That as thy deed doth daily me torment,

" So may my curse thee, by my testament.

ci.

" And henceforth in this solitary place.

" Ever residing from the public sight,

" A private life I willingly embrace,

" No more rejoycing in the obvious light,

" To consummate this too-long-ling'ring space;

" Till death inclose me in continual night,

" Let never sleep more close my wearied
" eye,

" So, Isabella, lay thee down and die."

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

TO THE READER.

SEEING these Epistles are now to the world made public, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine own discharge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a just and universal reprehension : For,

*—Hæ nugæ seria ducent,
In mala derisum semel exceptumq; sinistre,*

Two points are especially therefore to be explained: first, why I entitle this work *England's Heroical Epistles*; secondly, why I have annexed notes to every Epistle's end. For the first, the title (I hope) carrieth reason in itself; for that the most and greatest persons herein were *English*: or else, that their loves were obtained in *England*. And though heroical be properly understood of Demi-gods, as of *Hercules* and *Aeneas*, whose parents were said to be, the one celestial, the other mortal; yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatness of mind come near to Gods. For to be born of a celestial incubus, is nothing else, but to have a great and mighty spirit, far above the

earthly weakness of men; in which sense OVID (whose imitator I partly profess to be) doth also use heroical. For the second, because the work might in truth be judged brainish, if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein, I have interwoven matters historical, which, unexplained, might defraud the mind of much content: As for example, in Margarite's epistle to William de la Poole,

My daisy flow'r, which once perfum'd the air.

Margarite in *French* signifies a Daisy, which for the allusion to her name this Queen gave for her device; and this, as others more, have seem'd to me not unworthy the explaining.

Now, though no doubt I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially; the rest I overpass, to eschew tedious recital. If they be as harmlessly taken as I meant them, I shall not lastly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle reader.

M. DRAYTON,

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

The Argument.

Henry the Second keepeth (with much care)
Lord Clifford's daughter, Rosamond the fair ;
And whilst his sons do Normandy invade,
He forc'd to France, with wond'rous cost hath made
A labyrinth in Woodstock, where unseen
His love might lodge safe from his jealous queen :
Yet when he stay'd beyond his time abroad,
Her pensive breast, his darling to unload,
In this epistle doth her grief complain ;
And his rescription tells her his again.

If yet thine eyes (Great Henry) may endure
These tainted lines, drawn with a hand impure,
(Which fain would blush, but fear keeps blushes
back,
And therefore futed in despairing black)
Let me for Love's sake their acceptance crave.
But that sweet name vile I profaned have ;
Punish my fault, or pity mine estate ;
Read them for love, if not for love, for hate.
If with my shame thine eyes thou fain would'st
feed,
Here let them surfeit of my shame to read.
This scribbled paper which I send to thee,
If noted rightly, doth resemble me :
As this pure ground, whereon these letters stand,
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand ;

Ere I was blotted with this foul offence,
So clear and spotless was mine innocence :
Now, like these marks which taint this hateful
scroul,
Such the black sins which spot my leprous soul.
What by this conquest canst thou hope to
win,
Where thy best spoil is but the act of sin ?
Why on my name this slander dost thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a king ?
" Fame never stoops to things but mean and
" poor,
" The more our greatness, our fault is the
" more ;
" Lights on the ground themselves do lessen far
" But in the air each small spark seems a star."

Why on my woman-frailty should'st thou lay
So strong a plot mine honour to betray?
Or thy unlawful pleasure should'st thou buy,
Both with thine own shame and my infamy?
'Twas not my mind consented to this ill,
Then had I been transported by my will;
For what my body was inforc'd to do,
(Heav'n knows) my soul yet ne'er consented to:
For through mine eyes had she her liking seen,
Such as my love, such had my lover been.

" True love is simple, like his mother truth,
" Kindly affection, youth to love with youth;
" No greater cor'sive to our blooming years,
" Than the cold badge of winter-blasted hairs.
" Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy
" foes,

" But cannot keep back age, with time it
" grows:

" Though honour our ambitious sex doth please,
" Yet, in that honour, age a foul disease:
" Nature hath her free course in all, and then
" Age is alike in kings and other men."

Which all the world will to my shame impute,
That I myself did basely prostitute;
And say, that gold was fuel to the fire,
Gray hairs in youth not kindling green desire.

O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree;
That subtle serpent, that seducing devil,
Which bade me taste the fruit of good and
evil:

That Circe, by whose magic I was charm'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus trans-
form'd:

That vip'rous hag, the foe to her own kind,
That devilish spirit, to damn the weaker mind,
Our frailty's plague, our sex's only curse,
Hell's deep'st damnation, the worst evil's worse.

But Henry, how canst thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapless name, with Henry's name I found
Cut in the glass with Henry's diamond;
That glass from thence fain would I take a-
way,

But then I fear the air would me betray:
Then do I strive to wash it out with tears,
But then the same more evident appears.
Then do I cover it with my guilty hand,
Which that name's witness doth against me
stand:

Once did I sin, which memory doth cherish,
Once I offended, but I for ever perish.
" What grief can be, but time doth make it
" less?

" But infamy time never can suppress."
Sometimes, to pass the tedious irksome hours,
I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting towers,
Where in a turret secretly I lie,
To view from far such as do travel by:

Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me,
As through the stones my shame did make them
see:

And with such hate the harmless walls do view,
As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.

The married women curse my hateful life,
Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife:
The maidens wish I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode do flie.
(a) Well knew'st thou what a monster I would
be,

When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,
(b) Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet still walk I circular in sin.

As in the gallery this other day,
I and my woman pass the time away,
'Mongst many pictures which were hanging
by,

The silly girl at length hapt to espy
Chaste Lucrece' image, and desires to know
What she should be, herself that murder'd so?
Why, girl (quoth I) this is that Roman dame—
Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltiness betray;
With that I sent the prattling wench away,
Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,
In beauty's field pitching his crimson tent,
In lovely sanguine futes the lily cheek,
Whilst it but for a resting place doth seek;
And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The blush with paleness for the place doth strive,
The paleness thence the blush would gladly
drive:

Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diversly do vary.

When as the sun hales tow'ards the western
flade,

And the trees shadows hath much taller made,
Forth go I to a little current near,
Which like a wanton trail creeps here and there,
Where with mine angle casting in my bait,
The little fishes (dreading the deceit)
With fearful nibbling fly th' enticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reasonless thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I devour'd the bait was laid for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into groans,
The bubbling spring, which trips upon the stones,
Chides me away, lest sitting but too nigh,
I should pollute that native purity.

(c) *Rose of the World*, so doth import my name,
Shame of the World, my life hath made the fame;
And to th' unchaste this name shall given be,
Of Rosamond, deriv'd from sin and me.

The Cliffords take from me that name of theirs,
Which hath been famous for so many years:
They blot my birth with hateful bastardy,
That I sprang not from their nobility;

They my alliance utterly refuse,
Nor will a strumpet shall their name abuse.

Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked Diana in the fountain stands,
With all her nymphs got round about to hide her,
As when Acteon had by chance espy'd her:

This sacred image I no sooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd man pursu'd
By his own hounds, so by my thoughts am I,
Which chase me still, which way so'er I fly.
Touching the grass, the honey-dropping dew,
Which falls in tears before my limber shoe,
Upon my foot consumes in weeping still,
As it would say, Why went'st thou to this ill?
Thus to no place in safety can I go,
But every thing doth give me cause of wo.

In that fair casket of such wond'rous cost,
Thou sent'st the night before mine honour lost,
Amimone was wrought, a harmless maid,
By Neptune that adult'rous God betray'd;
She prostrate at his feet, begging with pray'rs,
Wringing her hands, her eyes swoln up with tears:
This was not an entrapping bait from thee,
But by thy virtue gently warning me,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Lest I therein should ever keep my shame.
And in this casket (ill I see it now)
That Jove's love, lo, turn'd into a cow;
Yet was she kept with Argus' hundred eyes,
So wakeful still be Juno's jealousies:
By this I well might have forwarned been,
T' have clear'd myself to thy suspecting Queen,

Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me,
Than had poor Argus single eyes to see.
In this thou rightly imitatest Jove,
Into a beast thou hast transform'd thy love;
Nay, worser far (beyond their beastly kind)
A monster both in body and in mind.

The waxen taper which I burn by night,
With the dull vap'ry dimness mocks my sight,
As tho' the damp, which hinders the clear flame,
Came from my breath in that night of my shame:
When as it look'd with a dark lowering eye,
To see the loss of my virginity.
And if a star but by the glass appear,
I straight intreat it not to look in here:
I am already hateful to the light,
And will it too betray me to the night?

Then sith my shame so much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me;
And let it justly to my charge be laid,
That I thy person meant to have betray'd:
Thou shalt not need by circumstance t' accuse me;
If I deny it, let the heavens refuse me.
My life's a blemish, which doth cloud thy name,
Take it away, and clear shall shine thy fame:
Yield to my suit, if ever pity mov'd thee;
In this shew mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Well know'st thou what a monster would I be
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me.*

In the Cretan labyrinth a monster was inclosed, called Minotaur, the history whereof is well known; but the labyrinth was framed by Dedalus with so many intricate ways, that being entered, one could either hardly or never return, being in manner of a maze, save that it was larger, the ways being walled in on every side, out of which Theseus by Ariadne's help (lending him a clue of thread) escaped. Some report that it was a house, having one half beneath the ground, another above; the chamber doors therein so deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open so many ways, that it was held a matter almost impossible to return.

Some have held it to have been an allegory of man's life: true it is that the comparison will hold; for what liker to a labyrinth than the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquity, that there was indeed such a building, though Dedalus, being a name applied to the workman's excellency, make it suspected: for Dedalus is nothing else but ingenious or artificial. Hereupon, it is used among the ancient Poets for any thing curiously wrought.

Rosamond's labyrinth, whose ruins, together with her well, being paved with square stone in the bottom, and also her tower, from which the labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, was altogether under ground, being vaults arched and walled

with brick and stone, almost inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and if need be, by secret issues take the air abroad many furlongs round about Woodstock in Oxfordshire, wherein it was situated. Thus much for Rosamonds labyrinth.

(b) *Whose strange Meanders turning ev'ry way.*

Meander is a river in Lycia, a province of Natolia, or Asia Minor, famous for the sinuosity and often turning thereof, rising from certain hills in Megnia: hereupon are intricate turnings, by a transumptive and metonymical kind of speech, called Meanders: for this river did so strangely path itself, that the foot seemed to touch the head.

(c) *Rose of the world, so doth import my name;
Shame of the world, my life bath made the same.*

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where this *Rose of the world* was sumptuously interred, a certain bishop, in the visitation of his diocese, caused the monument, which had been erected to her honour, utterly to be demolished; but let that severe chastisement of Rosamond then dead, at this time also be overpassed, lest she should seem to be the *shame of the world*.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

WHEN first the post arrived at my tent,
And brought the letters Rosamond had sent,
Think from his lips but what dear comfort came,
When in mine ear he softly breath'd thy name.
Straight I injoin'd him of thy health to tell,
Longing to hear my Rosamond did well;
With new inquiries then I cut him short,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words half spoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
To lose no time, whilst I unrip'd the seal.
The more I read, still do I err the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before:
Missing the point, the doubtful sense is broken,
Speaking again what I before had spoken.

Still in a swoond, my heart revives and faints,
'Twixt hopes, despairs, 'twixt smiles and deep complaints.
As these sad accents sort in my desires,
Smooth calms, rough storms, sharp frost, and raging fires,
Pursue on with boldness, and put back with fears,
For oft thy troubles do extort my tears.
Oh, how my heart at that black line did tremble!
That blotted paper should thyself resemble!
Oh, were there paper but near half so white,
The Gods thereon their sacred laws would write,
With pens of angels wings; and for their ink,
That heav'nly nectar, their immortal drink!
Majestic courage strives to have suppress'd
This fearful passion, stirr'd up in my breast;
But still in vain the same I go about,
My heart must break within, or woes break out,
(a) Am I at home pursu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate?

Is meagre envy stabbing at my throne,
Treason attending when I walk alone?
(b) And am I branded with the curse of Rome,
And stand condemned by a council's doom?
(c) And by the pride of my rebellious son,
Rich Normandy with armies overrun?
Fatal my birth, unfortunatè my life,
(d) Unkind my children, most unkind my wife.
Grief, cares, old age, suspicion too torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me;
So many woes, so many plagues to find,
Sickness of body, discontent of mind;
Hopes left, helps rest, life wrong'd, joy interdicted,
Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken, and afflicted,
Of all relief hath fortune quite bereft me?
Only my love yet to my comfort left me:
And is one beauty thought so great a thing,
To mitigate the sorrows of a king?
Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,
Have we, than they, less privilege in love?
Is it a king the woful widow hears?
Is it a king dries up the orphans tears?
Is it a king regards the client's cry?
Gives life to him, by law condemn'd to die?
Is it his care the commonwealth that keeps,
As doth the nurse her baby whilst it sleeps?
And that poor king of all those hopes prevented,
Unheard, unhelp'd, unpity'd, unlamented?
Yet let me be with poverty oppress'd,
Of earthly blessings robb'd and dispossest,
Let me be scorn'd, rejected, and revil'd,
And from my kingdom let me live exil'd,
Let the world's curse upon me still remain,
And let the last bring on the first again;
All miseries that wretched man may wound,
Leave for my comfort only Rosamond.

For thee swift Time his speedy course doth stay,
At thy command the Destinies obey;
Pity is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,
And at thy feet ev'n Mercy prostrate lies.

If I were feeble, rheumatic, or cold,
These were true signs that I were waxed old;
But I can march all day in massy steel,
Nor yet my arms unwieldy weight do feel;
Nor wak'd by night with bruise or bloody wound,
The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground:
For very age had I lain bed rid long,
One smile of thine again could make me young.
Were there in art a power but so divine,
As is in that sweet-angel tongue of thine,
That great enchanteis, which once took such

pains
To put young blood into old Æson's veins,
And in groves, mountains, and the moorish fen,
Sought out more herbs than had been known to

men,
And in the pow'rful potion that she makes,
Put blood of men, of birds, of beasts, and snakes,
Never had needed to have gone so far,
To seek the soils where all those simples are;
One accent from thy lips the blood more warms,
Than all her philters, exorcisms, and charms.
Thy presence hath repaired in one day,
What many years with sorrows did decay,
And made fresh beauty in her flow'r to spring
Out of the wrinkles of time's ruining.
Ev'n as the hungry winter-starved earth,
When she by nature labours tow'rd her birth,
Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,
One blossom forth after another peeps,
Till the small flow'r, whose root at last unbound,
Gets from the frosty prison of the ground,
Spreading the leaves unto the pow'rful noon,
Deck'd in fresh colours smiles upon the sun.

Never unquiet care lodg'd in that breast,
Where but one thought of Rosamond did rest:
Nor thirst nor travail, which on war attend,
E'er brought the long day to desired end:
Nor yet did pale fear or lean famine live,
Where hope of thee did any comfort give:
Ah! what injustice then is this of thee,
That thus the guiltless dost condemn for me?
When only she (by means of my offence)
Redeems thy pureness and thy innocence:
When to our wills perforce obey they must,
That's just in them, whate'er in us unjust;
Of what we do, not them account we make,
The fault craves pardon for th' offender's sake:
And what to work a prince's will may merit,
Hath deep't impression in the gentlest spirit.

If't be my name that doth thee so offend,
No more myself shall be mine own name's friend;
If it be that which thou dost only hate,
That name in my name lastly has his date:
Say, 'tis accurst and fatal, and dispraise it;
If written, blot it; if engraven, raze it:
Say, that of all names 'tis a name of woe,
Once a king's name, but now it is not so:
And when all this is done, I know't will grieve thee,
And therefore (sweet) why should I now believe
thee?

Nor should'st thou think those eyes with envy
lowre,
Which passing by thee gaze up to the tow'r;
But rather praise thine own, which be so clear,
Which from the turret like two stars appear:
Above, the sun doth shine; beneath, thine eye,
Mocking the heav'n, to make another sky.

The little stream which by thy tow'r doth glide,
Where oft thou spend'st the weary ev'ning tide,
To view thee well, his course would gladly stay,
As loth from thee to part so soon away,
And with salutes thyself would gladly greet,
And offer up some small drops at thy feet;
But finding that the envious banks restrain it,
T'excuse itself doth in this sort complain it,
And therefore this sad bubbling murmur keeps,
And for thy want within the channel weeps.
And as thou dost into the water look,
The fish, which see thy shadow in the brook,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,
So daunted with the lustre of thine eye.

And that sweet name which thou so much dost
wrong,
In time shall be some famous poet's song;
And with the very sweetness of that name,
Lions and tigers men shall learn to tame.
The careful mother, at her pensive breast,
With Rosamond shall bring her babe to rest;
The little birds (by men's continual sound)
Shall learn to speak and prattle Rosamond;
And when in April they begin to sing,
With Rosamond shall welcome in the spring;
And she in whom all rarities are found,
Shall still be said to be a Rosamond.

The little flow'rs dropping their honey'd dew,
Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy shoe,
Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do moan,
Only lament that thou so soon art gone:
For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
That hemlock's made far sweeter than the rose.
Of Jove or Neptune, how they did betray,
Speak not, of Io or Amimone;
When she, for whom Jove once became a bull,
Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny trull;
He a white bull, and she a whiter cow,
Yet he nor she ne'er half so white as thou.

Long since (thou know'st) my care provided for
To lodge thee safe from jealous Eleanor;
The labyrinth's conveyance guides thee so
(e) (Which only Vaughan, thou and I do know)
If she do guard thee with an hundred eyes,
I have an hundred subtle Mercuries,
To watch that Argus which my love doth keep,
Until eye after eye fall all to sleep.

And those stars which look in, but look to see,
(Wond'ring) what star here on the earth should be;
As oft the moon, amidst the silent night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,
And by the curtain help'd mine eye to see,
What envious night and darkness hid from me;
When I have wish'd that she might ever stay,
And other worlds might still enjoy the day.

What should I say? words, tears, and sighs be
spent,
And want of time doth farther help prevent:

My camp resounds with fearful shocks of war,
Yet in my breast more dang'rous conflicts are;
Yet is my signal to the battle's sound,
The blessed name of beauteous Rosamond.
Accursed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy death:

For in one smile or lowre from thy sweet eye
Consists my life, my hope, my victory.
Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond doth rest,
Be blest in her, in whom thy king is blest:
For though in France a while my body be,
My heart remains (dear paradise) in thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Am I at home pursu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate?*

Robert Earl of Leicester, who took part with young King Henry, entered into England with an army of three thousand Flemings, and spoiled the countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being succoured by many of the king's private enemies.

(b) *And am I branded with the curse of Rome?*

King Henry II. the first Plantagenet, accused for the death of Thomas Becket Archbishop of Canterbury, slain in that cathedral church, was accursed by Pope Alexander, although he urged sufficient proof of his innocence in the same, and offered to take upon him any penance, so he might avoid the curse and interdiction of his realm.

(c) *And by the pride of my rebellious son,
Rich Normandy with armies overrun.*

Henry the young king, whom King Henry had caused to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his subjects, which indeed turned to his own sorrow, and the trouble of the realm: for he rebelled against him,

and raising a power by the means of Lewis King of France, and William King of Scots (who took part with him) invaded Normandy.

(d) *Unkind my children, most unkind my wife.*

Never was king more unfortunate than King Henry in the disobedience of his children: first Henry, then Geoffry, then Richard, then John, all at one time or other, first or last, unnaturally rebelled against him; then the jealousy of Eleanor his Queen, who suspected his love to Rosamond; which grievous troubles the devout of those times attributed to happen to him justly for refusing to take on him the government of Jerusalem, offered to him by the patriarch there, which country was mightily afflicted by the Sultan.

(e) *Which only Vaughan, thou and I do know.*

This Vaughan was a knight, whom the king exceedingly loved, who kept the palace at Woodstock, and much of the king's jewels and treasure, to whom the king committed many of his secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his love unto his charge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

The Argument.

King John enamour'd, by all means assay'd
To win Matilda, a chaste noble maid,
The Lord Fitzwater's daughter; and to gain her,
When by his courtship he could not obtain her,
Nor by his gifts, strives (so far being in)
To get by force, what fair means could not win,
And banisheth the nearest of her blood,
Which he could think had his desires withstood;
When she to Dunmow to a nun'ry flies,
Whither he writeth, and whence she replies.

WHEN these my letters come into thy view,
Think 'em not forc'd, or fain'd, or strange, or new,
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course ex-
empted,
Left now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted.
All rules, regards, all secret helps of art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart,
And in the old world's ceremonies doated,
Good days for love, times, hours, and minutes
noted;
And where art left, love teacheth more to find,
By signs in presence to express the mind.
Oft hath mine eye told thine eye beauty griev'd it,
And begg'd but for one look to have reliev'd it;
And still with thine eye's motion mine eye
mov'd,
Lab'ring for mercy, telling how it lov'd:
You blusht, I blusht; your cheek pale, pale was
mine;
My red, thy red, my whiteness answer'd thine;

You sigh'd, I sigh'd, we both one passion prove;
But thy sigh is for hate, my sigh for love.
If a word pass'd that insufficient were,
To help that word mine eye let forth a tear;
And if that tear did dull or senseless prove,
My heart would fetch a throb to make it move.
Oft in thy face one favour from the rest
I singled forth, that pleas'd my fancy best;
This likes me most, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both those lik'd before:
Then one, as wonder were derived thence,
Than that, whose rareness passeth excellence.
Whilst I behold thy globe-like rowling eye,
Thy lovely cheek (methinks) stands smiling by,
And tells me those are shadows and supposes,
But bids me thither come and gather roses:
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if wonders I will see:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,

And bids me yet to look upon thy lip,
 Lest wond'ring least, the great'st I over slip :
 My gazing eye on this and this doth seize,
 Which surfeits, yet cannot desire appease.
 Now like I brown (O lovely brown thy hair !)
 Only in brownness beauty dwelleth there.
 Then love I black, thine eye-ball black as jet,
 Which in a globe pure crySTALLINE is set :
 Then white ; but snow, nor swan, nor ivory
 please,

Then are thy teeth more whiter than all these ;
 In brown, in black, in pureness, and in white,
 All love, all sweets, all rareness, all delight :
 Thus thou, vile thief, my stol'n heart hence do'st
 carry,

And now thou fly'st into a sanctuary.

Fie, peevish girl, ungrateful unto nature ;
 Did she to this end frame thee such a creature,
 That thou her glory should'st increase thereby,
 And thou alone do'st scorn society ?
 Why, heav'n made beauty like herself, to view,
 Not to be lock'd up in a smoaky mew :
 A rosy-tincted feature is heav'n's gold,
 Which all men joy to touch, all to behold.
 It was enacted when the world begun,
 That so rare a beauty should not live a Nun :
 But of this vow thou needs wilt undertake,
 O were mine arms a cloister for thy sake !
 Still may his pains for ever be augmented,
 This superstition idly that invented :
 Ill might he thrive, who brought this custom
 hither,

That holy people might not live together.
 A happy time, a good world was it then,
 When holy women liv'd with holy men ;
 But kings in this yet privileg'd may be ;
 I'll be a Monk, so I may live with thee.
 Who would not rise to ring the morning's knell,
 When thy sweet lips might be the sacring bell ?
 Or what is he, not willingly would fast,
 That on those lips might feast his lips at last ?
 Who to his mattins early would not rise,
 That might read by the light of thy fair eyes ?
 On worldly pleasures who would ever look,
 That had thy curls his beads, thy brows his
 book ?

Wert thou the cross, to thee who would not
 creep,

And with the cross still in his arms to keep ?
 Sweet girl, I'll take this holy habit on me,
 Of meer devotion that is come upon me ;
 Holy Matilda, thou the saint of mine,
 I'll be thy servant, and my bed thy shrine.
 When I do offer, be thy breast the altar ;
 And when I pray, thy mouth shall be my psalter.
 The beads that we will bid, shall be sweet kif-
 ses,

Which we will number, if one pleasure misses ;
 And when an ave comes, to say Amen,
 We will begin, and tell them o'er again :
 Now all good fortune give me happy thrift,
 As I should joy t' absolve thee after thrift.

But see how much I do myself beguile,
 And do mistake thy meaning all this while !

Thou took'st this vow to equal my desire,
 Because thou wouldst have me to be a Friar,
 And that we two should comfort one another,
 A holy sister and a holy brother :
 Thou as a vot'ress to my love alone,
 " She is most chaste that's but enjoy'd of one."
 Yea, now thy true devotion do I find,
 And sure, in this I much commend thy mind,
 Else here thou do'st but ill example give,
 And in a nun'ry thus thou shouldst not live,
 Is't possible, the house that thou art in,
 Should not be touch'd (though with a venial sin ?)
 When such a she-priest comes her mass to say,
 Twenty to one they all forget to pray :
 Well may we wish they would their hearts a-
 mend,

When we be witnesses that their eyes offend :
 All creatures have desires, or else some lie ;
 Let them think so that will, so will not I.

Do'st thou not think our ancestors were wise,
 That these religious cells did first devise,
 As hospitals were for the sore and sick,
 These for the crook'd, the halt, the stigmatic,
 Lest that their seed mark'd with deformity,
 Should be a blemish to posterity ?

Would heav'n her beauty should be hid from
 sight,

Ne'er would she thus herself adorn with light,
 With sparkling lamps, nor would she paint her
 throne,

But she delighteth to be gaz'd upon :
 And when the golden glorious sun goes down,
 Would she put on her star bestudded crown,
 And in her masking suit, the spangled sky,
 Come forth to bride it in her revelry,
 And gave this gift to all things in creation,
 That they in this should imitate her fashion.
 All things that fair, that pure, that glorious
 been,

Offers themselves of purpose to be seen.
 In sinks and vaults the ugly toads do dwell,
 The devils, since most ugly, they in Hell.
 Our mother (earth) ne'er glories in her fruit,
 Till by the sun clad in her tinsel suit ;
 Nor doth she ever smile him in the face,
 Till in his glorious arms he her embrace :
 Which proves she hath a soul, sense, and delight
 Of generation's feeling appetite.
 Well, hypocrite (in faith) wouldst thou confess,
 What ere thy tongue say, thy heart faith no less.

Note but this one thing (if nought else per-
 swade)

Nature of all things male and female made,
 Shewing herself in our proportion plain ;
 For never made she any thing in vain ;
 For as thou art, should any have been thus,
 She would have left ensample unto us.
 The turtle, that's so true and chaste in love,
 Shews by her mate something the spirit doth
 move :

Th' Arabian bird that never is but one,
 Is only chaste, because she is alone :
 But had our mother nature made them two,
 They would have done as doves and sparrows do

And therefore made a martyr in desire,
To do her penance lastly in the fire :
So may they all be roasted quick, that be
Apostata's to nature, as is she.
Find me but one so young, so fair, so free,
(Woo'd, su'd, and fought by him that now seeks
thee)
But of thy mind, and here I undertake
To build a nun'ry for her only sake.
O, hadst thou tasted of those rare delights,
Ordain'd each where to please great princes
fights !
To have their beauty and their wits admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your sex desir'd)
Attended by our trains, our pomp, our port,
Like gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in court,
To be saluted with the cheerful cry
Of highness, grace, and sovereign majesty :
" But unto them that know not pleasure's price,
" All's one, a prison and a paradise."
If in a dungeon clos'd up from the light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the day and night ;

" Whose palate never tasted dainty cates,
" Thinks homely dishes princely delicates."
Alas, poor girl, I pity thine estate,
That now thus long hast liv'd disconsolate !
Why now at length yet let thy heart relent,
And call thy father back from banishment,
And with those princely honours here invest
him,
Of which fond love, not hate, hath dispossest
him.
Call from exile thy dear allies and friends,
To whom the fury of my grief extends ;
And if thou take my counsel in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt have better grace :
And leave thy Dunmow, that accursed cell,
There let black night and melancholy dwell ;
Come to the court, where all joys shall receive
thee,
And till that hour, yet with my grief, I leave
thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of King John to Matilda is much more poetical than historical, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the time or state, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his passion, forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the humour of this king, as hath been truly noted by the most authentical writers, whose nature and disposition is trueliest discerned in the course of his love : first, jesting at the ce-

remonies of the services of those times : then going about by all strong and probable arguments to reduce her to pleasures and delights : next with promises of honour, which he thinketh to be the last and greatest means, and to have greatest power on her sex, with a promise of calling home her friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

No sooner I receiv'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they
were,

But sudden fear my bloodless veins doth fill,
As though divining of some future ill;
And in a shiv'ring extasy I stood,
A chilly coldness ran through all my blood:
Opening the packet, I shut up my rest,
And let strange cares into my quiet breast,
As though thy hard un pitying hand had sent me
Some new-devised torture to torment me.
Well had I hop'd I had been now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not;
And that proud beauty, which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my name been perished together:
"But O (I see) our hoped good deceives us;
"But what we would forego, that seldom leaves
us."

Thy blameful lines, bespotted so with sin,
Mine eye would cleanse, ere they to read begin:
But I to wash an Indian go about,
For ill so hard set on is hard got out.
I once determin'd still to have been mute,
Only by silence to refel thy sute;
But this again did alter my intent,
For some will say, that silence doth consent:
"Desire with small encouraging grows bold,
"And hope of every little thing takes hold."

I set me down, at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen nor paper can I find;
For still my passion is so pow'rful o'er me,
That I discern not things that stand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the wax,
These at command, and now invention lacks:
This sentence serves, and that my hand out-
strikes;
That pleaseth well, and this as much mislikes.
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I interline, I blot, correct, I note:

I hope, despair, take courage, faint, disdain,
I make, allege, I imitate, I fain:
Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, shame-fac'd, fearless, doubtful, timorous:
My faint hand writing when my full eye reads,
From ev'ry word strange passion still proceeds.
"O, when the soul is fett'ed once in woe,
"'Tis strange what humours it doth force us
to!"

A tear doth drown a tear, sigh sigh doth smo-
ther,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th' over-watch'd weakness of the sick conceit,
Is that which makes small beauty seem so great;
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, seem straight, if straight, the con-
trary:
And thus our vain imagination shews it,
As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.
(As in a mirror, if the same be true,
Such as your likeness, justly such are you:
But as you change your self, it changeth there,
And shews you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motion doth your shadow move,
If frown or smile, such the conceit of love.)

Why tell me, is it possible the mind
A form in all deformity should find?
Within the compass of man's face, we see,
How many sorts of several favours be;
And in the chin, the nose, the brow, the eye,
'The smallest diff'rence that you can descry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
Nay, oft destroys the favour of the face:
And in the world scarce two so like there are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A judging sight doth soon distinguish either.
How woman-like a weakness is it then?
O, what strange madness so possesseth men!

Bereft of fenfe, fuch fenfelefs wonders feeing,
Without form, fashion, certainty, or being?
For which fo many die to live in anguifh,
Yet cannot live, if thus they fhould not languifh :
That comfort yields not, and yet hope denies
not,

A life that lives not, and a death that dies not ;
That hates us moft, when moft it fpeaks us fair,
Doth promife all things, always pays with air :
Yet fometime doth our greateft grief appeafe,
To double forrow after little eafe.
Like that which thy lascivious will doth crave,
Which if once had, thou never more canft have ;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'ft wafte it,
Taken is loft, and perifh'd if thou haft it :
Which if thou gain'ft, thou ne'er the more haft
won,

I lofing nothing, yet am quite undone ;
And yet of that if that a king deprave me,
No king reftores, though he a kingdom gave
me.

(a) Do'ft thou of father and of friends deprive
me ?

And tak'ft thou from me all that heav'n did
give me ?

What nature claims by blood, allies, or near-
nefs,

Or friendship challenge by regard or dearness,
Mak'ft me an orphan ere my father die,

|| A woful widow in virginity ?

Is thy unbridled luft the caufe of all ?

And now thy flatt'ring tongue bewails my fall.

The dead man's grave with fained tears to fill,

So the devouring crocodile doth kill :

To harbour hate in fhew of wholfom things,

So in the rofe the poison'd ferpent ftings :

To lurk far off, yet lodge deftruction by,

The bafilisk fo poifons with the eye :

To call for aid, and then to lie in wait,

So the hyæna murders by deceit :

By fweet inticement fudden death to bring,

So from the rocks th' alluring mermaids fmg :

In greateft wants t' inflict the greateft woe,

Is ev'n the utmoft tyranny can do.

But where (I fee) the tempeft thus prevails,

What ufe of anchors? or what need we fails ?

Above us, bluft'ring winds and dreadful thun-
der,

The waters gape for our deftruction under ;

Here on this fide the furious billows fly,

There rocks, there fands, and dang'rous whirl-
pools lie.

Is this the mean that mightinefs approves ?

And in this fort do princes woo their loves ?

Mildnefs would better fuit with majefty,

Than rafh revenge and rough feverity.

O, in what fafety temperance doth reft,

Obtaining harbour in a fovereign breaft !

Which if fo praiseful in the meaneft men,

In pow'rful kings how glorious is it then ?

(b) Fled I firft hither, hoping to have aid,

Here thus to have mine innocence betray'd ?

Is court and country both her enemy,

And no place found to fhrowd in chaftity ?

VOL. III.

Each houfe for luft a harbour and an inn,

And ev'ry city a receipt for fin ?

And all do pity beauty in diftreffs ;

If beauty chafte, then only pitilefs :

Thus is fhe made the inftrument to ill,

And unreliev'd may wander where fhe will.

Lascivious poets, which abufe the truth,

Which oft teach age to fin, infecting youth ;

For the unchafte make trees and ftones to
mourn,

Or as they please to other fapes do turn.

Cinyra's daughter, whose inceftuous mind

Made her wrong nature, and difhonour kind,

Long fince by them is turn'd into a myrrh,

Whofe dropping liquor ever weeps for her :

And in a fountain Biblis doth deplore

Her fault fo vile and monfterous before :

Scylla, which once her father did betray,

Is now a bird (if all be true they fay :)

She that with Phœbus did the foul offence,

Now metamorphos'd into frankincenfe :

Other to flowers, to odours, and to gum,

At leaft, Jove's leman is a ftar become :

And more, they fain a thoufand fond excufes,

To cloud their 'fcapes, and cover their abufes :

The virgin only they obfcure and hide,

Whilst the unchafte by them are deify'd ;

And if by them a virgin be expreff,

She muft be rank'd ignobly with the reft.

I am not now, as when thou faw'ft me laft,

Time hath thofe features utterly defac'd,

And all thofe beauties which fate on my brow,

Thou wouldeft not think fuch ever had been now :

And glad I am that time with me is done,

(c) Vowing myfelf religiously a Nun :

My veftal habit me contenting more,

Than all the robes adorning me before.

Had Rofamond (a reclufe of our fort)

Taken our cloifter, left the wanton court,

Shadowing that beauty with a holy vail,

Which fhe (alas!) too loofly fet to fale,

She need not, like an ugly Minotaur,

Have been lock'd up from jealous Ele'nor,

But been as famous by thy mother's wrongs,

As by thy father fubject to all tongues.

" To fhadow fin, might can the moft pretend ;

" Kings, but the confcience, all things can de-
fend."

A ftronger hand reftains our wilful pow'rs,

A will muft rule above this will of ours ;

Not following what our vain defires do woo,

For virtue's fake but what we only do.

And hath my father chofe to live exil'd,

Before his eyes fhould fee my youth defil'd ?

(d) And, to withftand a tyrant's lewd defire,

Beheld his towns fpent in revengeful fire,

Yet never touch'd with grief : fo only I,

Exempt from fhame, might honourably die ?

And fhall this jewel, which fo dearly coft,

Be after all by my difhonour loft ?

No, no, each rev'rend word, each holy tear

Of his in me too deep impreffion bear ;

His lateft farewel at his laft depart,

More deeply is ingraved in my heart ;

F

Nor shall that blot by me his name shall have,
Bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave :
Better his tears to fall upon my tomb,
Than for my birth to curse my mother's womb.

(e) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body burial.
If all remorseless, no tear-shedding eye,
Myself will moan myself, so live, so die,

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle containeth no particular points of history more than the generality of the argument layeth open : for after the banishment of the Lord Robert Fitzwater, and that Matilda was become a recluse at Dunmow (from whence this reply is imagined to be written) the king still earnestly persisting in his suit, Matilda with this chaste and constant denial, hopes yet at length to find some comfortable remedy, and to rid herself of doubts, by taking upon her this monastic habit ; and to shew that she still beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his lust, she remembereth him of her father's banishment, and the lawless exile of her allies and friends.

(a) *Dost thou of father and of friends deprive me ?*

Then complaining of her distress, that flying thither, thinking there to find relief, she seeth herself most assaulted, where she hoped to have found most safety.

(b) *Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid.
Here thus, &c.*

After again standing upon the precise points of conscience, not to cast off this habit she had taken :

(c) *Vowing myself religiously a nun.*

And at last, laying open more particularly the miseries sustained by her father in England, the burning of his castles and houses, which she proveth to be for her sake ; as respecting only her honour more than his native country, and his own fortunes.

(d) *And to withstand a tyrant's lewd desires,
Beheld his towns spent in revengeful fires.*

Knitting up her epistle with a great and constant resolution :

(e) *Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body burial.*

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.

The Argument.

Fair *Isabel* (*Edward* the second's Queen,
Philip of *France*'s daughter) for the spleen
She bare her husband, for that he affected
Lascivious minions, and her love neglected,
Drew to her favour (striving to prefer)
That valiant young Lord *Roger Mortimer*,
Who with the Barons rose, but wanting pow'r,
Was taken and imprison'd in the Tow'r;
But by a sleepy drink which she prepar'd,
And at a banquet given to his guard,
He makes escape : to whom to *France* she sends;
Who thence to her his service recommends.

THOUGH such sweet comfort comes not now from
her,
As England's Queen hath sent to Mortimer :
Yet what that wants (may it my pow'r approve,
If lines can bring) this shall supply with love.
Methinks affliction should not fright me so,
Nor should resume those sundry shapes of woe;
But when I fain would find the cause of this,
Thy absence shews me where my error is.
Oft when I think of thy departing hence,
Sad sorrow then possesseth ev'ry sense;
But finding thy dear blood preserv'd thereby,
And in thy life my long-wish'd liberty,
With that sweet thought my self I only please
Amidst my grief, which sometimes gives me ease :
Thus do extremest ills a joy possess,
And one woe makes another woe seem less.

That blessed night, that mild-aspected hour,
Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the Tow'r,
Shall consecrated evermore remain;
Some gentle planet in that hour did reign,
And shall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chief lord of the ascendant then.
(a) O how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent
Might yet want pow'r to further thine intent :
Or that some unseen mystery might lurk,
Which wanting order kindly should not work !
Oft did I wish those dreadful pois'ned lees,
Which clos'd the ever-waking Dragon's eyes;
Or I had had those sense-bereaving stalks,
That grow in shady Proserpine's dark walks;
Or those black weeds on Lethe banks below,
Or lunny, that doth on Latmus flow.

Oft did I fear this moist and foggy clime,
Or that the earth, wax'd barren now with time,
Should not have herbs to help me in this case,
Such as do thrive on India's parched face.

That morrow when the blessed sun did rise
And shut the lids of all heaven's lesser eyes,
Forth from my palace, by a secret stair,
(b) I stole to Thames, as though to take the air;
And ask'd the gentle flood as it doth glide,
If thou didst pass or perish by the tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the stream
To lay thee softly on his silver team,
And bring thee to me to the quiet shore,
That with his tears thou might'st have some tears
more.

When suddenly doth rise a rougher gale,
With that (methinks) the troubled wayes look
pale.

And fighting with that little gust that blows,
With this remembrance seem to knit their brows.
Even as this sudden passion doth affright me,
The cheerful sun breaks from a cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottom evident appear,
As it would shew me that thou wast not there:
When as the water flowing where I stand,
Doth seem to tell me, thou art safe on land.

(c) Did Bulloin once a festival prepare,
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?
When France envy'd those buildings (only blest)
Grac'd with the orgies of my bridal feast,
That English Edward should refuse my bed,
For that lascivious shameless Ganymede?

(d) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston?
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glass assures me no such difference is,

(e) That a foul witch's bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his love than I.
What doth avail us to be princes heirs,
When we can boast, our birth is only their's?

When base dissembling flatterers shall deceive us
Of all that our great ancestors did leave us;

(f) And of our princely jewels, and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours?
When minions heads must wear our monarchs
crowns,

To rise up dunghills with our famous towns?
Those beggars-brats, wrapt in our rich perfumes,
Their buzzard wings imp'd with our eagles plumes,
(g) And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their cravand blood.

Did Lonsbanks purchase with his conqu'ring
hand

(b) Albania, Gascoin, Cambria, Ireland,

That young Carnarvon (his unhappy son)

(i) Should give away all that his father won,

To back a stranger, proudly bearing down
The brave allies and branches of the crown?

(k) And did great Edward on his death-bed give
This charge to them which afterwards should live,
That that proud Gascoin banished the land,
No more should trade upon the English sand?

And have these great Lords in the quarrel stood,
And seal'd his last will with their dearest blood?

(l) That after all this fearful massacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster,
Another faithless fav'rite should arise,
To cloud the sun of our Nobilities

(m) And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,
That now a Spencer should succeed in all?
And that his ashes should another breed,
Which in his place and empire should succeed?
That wanting one a kingdom's wealth to spend,
Of what that left this now shall make an end?
To waste all that our father won before,
Nor leave our son a sword to conquer more?

Thus, but in vain, we fondly do resist,
"Where pow'r can do (ev'n) all things as it list,

"And of our right with tyrants to debate,
"Lendeth them means to weaken our estate.

Whilst parliaments must remedy their wrongs,
And we must wait for what to us belongs;
Our wealth but fuel to their fond excess,
And all our fasts must feast their wantonness,

Think'st thou our wrongs then insufficient are
To move our brother to religious war?

(n) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain
Homage for Poictou, Guien, and Aquitain:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all occur to put back all excuse.

The sister's wrong, join'd with the brother's right,
Methinks might urge him in this cause to fight.

Be all those people senseless of our harms,
Which for our country oft have manag'd arms?

Is the brave Normans courage quite forgot?
Have the bold Britains lost the use of shot?

The big-bon'd Almans, and stout Brabanders,
Their warlike pikes and sharp-edg'd scimeters?
Or do the Picards let their cross-bows lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Theffaly?

Or if a valiant leader be their lack,
Where thou art present, who shall beat them back?

I do conjure thee by what is most dear,
By that great name of famous Mortimer,

(o) By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest,
The tombs where all thy famous grandfires rest,
Or if than these what more may thee approve,
Ev'n by those vows of thy unfained love;
In all thou can'st to stir the Christian King,
By foreign arms some comfort yet to bring,
To curb the pow'r of traitors that rebel
Against the right of princely Isabel.

Vain witless woman! why should I desire
To add more heat to thy immortal fire?

To urge thee by the violence of hate,
To shake the pillars of thine own estate,
When whatsoever we intend to do,
Our most misfortune ever forteth to;

And nothing else remains for us beside,
By tears and coffins (only) to provide?

(p) When still so long as borough bears that name,
Time shall not blot out our deserved shame;
And whilst clear trent her wonted course shall
For our sad fall she evermore shall weep. [keep,
All see our ruin on our backs is thrown,
And we too weak to bear it out are grown.

(q) Torlton, that should our business direct,
The gen'ral foe doth vehemently suspect:

" For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
 " Whereon so many watchfully attend.
 What should I say? My griefs do still renew,
 And but begin when I should bid adieu.

Few be my words but manifold my woe,
 And still I stay the more I strive to go.
 Then till fair time some greater good affords,
 Take my love's payment in these airy words.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *O, how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent,
 Might yet want pow'r to further mine intent!*

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining a feast in honour of his birth day, as he pretended, and inviting thereunto Sir Stephen Segrave constable of the Tower, with the rest of the officers belonging to the same, he gave them a sleepy drink provided him by the Queen, by which means he got liberty for his escape.

(b) *I stole to Thames, as though to take the air,
 And ask'd the gentle flood as it doth glide.*

Mortimer being out of the Tower, swam the river of Thames into Kent, whereof she having intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape, by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost the space of three years.

(c) *Did Bulloin once a festival prepare
 For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?*

Edward Carnarvon, the first Prince of Wales of the English blood, married Isabel daughter of Philip the fair at Bulloin, in the presence of the Kings of Almain, Navarre and Sicil, with the chief nobility of France and England; which marriage was there solemnized with exceeding pomp and magnificence.

(d) *And in my place, upon his regal throne,
 To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston.*

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonness of Gaveston the King's minion, his behaviour and attire ever so woman-like, to please the eye of his lascivious master.

(e) *That a foul witch's bastard should thereby.*

It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility, in the disgrace of Pierce Gaveston, that his mother was convicted of witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that Pierce had bewitched the King.

(f) *And of our Princely jewels and our dow'rs,
 Let us enjoy the least of what is ours.*

A complaint of the prodigality of King Edward; giving unto Gaveston the jewels and treasure which was left him by the ancient Kings of England, and enriching him with the goodly

manor of Wallingford, assigned as parcel of the dower to the Queens of this famous isle.

(g) *And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,
 Ally the kingdom to their crownd brood.*

Edward II. gave to Pierce Gaveston in marriage the daughter of Gilbert Clare Earl of Gloucester, begot of the King's sister Joan of Acres, married to the said Earl of Gloucester.

(h) *Albania, Gascoin, Cambria, Ireland.*

Albania, Scotland so called of Albanact the second son of Brutus; and Cambria, Wales, so called of Camber, the third son. The four realms and countries brought in subjection by Edward Longshanks.

(i) *Should give away all that his father won,
 To back a stranger, &c.*

King Edward offered his right in France to Charles his brother-in-law, and his right in Scotland to Robert Bruce, to be aided against the Barons in the quarrel of Pierce Gaveston.

(k) *And did great Edward on his deathbed give,
 Edward Longshanks, on his deathbed at Carlisle, commanded young Edward his son, on his blessing, not to call back Gaveston, who for the misguiding of the Prince's youth) was before banished by the whole council of the land.*

(l) *That after all this fearful massacre,
 The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster.*

Thomas Earl of Lancaster, Guy Earl of Warwick, and Henry Earl of Lincoln, who had taken their oaths before the deceased King at his death, to withstand his son Edward, if he should call Gaveston from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now seeing Edward to violate his fathers commandment, rise in arms against the King, which was the cause of the civil war, and the ruin of so many Princes.

(m) *And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,
 That now a Spenser should succeed in all?*

The two Hugh Spensers, the father and the son, after the death of Gaveston, became the great

favourites of the King, the son being created by him Lord Chamberlain, and the father Earl of Winchester.

(n) *And if they wert, yet Edward doth detain
Homage for Poitou, Guien and Aquitain.*

Edward Longshanks did homage for those cities and territories to the French King, which Edward II. neglecting, moved the French King, by the subornation of Mortimer, to seize those countries into his hands.

(o) *By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest.*

Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, was the ancient house of the Mortimers, that noble and courageous family.

(p) *When still so long as Borough bears that
name.*

The Queen remembreth the great overthrow given to the Barons by Andrew Herkley Earl of Carlisle at Borough-bridge after the battle at Burton.

(q) *Torlton, that should our business direct.*

This was Adam Torlton Bishop of Hertford, that great politician, who so highly favoured the faction of the Queen and Mortimer; whose evil counsel afterward wrought the destruction of the King.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MORTIMER TO QUEEN ISABEL.

As thy salutes my sorrows do adjourn,
So back to thee their int'rest I return,
'Though not in so great bounty (I confess)
As thy heroic princely lines express :
For how should comfort issue from the breath
(a) Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for death?

From murther's rage thou didst me once relieve
Now in exile my hopes thou dost revive :
(b) Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst give,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'st me twice to live.

'This double life of mine, your only due
You gave to me, I give it back to you.

Ne'er my escape had I adventur'd thus,
As did the sky-attempting Dedalus;
And yet to give more safety to my flight,
Did make a night of day, a day of night :
Nor had I backt the proud aspiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,
(c) Leaving the cords to tell were I had gone,
For gazers with much fear to look upon ;
But that thy beauty (by a power divine)
Breath'd a new life into this spirit of mine,
Drawn by the sun of thy celestial eyes,
With fiery wings, which bare me through the skies.

The heav'ns did seem the charge of me to take,
And sea and land befriend me for thy sake ;
'Thames stop'd his tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadst charg'd him that it should be so :
The hollow murm'ring winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things slept ;

One billow bare me, and another drave me,
'This strove to help me, and that strove to save me :

The bristling reeds, mov'd with soft gales, did
chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me :

The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heavy chear,
And would not let one little star appear,
But over all her smoaky mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled up the world :
And the sad air became so calm and still,
As it had been obedient to my will ;
And every thing dispos'd it to my rest,
As on the seas when th' halcyon builds her nest.
When on those rough waves, which late with fury
rush'd,

Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd :
Nor Neptune lets his surges out so long,
As nature is in bringing forth her young,
(d) Ne'er let the Spensers glory in my chance,
In that I live an exile here in France,
That I from England banished should be,
But England rather banished from me :
More were her want, France our great blood
should bear,

Than England's loss can be to Mortimer.
(e) My grandfire was the first since Arthur's
reign,

That the round-table rectify'd again ;
To whose great court at Kenelworth did come
The peerless Knighthood of all Christendome,
Whose Princely order honour'd England more,
Than all the conquests she atchiev'd before.

Never durst Scot set foot on English ground,
Nor on his back did English bear a wound,
Whilst Wigmore flourish'd in our princely hopes,
And whilst our ensigns march'd with Edward's
troops :

(f) Whilst famous Longshanks' bones (in fortune's scorn)

As sacred reliques to the field were born :
Nor ever did the valiant English doubt,
Whilst our brave battles guarded them about ;
Nor did our wives and woful mothers mourn,
(g) The English blood that stained Banocks-bourn,
Whilst with his minions sporting in his tent,
Whole days and nights in banqueting were spent,
Until the Scots (which under safeguard stood)
Made lavish havoc of the English blood :
Whose batter'd helms lay scatter'd on the shore,
Where they in conquest had been born before.

A thousand kingdoms will we seek from far,
As many nations waste with civil war,
Where the dishevel'd ghastly sea-nymph sings,
Or well-rigg'd ships shall stretch their swelling wings,

And drag their anchors through the sandy foam,
About the world in ev'ry clime to roam,
And those unchrist'ned countries call our own,
Where scarce the name of England hath been known :

(b) And in the dead sea sink our house's fame;
(From whose vast depth we first deriv'd our name)

Before foul black-mouth'd infamy shall sing,
That Mortimer e'er stoop'd unto a King.
And we will turn stern-visag'd fury back,
To seek his spoil, who fought our utter sack;
And come to beard him in our native isle,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile :
And after all these boist'rous stormy shocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chalky rocks ;
Nor will we steal, like pirates or like thieves,
From mountains, forests, or sea-bord'ring cleaves,
But fright the air with terror (when we come)
Of the stern trumpet, and the bellowing drum :
And in the field advance our plumed crest,
And march upon fair England's flow'ry breast.
And Thames, which once we for our life did swim,
Shaking our dewy tresses on his brim,
Shall bear my navy vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the pow'rful tide :
Which fertile Essex, and fair Kent shall see,
Spreading her flags along the pleasant lee,
When on her stemming poop she proudly bears
The famous ensigns of the Belgic peers.

(i) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in,
The canon text shall have a common gloss,
Receipts in parcels shall be paid in gross;
This doctrine preach'd, *who from the church doth*
At least shall treble restitution make. [take;

For which Rome sends her curses out from far,
Through the stern throat of terror-breathing war;
Till to th' unpeopled shores she brings supplies
(k) Of those industrious Roman colonies,

And for his homage, by the which of old,
Proud Edward, Guien and Aquitain doth hold,
(l) Charles by invasive arms again shall take,
And send the English forces o'er the lake.
When Edward's fortune stands upon this chance,
To lose in England, or to forfeit France ;
And all those towns great Longshanks left his son,
Now lost, which once he fortunately won,
Within their strong portculiz'd ports shall lie,
And from their walls his sieges shall defy :
And by that firm and undissolved knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring French and bord'ring

Scot,
Bruce shall bring his Redshanks from the seas,
From th' isled Orcads and the Eubides,
And to his western havens give free pass,
To land the Kern and Irish Galloglas,
Marching from Tweed to swelling Humber's sands,

Wasting along the northern Netherlands.
And wanting those which should his pow'r sustain,
Consum'd with slaughter in his bloody reign,
Our warlike sword shall drive him from his throne,

Where he shall lie for us to trade upon.
(m) And those great lords, now after their attaints,

Canonized amongst the English saints,
And by their superstitious people thought,
That by their reliques miracles are wrought :
And think that flood much virtue doth retain,
Which took the blood of famous Bohun slain;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the people more abhor their King.

Nor shall a Spenser (be he ne'er so great)
Possess our Wigmore, our renowned seat,
To raze the ancient trophies of our race,
With our deserts their monuments to grace :
Nor shall he lead our valiant marchers forth,
To make the Spensers famous in the north ;
Nor be the guardians of the British pales,
Defending England, and preserving Wales.

At first our troubles easily recul'd,
But now grown head-strong, hardly to be rul'd ;
" Deliberate counsel needs us to direct.
" Where not ev'n plainness frees us from suspect :
By those mishaps our errors that attend,
Let us our faults ingenuously amend.
Then (dear) repress all peremptory spleen,
Be more than woman, as you are a Queen ;
Smother those sparks, which quickly else would burn.

Till time produce what now it doth adjourn,
Till when, great Queen, I leave you (though a while)

Live you in rest, nor pity my exile.

 ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Of one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for death.*

Roger Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, had stood publicly condemned for his insurrection with Thomas Earl of Lancaster, and Bohun Earl of Hertford, by the space of three months: and, as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to have been shortly, which he prevented by his escape.

(b) *Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst give.*

At what time the two Mortimers, this Roger Lord of Wigmore, and his uncle Roger Mortimer the elder, were apprehended in the west, the Queen by means of Torilton Bishop of Hereford, and Becke Bishop of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusalem, being then both mighty in the state, upon the submission of the Mortimers, somewhat pacified the King: and now secondly she wrought means for his escape.

(c) *Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone.*

With strong ladders made of cords, provided him for the purpose, he escaped out of the Tower; which when the same were found fastned to the walls in such a desperate attempt, they bred astonishment in the beholders.

(d) *Ne'er let the Spensers glory in my chance.*

The two Hugh Spensers, the father and the son, then being so highly favoured of the King, knew that their greatest safety came by his exile, whose high and turbulent spirit could never brook any corival in greatness.

(e) *My grandfire was the first since Arthur's reign,
That the round table rectify'd again.*

Robert Mortimer, called the great Lord Mortimer, grandfather to this Roger, who was afterward the first Earl of March, erected again the round table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of King Arthur's table with the retinue of an hundred Knights and an hundred ladies in his house, for the entertaining of such adventurers as came thither from all parts of Christendom.

(f) *Whilst famous Longshanks' bones (in Fortune's scorn.)*

Edward Longshanks willed at his death, that his body should be boiled the flesh from the bones, and that the bones should be born to the wars in Scotland, which he was persuaded unto by a prophesy, which told that the English should still be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones were carried in the field.

(g) *The English blood that stained Banocks-bourn.*

In the great voyage Edward the second made against the Scots at the battle of Stirling, near unto the river of Banocks-burn in Scotland, there was in the English camp such banqueting and excess, such riot and disorder, that the Scots (who in the mean time laboured for advantage) gave to the English a great overthrow.

(h) *And in the dead sea sink our house's fame,
From whose, &c.*

Mortimer so called of *Mare mortuum*, and in French *Mortimer*, in English the *dead sea*, which is said to be were Sodom and Gomorrah once were, before they were destroyed with fire from heaven.

(i) *And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in.*

Gauftellinus and Lucas, two Cardinals, sent into England from Pope Clement to appease the ancient hate between the King and Thomas Earl of Lancaster; to whose embassy the King seemed to yield, but after their departure he went back from his promises, for the which he was accursed at Rome.

(k) *Of those industrious Roman colonies.*

A Colony is a sort or number of people, that come to inhabit a place before not inhabited; whereby he seems here to prophesy of the subversion of the land, the Pope joining with the power of other Princes against Edward, for the breach of his promise.

(l) *Charles by invasive arms again shall take.*

Charles the French King, moved by the wrong done unto his sister, seizeth the provinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by Mortimer, who solicited her cause in France, as is expressed before in the other epistle, in the gloss upon this point.

(m) *And those great Lords, now after their attaints.*

Canonized among the English saints.

After the death of Thomas Earl of Lancaster at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques; as they did of the body of Bohun Earl of Hertford slain at Borough-bridge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TO ALICE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

The Argument.

Count *Salisbury*, a grave and prudent Lord,
Dispatch'd for France, was scarcely gone abroad,
But the Scots hearing that he was away,
Besieg'd the castle where his lady lay.
Edward the Black Prince, with an army sent
T' remove the foe, beholding from his tent
Her walking on the battlement above,
With the fair Countess strangely falls in love.
Her noble husband not long after dy'd;
When he, who thought he should not be deny'd,
Courts her by letters, and thus writeth to her;
She in her answer checks him so to woo her.

RECEIVE (*a*) these papers from thy woful Lord,
With far more woes than they with words are
stor'd,
Which if thine eye for rashness do reprove,
They'll say they came from that imperious
love.
In ev'ry line well may'st thou understand,
Which love hath sign'd and sealed with his
hand;
And where to farther process he refers,
In blots set down to thee for characters.
This cannot blush, although you do refuse it,
Nor will reply, however you shall use it:
All's one to this, though you should bid de-
pair,

This still intreats you, this still speaks you
fair.

Hast thou a living soul, a human sense,
To like, dislike, prove, order, and dispense?
The depth of reason soundly to advise,
To love things good, things hurtful to despise?
The touch of judgment, which should all things
prove,
Hast thou all this, yet not allow'st my love?
Sound moves a sound, voice doth beget a voice,
One echo makes another to rejoice;
One well-tun'd string set truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another strike.
How comes it then, that our affections jar?
What opposition doth beget the war?

I know that Nature frankly to thee gave
That measure of her bounty that I have;
And as to me, she likewise to thee lent,
For ev'ry sense a several instrument:
But ev'ry one, because it is thine own,
Doth prize itself unto itself alone.
Thy dainty hand, when it itself doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none such:
When in thy glass thine eye itself doth see,
That thinks there's none like to itself can be;
And ev'ry one doth judge itself divine,
Because that thou dost challenge it for thine:
And each itself Narcissus like doth smother,
Loving itself, nor cares for any other.
Fie! be not burn'd thus in thine own desire,
'Tis needless beauty should itself admire:
"The sun, by which all creatures light'ned be,
"And seeth all, itself yet cannot see;
"And his own brightness his own foil is made,
"And is to us the cause of his own shade."
When first thy beauty by mine eye was prov'd,
I saw not then so much to be belov'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each look of one doth many beauties make:
In little circlets there it doth arise,
Then somewhat larger seeming in mine eyes:
And in this gyring compass as it goes,
So more and more the same in greatness grows;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The motion still doth other forms beget:
Until at length look any way I could,
Nothing there was but beauty to behold.
Art thou offended that thou art belov'd?
Remove the cause, th' effect is soon remov'd:
Indent with beauty how far to extend,
Set down desire a limit where to end;
Then charm thine eyes, that they no more may
wound,

And limit love to keep within a bound.
If thou do this, nay then thou shalt do more,
And bring to pass what never was before:
Make anguish sportive, craving all delight,
Mirth solemn, sullen, and inclin'd to night;
Ambition lowly, envy speaking well,
Love his relief for niggardize to sell.

Our warlike fathers did these forts devise,
As surest holds against our enemies,
Places wherein your sex might safely rest,
"Fear soon is settled in a woman's breast:"
Thy breast is of another temper far,
And than thy castle fitter for the war;
Thou dost not safely in thy castle rest,
Thy castle should be safer in thy breast:
That keeps out foes, but doth our friends in-
close,
But thy breast keeps out both thy friends and
foes:

That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
Or by straight siege, for want of succour pin'd;
But thy heart is invincible to all,
And more obdurate than thy castle wall.
Of all the shapes that ever Jove did prove,
Wherewith he us'd to entertain his love,

That likes me best, when in a golden shew'r,
He rain'd himself on Danae in her tow'r;
Nor did I ever envy his command
In that he bears the thunder in his hand:
But in that showry shape I cannot be,
And as he came to her, I come to thee.

Thy tow'r with foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are besieg'd without,
One hair of thine more vigour doth retain
To bind thy foe, than any iron chain:
Who might be gyv'd in such a golden string,
Would not be captive, though he were a king.

Hadst thou all India heap'd up in thy fort,
And thou thyself besieged in that fort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee espie,
They'll follow thee, and let the treasure lie.
I cannot think what force thy tow'r should
win,

If thou thyself do'st guard the same within:
Thine eye retains artillery at will,
To kill whoever thou desir'st to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds men's
hearts,

Than they can thee, though with a thousand
darts:
For there intrenched little Cupid lies,
And from those turrets all the world defies;
(b) And when thou let'st down that transparent
lid,

Of entrance there an army doth forbid.
And as for famine, thou need'st never fear,
Who thinks of want, when thou art present
there?

Thy only fight puts spirits into the blood,
And comforts life, without the taste of food.
And as thy soldiers keep their watch and ward,
Thy chastity thy inward breast doth guard:
Thy modest pulse serves as a larum bell,
Which watched by some wakeful sentinel,
Is stirring still with every little fear,
Warning if any enemy be near.
Thy virtuous thoughts, when all the others rest,
Like careful scouts, pass up and down thy
breast,

And still they round about that place do keep,
Whilst all the blessed garrison do sleep.

But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
That thou hast robb'd, and fly'st into this
hold:

I thought as much, and didst this fort devise,
That thou in safety here might'st tyrannize.
Yes, thou hast robb'd the heaven and earth of
all,

And they against thy lawless theft do call.
Thine eyes, with mine that wage continual
wars,

Borrow their brightness of the twinkling stars:
Thy lips, from mine that in thy mask be pent,
Have filch'd the blushing from the orient:
Thy cheek, for which mine all this penance
proves,
Steals the pure whiteness both from swans and
doves:

Thy breath, for which mine still in sighs con-
fumes,
Hath robb'd all flowers, all odours, and per-
fumes.
O mighty love! bring hither all thy pow'r,
And fetch this heavenly thief out of her tow'r:
For if she may be suffer'd in this fort,
Heav'n's store will soon be hoarded in this
fort.

When I arriv'd before that state of love,
And saw thee on that battlement above,
I thought there was no other heav'n but there,
And thou an angel didst from thence appear:
But when my reason did reprove mine eye,
That thou wert subject to mortality,
I then excus'd what erst the Scot had done,
No marvel though he would the fort have
won;

Perceiving well, those envious walls did hide
More wealth than was in all the world beside.
Against thy foe I came to lend thee aid,
And thus to thee myself I have betray'd.

He is besieg'd, the siege that came to raise,
There's no assault that not my breast assays.

" Love grown extreme, doth find unlawful
" shifts,

" The Gods take shapes, and do allure with
" gifts:

" Commanding Jove, that by great Styx doth
" swear,

" Forsworn in love, with lovers oaths doth bear;

" Love causeless still, doth aggravate his cause,

" It is his law to violate all laws:

" His reason is in only wanting reason,
" And were untrue, not deeply touch'd with
" treason;

" Unlawful means doth make his lawful gain;
" He speaks most true, when he the most doth
" fain."

Pardon the faults that have escap'd by me,
Against fair virtue, chastity, and thee:

" If Gods can their own excellence excel,

" It is in pard'ning mortals that rebel."

When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,
And all thy sex made glorious by thy name,

Then I a captive shall be brought hereby

T' adorn the triumph of thy chastity.

I sue not now thy paramour to be,

But as a husband to be link'd to thee:

I am England's heir, I think thou wilt confess,

Wert thou a prince, I hope, I am no less,

But that thy birth doth make thy stock divine,

Else durst I boast my blood as good as thine:

Disdain me not, nor take my love in scorn,

Whose brow a crown hereafter may adorn.

But what I am, I call mine own no more,

Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt re-
store;

Only I crave, whate'er I did intend,

In faithful love all happily may end.

Farewel, sweet lady, so well may'st thou fare,

To equal joy with measure of my care:

Thy virtues more than mortal tongue can tell;

A thousand thousand times farewel, farewel.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Receive these papers from thy woful Lord.*

Bandello, by whom this history was made fa-
mous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples custom
in that clime, rather to fail sometimes in the
truth of circumstance, than to forego the grace
of their conceit: in like manner as the Grecians,
of whom the satyrist:

Et quicquid Græcia mendax

Audet in historia,

thinking it to be a greater trial that a Countess
should be sued unto by a King, than by the son of
a King, and consequently that the honour of her
chastity should be the more, hath caused it to be
generally taken so; but, as by *Polydore*, *Fabian*,
and *Froisard* appears, the contrary is true. Yet

may Bandello be very well excused, as being a
stranger, whose errors in the truth of our history
are not so material, that they should need an in-
vective, lest his wit should be defrauded of any
part of his due, which were not less were every
part a fiction. Howbeit, lest a common error
should prevail against a truth, these Epistles are
conceived in those persons who were indeed the
actors; to wit, Edward the Black Prince, not so
much of his complexion, as of the dismal battles
which he fought in France (in like sense as we
may say a *black day*, for some tragical event, though
the sun shine never so bright therein.) And Alice
the Countess of Salisbury, who (as it is certain)
was beloved of Prince Edward, so it is as certain,

that many points now current in the received story can never hold together with likelihood of such inforcement, had it not been shaded under the title of a king.

(b) *And when thou lett'st down that transparent lid.*

Not that the lid is transparent; for no part of the skin is transparent; but for that the gem, which that closure is said to contain, is transparent; for

otherwise how could the mind understand by the eye, should not the images slide through the same, and replenish the stage of the fancy? But this belongs to optics. The Latins call the eye-lid *cilium* (I will not say of *celando*) as the eye-brow *supercilium*, and the hair on the eye-lids *palpebra*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which have their distinct and necessary uses.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ALICE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, TO THE BLACK PRINCE.

As one that fain would grant, yet fain deny,
"Twixt hope and fear I doubtfully reply;
A woman's weakness lest I should discover,
Answering a prince, and writing to a lover:
And some say, love with reason doth dispense,
And wrests our plain words to another sense.
Think you not then, poor women had not need
Be well advis'd, to write what men should read;
When being silent, but to move awry,
Doth often bring us into obloquy?
" Whilst in our hearts our secret thoughts abide,
" Th' envenom'd tongue of slander yet is ty'd;
" But if once spoke, deliver'd up to fame,
" In her report that often is to blame."
About to write, but newly entring in,
Methinks I end, e'er I can well begin:
When I would end, then something makes me
stay,
For then methinks I should have more to say,
And some one thing remaineth in my breast,
For want of words that cannot be exprest:
What I would say, as said to thee I feign,
Then in thy person I reply again;
And in thy cause urge all that may effect,
Then, what again mine honour must respect,
O Lord! what fundry passions do I try,
To set that right, which is so much awry?
Being a prince, I blame you not to prove;
The greater reason to obtain your love.
That greatness, which doth challenge no de-
nial,
The only test that doth allow my trial;

Edward so great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capital.
" To men is granted privilege to tempt,
" But in that charter women be exempt:
" Men win us not, except we give consent,
" Against ourselves unless that we be bent.
" Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
" You prove not false, except we be untrue;
" It is your virtue, being men, to try;
" And it is ours, by virtue to deny.
" Your fault itself serves for the fault's excuse,
" And makes it ours, though yours be the abuse.
" Beauty a beggar? fie! it is too bad,
" When in itself sufficiency is had;
" Not made a lure t' intice the wand'ring eye,
" But an attire t' adorn our modesty:
" If modesty and women once do sever,
" We may bid farewell to our fame for ever."
Let John and Henry, Edward's instance be,
Matilda and fair Rosamond for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike su'd to be won,
Th' one by the father, th' other by the son:
Henry obtaining, did our weakness wound,
And lays the fault on wanton Rosamond.
Matilda chaste, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on John.
" By these we prove men necessary still,
" But women only principals of ill.
" What praise is ours, but what our virtues get?
" If they be lent, so much we be in debt;
" Whilst our own honours we ourselves defend,
" All force too weak, what ever men pretend:

" If all the world else should suborn our fame,
 " 'Tis we ourselves that overthrow the fame :
 " And howsoe'er, although by force you win,
 " Yet on our weakness still returns the sin."

A virtuous prince who doth not Edward call ?
 And shall I then be guilty of your fall ?
 Now God forbid ; yet rather let me die,
 Than such a sin upon my soul should lie.
 Where is great Edward ? whither is he led,
 At whose victorious name whole armies fled ?
 Is that brave spirit, that conquer'd so in France,
 Thus overcome, and vanquish'd with a glance ?
 Is that great heart, that did aspire so high,
 So soon transpierced with a woman's eye ?
 He that a King at Poictiers battle took,
 Himself led captive with a wanton look ?

(a) Twice as a bride to church I have been led,
 Twice have two lords enjoy'd my bridal bed :
 How can that beauty yet be undestroy'd,
 That years have wasted, and two men enjoy'd ?
 Or should be thought fit for a prince's store,
 Of which two subjects were possess'd before ?

Let Spain, let France, or Scotland so prefer
 Their infant queens for England's dowager,
 That blood should be much more than half di-
 vine,
 That should be equal ev'ry way with thine :
 Yet, princely Edward, though I thus reprove
 you,

As mine own life so dearly do I love you.

My noble husband, which so loved you,
 That gentle Lord, that reverend Montague,
 Ne'er mother's voice did please her babe so well,
 As his did mine, of you to hear him tell :
 I have made short the hours that time made
 long,

And chain'd mine ears to his most pleasing
 tongue :

My lips have waited on your praise's worth,
 And snatcht his words, ere he could get them
 forth :

When he had spoke, and something by the way
 Hath broke off that he was about to say,
 I kept in mind where from his tale he fell,
 Calling on him the residue to tell.

Oft he would say, How sweet a prince is he !
 When I have prais'd him but for praising thee ;
 And to proceed, I would intreat and woo,
 And yet to ease him, help to praise thee too.

And must she now exclaim against the wrong
 Offer'd by him, whom she hath lov'd so long ?
 Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost swear,
 Edward will blush, when he his fault shall hear.
 Judge now, that time doth youth's desire af-
 swage,

And reason mildly quench the fire of rage ;
 By upright justice let my cause be try'd,
 And be thou judge, if I not justly chide.

(b) That not my father's grave and reverend
 years,

When on his knee he beg'd me with his tears,
 By no persuasions possibly could win,
 To free himself from prompting me to sin ;
 The woe for me my mother did abide,
 Whose fate (but you) there's none could have de-
 ny'd,

Your lustful rage, your tyranny could stay,
 Mine honour's ruin further to delay.
 Have I not lov'd you ? let the truth be shown,
 That still preserv'd your honour with mine own.
 Had your fond will, your soul desires prevail'd,
 When you by them my chastity assail'd ;
 (Though this no way could have excus'd my
 fault,

" True virtue never yielded to assault :")
 Besides, the ill of you that had been said,
 My parents sin had to your charge been laid ;

(c) And I have gain'd my liberty with shame,
 To save my life, made shipwreck of my name.

Did Roxborough once veil her tow'ring fane
 To thy brave ensigns on the northern plains ?
 And thy trumpets sounding from thy tent,
 Mine oft again thee hearty welcome sent,
 And did receive thee as my sovereign liege,
 Coming to aid me, thus me to besiege,
 To raise a foe that but for treasure came,
 To plant a foe, to take my honest name ;
 Under pretence to have remov'd the Scot,
 And would'st have won more than he could have
 got ?

That did ingirt me, ready still to fly,
 But thou laid'st batt'ry to my chastity :
 O modesty, didst thou not me restrain,
 How could I chide you in this angry vein !

A prince's name (Heav'n knows) I do not
 crave,
 To have those honours Edward's spouse should
 have ;

Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
 In my chaste breast to harbour such a thought,
 As to be worthy to be made a bride,
 A piece unfit for princely Edward's side ;
 Of all, the most unworthy of that grace,
 To wait on her that should enjoy that place :
 But if that love Prince Edward doth require
 Equal his virtues, and my chaste desire ;
 If it be such as we may justly vaunt,
 A prince may sue for, and a lady grant ;
 If it be such as may suppress my wrong,
 That from your vain unbridled youth hath
 sprung ;

That faith I send, which I from you receive :

(d) The rest unto your princely thoughts I
 leave,

 ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Twice as a bride I have to church been led.*

The two husbands of which she makes mention, objecting bigamy against herself, as being therefore not meet to be married with a bachelor prince, were Sir Thomas Holland knight, and Sir William Mountague, afterwards made Earl of Salisbury.

(b) *That not my father's grave and reverend years.*

A thing incredible, that any prince should be so unjust, to use the father's means for the corruption of the daughter's chastity, though so the history importeth; her father being so honourable, and a man of so singular desert: though Polydore would have her thought to be Jane the daughter of Edmond Earl of Kent, uncle to Edward the third, beheaded in the protectorship of Mortimer that dangerous aspirer.

(c) *And I have gain'd my liberty with shame.*

Roxburgh is a castle in the north, misnamed by Bandello Salisbury castle, because the king had given it to the Earl of Salisbury; in which, her lord being absent, the countess by the Scots was besieged: who, by the coming of the English army, were removed. Here first the prince saw her, whose liberty had been gain'd by her shame,

had she been drawn by dishonest love to satisfy his appetite: but by her most praise worthy constancy, she converted that humour in him to an honourable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired virtue.

(d) *The rest unto your princely thoughts I leave.*

Lest any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it shall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are uttered concerning her, whose name is said to have been *Ælips*: but that being rejected, as a name unknown among us, Froilard is rather believed, who calleth her *Alice*. Polydore contrariwise, as before is declared, names her *Jane*, who by Prince Edward had issue, Edward dying young, and Richard the second king of England, though (as he saith) she was divorced afterwards, because within the degrees of consanguinity prohibiting to marry. The truth whereof I omit to discuss. Her husband, the Lord Mountague, being sent over into Flanders by King Edward was taken prisoner by the French; and not returning, left his countess a widow: in whose bed succeeded Prince Edward; to whose lust and lawful request, the rejoiceful lady sends this loving answer.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN ISABEL TO KING RICHARD II.

The Argument.

Richard the second, wrongfully depos'd
By Henry Duke of *Hertford*, and inclos'd
In *Pomfret* castle; *Isabel* the Queen,
To the neglected King; who having seen
His disinvesting, and disast'rous chance,
To *Charles* her father shipp'd again for *France*,
(Where for her husband griev'd and discontent)
Thence this epistle to King *Richard* sent,
By which when he her sorrow doth descry,
He to the same as sadly doth reply.

As doth the yearly augur of the spring,
In depth of woe thus I my sorrow sing;
My tunes with sighs yet ever mixt among,
A doleful burthen to a heavy song:
Words issue forth, to find my grief some way,
Tears overtake them, and do bid them stay;
Thus whilst one strives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, soon are both too slack.
(a) If fatal *Pomfret* hath in former time
Nourish'd the grief of that unnatural crime,
Thither I send my sorrows to be fed;
Than where first born, where fitter to be bred?
They unto *France* be aliens and unknown,
England from her doth challenge these her own.
They say, all mischief cometh from the North;
It is too true, my fall doth set it forth:
But why should I thus limit grief a place,
When all the world is fill'd with our disgrace?
And we in bonds thus striving to contain it,
The more resists, the more we do restrain it.

(b) Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched eyes,
And in my glass oft call them faithless spies!
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that unawares did look
Upon that traitor *Henry Bullenbrook*:
But that excess of joy my sense bereav'd
So much, my sight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd lord was he,
Whom rashly I (sweet *Richard*) took for thee!
I might have seen, the courser's self did lack
That princely rider to bestride his back;
He that since nature her great work began,
She only made the mirror of a man,
That when she meant to form some matchless limb,
Still for a pattern took some part of him,
And jealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
When she in him had done the best she could.
Oh, let that day be guilty of all sin
That is to come, or heretofore hath been, [stay'd,
(c) Wherein great *Norfolk's* forward course was
To prove the treasons he to *Hertford* lay'd,

When (with stern fury) both these dukes engag'd,

Their warlike gloves at Coventry engag'd,
When first thou didst repeal thy former grant,
Seal'd to brave Mowbray as thy combatant!
From his unnumber'd hours let Time divide it,
Left in his minutes he should hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to bear it,
That when it comes, all other hours may fear it,
And all ill-boding planets, by consent,
In it may hold their dreadful parliament:
Be it in heav'n's decrees inrolled thus,
Black, dismal, fatal, inauspicious.

Proud Hertford then in height of all his pride,
Under great Mowbray's valiant hand had dy'd;
And never had from banishment retir'd,
The fatal brand wherewith our Troy was fir'd.

(d) Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy state?

A vagabond and struggling runagate;
And in his court with grace did entertain
That vagrant exile, that vile bloody Cain,
Who with a thousand mothers curses went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten years banishment?

(e) When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell,

Millions of knees upon the pavements fell,
And ev'ry where th' applauding echoes ring
The joyful shouts that did salute a king.

Thy parting hence, the pomp that did adorn,
Was vanquish'd quite when as thou didst return;

Who to my lord one look vouchsaf'd to lend?

Then, all too few on Hertford to attend.

"Princes (like suns) be evermore in fight,

"All see the clouds betwixt them and their light:

"Yet they which lighten all down from their skies,

"See not the clouds offending others eyes,

"And deem their noon-tide is desir'd of all,

"When all expect clear changes by their fall."

What colour seems to shadow Hertford's claim,
When law and right his father's hopes do maim?

(f) Affirm'd by churchmen (which should bear no hate)

That John of Gaunt was illegitimate;

Whom his reputed mother's tongue did spot,

By a base Flemish boor to be begot:

Whom Edward's eaglets mortally did shun,

Daring with them to gaze against the sun:

Where lawful right and conquest doth allow

A triple crown on Richard's princely brow;

Three kingly lions bears his bloody field,

(g) No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield:

Never durst he attempt our hapless shore,

Nor set his foot on fatal Ravenspore;

Nor durst his flugging hulks approach the strand,

Nor stoop a top as signal to the land,

Had not the Piercies promis'd aid to bring,

Against their oath unto their lawful king,

(h) Against their faith unto our crown's true heir,

Their valiant kinsman Edmond Mortimer.

When I to England came, a world of eyes,
Like stars, attended on my fair arise,

Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,
And are all set, before my going down.

The smooth-fac'd air did on my coming smile,
But I with storms am driven to exile:

But Bullenbrook devis'd we thus should part,
Fearing two sorrows should possess one heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny

That one poor comfort left our misery.

He had before divorc'd thy crown and thee,

Which might suffice, and not to widow me;

But so to prove the utmost of his hate,

To part us in this miserable state.

(i) Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he betray'd

The plot, which once that noble abbot laid!

When he infring'd the oath which he first took,

For thy revenge on perjur'd Bullenbrook,

And been the ransom of our friends dear blood,

Untimely lost, and for the earth too good!

And we untimely do bewail their state,

They gone too soon, and we remain too late!

And though with tears I from my lord depart,

This curse on Hertford fall, to ease my heart:

If the foul breach of a chaste nuptial bed

May bring a curse, my curse light on his head:

If murder's guilt with blood may deeply stain,

(k) Green, Scroop, and Busbie dye his fault in grain:

If perjury may heaven's pure gates debar,

(l) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster:

If the deposing of a lawful king,

Thy curse condemn him, if no other thing:

If these disjoin'd, for vengeance cannot call,

Let them united strongly curse him all.

And for the Piercies, heav'n may hear my pray'r,

That Bullenbrook, now plac'd in Richard's chair,

Such cause of woe to their proud wives may be,

As those rebellious lords have been to me!

And that coy dame, which now controulet all,

And in her pomp triumpheth in my fall,

For her great lord may water her sad eyne,

With as salt tears, as I have done for mine:

(m) And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,

As I for my dear Mortimer have done;

And as I am, so succourless be sent,

Lastly to taste perpetual banishment!

Then lose thy care, when first thy crown was lost,

Sell it so dearly, for it dearly cost:

And fith it did of liberty deprive thee,

Burying thy hope, let nothing else outlive thee.

But hard (God knows) with sorrow doth it go,

When woe becomes a comforter to woe:

Yet much (methinks) of comfort I could say,

If from my heart some fears were rid away;

Something there is, that danger still doth shew,

But what it is, that heaven alone doth know.

"Grief to itself most dreadful doth appear,

"And never yet was sorrow void of fear;

But yet in death doth sorrow hope the best,

And, Richard, thus I wish thee happy rest.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *If fatal Pomfret bath in former time.*

Pomfret castle, ever a fatal place to the princes of England, and most ominous to the blood of Plantagenet.

(b) *Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched eyes,
And in my glass, &c.*

When Bullenbrook returned to London from the west, bringing Richard a prisoner with him; the Queen, who little knew of her husband's hard success, stayed to behold his coming in, little thinking to have seen her husband thus led in triumph by his foe: and now seemed to hate her eyes, that so much had graced her mortal enemy.

(c) *Wherein great Norfolk's forward course was
flaid.*

She remembereth the meeting of the two Dukes of Hertford and Norfolk at Coventry, urging the justness of Mowbray's quarrel against the Duke of Hertford, and the faithful assurance of his victory.

(d) *Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy state?
A vagabond, &c.*

Charles the French king, her father, received the duke of Hertford into his court, and relieved him in France, being so nearly allied as cousin-german to King Richard his son-in-law; which he did simply, little thinking that he should after return into England, and dispossess King Richard of the crown.

(e) *When thou to Ireland took thy last farewell.*

King Richard made a voyage with his army into Ireland against Onel and Mackmur, who rebelled: at what time Henry entered here at home and robbed him of all kingly dignity.

(f) *Affirm'd by churchmen (which should bear no
bate)*

That John of Gaunt was illegitimate.

William Wickam in the great quarrel betwixt John of Gaunt and the clergy, of mere spite and malice (as it should seem) reported, that the queen confessed to him on her death-bed, being then her confessor, that John of Gaunt was the son of a Flemming, and that she was brought to bed of a woman child at Gaunt, which was smothered in the cradle by mischance, and that she obtained this child of a poor woman, making the king believe it was her own, greatly fearing his displeasure. *For ex Chron. Alban.*

(g) *No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield.*

Shewing the true and undubitate birth of Richard, his right unto the crown of England, as carrying the arms without blot or difference.

(b) *Against their faith unto the crown's true heir,
Their valiant kinsman, &c.*

Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, son of Earl Roger Mortimer, who was son to lady Philip, daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son to King Edward the third; which Edmond (King Richard going into Ireland) was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown; whose aunt, called Ellinor, this Lord Piercy had married.

(i) *Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he be-
tray'd*

The plot, which once the noble abbot laid.

The abbot of Westminster had plotted the death of King Henry, to have been done at a tilt at Oxford: of which confederacy there was John Holland Duke of Exeter, Thomas Holland Duke of Surry, the Duke of Aumerle, Mountacute Earl of Salisbury, Spenser Earl of Gloucester, the Bishop of Carlisle, and Sir Thomas Blunt; these all had bound themselves one to another by indenture to perform it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of Aumerle.

(k) *Scroop, Green, and Bushy dye his fault in
grain.*

Henry going towards the castle of Flint, where King Richard was, caused Scroop, Green, and Bushy to be executed at Bristol, as vile persons, who had seduced the king to this lascivious and wicked life,

(l) *Damn'd be the oath be made at Doncaster.*

After Henry's exile, at his return into England, he took his oath at Doncaster upon the sacrament, not to claim the crown or kingdom of England, but only the dukedom of Lancaster, his own proper right, and the right of his wife.

(m) *And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,
As I for my, &c.*

This was the brave courageous Henry Hotspur, that obtained so many victories against the Scots: which after falling out right with the curse of Queen Isabel, was slain by Henry at the battle at Shrewsbury.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

RICHARD II. TO QUEEN ISABEL.

What can my queen but hope for from this hand,
That it should write, which never could command?

A kingdom's greatness think how he should sway,
That wholesome counsel never could obey:
Ill this rude hand did guide a sceptre then,
Worse now (I fear me) it will rule a pen.

How shall I call my self, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence these letters came?

Not from thy husband, for my hateful life
Makes thee a widow, being yet a wife:
Nor from a king, that title I have lost,
Now of that name proud Bullenbrook may

boast.
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words so woful as, *I was a King*.

This lawless life, which first procur'd my hate;
(a) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal

state;
This abject soul of mine, consenting to it;
This hand, that was the instrument to do it;

All these be witnesses, that I now deny
All princely types, all Kingly sovereignty.

Didst thou for my sake leave thy father's court,
Thy famous country and thy princely port,
And undertook'st to travel dangerous ways,
Driven by awkward winds and boist'rous seas?

(b) And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me,

Who su'd in marriage to be link'd to thee,
Off'ring for dow'r the countries neighb'ring nigh,
Of fruitful Almain and rich Burgundy?

Didst thou all this, that England should receive thee,

To miserable banishment to leave thee?

And in my downfall and my fortune's wrack,
Thus to thy country to convey thee back?

When quiet sleep (the heavy heart's relief)
Hath rested sorrow, somewhat less'n'd grief,

My passed greatness into mind I call,
And think this while I dreamed of my fall:

With this conceit my sorrows I beguile,
That my fair queen is but withdrawn a while,

And my attendants in some chamber by,
As in the height of my prosperity.

Calling aloud, and asking who is there?
The echo answ'ring, tells me, Woe is there;

And when mine arms would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold:

Which when my waking eyes precisely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.

As many minutes as in the hours there be,
So many hours each minute seems to me;

Each hour a day, morn, noontide, and a set,
Each day a year, with miseries complete;

A winter, spring time, summer, and a fall,
All seasons varying, but unseason'd all:

In endless woe my thread of life thus wears,
In minutes, hours, days, months, to ling'ring

years.

They praise the summer, that enjoy the south,
Pomfret is closed in the North's cold mouth;

There pleasant summer dwelleth all the year,
Frost starved winter doth inhabit here:

A place wherein despair may fitly dwell,
Sorrow best suiting with a cloudy cell.

(c) When Hertford had his judgment of exile,
Saw I the people's murmuring the while;

'Th' uncertain commons touch'd with inward care,

As though his sorrows mutually they bare;
Fond women, and scarce-speaking children mourn,

Bewail his parting, wishing his return:

(2) That I was forc'd t' abridge his banish'd
years,
When they bedew'd his footsteps with their
tears;

Yet by example could not learn to know,
To what his greatness by their love might grow.

(c) But Henry boasts of our achievements done,
Bearing the trophies our great fathers won;
And all the story of our famous war,
Must grace the annals of great Lancaster.

(f) Seven goodly sciens in their spring did
flourish,
Which one self-root brought forth, one stock did
nourish,

(g) Edward, the top-branch of that golden tree,
Nature in him her utmost power did see,
Who from the bud still blossomed so fair,
As all might judge what fruit it meant to bear :
But I his graft, of ev'ry weed o'ergrown,
And from our kind, as refuse forth am thrown.

We from our grandfire stood in one degree,
(b) But after Edward, John the young'st of
three
Might Princely Wales beget a son so base,
That to Gaunt's issue should give sovereign
place?

(i) He that from France brought John his pris'ner
home,

As those great Cæsars did their spoils to Rome,
(k) Whose name, obtained by his fatal hand,
Was ever fearful to that conquer'd land :

His fame increasing, purchas'd in those wars,
Can scarcely now be bounded with the stars;
With him is valour from the base world fled,
(Or here in me it is extinguished)

Who for his virtue, and his conquests fake,
Posterity a demy-god shall make;
And judge, this vile and abject spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper so divine.

What earthly humour, or what vulgar eye
Can look so low, as on our misery?
When Bullenbrook is mounted to our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our
own :

Into our councils he himself intrudes,
And who but Henry with the multitudes?
His power degrades, his dreadful frown dis-
graceth,

He throws them down whom our advancement
placeth;

As my disable and unworthy hand
Never had power, belonging to command.

He treads our sacred tables in the dust,
(l) And proves our acts of parliament unjust;

As though he hated that it should be said,
That such a law by Richard once was made :

Whilst I deprest before his greatness, lie
Under the weight of hate and infamy.

My back, a foot-stool Bullenbrook to raise,
My looseness mock'd, and hateful by his praise,
Outlive mine honour, bury my estate,
And leave myself nought, but my people's hate.

Sweet queen, I'll take all counsel thou canst
give,

So that thou bid'st me neither hope nor live :

" Succour that comes, when ill hath done his
worst,

" But sharpens grief, to make us more accurst."

Comfort is now unpleasing to mine ear,
Past cure, past care, my bed become my bier :

Since now misfortune humbleth us so long,
Till heaven be grown unmindful of our wrong;

Yet it forbid my wrongs should ever die,
But still remember'd to posterity :

And let the crown be fatal that he wears,
And ever wet with woful mother's tears.

Thy curse on Piercy angry heavens prevent,
Who have not one curse left, on him unspent,
To scourge the world, now borrowing of my
store,

As rich of woes, as I a king am poor.
Then cease (dear queen) my sorrows to bewail,
My wound's too great for pity now to heal.

Age stealeth on, whilst thou complaine'st thus,
My griefs be mortal and infectious :

Yet better fortunes thy fair youth may try,
That follow thee, which still from me do fly.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal
state.

Richard the Second, at the resignation of the
crown to the Duke of Hertford in the tower of
London, delivering the same with his own hand,
there confessed his disability to govern, utterly
renouncing all kingly authority.

(b) And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me.
Before the Princess Isabel was married to the
king, Lewis Duke of Bourbon sued to have had
her in marriage; which was thought he had ob-
tained, if this motion had not fallen out in the
mean time. This Duke of Bourbon sued again
to have received her at her coming into France

after the imprisonment of king Richard, but king Charles her father then crossed him as before, and gave her to Charles son to the duke of Orleans.

(c) *When Hertford had his judgment of exile.*

When the combat should have been at Coventry, betwixt Henry duke of Hertford, and Thomas duke of Norfolk (where Hertford was adjudged to banishment for ten years) the commons exceedingly lamented; so greatly was he ever favoured of the people.

(d) *That I was forc'd t' abridge his banish'd years.*

When the duke came to take his leave of the king, being then at Eltham, the king, to please the commons, rather than for any love he bare to Hertford, repealed four years of his banishment.

(e) *But Henry boasts of our achievements done.*

Henry, the eldest son of John duke of Lancaster, at the first earl of Derby, then created duke of Hertford; after the death of the duke, John his father was duke of Lancaster and Hertford, earl of Darby, Leicester, and Lincoln: and after he had obtained the crown, was called by the name of Bullenbrook, which is a town in Lincolnshire; as usually all the kings of England bare the name of the place where they were born.

(f) *Seven goodly scions in their spring did flourish.*

Edward the Third had seven sons: Edward Prince of Wales, after called the Black Prince: William of Hatfield the second; Lionel duke of

Clarence the third; John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster the fourth; Edward of Langley duke of York the fifth; Thomas Woodstock duke of Gloucester the sixth; William of Windsor the seventh.

(g) *Edward, the top branch of that golden tree.*

Truly boasting himself to be the eldest son of Edward the Black Prince.

(h) *Yet after Edward, John the young'st of three.*

As disabling Henry Bullenbrook, being but the son of the fourth brother; William and Lionel being both before John of Gaunt.

(i) *He that from France brought John his pris'ner home.*

Edward the Black Prince taking John king of France prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, brought him into England, where at the Savoy he died.

(k) *Whose name, achieved by his fatal band.*

Called the Black Prince, not so much of his complexion, as of the famous battles he fought; as is shewed before in the gloss upon the epistle of Edward to the countess of Salisbury.

(l) *And proves our acts of parliament unjust.*

In the next parliament after Richard's resignation of the crown, Henry caused to be annihilated all the laws made in the parliament called the wicked parliament, held in the twentieth year of king Richard's reign.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN CATHERINE TO OWEN TUDOR.

The Argument.

Henry the Fifth, that only man of men,
To soon deceased; bright Queen *Cath'rine* then,
(Henry the Sixth, her son, of tender years,
Fortune so strangely her affection steers,
That amongst many, call'd one day to dance
Before the king and her) this heir of France,
And England's dowager, her eye taken had
By *Owen Tudor*, a brave youthful lad,
One of her wardrobe, and from Wales descended :
She, the great good that was to him intended,
To let him know, this letter doth devise,
Lest that the greatness of the enterprise
Should hap to daunt him; but he, bold by kind,
Shew'd her, his love was answ'ring to her mind.

JUDGE not a princess worth impeach'd hereby,
That love thus triumphs over majesty;
Nor think less virtue in this royal hand,
That it intreats, and wonted to command :
For in this sort though humbly now it woo,
The day hath been, thou would'st have kneel'd
unto.

Nor think that this submission of my state
Proceeds from frailty; rather judge it fate.

Alcides ne'er more fit for war's stern shock,
Than when with women spinning at the rock;
Never less clouds did Phœbus glory dim,
Than in a clown's shape when he covered him :
Jove's great command was never more obey'd,
Than when a satyr's antic parts he play'd.
He was thy king, who su'd for love to me;
And she is queen, who sues for love to thee.
When Henry was, my love was only his;
But by his death, it Owen Tudor's is.

My love to Owen, him my Henry giveth;
My love to Henry, in my Owen liveth.
Henry woo'd me, whilst wars did yet increase,
I woo my Tudor in sweet calms of peace;
To force affection, he did conquest prove;
I come with gentle arguments of love.

(a) Incamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
First saw I Henry clad in princely arms:
At pleasant Windsor, first these eyes of mine
My Tudor judg'd, for wit and shape, divine :
Henry abroad, with puissance and with force;
Tudor at home, with courtship and discourse :
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether,
Did like me best, Plantagenet or Tether;
A march, a measure, battle, or a dance,
A courtly rapier, or a conqu'ring lance.

His princely bed hath strength'ned my renown,
(b) And on my temples set a double crown,

Which glorious wreath (as Henry's lawful heir)
Henry the Sixth upon his brow doth bear.

(c) At Troy in Champain he did first enjoy
My bridal rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now that honour thou shalt have,
Which once in Champain famous Henry gave.

I seek not wealth, three kingdoms in my
power :

If these suffice not, where shall be my dower?
Sad discontent may ever follow her,
Which doth bafe pelf before true love prefer:
If titles still could our affections tye,
What is so great, but majesty might buy?
As I seek thee, so kings do me desire;
To what they would, thou easily may'st aspire.
That sacred fire once warm'd my heart before,
The fuel fit, the flame is now the more:
And means to quench it I in vain do prove,
"We may hide treasure, but not hide our love:"
And since it is thy fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now restrain it.

(d) Nor these great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, sister to a king,
Of grandfire, father, husband, son and brother,
More thou alone to me than all these other.

(e) Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born great Lancastrian
line,

(f) Or make the English blood, the sun or moon,
Repine at Lorain, Bourbon, Alanfon;
Nor do I think there is such different odds,
They should alone be number'd with the gods:
Of Cadmus earthly issue reck'ning us,
And they from Jove, Mars, Neptune, Æolus;
Of great Latona's offspring only they,
And we the brats of woful Niobe.

Our famous grandfires (as their own) bestrid
That horse of fame, that God-begotten steed,
Whose bounding hoof plow'd that Beotian
spring,

Where those sweet maids of memory do sing.
I claim not all from Henry, but as well
To be the child of Charles and Isabel:
Nor can I think from whence their grief should
grow,

That by this match they be disparag'd so.

(g) When John and Longshanks issue were affy'd
And to the kings of Wales in wedlock ty'd,
Shewing the greatness of your blood thereby,
Your race and royal consanguinity:

And Wales, as well as haughty England boasts,
(h) Of Camilot, and all her pentecosts,
To have precedence in Pendragon's race,
At Athur's table challenging the place.

If by the often conquest of your land,
They boast the spoils of their victorious hand;
If these our ancient chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.

(i) When bloody Rufus fought your utter sack,
Twice ent'ring Wales, yet twice was beaten back;
When famous Cambria wash'd her in the flood,
Made by th' effusion of the English blood;

(k) And oft return'd with glorious victory,
From Wor'ster, Her'ford, Chester, Shrewsbury;

Whose pow'r in ev'ry conquest so prevails,
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.

Although my beauty made my country's peace,
And at my bridal former broils did cease;
More than his pow'r had not his person been,
I had not come to England as a queen.
Nor took I Henry to supply my want,
Because in France that time my choice was scant,
When it had robb'd all Christendom of men,
And England's flow'r remain'd amongst us then:
Glo'ster, whose counsels (Nestor-like) assist;
Couragious Bedford, that great martialist;
Clarence, for virtue honour'd of his foes;
And York, whose fame yet daily greater grows;
Warwick, the pride of Nevil's haughty race;
Great Sals'bury, so fear'd in every place;
That valiant Pool, who no atchievements dares;
And Vere, so famous in the Irish wars;
Who, though my self so great a prince were born,
The worst of these my equal need not scorn:
But Henry's rare perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring kingdoms, so he conquer'd hearts;
As chaste was I to him as queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaste love vow'd to
thee.

Beauty doth fetch all savour from thy face,
All perfect courtship resteth in thy grace:
If thou discourse, thy lips such accents break,
As love a spirit forth of thee seem'd to speak.
The British language, which our vowels wants,
And jars so much upon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous
tongue,

As do the sweet notes of a well-set song,
And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine,
As the pure Tuscan from the Florentine;
Leaving such season'd sweetness in the ear,
That the voice past, yet still the sound is there:
In Nisus Tower, as when Apollo lay,
And on his golden viol us'd to play;
Where senseless stones were with such music
drown'd,

As many years they did retain the sound.

Let not the beams, that greatness doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timorous respect;
Assure thee, Tudor, majesty can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'st degree;
And the embraces of a queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by
you.

When in our greatness, our affections crave
Those secret joys that other women have:
So I (a queen) be sovereign in my choice,
Let others fawn upon the public voice;
Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Light, in respect to be belov'd of me?
Let peevish worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leave complaints and pleas to whom they do belong;
Let old men speak of chances and events,
And lawyers talk of titles and descents;
Leave fond reports to such as stories tell,
And covenants to those that buy and sell:
Love, my sweet Tudor, that becomes thee best,
And to our good success refer the rest.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Incamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
First, &c.*

Near unto Melans, upon the river of Seyne, was the appointed place of parley between the two kings of England and France; to which place Isabel the queen of France, and the duke of Burgoin brought the young princess Catharine, where king Henry first saw her.

(b) *And on my temples set a double crown.*

Henry the fifth, and queen Catharine, were taken as king and queen of France; and during the life of Charles the French king, Henry was called king of England, and heir of France: and after the death of Henry the fifth, Henry the sixth his son then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawful king of England and France.

(c) *At Troy in Champain he did first enjoy.*

Troy in Champain was the place where that victorious king Henry the fifth married the princess Catharine, in the presence of the chief nobility of the realms of England and France.

(d) *Nor these great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.*

Few queens of England or France were ever more princely allied than this queen, as it hath been noted by historiographers.

(e) *Nor fear my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born, &c.*

Noting the descent of Henry her husband from John duke of Lancaster the fourth son of Edward the third; which duke John was surnamed Gaunt, of the city of Gaunt in Flanders where he was born.

(f) *Or make he English blood, the sun and moon,
Repine, &c.*

Alluding to the greatness of the English line to

Phœbus and Phœbe, feigned to be the children of Latona, whose heavenly kind might scorn to be joined with any earthly progeny: yet with all, boasting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the history of the strife betwixt Juno and the face of Cadmus, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heaven. The children of Niobe slain; for which the woful mother became a rock, gushing forth continually a fountain of tears.

(g) *When John and Longshanks' issue were
affy'd.*

Lhewellen or Leolin ap Jorwith, married Joan daughter to King John, a most beautiful lady. Some authors affirm that she was base-born. Lhewellin ap Gryfith married Eleanor, daughter to Simon Montfort earl of Leicester, and cousin to Edward Longshanks; both which Lhewellins were princes of Wales.

(b) *Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,
To have precedence, &c.*

Camilot the ancient palace of king Arthur, to which place all the knights of the famous order yearly repaired at Pentecost, according to the law of the table: and most of the famous home-born knights were of that country, as to this day is perceived by their ancient monuments.

(i) *When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack.*

Noting the ill success which William Rufus had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chief nobility were slain.

(k) *And oft return'd with glorious victory.*

Noting the divers and sundry incursions that the Welshmen made into England in the time of Rufus, John, Henry the second, and Longshanks.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

OWEN TUDOR TO QUEEN CATHARINE.

WHEN first mine eyes beheld your princely
name,
And found from whence this friendly letter
came;
As in excess of joy, I had forgot,
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not:
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes pro-
ceed,
My dazzled eyes invite my tongue to read,
Which wanting their direction, dully mist it:
My lips, which should have spoke, were dumb,
and kist it,
And left the paper in my trembling hand,
When all my senses did amazed stand:
Even as a mother coming to her child,
Which from her presence hath been long exil'd,
With gentle arms his tender neck doth strain,
Now kissing it, now clipping it again;
And yet excessive joy deludes her so,
As still she doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awaken'd from this pleasing dream,
When passion somewhat left to be extreme,
My longing eyes with their fair object meet,
Where ev'ry letter's pleasing, each word sweet.
It was not Henry's conquests, nor his court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadful terror-striking name,
The cause that I from Wales to England came:
For christian Rhodes, and our religion's truth,
To great achievement first had won my youth:
This great adventure did my valour prove,
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
Nor came I hither by some poor event,
But by th' eternal Destinies consent;
Whose uncompurged wisdom did foresee,
That you in marriage should be link'd to me.

By our great Merlin was it not foretold,
(Amongst his holy prophecies enroll'd)
When first he did of Tudor's name divine,
That kings and queens should follow in our line?
(a) And that the helm (the Tudors ancient crest)
Should with the golden flow'r-de-luce be drest?
As that the leek (our country's chief renown
Should grow with roses in the English crown?
As Charles his daughter, you the lily wear;
As Henry's queen, the blushing rose you bear;
By France's conquest, and by England's oath,
You are the true made dowager of both:
Both in your crown, both in your cheek toge-
ther,
Join Tether's love to yours, and yours to Te-
ther.

Then cast no future doubts, nor fear no hate,
When it so long hath been foretold by fate;
And by the all-disposing doom of heav'n,
Before our births, we to one bed were giv'n.
No Pallas here, nor Juno is at all,
When I to Venus yield the golden ball:
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in Troy.

And have not strange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we should be prosperous?
(b) When in your presence I was call'd to dance,
In lofty tricks whilst I myself advance,
And in a turn my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not judge it fortune's greatest grace,
Sith he must fall, to fall in such a place?

His birth from heav'n, your Tudor not derives,
Nor stands on tip toes in superlatives,
Although the envious English do devise
A thousand jests of our hyperbolies;

Nor do I claim that plot by ancient deeds,
Where Phœbus pastures his fire-breathing steeds
Nor do I boast my God-made grandfire's scars,
Nor giants trophies in the Titans wars :
Nor feign my birth (your princely ears to please)
By three nights getting, as was Hercules :
Nor do I forge my long descent to run
From aged Neptune, or the glorious sun :

(c) And yet in Wales, with them that famous be,
Our learned bards do sing my pedigree ;

(d) And boast my birth from great Cadwalla-
der,

(e) From old Caer-Septon, in mount Palador :

(f) And from Eneon's line, the South-Wales
King,

By Theodor, the Tudors name do bring.

My royal mother's princely stock began

(g) From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian,

(h) By true descent from Leolin the great,
As well from North-Wales, as fair Powisland's
feat.

Though for our princely genealogy

I do not stand to make apology :

Yet who with judgment's true impartial eyes,
Shall look from whence our name at first did
rise,

Shall find, that fortune is to us in debt ;
And why not Tudor, as Plantagenet ?

(i) Nor that term *Croggen*, nickname of dis-
grace,

Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place,
Shall blot our blood, or wrong a Welshman's
name,

Which was at first begot with England's shame.
Our valiant swords our right did still maintain,
Against that cruel, proud, usurping Dane,
Buckling besides in many dang'rous fights,
With Norways, Swethens, and with Musco-
vites ;

(k) And kept our native language now thus
long,

And to this day yet never chang'd our tongue :
When they which now our nation fain would
tame,

Subdu'd, have lost their country and their name.

Nor ever could the Saxons swords provoke
Our British necks to bear their servile yoke :

Where Cambria's pleasant countries bounded be
With swelling Severn, and the holy Dee :

And since great Brutus first arriv'd, have stood
The only remnant of the Trojan blood.

To every man is not allotted chance,

To boast with Henry, to have conquer'd France :

Yet if my fortune be thus rais'd by thee,

This may preface a farther good to me ;

And our Saint David, in the Britons right,

May join with George, the fainted English
knight :

(l) And old Caer-Merdin, Merlin's famous
town,

Not scorn'd by London, though of such re-
nown.

Ah, would to God that hour my hopes at-
tend,

Were with my wish brought to desired end !

Blame me not, madam, though I thus desire,

Many there be, that after you inquire ;

Till now your beauty in night's bosom slept,

What eye durst stir, where awful Henry kept ?

Who durst attempt to sail but near the bay,

Where that all-conqu'ring great Alcides lay ?

Your beauty now is set a royal prize,

And kings repair to cheapen merchandise.

If you but walk to take the breathing air,

Orithia makes me that I Boreas fear :

If to the fire, Jove once in light'ning came,

And fair Egina makes me fear the flame :

If in the sun, then sad suspicion dreams

Phœbus should spread Luciothoe in his beams :

If in a fountain you do cool your blood,

Neptune I fear, which once came in a flood :

If with your maids, I dread Apollo's rape,

Who cou'sned Chion in an old wife's shape :

If you do banquet, Bacchus makes me dread,

Who in a grape Erigone did feed :

And if myself your chamber door should keep,

Yet fear I Hermes coming in a sleep.

Pardon (sweet queen) if I offend in this,

In these delays love most impatient is :

And youth wants pow'r his hot spleen to sup-
press,

When hope already banquets in excess.

Though Henry's fame in me you shall not
find,

Yet that which better shall content your mind ;

But only in the title of a king

Was his advantage, in no other thing :

If in his love more pleasure you did take,

Never let queen trust Briton for my sake.

Yet judge me not from modesty exempt,

That I another Phæton's charge attempt ;

My mind, that thus your favours dare aspire,

Shews, that 'tis touch'd with a celestial fire ;

If I do fault, the more is beauty's blame,

When she herself is author of the same :

" All men to some one quality incline,"

Only to love is naturally mine.

Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,

Ordain'd by heav'n to cheer the drooping earth :

Add faithful love unto your greater state,

And be alike in all things fortunate.

A king might promise more, I not deny,

But yet (by heav'n) he lov'd not more than I.

And thus I leave, till time my faith approve ;

I cease to write, but never cease to love.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *And that the helm, the Tudors ancient crest.*

The arms of Tudor was three helmets; whereof he speaketh as a thing prophetically foretold of Merlin.

(b) *When in thy presence I was call'd to dance.*

Owen Tudor, being a courtly and active gentleman, commanded once to dance before the queen, in a turn (not being able to recover himself) fell into her lap, as she sat upon a little stool with many of her ladies about her.

(c) *And yet in Wales with them that famous be,
Our learned bards, &c.*

This Berdth, as they call it in the British tongue, or as we more properly say, Bard, or Bardus, be their poets, which kept the records of pedigrees and descents, and sung in odes and measures to their harps, after the old manner of the Lyric poets.

(d) *And boast my blood from great Cadwallader.*

Cadwallader the last king of the Britons, descended of the noble and ancient race of the Trojans; to whom an angel appeared commanding him to go to Rome to Pope Sergius, where he ended his life.

(e) *From old Caer-Septin in mount Palador.*

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftebury, at whose building it was said an eagle prophesied (or rather, one Aquila) of the fame of that place, and of the recovery of the isle by the Britons, bringing back with them the bones of Cadwallader from Rome.

(f) *And from Eneon's line, the South Wales king,
By Theodor, &c.*

This Eneon was slain by the rebels of Gwent-

land; he was a notable and worthy gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to Theodor, or Tudor Maur, of whom descended the princes of South-Wales.

(g) *From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian.*

Gwenellian, the daughter of Rees ap Griffith ap Theodore of South-Wales, married Ednivet Vaughan ancestor to Owen Tudor.

(b) *By true descent from Leolin the great.*

This is the Lehwelkin, called Leolinus Magnus, prince of North-Wales.

(i) *Nor that word Croggen, nickname of disgrace.*

In the voyage that Henry the second made against the Welshmen, as his soldiers passed Offa's ditch at Croggen castle, they were overthrown by the Welshmen. Which word Croggen hath since been used to the Welshmens disgrace, which was first begun with their honour.

(k) *And kept our native language now thus long.*

The Welshmen be those ancient Britons, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons invaded here, were first driven into those parts where they have kept their language ever since the first, without commixation with any other.

(l) *And old Caer-Merdin, Merlin's famous town.*

Caer-Merdin, or Merlin's town, so called of Merlin's being found there: This was Ambrose Merlin, whose prophesies we have. There was another of that name, called Merlin Sylvestris, born in Scotland, surnamed Calidonus, of the forest of Calidon, where he prophesied.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ELENOR COBHAM TO DUKE HUMPHRY.

The Argument.

Wife Humphry Duke of Glo'ster, nam'd the good,
Next to his nephew of the royal blood,
(Henry the Sixth then being very young)
Chosen protector : by ambition strong,
Whose duchess Elenor, violently led
To think the crown theirs, were young Henry dead,
Convicted was with forcerers to conspire,
Which practis'd to hasten her desire :
For which she her thrice-penance was assign'd ;
To th' isle of Man and afterwards confin'd
From whence she writes this letter to her Lord,
Who that sad Lady doth the like afford.

METHINKS, not knowing who these lines should
send,
Thou straight turn'st over to the latter end,
Where thou my name no sooner hast espy'd,
But in disdain my letter casts aside :
Why, if thou wilt, I will myself deny,
Nay I'll affirm and swear, I am not I :
Or if in that thy shame thou do'st perceive,
Lo, for thy dear sake, I my name will leave.
And yet, methinks, amaz'd thou shouldst not
stand,
Nor seem so much appalled at my hand ;
For my misfortunes have inur'd thine eye
(Long before this) to sights of misery.
No, no, read on, 'tis I, the very same,
All thou canst read, is but to read my shame.

Be not dismay'd, nor let my name affright ;
The worst it can, is but t'offend thy sight ;
It cannot wound, nor do thee deedly harm,
It is no dreadful spell, no magic charm :
If she that sent it, love Duke Humphry so,
Is't possible her name should be his foe ?
Yes, I am El'nor, I am very she,
Who brought for dower a virgin's bed to thee :
(a) Though envious Beauford slander'd me before,
To be Duke Humphry's wanton paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
(b) To magic once I did myself apply,
I won thee not, as there be many think,
With pois'ning philters, and bewitching drink ;
Nor on thy person did I ever prove
Those wicked potions, so procuring love,

I cannot boast, to be rich Holland's heir,
 Nor of the blood and greatness of Baviere:
 (c) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,
 To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin;
 Nor clam'rous husband follow'd me, that fled,
 Exclaiming Humphry to defile his bed:
 Nor wast thou forc'd, the slander to suppress,
 To send me back as an adulteress:
 (d) Brabant, nor Burgoin, claimed me by force,
 Nor su'd to Rome to hasten my divorce;
 Nor Belgia's pomp, defac'd with Belgia's fire,
 The just reward of her unjust desire:
 (e) Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,
 That princely-issued great Burgonian,
 Need stand with me, to move a woman's strife,
 To yield the place to the protector's wife;
 If Cobham's name my birth can dignify
 Or Storborough renown my family.

(f) Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court
 of late,
 Where she with Humphry held a princely state?
 That pleasant Kent, when I abroad should ride.
 That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride?
 The Thames, by water when I took the air,
 That danc'd my barge, in launching from the
 stair?
 The anch'ring ships, which, when I pass'd the
 road,
 Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad?
 How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
 To see my pomp, so goddess-like to land,
 Should after see me mail'd up in a sheet,
 Do shameful penance three times in the street?
 Rung with a bell, a taper in my hand,
 Bare-foot to trudge before a beadle's wand;
 That little babes, not having use of tongue,
 Stood pointing at me as I came along.

Where then was Humphry? where was his
 command?
 Was thou not Lord protector of the land?
 Or for thy justice, who could thee deny
 The title of the good Duke Humphery?
 What blood extract from famous Edward's line,
 Could boast itself to be so pure as thine?
 Who else, next Henry, should the realm prefer,
 If it allow the line of Lancaster?
 But Rayner's daughter must from France be fet,
 And with a vengeance on our throne be set;
 Mauns, Main, and Anjou, on that beggar cast,
 To bring her home to England in such haste;
 And what for Henry thou hast labour'd there,
 To join the King with Arminack's rich heir,
 Must all be dash'd as no such thing had been;
 Pool needs must have his darling made a Queen:
 How should he with our princes else be plac'd,
 To have his Earlship with a Dukedom grac'd,
 And raise the offspring of his blood so high,
 As Lords of us and our posterity?

O! that by sea when he to France was sent,
 The ship had sunk, wherein the traitor went!
 Or, that the sands had swallow'd her, before
 She e'er set foot upon the English shore!
 But all is well, nay, we have store to give,
 What need we more: we by her looks can live.

All that great Henry by his conquests heapt,
 And famous Bedford to his glory kept,
 Is given back to Rayner all in post;
 And by this means rich Normandy is lost.
 Those which have come as mistresses of ours,
 Have into England brought their goodly dow'rs,
 Which to our coffers yearly tribute brings,
 The life of subjects, and the strength of Kings,
 The means whereby fair England ever might
 Raise power in France, to back her ancient right:
 But she brings ruin here to make abode,
 And cancels all our lawful claim abroad;
 And she must recapitulate my shame,
 And give a thousand by-words to my name,
 And call me beldam, gib, witch, night-mare,
 trot,
 With all dispirit that may a woman spot.
 O, that I were a witch but for her sake!
 I'faith her Queenship little rest should take:
 I'd scratch that face that may not feel the air,
 And knit whole ropes of witch knots in her hair:
 O, I would hag her nightly in her bed,
 And on her breast sit like a lump of lead,
 And like a fairy pinch that dainty skin,
 Her wanton blood is now so cocker'd in;
 Or take me some such known familiar shape,
 As she my vengeance never should escape.
 Were I a garment, none should need the more
 To sprinkle me with Nessus' pois'ned gore;
 It were enough, if she once put me on,
 To tear both flesh and sinews from the bone:
 Were I a flower, that might her smell delight,
 Though I were not the pois'ning aconite,
 I would send such a fume into her brow,
 Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.

(g) They say, the druids once liv'd in this isle,
 This fatal man, the place of my exile,
 Whose pow'rful charms such dreadful wonders
 wrought.

Which in the gotish island-tongue were taught:
 O! that their spells to me they had resign'd,
 Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both sea and
 wind,
 And made the moon pause in her paled sphere,
 Whilst her grim dragons drew them through the
 air;

Their hellish power, to kill the plough-man's seed,
 Or to forespeak whole flocks as they did feed;
 To nurse a damned spirit with human blood,
 To carry them through earth, air, fire and flood!
 Had I this skill, that time hath almost lost,
 How like a goblin I would haunt her ghost!
 O pardon, pardon my misgovern'd tongue,
 A woman's strength cannot endure my wrong.

(h) Did not the heavens her coming in with-
 stand,
 As though affrighted when she came to land?
 The earth did quake, her coming to abide;
 The goodly Thames did twice keep back his tide;
 Paul's shook with tempest, and that mounting
 spire,
 With lightning sent from heaven, was set on fire:
 Our stately buildings to the ground were blown,
 Her pride by these prodigious signs was shewn;

More fearful visions on the English earth,
Than ever were at any death or birth,
Ah Humphry, Humphry, if I should not speak,
My breast would split, my very heart would
break!

I, that was wont so many to command,
Worse now than with a clap-dish in my hand :
A simple mantle covering me withal,
The veriest leper of care's hospital ;
That from my state a presence held in awe,
Glad here to kennel in a pad of straw :
And like an owl, by night to go abroad,
Roosted all day within an ivy tod,
Among the sea-cliffs, in the dampy caves,
In charnel-houses, fit to dwell in graves.

Saw'st thou those eyes, in whose sweet cheer-
ful look

Duke Humphry once such joy and pleasure took ?
Sorrow hath so despoil'd them of all grace,
Thou couldst not say, this was my El'nor's face :
Like a foul gorgon, whose dishevel'd hair
With every blast flies glaring in the air ;
Some standing up like horns upon my head,
E'en like those women that are in coos bred :
My lank breasts hang like bladders left unblown,
My skin with loathsome jaundice over-grown ;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'st to see
Ruin's true picture, only look on me.

Sometimes, in thinking of what I have had,
I from a sudden extasy grow mad :

Then, like a bedlam, forth thy El'nor runs,
Like one of Bacchus' raging frantic nuns :
Or, like a Tartar, when in strange disguise,
Prepar'd unto a dismal sacrifice.

That prelate Beauford, a foul ill befall him :

Prelate, said I ? nay, devil I should call him :

Ah, God forgive me, if I think amiss,

His very name, methinks, my poison is :

Ah that vile Judas, our professed foe,

My curse pursue him wherefoe'r he go ;

That to my judgment when I did appear,
Laid to my charge those things that never were :

That I should know of Bullenbrook's intents,

(i) The hallowing of his magic instruments :

That I procur'd Southwell to assist,

Which was by order consecrate a priest :

That it was I should cover all they did,

Which but for him had to this day been hid,

Ah that vile bastard, that himself dare vaunt,

To be the son of thy great grandfire Gaunt,

Whom he but father'd of mere charity

To rid his mother of that infamy ;

Who, if report of elder times be true,

Yet to this day his father never knew.

He that by murther's black and odious crime,

To Henry's throne attempted once to climb,

(A) Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain,

A fatal hand his sovereign to have slain,

Whom to his chamber closely he convey'd,

And for that purpose fitly there had laid.

Upon whose sword that famous prince had dy'd,

If by a dog he had not been decry'd.

But now the Queen, her minion pool, and he,

As it please them, ev'n so must all things be :

England's no place for any one beside,

All is too little to maintain their pride.

What of a King hath Henry but the name ?

And now scarce that, so public his defame !

And I pray God I do not live the day,

To see his ruin and the realm's decay :

And yet as sure as Humphry seems to stand,

He be preserv'd from the vile traitor's hand.

From Glo'ter's seat I would thou wert estrang'd,

Or would to God that dukedom's name were

For it portends some after-ill to us, [chang'd

Ah Humphry, Humphry, it is ominous !

Yet rather than thy hap so hard should be,

I would thou wert here banished with me.

Humphry, adieu, farewell true noble Lord,

My wish is all thy El'nor can afford.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Though envious Beauford slander'd me before.*

Noting the extreme hate that Cardinal Beauford had ever born to her.

(b) *To magic once I did myself apply.*

Elenor Cobham was accused by some, that fought to withstand, and disliked her marriage with Duke Humphry, that she practised to give him philters, and such poisoning potions, to make

him love her ; as she was slandered by Cardinal Beauford, to have lived as the Duke's lemmann : against the which Cardinal, she exclaimeth in this epistle in the verse before.

(c) *Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in ; To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin.*

This was the chief and only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good Duke, that doatingly he married Jacomin, or as some call

her, Jaques, daughter and heir to William Bavier, Duke of Holland, before married, and lawful wife to John Duke of Brabant, then living: which after, as it is shewed in this verse following,

(d) *Brabant nor Burgoin claimed me by force
Nor su'd to Rome, to hasten my divorce,*

caused great wars, by reason that the Duke of Burgoin took part with Brabant against the Duke of Gloucester; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former husband.

(e) *Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,
That princely-issued great Burgonian.*

John Duke of Bedford, that scourge of France and the glory of the Englishmen, marry'd Ann sister to the Duke of Burgundy, a virtuous and beautiful Lady: by which marriage, as also by his victories obtained in France, he brought great strength to the English nation.

(f) *Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court
of late?*

That fair and goodly palace of Greenwich in Kent, was first builded by that famous Duke; whose rich and pleasant situation might remain an assured monument of his wisdom, if there were no other memory of the same.

(g) *They say, the Druids once liv'd in this isle.*

It should seem that there were two islands, both of them called *Mona*, though now distinguished, the one by the name of *Man*, the other by the name of *Anglesey*; both which were full of many infernal ceremonies, as may appear by Agricola's voyage made into the hithermost *Man*, described by his son-in-law Cornelius Tacitus. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarism and ignorance, so amongst those northerly nations, like as in America, magic was most esteem'd.

Druids were the public ministers of their religion, as thoroughly taught in all the rites thereof. Their doctrine concerned the immortality of the soul, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude, and magnanimity. Their abode was in groves and woods, whereupon they have their name: their power extended itself to master the souls of men deceased, and to confer with ghosts and spirits about the success of things.

Plutarch, in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of oracles, reporteth that the outmost British isles were the prison of I wot not what Demigods. But I shall not need to speak any farther of the *Druids*, than that which Lucan doth:

*Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque sinistrum
Sacrorum, Druidæ positæ repetistis ab armis.*

(h) *Did not the heavens her coming in withstand?*

Noting the fearful and prodigious signs that were seen in England a little before her coming in: which Elenor expresseth in this epistle, as fore-shewing the dangers which should ensue upon this unlucky marriage.

(i) *The bellowing of his magic instruments.*

The instruments which Bullenbrook used in his conjurations, according to the devilish ceremonies and customs of these unlawful arts, were dedicated at a mass in Harnsey park by Southwell a priest of Westminster.

(k) *Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain.*

This was one of the articles that Duke Humphry urged against the Cardinal Beauford, that he conspired the death of Henry the Fifth, by conveying a villain into his chamber, which in the night should have murdered him: but what ground of truth he had for the same, I leave to dispute.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) *John Duke of Bedford* was the son of the Duke of Exeter, and was married to the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy.

(2) *John Duke of Bedford* was the son of the Duke of Exeter, and was married to the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy.

(3) *John Duke of Bedford* was the son of the Duke of Exeter, and was married to the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy.

(4) *John Duke of Bedford* was the son of the Duke of Exeter, and was married to the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

DUKE HUMPHRY TO ELENOR COBHAM.

METHINKS thou should'st not doubt I could
forget

Her, whom so many do remember yet,

"No, no, our joys away like shadows slide,

"But sorrows firm in memory abide:

Nay, I durst answer thou durst nothing less,

But into passion urg'd by thy distress.

No El'nor, no thy woes, thy grief, thy wrong,

Have in my breast been resident too long.

Oh, when report in ev'ry place had spread,

My El'nor was to sanctuary fled

With curst onley, and the witch of eye,

As guilty of their vile conspiracy;

The dreadful spirits when they did invoke,

For the succession, and the realm's estate:

When Henry's image they in wax had wrought.

By which he should have to his death been
brought,

That as his picture did consume away,

His person so by sickness should decay:

Grief, that before could ne'er my thoughts
controul

That instant took possession of my soul.

Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill!

As for mine own, let that afflict me still;

But that before hath taken too sure hold:

Forget it, said I? would to God I could!

Of any woe if thou hast but one part,

I have the whole remaining in my heart;

I have no need of others cares to borrow,

For all I have is nothing else but sorrow,

No, my sweet Nell, thou took'st not all away,

Though thou went'st hence, here still thy woes
do stay;

Though from thy husband thou wert forc'd to go,

Those still remain, they will not leave him so:

No eye bewails my ill, moans thy distress,

Our grief's the more, but yet our debt the less:

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We owe no tears, no mourning days are kept

For those that yet for us have never wept,

We hold no obits, no sad exequies,

Upon the death-days of unweeping eyes.

Alas, good Nell, what should thy patience
move,

T'upbraid thy kind Lord with a foreign love?

Thou might'st have bid all former ills adieu,

Forgot the old, we have such store of new.

Did I omit thy love to entertain,

With mutual grief to answer grief again?

Or think'st thou I unkindly did forbear

To bandy woe for woe, and tear for tear?

Did I forget, or carelessly neglect

Those shews of love that ladies so respect?

In mournful black was I not seen to go,

By outward signs t'express my inward woe?

Did I thy loss not publicly lament,

Nor by my looks bewray'd my discontent?

Is this the cause? if this be it, know then,

"One grief conceal'd, more grievous is than ten,"

If in my breast those sorrows sometimes were,

And never utter'd, they must still be there;

And if thou know'st they many were before,

By time encreasing, they must needs be more.

England to me can challenge nothing lent

Let her cast up what is receiv'd, what spent:

If I her own, can she from blame be free,

If she but prove a step-mother to me?

That if I should with that proud bastard strive,

To plead for birth-right my prerogative,

Be that allow'd, I should not need to fear it,

For then my true nobility should bear it:

If counsel aid, that France will tell (I know)

Whose towns lie waste before the English foe,

When thrice we gave the conquer'd French the
foil,

(a) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile:

H

If faith avail, these arms did Henry hold,
To claim his crown, yet scarcely nine months
old ;

If countries care have leave to speak for me,
Gray hairs in youth my witness then may be :
If peoples tongues give splendour to my fame,
They add a title to Duke Humphry's name :
If toil at home, French treason, English hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the state ;
If foreign travel my success may try,

(b) Then Flanders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundy,
That robe of Rome proud Beauford now doth
wear,

In every place such sway should never bear :

(c) The crozier-staff in his imperious hand,
To be the sceptre that controuls the land ;
That home to England dispensations draws,
Which are of power to abrogate our laws :
And for those fums the wealthy church should pay,
Upon the needy commonalty to lay ;
His ghostly counsels only do advise

(d) The means how Langley's progeny may rise,
Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways,
A Duke of York from Cambridge house to raise,
Which after may our title undermine.

Grafted since Edward in Gaunt's famous line,
Us of succession falsely to deprive,
Which they from Clarence feignedly derive,
Knowing the will old Cambridge ever bore,
To catch the wreath that famous Henry wore :
With Gray and Scroop when first he laid the plot,
From us and ours the garland to have got ;
As from the March-born Mortimer to reign,
Whose title Glendour stoutly did maintain,
When the proud Percies, haughty March, and he,
Had shar'd the land by equal parts in three.

(e) His priesthood now proud Mowbary will
restore,

To stir the fire that kindled was before :
Against the Yorkists shall their claim advance,
To steel the point of Norfolk's sturdy lance,
Upon the breast of Hertford's issue bent,
In just revenge of ancient banishment.

He doth advise to let our pris'ner go,
And doth enlarge the faithless Scottish foe,

(f) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their
dow'rs

May bring invasion upon us and ours.

Ambitious Suffolk so the helm doth guide,
With Beauford's damned policies supply'd ;

He and the Queen in counsel still confer,
How to raise him, who hath advanced her.

But, my dear heart, how vainly do I dream,
And fly from thee, whose sorrows are my theme !
My love to thee and England thus divided,
Which hath the most, how hard to be decided ?

Or thou, or that, to censure I am loth,
So near are you, so dear unto me both ;

'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ungrateful, and my El'nor kind.

But though my country justly I reprove,
Yet I for that neglected have my love ;

Nevertheless, thy Humphry's to thee now,
As when fresh beauty triumph'd on thy brow ;

As when thy graces I admired most,
Or of thy favours might the frankli'ft boast :

Those beauties were so infinite before,

That in abundance I was only poor,
Of which, thou time hath taken some again,

I ask no more but what doth yet remain.

Be patient, gentleheart, in thy distress,
Thou art a Princess not a whit the less.

Whilst in these breasts we bear about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife.

Cast not thine eye on such as mounted be,

But look on those cast down as low as we ;

For some of them which proudly perch so high,
E'er long shall come as low as thou or I,

They weep for joy, and let us laugh in woe,

We shall exchange, when heav'n will have it so ;

We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn ;

Wo past, may once laugh present wo to scorn ;

And worse than hath been, we can never taste,

Worse cannot come, than is already past ;

" In all extremes, the only depth of ill

" Is that which comforts the afflicted still.

Ah, would to God thou couldst thy grief deny,
And on my back let all the burthen lye !

Or if thou canst resign, make them mine own,

Both in one carriage to be undergone,

Till we again our former hopes recover,

And prosp'rous times blow these misfortunes over :

For in the thought of those fore-passed years,

Some new resemblance of old joy appears.

Mutual our care, so mutual be our love,

That our affliction never can remove ;

So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to live,

Wishing thee more than I myself can give.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile.

The three famous battles fought by the Englishmen in France: Agincourt by Henry the Fifth, against the whole power of France: Cravant, fought by Montacute Earl of Salisbury and the Duke of Burgoin, against the Dauphin of France, and William Stuart Constable of Scotland: Vernoile, fought by John Duke of Bedford, against the Duke of Alanfon, and with him most of the nobility of France; Duke Humphry an especial counsellor in all these expeditions.

(b) Then Flanders, Almaine, Bobeme, Burgundy.

Here remembering the ancient amity which in his embassies he had concluded betwixt the King of England, and Sigismund Emperor of Almain, drawing the Duke of Burgoin into the same league, giving himself as an hostage for the Duke of Saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirm the league: with his many other employments to foreign kingdoms.

(c) The crozier staff in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford Cardinal of Winchester, that proud and haughty Prelate, received the Cardinal's hat at Calice by the Pope's legate; which dignity, Henry the Fifth, his nephew, forbad him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and malicious spirit unfit for that robe and calling.

(d) The means how Langley's progeny may rise.

As willing to shew, the house of Cambridge to be descended of Edmond Langley Duke of York, a younger brother to John of Gaunt his grandfather, (as much as in him lay) to smother the title the Yorkists made to the crown (from Lionel of Clarence, Gaunt's eldest brother) by the daughter of Mortimer.

(e) His priesthood now stern Mowbray will restore.

Noting the ancient grudge between the house of Lancaster and Norfolk, ever since Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was banished, for the accusation of Henry duke of Hertford (after that, King of England, and father to Duke Humphry); which accusation, he came as a combatant to have made good, in the lists at Coventry.

(f) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs.

James Stuart King of Scots having been long prisoner in England, was released, and took to wife the daughter of John Duke of Somerset, sister to John Duke of Somerset, niece to the Cardinal, and the Duke of Exeter, and cousin-german removed to the King: this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemy to England.

H ij

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO QUEEN MARGARET.

The Argument.

The Duke of Suffolk, *William*, to advance
A lady long belov'd of him in France,
His mistress *Marg'ret*, that duke *Rayner's* child,
Himself who of Jerusalem instil'd
The king: this *Pool*, his darling to prefer
Betwixt young *Henry* nam'd the Sixth, and her,
Concludes a marriage; and her fire to gain,
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,
To *Rayner* for her: for which lawless fact,
The peers him five years banishment enact.
When for his latest farewell of the queen,
These two epistles pass them two between.

In my disgrace (dear queen) rest thy content,
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's banishment:
Five years exile were not an hour to me,
But that so soon I must depart from thee;
Where thou not present, it is ever night;
All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.
Those savages which worship the sun's rise,
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes:
The world's great light, might'st thou be seen
abroad,
Would at our noon-stead ever make abode,
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,
Fearing lest he would never more return.

Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
To live within the sea-environ'd isle.
Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great queen) thy sov'reignty commands:
(a) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.
We all do breathe upon this earthly ball,
Likewise one heaven encompasseth us all.
" No banishment can be to him assign'd,
" Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.
" Man in himself a little world doth bear,
" His soul the monarch, ever ruling there:

Wherever then his body doth remain,
 " He is a king, that in himself doth reign;
 " And never feareth fortune's hot't alarms,
 " That bears against her patience for her arms.
 (b) This was the mean proud Warwick did invent,
 To my disgrace, at Lei'ster parliament,
 (c) That only I, by yielding up of Main,
 Should cause the loss of fertile Aquitain,
 (d) With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
 To be the heir of good duke Humphry's name;
 And so by treason spotting my pure blood,
 Make this a mean to raise the Nevils brood.
 (e) With Sal'sbury his vile ambitious fire,
 In York's stern breast kindling long-hidden fire;
 By Clarence title working to supplant
 The eagle-airy of great John of Gaunt.
 And to this end did my exile conclude,
 Thereby to please the rascal multitude;
 (f) Urg'd by these envious Lords to spend their
 breath,

Crying revenge for the protector's death:
 That since the old decrepit duke is dead,
 By me, of force, he must be murdered.

(g) If they would know who robb'd him of his
 life,

Let them call home dame Elenor his wife,
 Who with a taper walked in a sheet,
 To light her shame at noon through London
 street;

And let her bring her necromantic book,
 That foul hag Jordan, Hun, and Bullenbrook,
 And let them call the spirits from hell again,
 To know how Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.

(b) For twenty years and have I serv'd in
 France,

(i) Against great Charles and bastard Orleans,
 And seen the slaughter of a world of men,
 Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?

(k) And have I seen Vernoula's batful fields,
 Strew'd with ten thousand helms, ten thousand
 shields,

Where famous Bedford did our fortune try,
 Or France, or England, for the victory?
 The sad investing of so many towns,
 Scor'd on my breast in honourable wounds;
 When Montacute, and Talbot of much name,
 Under my ensign both first won their fame:
 In heat and cold all these have I endur'd,
 To rouse the French, within their walls immur'd;
 Through all my life these perils have I past,
 And now to fear a banishment at last?

Thou know'st how I (thy beauty to advance)
 For thee refus'd the Infanta of France,
 Brake the contract duke Humphry first did make
 'Twixt Henry and the princess Alminack:
 Only that here thy presence I might gain,
 I gave duke Rayner Anjou, Mons, and Main;
 Thy peerless beauty for a dower to bring,
 As of itself sufficient for a king.

(l) And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike
 pow'rs,

(m) And came myself in person first to Tours,
 Th' ambassadors for truce to entertain,
 From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:

And to the king, relating of thy story,
 My tongue flow'd with such plenteous oratory,
 As the report by speaking did endite,
 Begetting still more ravishing delight.
 And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
 My look shew'd more, that was angelical;
 And when I breath'd again, and paused next,
 I left mine eyes dilating on the text:
 Then coming of thy modesty to tell,
 In music's numbers my voice rose and fell:
 And when I came to paint thy glorious stile,
 My speech in greater cadences to file,
 (n) By true descent to wear the diadem
 Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem,
 As from the gods thou didst derive thy birth,
 If those of heaven could mix with these of earth,
 Gracing each title that I did recite,
 With some mellifluous pleasing epithet:
 Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,
 Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.
 (o) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent
 In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;
 And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,
 Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:
 And only striving how to honour thee,
 Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.
 Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,
 Who for his love's sake gave away his love.

Had he, which once the prize to Greece did
 bring,

(Of whom th' old poets long ago did sing)

(p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,
 Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,

To pester room with such perfection fraught.
 The briny seas, which saw the ship infold thee,
 Would vault up to the hatchets to behold thee,
 And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:

When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,
 Scorn'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing
 keel,

And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves,
 Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:
 When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,
 Jove with Europa rushing from the land,
 Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,
 And with his swannish breast cleaving the flood,
 Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other side,
 Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:

All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,
 To shew their glory in thine eye alone,
 Which when it turneth that celestial ball,
 A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.

Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,
 When only France for my recourse is free?

To view the plains where I have seen so oft
 England's victorious ensigns rais'd aloft;

When this shall be a comfort in my way,
 To see the place, where I may boldly say,
 Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;

Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;
 Here with our archers valiant Scales did lie,
 Here stood the tents of famous Willoughby;

Here Montacute rang'd his unconquer'd band;
Here march'd we out, and here we made a stand.

What should we sit to mourn and grieve all day,
For that which time doth eas'ly take away?
What fortune hurts, let suff'rance only heal,
"No wisdom with extremities to deal."

To know ourselves to come of human birth,
These sad afflictions cross us here on earth;
A punishment from the eternal law,
To make us still of heaven to stand in awe.

"In vain we prize that at so dear a rate,
"Whose long'st assurance bears a minute's date,
"Why should we idly talk of our intent,
"When heav'n's decree no counsel can prevent?
"When our foresight not possibly can shun,
"That which the fates determine shall be done."

Henry hath pow'r, and may my life depose,
Mine honour's mine, that none hath power to lose.

Then be as cheerful (beauteous royal queen)
As in the court of France we oft have been;
(g) As when arriv'd in Porchester's fair road,
(Where, for our coming, Henry made abode)
When in mine arms I brought thee safe to land,
And gave my love to Henry's royal band:
The happy hours we pass'd with the king
At fair Southampton long in banqueting;
With such content as lodg'd in Henry's breast,
When he to London brought thee from the west
Through golden cheap, when he in pomp did ride
To Westminster, to entertain his bride.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure.*

He alludes in these verses to the Falcon, which was the ancient device of the Pools, comparing the greatness and haughtiness of his spirit to the nature of this bird.

(b) *This was the mean proud Warwick did invent*

To my disgrace, &c.

The commons at this parliament, through Warwick's means, accused Suffolk of treason, and urged the accusation so vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for five years.

(c) *That only I, by yielding up of Main,
Should be the loss of fertile Aquitain.*

The duke of Suffolk being sent into France to conclude a peace, chose duke Rayner's daughter the lady Margaret, whom he espoused for Henry VI. delivering for her to her father the countries of Anjou and Main, and the city of Mons. Whereupon the earl of Arminack (whose daughter was before promised to the king) seeing himself to be deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expelled Aquitain, Gascoine, and Guien.

(d) *With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heir of good duke Humphry's name.*

This Richard that was called the great earl of Warwick, when duke Humphry was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the commons.

(e) *With Sal'sbury, his vile ambitious fire,
In York's stern breast kindling long-bidden fire,
By Clarence title working, to supplant
The eagle-army of great John of Gaunt.*

Richard Plantagenet duke of York, in the time of Henry the Sixth, claimed the crown (being as-

sisted by this Richard Nevill earl of Salisbury and father to the great earl of Warwick, who favoured exceedingly the house of York in open parliament, as heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. making his title by Ann his mother, wife to Richard earl of Cambridge, son to Edmond of Langley duke of York; which Ann was daughter to Roger Mortimer, earl of March; which Roger was son and heir to Lionel duke of Clarence the third son of king Edward, to whom the crown, after king Richard the second's death lineally descended, he dying without issue; and not to the heirs of the duke of Lancaster, that was younger brother to the duke of Clarence, Hall. cap. 1. tit. Yor. & Lanc.

(f) *Urg'd by these envious lords to spend their breath,*

Crying revenge on the protector's death.

Humphry duke of Gloucester, and Lord Protector, in the twenty-fifth year of Henry VI. by the means of the queen and the duke of Suffolk, was arrested by the lord Beaumont, at the parliament holden at Bury, and the same night after murdered in his bed.

(g) *If they wou'd know who reb'd him, &c. to this verse,*

To know how Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.

In these verses he jests at the protector's wife, who (being accused and convicted of treason, because with John Hun a priest, Roger Bullenbrook a necromancer, and Margery Jordan, called the witch of Eye, she had consulted by sorcery to kill the king) was adjudged to perpetual prison in the isle of Man, and to do penance openly in three public places in London.

(b) *For twenty years and have I serv'd in France!*

In the sixth year of Henry VI. the duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieutenant General and Regent of France, this duke of Suffolk was promoted to that dignity, having the lord Talbot, lord Scales, and the lord Montacute to assist him.

(i) *Against great Charles and bastard Orleance.*

This was Charles VII. who after the death of Henry V. obtained the crown of France, and recovered again much of that his father had lost. Bastard Orleance was son to the duke of Orleance, begotten of the lord Cawny's wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant captain, was a continual enemy to the Englishmen, daily infesting them with divers incursions.

(k) *And have I seen Vernoila's batful fields.*

Vernoile is that noted place in France, where the great battle was fought in the beginning of Henry the sixth's reign, where most of the French chivalry were overcome by the duke of Bedford.

(l) *And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.*

Aumerle is that strong defended town in France, which the duke of Suffolk got after four and twenty great assaults given unto it.

(m) *And came myself in person first to Tours,
Th' ambassadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary and Spain.*

Tours is a city in France built by Brutus as he came into Britain; where, in the one and twentieth year of the reign of Henry VI. was appoint-

ed a great diet to be kept, whither came ambassadors of the empire, Spain, Hungary, and Denmark, to intreat for a perpetual peace to be made between the two kings of England and France.

(n) *By true descent to wear the diadem
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem.*

Rayner duke of Anjou, father to queen Margaret, called himself king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, having the title alone of the king of those countries.

(o) *A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent.*

The duke of Suffolk, after the marriage concluded between king Henry and Margaret daughter to duke Rayner, asked in open parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

(p) *Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep.*

Diep is a town in France bordering upon the sea, where the duke of Suffolk with queen Margaret took ship for England.

(q) *As when arriv'd in Porcheester's fair road.*

Porcheester, a haven town in the southwest part of England, near where Portsmouth now stands, which owes its rise to the decay of Port *Paris*, or *Porcestler*, once a sea-port of great note, till the harbour was almost abandoned by the sea, and the greatest part of the inhabitants removed into the little island of *Portsea*, and built the town of *Portsmouth* at this *Porcheester*, where the king tarried, expecting the queen's arrival, whom from thence he conveyed to Southampton.

H iijj

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN MARGARET TO WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

WHAT news (sweet Pool) look'st thou my lines
should tell,

But like the tolling of the doleful bell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the grave?
Expect from me no other news to have.

My breast, which once was mirth's imperial
throne,

A vast and desert wilderness is grown :
Like that cold region, from the world remote,
On whose breem seas the icy mountains flote ;
Where those poor creatures, banish'd from that
light,

Do live impris'n'd in continual night.

No object greets my soul's internal eyes,
But divinations of sad tragedies;

And care takes up her solitary inn,
Where youth and joy their court did once begin.

As in September, when our year resigns
The glorious sun to the cold wat'ry signs,
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in
scorn;

The little bird, yet to salute the morn,
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaves then lying on the mossy root,
And there a silly chirruping doth keep,
As though she fain would sing, yet fain would
weep,

Praising fair summer, that too soon is gone,
Or sad for winter, too fast coming on :
In this strange plight I mourn for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.

Now to our aid who stirs the neighb'ring
kings?

Or who from France a puissant army brings?
Who moves the Norman to abet our war?

(a) Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster?

(b) Who in the North our lawful claim com-
mends,

To win us credit with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret griefs impart?
Whose breast shall be the closet of my heart?
The ancient heroes fame thou dost revive,
As from all them thyself thou didst derive :
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in Pool she was too prodigal ;
Of so divine and rich a temper wrought,
As heav'n for thee perfection's depth had sought,
Well knew King Henry what he pleaded for,
When he chose thee to be his orator ;
Whose angel eye, by powerful influence,
Doth utter more than human eloquence :
That if again Jove would his sports have try'd,
He in thy shape himself would only hide ;
Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his nymph, his flame, his swan, his
show'r.

(c) To that allegiance York was bound by
oath,

To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both ;
No longer now he means record shall bear it,
He will dispense with heaven, and will unswear it,
He that's in all the world's black sins forlorn,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworn ;
And here of late his title hath set down,
By which he makes his claim unto our crown.
And now I hear his hateful Dukes' chats,
And rips up their descent unto her brats,
And blesteth them as England's lawful heirs,
And tells them that our diadem is theirs ;
And if such hap her goddess Fortune bring,

(d) If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a
king.

(e) He that's so like his dam, her youngest
Dick,

'That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd stigmatic,
'That like a carcass stol'n out of a tomb,
Came the wrong way out of his mother's
womb,

With teeth in's head, his passage to have torn,
As though begot an age ere he was born.

Who now shall curb proud York, when he
shall rise?

Or arm our right against his enterprize,
To crop that bastard weed, which daily grows,

(f) 'To over-shadow our vermilion rose?

(g) Or who will muzzle that unruly bear,
Whose presence strikes our peoples hearts with
fear?

Whilst on his knees this wretched king is
down,

To save them labour, reaching at his crown,
Where like a mounting cedar, he should bear
His plumed top aloft into the air;

And let these shrubs sit underneath his shrowds,
Whilst in his arms he doth embrace the clouds.

O, that he should his father's right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mighty spirit!

How were those pow'rs dispers'd, or whither
gone,

Should sympathise in generation?

Or what opposed influence had force,
So much t' abuse and alter nature's course?

"All other creatures follow after kind,

"But man alone doth not beget the mind."

(b) My daily flow'r, which erst perfum'd the
air,

Which for my favour princes deign'd to wear,

Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground,

And with York's garlands ev'ry one is crown'd:

When now his rising waits on our decline,

And in our setting he begins to shine;

Now in the skies that dreadful comet weaves,

(i) And who be stars, but Warwick's bearded
flaves?

And all those knees, which bended once so
low,

Grow stiff, as though they had forgot to bow;

And none, like them, pursue me with despite,

Which most have cry'd, God save Queen Mar-
garet.

When fame shall bruit thy banishment a-
broad,

The Yorkist's faction then will lay on load;

And when it comes once to our Western coast,

O, how that hag, dame Elenor, will boast!

And labour straight, by all the means she can,

To be call'd home out of the life of Man;

To which I know great Warwick will consent,

To have it done by act of parliament;

That to my teeth my birth she may defy,

(k) Sland'ring Duke Rayner with base beg-
gary:

The only way she could devise to grieve me,

Wanting sweet Suffolk, which should most re-
lieve me,

And from that stock doth sprout another
bloom,

(l) A Kentish rebel, a base up-start groom:

(m) And this is he the white rose must prefer
By Clarence' daughter, match'd with Morti-
mer.

Thus by York's means this rascal peasant Cade,

Must in all haste Plantagenet be made:

For that ambitious duke sets all on work,

To sound what friends affect the claim of York,

Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,

(n) And makes us weak by strength'ning Ire-
land:

More his own power still seeking to increase,

Than for King Henry's good or England's
peace.

(o) Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd,

That more and more my woes should be increas'd.

Beauford, whose shoulders proudly bare up all,

The church's prop, that famous Cardinal.

The commons (bent to mischief) never let

(p) With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset,

Railing in tumults on his soldiers loss;

Thus all goes backward, crosses comes after crosses;

And now of late Duke Humphry's old allies,

With banish'd Elenor's base accomplices,

Attending their revenge, grow wond'rous crouse,

And threaten death and vengeance to our house:

And I alone the last poor remnant am,

(q) T' endure these storms with woful Bucking-
ham.

I pray thee, Pool, have care how thou do'st
pass,

Never the sea yet half so dangerous was:

(r) And one foretold by water thou should'st
die,

(Ah! foul befall the foul tongue's prophesie:)

Yet I by night am troubled in my dreams,

That I do see thee toss'd in dangerous streams;

And oft times shipwreck'd, cast upon the land,

And lying breathless on the queachy sand:

And oft in visions see thee in the night,

Where thou at sea maintain'st a dangerous fight,

And with thy proved target and thy sword,

Beat'st back the pirate which would come a-
board.

Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,

"The truest love is most suspicious."

Sorrow doth utter what it still doth grieve;

But hope forbids us sorrow to believe;

And in my counsel yet this comfort is,

It cannot hurt, although I think amiss.

Then live in hope, in triumph to return,

When clearer days shall leave in clouds to
mourn.

But so hath sorrow girt my soul about,

That that word Hope (methinks) comes slowly
out:

The reason is, I know it here would rest,

Where it might still behold thee in my breast.

Farewel, sweet Pool, fain more I would indite,

But that my tears do blot what I do write,

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster.*

Philip duke of Burgoin and his son were always great favourites of the house of Lancaster; howbeit they often dissembled both with Lancaster and York.

(b) *Who in the north our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends?*

The chief lords of the north parts in the time of Henry the sixth withstood the duke of York at his rising, giving him two great overthrows.

(c) *To that allegiance York was bound by oath,
To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both;
No longer now he means record shall bear it,
He will with heav'n dispense, and will un-
swear it.*

The duke of York at the death of Henry fifth, and at this king's coronation, took his oath to be true subject to him and his heirs for ever: but afterwards dispensing therewith, claimed the crown as his rightful and proper inheritance.

(d) *If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a king.*

The duke of York had four sons: Edward earl of March that afterwards was duke of York and king of England, when he had deposed Henry the sixth; and Edmond earl of Rutland, slain by the lord Clifford at the battle at Wakefield: and George duke of Clarence that was murdered in the Tower; and Richard duke of Gloucester, who was (after he had murdered his brother's sons) king, by the name of Richard the third.

(e) *He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dick,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd sligmatic, &c.
Till this verse, As though begot an age, &c.*

This Richard (whom ironically she calls Dick) that by treason, after the murder of his nephews, obtained the crown, was a man low of stature, crook'd back'd, the left shoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and sower countenance. His mother could not be delivered of him; he was born toothed, and with his feet forward, contrary to the course of nature.

(f) *To overshadow our vermilion rose.*

The Red Rose was the badge of the house of Lancaster, and the White Rose of York; which, by the marriage of Henry the seventh with Elizabeth, indubitable heir of the house of York, were happily united.

(g) *Or who will muzzle that unruly bear?*

The earl of Warwick, the setter up and puller down of kings, gave for his arms the White Bear rampant, and the ragged Staff.

(h) *My daisy flower, which erst perfum'd the air,
Which for my favour princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the dust lies, &c.*

The daisy in French is called *Margarite*, which was queen Margaret's badge: wherewithal the nobility and chivalry of the land at her first arrival were so delighted, that they wore it in their hats in token of honour.

(i) *And who be stars, but Warwick's bearded
staves?*

The ragged or bearded staff, was a part of the arms belonging to the earldom of Warwick.

(k) *Sland'ring duke Rayner with base beggary.*

Rayner duke of Anjou, called himself king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, who had neither inheritance, nor received any tribute from those parts; and was not able at the marriage of the queen at his own charges to send her into England, though he gave no dower with her: which, by the duchess of Gloucester, was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

(l) *A Kentish rebel, a base upstart groom.*

This was Jack Cade, who caused the Kentish men to rebel in the twenty-eighth year of king Henry the sixth.

(m) *And this is he the white rose must prefer,
By Clarence's daughter march'd to Mortimer.*

This Jack Cade, instructed by the duke of York, pretended to be descended from Mortimer, who married lady Philip daughter to the duke of Clarence.

(n) *And makes us weak by strengthening Ireland.*

The duke of York being made deputy of Ireland, first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, and strengthening himself by all means possible, that he might at his return into England, by open war claim that which so long before he had privily gone about to obtain.

(o) *Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd.*

Henry Beauford, bishop and cardinal of Winchester, son to John of Gaunt, begot in his age,

was a proud and ambitious prelate, favouring mightily the queen and the duke of Suffolk, continually heaping up innumerable treasure, in hope to have been pope, as himself on his death-bed confessed.

(p) *With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset.*

Edmond duke of Somerset, in the twenty-fourth year of Henry the sixth, was made regent of France, and sent into Normandy to defend the English territories against the French invasions: but in short time he lost all that king Henry the fifth won; for which cause, the nobles and commons ever after hated him.

(q) *T' endure these storms with woful Buckingham.*

Humphry duke of Buckingham was a great favourite of the queen's faction in the time of Henry the sixth.

(r) *And one foretold by water thou shouldst die.*

The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of water: which the queen forewarns him of, as remembering the witch's prophecy; which afterwards came to pass.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

EDWARD IV. TO MRS. SHORE.

The Argument.

Edward the Fourth, bewitch'd with the report
Of *Mistress Shore*, resounded through his court,
Steals to the city in a strange disguise,
To view that beauty, whose transpiercing eyes
Had shot so many : which did so content
The amorous king, that instantly he sent
These lines to her, whose graces did allure him ;
Whose answer back doth of her love assure him.

To thee, the fair'st that ever breath'd this air,
(a) From English Edward, to the fairest fair;
Ah, would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remain of Shore,
To countermand a monarch's high desire,
And bar mine eyes of what they most admire !
O, why should fortune make the city proud,
To give that more, than is the court allow'd ?
Where they, (like wretches) hoard it up to
spare,

And do engross it, as they do their ware.

When fame first blaz'd thy beauty here in
court,

Mine ears repuls'd it, as a light report :

But when mine eyes saw what mine ear had
heard,

They thought report too niggardly had spar'd ;

And stricken dumb with wonder, did but mut-
ter,

Conceiving more than it had words to utter.

Then think of what thy husband is possess'd,

When I malign the wealth wherewith he's blest ;

" When much abundance makes the needy
mad,

" Who having all, yet knows not what is had :

" Into fools bosoms this good fortune creeps,
" And fums come in, whilst the base miser
sleeps."

If now thy beauty be of such esteem,
Which all of so rare excellency deem ;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a kingly state ?

Which being now but in so mean a bed,
Is like an uncut diamond in lead,

Ere it be set in some high-prized ring,

Or garnished with rich enamelling ;

We see the beauty of the stone is spilt,

Wanting the gracious ornament of gilt.

(b) When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes,

I came to see thee in a strange disguise,

Passing thy shop, thy husband call'd me back,

Demanding what rare jewel I did lack.

I want (thought I) one that I dare not crave,

And one (I fear) thou wilt not let me have.

He calls for caskets forth, and shews me store ;

But yet I knew he had one jewel more,

And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,

That I might not for love or money buy it.

O, might I come a diamond to buy,

That had but such a lustre as thine eye,

Would not my treasure serve, my crown should
go,

If any jewel could be prized so!
An agat, branched with thy blushing strains;
A saphir, but so azur'd as thy veins;
My kingly scepter only should redeem it,
At such a price if judgment could esteem it.

How fond and senseless be those strangers
then,

Who bring in toys, to please the Englishmen?
I smile to think how fond th' Italians are,
To judge their artificial gardens rare;
When London in thy cheeks can shew them
here

Roses and lilies growing all the year.

The Portuguese, that only hopes to win,
By bringing stones from farthest India in;
When happy Shore can bring them forth a girl,
Whose lips be rubies, and her teeth be pearl.

(c) How silly is the Polander and Dane,
'To bring us crystal from the frozen main?
When thy clear skin's transparence doth surpass
Their crystal, as the diamond doth glafs.
The foolish French, which bring in trash and
toys,

To turn our women, men, our girls to boys,
When with what tire thou do'st thyself adorn,
That for a fashion only shall be worn;
Which though it were a garment but of hair,
More rich than robe that ever empress ware.

Methinks, thy husband takes his mark awry,
To set his plate to sale, when thou art by;
When they which do thy angel-locks behold,
As the base dross do but respect his gold,
And wish one hair before that massy heap,
And but one lock, before the wealth of Cheap:
And for no cause else hold we gold so dear,
But that it is so like unto thy hair.

And sure, I think, Shore cannot chuse but flout,
Such as would find the great elixir out,
And laugh to see the Alchymists, that choak
Themselves with fumes, and waste their wealth
in smoak;

When if thy hand but touch the grossest mold,
It is converted to refined gold:

When theirs is chaff'ed at an easy rate,
Well known to all to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is set,
Than paltry beagle, or light-prized jet.

Let others wear perfumes, for thee unmeet;
If there were none, thou couldst make all things
sweet;

Thou comfort'st ev'ry sense with sweet repast,
To hear, to see, to smell, to feel, to taste:
Like a rich ship, whose very refuse ware,
Aromatics and precious odors are.

If thou but please to walk into the Pawn,
To buy the cambric, callico, or lawn,
If thou the whiteness of the same wouldst prove,
From thy far whiter hand pluck off thy glove;
And those which by as the beholders stand,
Will take thy hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand.

A thousand eyes clos'd up by envious night,
Do wish for day, but to enjoy thy sight,

And when they once have blest their eyes with
thee,

Scorn ev'ry object else, what e'er they see:
So like a goddess beauty still controuls,
And hath such pow'rful working in our souls,
The merchant, which in traffic spends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife:
The blunt-spoke cynic, poring on his book,
Sometimes (aside) at beauty loves to look:
The church-man, by whose teaching we are led,
Allows what keeps love in the marriage bed:
The bloody soldier, spent in dang'rous broils,
With beauty yet content to share his spoils:
The busy lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth that beauty gives his labour ease:
The toiling tradesman, and the sweating clown,
Would have his wench fair, though his bread be
brown.

So much is beauty pleasing unto all,
That prince and peasant equally doth call;
Nor never yet did any man despise it,
Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.

Unlearn'd is learning, artless be all arts,
If not employ'd to praise thy sev'ral parts:
Poor plodding school-men they are far too low,
Which by probations, rules, and axioms go;
He must be familiar with the skies,
Which notes the revolutions of thine eyes:
And by that skill which measures sea and land,
See beauties all, thy waist, thy foot, thy hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth
view,

Such rare delights, as are both strange and new,
And other worlds of beauty more and more,
Which never were discovered before:
And to thy rare proportion, to apply
The lines and circles in geometry,
Using alone arithmetic's strong ground,
Numbring the virtues that in thee are found:
And when all these have done what they can
do,

For thy perfections all too little too.
When from the east the dawn hath gotten
out,

And gone to seek thee all the world about,
Within thy chamber hath she fix'd her light,
Where, but that place, the world hath all been
night:

Then is it fit that ev'ry vulgar eye
Should see love banquet in her majesty?

"We deem those things our sight doth most fre-
quent,

"To be but mean, although most excellent:

"For strangers still the streets are swept and
strow'd,

"Few look on such as daily come abroad:

"Things much restrain'd, do make us much de-
fire 'em,

"And beauties seldom seen, make us admire
them."

Nor is it fit a city shop should hide
The world's delight, and nature's only pride;
But in a prince's sumptuous gallery,
Hung all with tissue, floor'd with tapestry,

Where thou shalt sit, and from thy state shall see
 The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.
 Then know the difference (if thou list to prove)
 Betwixt a vulgar and a kingly love :
 And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st, the
 troth,
 Be thou thyself impartial judge of both.
 Where hearts be knit, what helps, if not, enjoy?
 Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy :

Whilst lazy time his turn by tarriance serves,
 Love still grows sickly, and hope daily starves :
 Mean while, receive that warrant by these
 lines,
 Which princely rule and sov'reignty resigns ;
 Till when, these papers, by their lord's com-
 mand,
 By me shall kiss thy sweet and dainty hand.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of Edward to Mistress Shore, and of hers to him being of unlawful affection, ministrereth small occasion of historical notes ; for had he mentioned the many battles betwixt the Lancaster faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to Plautus' boasting soldier, than a kingly courtier. Notwithstanding it shall not be amiss to annex a line or two.

(a) From English Edward to the fairest fair.

Edward the Fourth was by nature very chivalrous, and very amorous, applying his sweet amiable aspect to attain his wanton appetite the rather : which was so well known to Lewis the French King, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that as Comineus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit : by which means, Edward was disappointed of his journey. And albeit princes, whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable ; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the court in those times. For certain it is, that his shape was excellent ; his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to seem more delectable : though the smallness of his eyes, full of shining moisture, as it took away some comeliness, so it argued much sharpness of understanding, and cruelty mingled together. And indeed, George Buchanan (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other princes of those times with affection of tyranny ; as Richard the Third manifestly did.

(b) When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes.

Edward's intemperate desires, by which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his offspring were punished, is universally known.

A mirror, representing their oversight, that rather leave their children what to possess, than what to imitate.

(c) How silly is the Polander and Dane, To bring us crystal from the frozen main ?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine crystal to be a kind of ice ; and therefore it is likely, they who came from those frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreme cold. Whether crystal be ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute : yet by the examples of amber and coral, there may be such an induration : for Solinus out of Pliny mentioneth, that in the northerly region a yellow gelly is taken up out of the sea at low tides which he calls Succinum, we Amber. So likewise out of the Ligustic deep, a part of the Mediterranean sea, a greenish stalk is gathered, which hardened in the air, comes to be coral, either white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees ; as appears by Martial's epigram :

*Et latet & lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta,
 Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
 Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum ;
 Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.*

To behold a bee inclosed in *Electrum*, is not so rare, as that a boy's throat should be cut with the fall of an iceficle ; the which epigram is excellent, the 18 li. 4. He calls it *Phaetontis gutta*, because of that fable which Ovid rehearseth concerning the *Heliades* or *Phaeton's* sisters, metamorphosed into those trees whose gum is amber, where flies alighting, are oftentimes translucently imprisoned.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE EPISTLE OF MRS. SHORE TO EDWARD IV.

As the weak child, that from the mother's wing
Is taught the lute's delicious fingering,
At ev'ry string's soft touch is mov'd with fear,
Noting his master's curious list'ning ear,
Whose trembling hand at ev'ry strain bewrays,
In what doubt he his new-set lesson plays :
As this poor child, so fit I to indite,
At every word still quaking as I write.
(a) Would I had led an humble shepherd's life,
Nor known the name of Shore's admired wife.
And liv'd with them in country fields that range,
Nor seen the golden cheap, nor glitt'ring 'change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subject to all tongues, object to all eyes :
Oft have I heard my beauty prais'd of many,
But never yet so much admir'd of any :
A Prince's eagle-eye to find out that,
Which common men do seldom wonder at,
Makes me to think affection flatters sight,
Or in the object something exquisite.
" To hous'd beauty seldom stoops report,
" Fame must attend on that which lives in court.
What swan of bright Apollo's brood doth sing,
To vulgar love, in courtly sonneting ?
Or what immortal poet's sugar'd pen
Attends the glory of a citizen ?
Oft have I wondered what should blind your eye,
Or what so far seduced Majesty,
That having choice of beauties so divine,
Amongst the most, to chuse this least of mine
More glorious sons adorn fair London's pride,
Than all rich England's continent beside ;
That who t' account their multitudes would wish,
(b) Might number Romney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.
Who doth frequent our temples, walks, and streets,
Noting the fundry beauties that he meets,

That if but some one beauty should incite
Some sacred muse, some ravish'd spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true Promethean fire,
That after-ages should his lines admire ;
Gathering the honey from the choicest flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd weeds in country bow'rs.
Here, in this garden only, springs the rose,
In ev'ry common hedge the bramble grows :
Nor are we so turn'd Neapolitan,
(c) That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And have just cause to rail upon our sex :
To prank old wrinkles up in new attire,
To alter nature's course, prove time a liar,
To abuse fate, and heav'n's just doom reverse,
On beauty's grave to set a crimson hearse,
With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,
To make a glass to seem a diamond :
Nor cannot, without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian dame :
Nor the fantastic French to imitate,
Attir'd half Spanish, half Italianate ;
With waist, nor curl, body, nor brow adorn,
That is in Florence or in Genoa born.
But with vain boasts how witlefs fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own indignity ?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to love belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the room,
Crop'd beauty's flow'r when it was in the bloom,
And goes away enriched with the store,
Whilst others glean, where he hath reap'd before ;
And he dares swear that I am true and just,
And shall I then deceive his honest trust ?
Or what strange hope should make you to assail,
Where the strong'st batt'ry never could prevail ?

Belike you think that I repuls'd the rest,
 To leave a king the conquest of my breast,
 And have thus long preserv'd myself from all,
 To have a monarch glory in my fall;
 Yet rather let me die the vilest death,
 Than live to draw that sin-polluted breath.
 But our kind hearts men's tears cannot abide,
 And we least angry oft, when most we chide.
 Too well know men what our creation made us,
 And nature too well taught them to invade us:
 They know but too well, how, what, when, and
 where,

To write, to speak, to sue, and to forbear;
 By signs, by sighs, by motions, and by tears,
 When vows should serve, when oaths, when smiles,
 when pray'rs;

What one delight our humours most doth move,
 Only in that you make us nourish love.

If any natural blemish blot our face,
 You do protest, it gives our beauty grace;
 And what attire we most are us'd to wear,
 That, of all other excellent'st, you swear:
 And if we walk, or sit, or stand, or lie,
 It must resemble some one deity;

And what you know we take delight to hear,
 That you are ever founding in our ear:

And yet so shameless, when you tempt us thus,
 To lay the fault on beauty and on us.

Rome's wanton Ovid did those rules impart,
 O, that your nature should be help'd with art!

Who would have thought, a king that cares to
 reign,

Inforc'd by love, so poet-like shou'd feign?
 To say that beauty, time's stern rage to shun,
 In my cheeks (lilies) hid her from the sun;
 And when she meant to triumph in her May,
 Made that her east, and here she broke her day?
 And that fair summer still is in my sight,
 And but where I am, all the world is night;
 As though the fair'st e'er since the world began,
 To me, a sun-burnt base Egyptian.

But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
 (O, would to God you knew it not too well!)
 That women oft their most admirers raise,
 Though publicly not flatt'ring their own praise.
 Our churlish husbands, which our youth enjoy'd,
 Who with our dainties have their stomachs cloy'd,
 Do loath our smooth hands with their lips to feel,
 T' inrich our favours, by our beds to kneel;

At our command to wait, to send, to go,
 As ev'ry hour our am'rous servants do;
 Which makes a stol'n kiss often we bestow,
 In earnest of a greater good we owe:
 When he all day torments us with a frown,
 Yet sports with Venus in a bed of down;
 Whose rude embracement but too ill beseems
 Her span-broad waist, her white and dainty limbs:
 And yet still preaching abstinence of meat,
 When he himself of ev'ry dish will eat.

Blame you our husbands then, if they deny
 Our public walking, our loose liberty?
 If with exception still they us debar

(d) The circuit of the public theatre:

To hear the poet in a comic strain,
 Able t' infect with his lascivious scene:
 And the young wanton wits, when they applaud
 The fly perswasion of some subtle bawd;
 Or passionate tragedian, in his rage

Acting a love-sick passion on the stage:

(e) When though abroad restraining us to roam,
 They very hardly keep us safe at home;
 And oft are touch'd with fear and inward grief,
 Knowing rich prizes soonest tempt a thief.

What sports have we, whereon our minds to
 set?

Our dog, our parrot, or our marmozet,
 Or once a week to walk into the field;
 Small is the pleasure that these toys do yield;
 But to this grief a med'cine you apply,
 To cure restraint with that sweet liberty;
 And sov'reignty (O that bewitching thing!)
 Yet made more great by promise of a king;
 And more, that honour which doth most intice
 The holiest nun, and she that's ne'er so nice.
 Thus still we strive, yet overcome at length,
 For men want mercy, and poor women strength:
 Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
 When kings once come, they conquer as they
 list.

Thou art the cause Shore pleaseth not my sight,
 That his embraces give me no delight;
 Thou art the cause I to myself am strange,
 Thy coming is my fall, thy set my change.
 Long winter nights be minutes, if thou here;
 Short minutes, if thou absent, be a year.
 And thus by strength thou art become my fate,
 And mak'st me love even in the midst of hate.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Would I had led an humble shepherd's life,
Nor known the name of Shore's admired wife*

Two or three poems written by sundry men have magnified this woman's beauty; whom, that ornament of England and London's more particular glory, Sir Thomas More, very highly hath praised for her beauty, she being alive in his time, though being poor and aged. Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under one arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, commanded that no man should relieve her; which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

(b) *May number Rumney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.*

Rumney is that famous marsh in Kent, at whose side Rye, a haven town doth stand: hereof the excellent English antiquary, Mr. Camden, and Mr. Lambert in his perambulation, do make mention. And marshes are commonly called those low grounds which abut upon the sea, and from the Latin word are so denominated. *Isis* is here used for *Thamesis*, by a Synecdochical kind of

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speech, or by a poetical liberty, in using one for another: for it is said that *Thamesis* is compounded of *Tamo* and *Isis*, making, when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a city much more renowned than that water: which being plentiful of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am persuaded, that there is no river in the world be- holds more stately buildings on either side, clean thorough, than the Thames. Much is reported of the grand canal in Venice, for that the fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

(c) *That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan*

Mantuan, a pastoral poet, in one of his eclogues bitterly inveigheth against womankind; some of which, by way of an appendix might be here inserted, seeing the fantastic and insolent humours of many of that sex deserve much sharper physic, were it not that they are grown wiser than to amend for such an idle poet's speech as Mantuan; yea, or for Euripides himself, or Seneca's inflexible Hippolitus.

(d) *The circuit of the public theatre.*

Ovid, a most fit author for so dissolute a sectary, calls that place chastity's shipwreck: for though Shore's wife wantonly pleads for liberty, which is the true humour of a courtesan; yet much more is the praise of modesty than of such liberty. Howbeit, the Vestal nuns had seats assigned them in the Roman theatre; whereby it should appear, it was counted no impeachment to modesty, though they offending herein were buried quick: a sharp law for them, who may say as Shore's wife does,

(e) *When though abroad restraining us to roam,*

They very hardly keep us safe at home.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MARY THE FRENCH QUEEN TO CHARLES BRANDON DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

The Argument.

Henry the Eighth, firm friendship to unite
With France, bestows the lady *Mary* bright,
His younger sister, on king *Lewis*, then
Being lame and aged; but she, of all men,
Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk most affected,
One whom her brother highly had respected,
And had advanc'd: but scarcely had she been
Five months in France, when the brave beauteous queen
Buried the old king; who no sooner dead,
But she in heart determining to wed
Her long-lov'd *Brandon*, this epistle writes;
Who back to her the answer soon indites.

Such health from heav'n myself may wish to
me,
Such health from France Queen *Mary* sends to
thee.
Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we women brook delay?
If one poor channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind!) what would an ocean do?
Leander had an Hellespont to swim,
Yet this from Hero could not hinder him;
His bark (poor soul!) his breast, his arms, his paws,
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores;
And opposite to famous Kent do lie
The pleasant fields of flow'ry Picardy,
Where our fair Calais, walled in her sands,
In kenning of the cliffy Dover stands.
Here is no beldam nurse to pout nor low'r,
When, wantoning, we revel in my tow'r;

Nor need I top my turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swim'st by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half so kind,
Thy sighs should stuff thy sails, though wanting
wind:
But thy breast is becalm'd, thy sighs be slack,
And mine too stiff, do blow thy broad sails back.
But thou wilt say, that I should blame the flood,
Because the wind so full against thee stood:
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, that thou wast so flow;
For it came not to keep thee in the bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainly let'st occasion slide,
Thou might'st have wafted hither with the tide.
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not, Brandon, thou hast broke thy
vow;

Yet if I meant to frown, I might be dumb,
For this may make thee stand in doubt to come :
Nay come, sweet Charles, have care thy ship to
guide;

Come, my sweet heart, in faith I will not chide.

When as my brother and his lovely queen,
In sad attire for my depart were seen,

(a) The utmost date expired of my stay,

When I from Dover did depart away,

Thou know'st what woe I suffer'd for thy sake,

How oft I feign'd of thee my leave to take :

God and thou know'st, with what a heavy heart
I took my farewell, when I should depart ;

And being ship'd, gave signal with my hand
Up to the cliff, where I did see thee stand :

Nor could refrain, in all the peoples view,

But cry'd to thee, sweet Charles adieu, adieu.

Look how a little infant, that hath lost

The thing wherewith it was delighted most,
Weary with seeking, to some corner creeps,

And then (poor soul!) it sits it down and weeps ;
And when the nurse would fain content the

mind,
Yet still it mourns for that it cannot find :

Thus in my careful cabbins did I lie,

When as the ship out of the road did lie.

(b) Think'st thou my love was faithful then to
thee,

When young Castile to England su'd for me ?
Be judge thyself, if it were not of power,

When I refus'd an empire for my dower.

To England's court when once report did bring,

How thou in France didst revel with the king,

(c) When he, in triumph of his victory,

Under a rich embroider'd canopy

Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling

stand,

To beg for mercy at his conqu'ring hand ;

To hear of his endearments, how I joy'd ?

But see, this calm was suddenly destroy'd.

(d) When Charles of Castile there to banquet

came,

With him his sister, that ambitious dame,

(e) Savoy's proud Duchefs, knowing how long

she

All means had try'd to win my love from me ;

Fearing my absence might thy vows acquit,

To change thy Mary for a Margaret,

(f) When in King Henry's tent of cloth of gold,

She often did thee in her arms enfold :

Where you were feasted more deliciously,

Than Cleopatra did Mark Antony :

Where sports all day did entertain your fight,

And then in masques you pass'd away the night.

But thou wilt say, 'tis proper unto us,

That we by nature all are jealous.

" I must confess 'tis oft found in our sex,

" But who not loves, not any thing suspects :

" True love doth look with pale suspicion's eye :

" Take away love, if you take jealousy."

Turwin and Tournay when King Henry took,

For this great change who then did ever look ?

(g) When Maximilian to those wars address'd,

Wore England's cross on his imperial breast,

(b) And in our army let his eagle fly,

(i) That view'd our ensigns with a wond'ring eye ;

Little thought I when Bullen first was won,

Wedlock should end what angry war begun.

From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,

(k) But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.

To his advice the king gave free consent,

That will I, nill I, I must be content.

My virgin's right thy state could not advance,

But now enriched with the dower of France ;

Then, but poor Suffolk's duchefs had I been,

Now the great dowager, the most Christian
queen.

But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,

Lewis of France had my virginity ;

He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what ?

Believe me, Brandon, he had scarcely that :

Good feeble king, he could not do much harm,

But age must needs have something that is warm ;

" Small drops (God knows) do quench that heat-
less fire,

" When all the strength is only in desire."

And I could tell (if modesty might tell)

There's somewhat else that pleaseth lovers well ;

To rest his cheek upon my softer cheek,

Was all he had, and more he did not seek ;

So might the little baby clip the nurse,

And it content, she never a whit the worse :

Then think this, Brandon, if that make thee

frown,

For maidenhead, he on me set a crown.

Who would not change a kingdom for a kiss ?

Hard were the heart that would not yield him

this ;

And time yet half so swiftly doth not pass,

Not yet full five months elder than I was.

When thou to France conducted wast by fame,

With many knights which from all countries

came,

To see me at St. Dennis on my throne,

Where Lewis held my coronation ;

(l) Where the proud dauphin, for thy valour's

sake,

Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take :

When as the staves upon thy cask did light,

Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my fight,

And spake aloud, when I myself forgot,

'Tis my sweet Charles, my Brandon, hurt him

not.

But when I fear'd the king perceived this,

Good silly man, I pleas'd him with a kiss ;

And to extol his valiant son began,

That Europe never bred a braver man :

And when (poor king) he simply praised thee,

Of all the rest I ask'd who thou should'st be ?

Thus I with him dissembled for thy sake ;

Open confession now amends must make.

Whilst this old king upon a pallet lies,

And only holds a combat with mine eyes ;

Mine eyes from his, by thy sight stol'n away,

Which might too well their mistress' thoughts

bewray,

But when I saw thy proud unconquer'd lance

To bear the prize from all the flow'r of France,

To see what pleasure did my soul embrace,
Might eas'ly be discerned in my face.
Look as the dew upon a damask rose,
Now through that liquid pearl his blushing
shows,
And when the soft air breathes upon his top,
From the sweet leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my cheek, distilling from mine eyes,
One tear for joy another's room supplies.

Before mine eye (like touch) thy shape did
prove,
Mine eye condemn'd my too too partial love;
But since by others I the same do try,
My love condemns my too too partial eye.
The precious stone most beautiful and rare,
When with itself we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent as that we only see;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our eye,
Which then appears more orient and more bright,
Having a foil whereon to shew its light.
Alanfon, a fine timb'ed man, and tall,
Yet wants the shape thou art adorn'd withal:
Vandome good carriage, and a pleasing eye,
Yet hath not Suffolk's princely majesty:
Courageous Bourbon, a sweet manly face,
Yet in his looks lacks Brandon's courtly grace:
Proud Longavile, suppos'd to have no peer,
A man scarce made was thought, whilst thou
wast here:
County Saint-Paul, our best at arms in France,
Would yield himself a 'squire to bear thy lance:

(m) Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for their
might,
Under thy tow'ring blade have couch'd in fight,
If with our love my brother angry be,
I'll say, to please him, I first fancy'd thee:
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Never to thee had I been half so kind.
Worthy my love, the vulgar judge no man,
Except a Yorkist, or Lancastrian;
Nor think that my affection should be set,
But in the line of great Plantagenet.
I pass not what the idle commons say,
I pray thee Charles make haste, and come away,
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy absence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy presence I should gladly smile.

When last of me his leave my Brandon took,
He swore an oath (and made my lips the book)
He would make haste, which now thou do'st
deny;
Thou art forsworn; O wilful perjury!
Sooner would I with greater sins dispense,
Than by entreaty pardon this offence.
But yet I think, if I should come to thrive thee,
Great were the fault that I should not forgive
thee:

Yet wert thou here, I would revenged be,
But it should be with too much loving thee.
Ay, that is all that thou shalt fear to taste;
I pray thee Brandon come, sweet Charles make
haste.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *The utmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Dover did depart away.*

King Henry VIII. with the queen and nobles,
in the sixth year of his reign, in the month of Sep-
tember, brought this lady to Dover, where she
took shipping for France.

(b) *Think'st thou my love was faithful unto thee,
When young Castile to England su'd for me?*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry VII.
and Philip King of Castile, son to Maximilian the
emperor, that Charles eldest son of the said Philip,
should marry the lady Mary, daughter to King
Henry when they came to age: which agreement
was afterward in the 8th year of Henry VIII. an-
nihilated.

(c) *When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich embroider'd canopy*

*Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling
stand, &c.*

Henry VIII. after the long siege of Tournay,
which was delivered to him upon composition,
entered the city in triumph under a canopy of
cloth of gold, born by four of the chief and most
noble citizens, the king himself mounted upon a
gallant courser barbed with the arms of England,
France, and Ireland.

(d) *When Charles of Castile to a banquet came,
With him his sister, that ambitious dame,
Savoy's proud duchess.*

The king being at Tournay, there came to him
the prince of Castile, and the lady Margaret duchess
of Savoy his sister, to whom king Henry gave
great entertainment.

(e) *Savoy's proud duchess, knowing how long she
All means had try'd to win my love from me.*

At this time there was talk of a marriage to be concluded between Charles Brandon then lord Lisle, and the duchess of Savoy; the lord Lisle being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the duchess.

(f) *When in king Henry's tent of cloth of gold.*

The king caused a rich tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feasted the prince of Castile and the duchess; and entertained them with sumptuous masks and banquets during their abode.

(g) *When Maximilian to those wars addrest,
Wore England's cross on his Imperial breast.*

Maximilian the emperor, with all his soldiers who served under King Henry, wore the cross of St. George with the rose on their breasts.

(b) *And in our army let his eagle fly.*

The black eagle is the badge imperial, which here is used for the displaying of his ensign or standard.

(i) *That view'd our ensigns with a wond'ring eye.*

Henry VIII. at his wars in France, retained the emperor and all his soldiers in wages, who served under him during those wars.

(k) *But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.*

Thomas Wolsey the king's almoner, then bishop of Lincoln, a man of great authority with the king, and afterward cardinal, was the chief cause that this lady Mary was married to the old French king, with whom the French had dealt underhand to befriend him in that match.

(l) *Where the proud Dauphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take.*

Francis duke of Valois and dauphin of France, at the marriage of the lady Mary, in honour thereof proclaimed a joust; where he chose the duke of Suffolk and the marquis of Dorset for his aids at all martial exercises.

(m) *Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for their
might.*

This county Galeas, at the jousts, ran a course with a spear, which was at the head five inches square on every side, and at the butt nine inches square, whereby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. This Bounarme, a gentleman of France, at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten spears about him: in each stirrup three, under each thigh one, one under his left arm, and one in his hand; and putting his horse to the career, never stopt him till he had broken every staff. *Hall.*

I iii

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO MARY THE FRENCH QUEEN.

BUT that my faith commands me to forbear,
The fault's your own, if I impatient were :
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time your loving lines to read.
Here, in the court, camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, only feed on air :
All day I wait, and all the night I watch,
And starve mine ears, to hear of my dispatch.
If Dover were th' Abydos of my rest,
Or pleasant Calais were my Mary's Cest',
You should not need, bright queen, to blame me
so,
Did not the distance, to desire say no :
No tedious night from travel should be free,
Till through the seas, with swimming still to
thee,
A snowy path I made unto the Bay,
So bright as is that nectar-stained way,
The restless sun by travelling doth wear,
Passing his course to finish up the year.
But Paris locks my love within the main,
And London yet thy Brandon doth detain.
Of thy firm love thou put'st me still in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I find.
(a) When Longaville to Mary was affy'd,
And thou by him wast made King Lewis' bride,
How oft I wish'd, that thou a prize might'st be,
That I in arms might combat him for thee !
And in the madness of my love distraught,
A thousand times his murder have fore-thought :
" But that th' all-seeing pow'rs, which sit above,
" Regard not mad mens oaths, nor faults in love,
" And have confirm'd it by the grant of heav'n,
" That lovers sins on earth should be forgiv'n :
" For never man is half so much distress'd,
" As he that loves, to see his love possess'd."

Coming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where first thou stol'st away my
heart)
Methought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorn and desolate ;
In whose fair walks thou often hast been seen,
To sport with Kath'rine, Henry's beauteous queen,
Astonishing sad winter with thy sight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night ;
And the small birds, as in the pleasant spring,
Forgot themselves, and have begun to sing.
So oft as I by Thames go and return,
Methinks for thee the river yet doth mourn,
Whom I have seen to let his stream at large,
Which like an handmaid waited on thy barge ;
And if thou hap'st against the flood to row,
Which way it eb'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops upon the labouring oars,
For joy that it had got thee from the shoars.
The swans with music that the roothers make,
Ruffling their plumes, came gliding on the lake,
As the swift dolphins by Arion's strings,
Were brought to land with Siren ravishings :
The flocks and herds that pasture near the flood,
To gaze upon thee have forborn their food,
And sat down sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to swim.
When as the post to England's royal court,
Of thy hard passage brought thee true report,
(b) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were
tost,
And thou thyself in danger to be lost,
I knew 'twas Venus loath'd that aged bed,
Where beauty so should be dishonoured ;
Or fear'd the sea-nymphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but seen, their goddesses should forsake.

And whirling round her dove-drawn coach about,
To view the navy then in launching out,
Her airy mantle loofely doth unbind,
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Wasted thy sails with speed unto the land,
And ran thy ships on Bullen's harbouring strand.

Hew should I joy of thy arrive to hear!
But as a poor sea-faring passenger,
After long travel, tempest-torn and wrack'd,
By some unpitt'ing pirate that is sack'd;
Hears the false robber that hath stol'n his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the invaluable store,
For which he long had travelled before.

(c) When thou to Abvile held'st th' appointed
day,
We heard how Lewis met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring tiffue strangely dight,
(d) Appear'dst unto him like the Queen of Light:
In cloth of silver all thy virgin train,
In beauty sumptuous, as the northern wain;
And thou alone the foremost glorious star,
Which led'st the team of that great waggoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I did think,
When thine eyes tasted what mine ears did drink?

(e) A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy coming crept out of the door:
'Twas well he rid, he had no legs to go,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to:
For whom a cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden bed a gallant Queen,
To use thy beauty as the miser gold,
Which hoards it up but only to behold;
Still looking on it with a jealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet loving usury.
O sacrilege (if beauty be divine)
The profane hand to touch the hallow'd shrine!
To surfeit sickness on the sound man's diet;
To rob content, yet still to live unquiet;
And having all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet still longing like a little child.

(f) When Marquis Dorset and the valiant
Grays,
To purchase fame, first cross'd the narrow seas,
With all the knights that my associates went,
In honour of thy nuptial tournament,
Think'st thou I joy'd not in thy beauty's pride,
(g) When thou in triumph didst through Paris
ride?

Where all the streets, as thou didst pass along,
With Arras, Bisse, and tapestry were hung;
Ten thousand gallant citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy princely self to guard:
Next them, three thousand choice religious men,
In golden vestments follow'd on again;
And in procession as they came along,
With Hymenæus sang thy marriage-song.
(h) Next these, five dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a princely cardinal:
Then thou, on thy imperial chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich impearled coronet;
Whilst the Parisian dames, as thy train pass,
Their precious incense in abundance cast.

As Cynthia, from her wave-embattel'd shrowds
Op'ning the west, comes streaming through the
clouds,

With shining troops of silver-tressed stars,
Attending on her as her torch-bearers;
And all the lesser lights about her throne
With admiration stand as lookers on;
Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queen of Light along her sphere doth glide.

When on the tilt my horse like thunder came,
No other signal had I, but thy name;
Thy voice my trumpet, and my guide thine
eyes,

And but thy beauty, I esteem'd no prize.
(i) That large-limb'd Almain, of the giant's
race.

Which bare strength on his breast, fear in his
face,
Whose sinew'd arms with his steel-temper'd
blade,

Through plate and mail such open passage made;
Upon whose might the Frenchmen's glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day:
Thou saw'st thy Brandon beat him on his knee,
Off'ring his shield a conquer'd spoil to thee.
But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st.
No sacred queen, my valour I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chivalry.

One of thy treffed curls there falling down,
As loth to be imprison'd in thy crown,
I saw the soft air sportively to take it,
And into strange and sundry forms to make it;
Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twisting it, then it untwist again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine eye,
A sunny candle for a golden fly.
At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as though a star had shot,
My up-turn'd eye pursu'd it with my sight,
The which again redoubled all my might.

'Tis but in vain of my descent to boast,
When heav'n's lamp shines, all other lights be
lost;

Faulcons seem poor, the eagle sitting by,
Whose brood surveys the sun with open eye;
(k) Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat the tyrant Richard from his horse
On Bosworth plain, whom Richmond chose to
wield

His glorious ensign in that conqu'ring field;
And with his sword in his dear sov'reign's sight,
To his last breath stood fast in Henry's right.

Then, beauteous empress, think this safe delay
Shall be the even to a joyful day:

"Fore-sight doth still on all advantage lie,
"Wise men must give place to necessity;
"To put back ill, our good we must forbear;
"Better first fear, and after still to fear."

'Twere oversight in that, at which we aim,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
With patience then let us our hopes attend,
And till I come, receive these lines I send.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *When Longavile to Mary was affy'd*

The duke of Longavile, who was prisoner in England, upon the peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married the princess Mary for Louis the French king his master.

(b) *How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
and thou, &c.*

As the queen sailed for France, a mighty storm arose at sea, so that the navy was in great danger, and was severed, some driven upon the coast of Flanders, some on Britain. The ship wherein the queen sailed was driven into the haven at Bullen with very great danger.

(c) *When thou to Abvile beld'st th' appointed day.*

King Lewis met her by Abvile near to the forest of Ardres, and brought her into Abvile with great solemnity.

(d) *Appeard'st unto him like the queen of light.*

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the queen and her train, attended by the chief of the nobility of England, with six-and-thirty ladies all in cloth of silver, their horses trapped with crimson velvet.

(e) *A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before.*

King Lewis was a man of great years, troubled much with the gout, so that he had long time before little use of his legs.

(f) *When marquis Dorset and the valiant Grays.*

The duke of Suffolk when the proclamation

came into England, of jousts to be holden in France at Paris; he, for the queen's sake his mistress, obtained of the king to go thither; with whom went the marquis of Dorset and his four brothers, the lord Clinton, Sir Edward Nevill, Sir Giles Capell, Thomas Cheney, which all went over with the duke as his assistants.

(g) *When thou in triumph didst thro' Paris ride.*

A true description of the queen's entering into Paris, after her coronation performed at St. Dennis.

(h) *Next these, five dukes, as did their places fall.*

The dukes of Alanfon, Bourbon, Vandome, Longavile, Suffolk, with five cardinals.

(i) *That large-limb'd Almain of the giants race.*

Francis Valois the dauphin of France, envying the glory that the Englishmen had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almain secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, who encountered Charles Brandon at the barriers; but the duke grappling with him, so beat him about the head with the pummel of his sword, that the blood came out of the fight of his cask.

(k) *Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat, &c.*

Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the earl of Richmond (after Henry VII.) at Bosworth field, a brave and gallant gentleman, who was slain by Richard there; this was father to this Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

The Argument.

The earl of Surrey, that renowned lord,
Th' old English glory bravely that restor'd,
That prince and poet (a name more divine)
Falling in love with beauteous *Geraldine*,
Of the *Geraldi*, which derive their name
From Florence: whither, to advance her fame,
He travels, and in public jousts maintain'd
Her beauty peerless, which by arms he gain'd:
But staying long, fair Italy to see,
To let her know him constant still to be,
From Tuscany this letter to her writes;
Which her rescription instantly invites.

FROM (a) learned Florence (long time rich in
fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble grandfires came
To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heav'nly Geraldine.
Yet let not Tuscan think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my native tongue;
That in these harsh tun'd cadences I sing,
Sitting so near the muses sacred spring;
But rather think it self adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the praise of Italy.
Though to the Tuscans I the smoothness grant,
Our dialect no majesty doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a key,
As France, or Spain, or Germany, or they.
What day I quit the fore-land of fair Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,

Yet think I with how many a heavy look
My leave of England and of thee I took,
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one sigh back to thee.
Up to the deck a billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and down again it slips,
Into the gulph itself it headlong throws,
And as a post to England-ward it goes.
As I sate wond'ring how the rough sea stirr'd,
I might far off perceive a little bird,
Which as she fain from shore to shore would fly.
Had lost herself in the broad vasty sky,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,
The seas of life still gaping to berave her:
Unto the ship she makes, which she discovers,
And there (poor fool!) a while for refuge
hovers;

And when at length her flagging pinion fails,
 Painting she hangs upon the rolling sails
 And being forc'd to loose her hold with pain,
 Yet beaten off, she straight lights on again,
 And tofs'd with flaws, with storms, with wind,

with weather,
 Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither:
 Now with the poop, now with the prow doth
 bear,

Now on this side, now that, now here, now there.
 Methinks these storms should be my sad depart,
 The silly helpless bird is my poor heart,
 The ship, to which for succour it repairs,
 That is yourself, regardless of my cares.
 Of every surge doth fall, or wave doth rise,
 To some one thing I fit and moralize.

When for thy love I left the Belgic shore,
 Divine Erasmus and our famous More,
 Whose happy presence gave me such delight,
 As made a minute of a winter's night;
 With whom a while I staid at Roterdame,
 Now so renowned by Erasmus' name:
 Yet every hour did seem a world of time,
 Till I had seen that soul reviving clime,
 And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
 A wat'ry soil to clog a fiery wit.
 And as that wealthy Germany I napt,
 Coming unto the Emperor's court at last,
 (b) Great-learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art,
 Who the infernal secrets doth impart,
 When of thy health I did desire to know,
 Me in a glass my Geraldine did show,
 Sick in thy bed; and for thou could'st not sleep,
 By a wax taper set the light to keep;
 I do remember thou didst read that ode,
 Sent back whilst I in Thanet made abode,
 Where when thou cam'st unto that word of love,
 Ev'n in thine eyes I saw how passion strove:
 That snowy lawn which covered thy bed,
 Methought look'd white, to see thy cheek so red;
 Thy rosy cheek oft changing in my sight,
 Yet still was red, to see the lawn so white:
 The little taper which should give thee light,
 Methought wax'd dim, to see thy eyes so bright;
 Thine eye again supply'd the taper's turn,
 And with his beams more brightly made it burn:
 The shrugging air about thy temples hurls,
 And wrapt thy breath in little clouded curls,
 And as it did ascend, it straight did seize it,
 And as it sunk it presently did raise it.
 Canst thou by sickness banish beauty so,
 Which if put from thee, knows not where to go
 To make her shift, and for succour seek
 To every rivel'd face, each bankrupt cheek?
 "If health preserv'd, thou beauty still dost cherish;
 "If that neglected, beauty soon doth perish.
 Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
 Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.
 If live or die, as thou do'st, so do I;
 If live, I live; and if thou die, I die:
 One heart, on love, one joy, one grief, one troth,
 One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.

If Howard's blood thou hold'st as but too vile
 Or not esteem'st of Norfolk's princely stile;

If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,
 (c) That lion plac'd in our bright silver bend,
 Which as trophy beautifies our shield,
 (d) Since Scottish blood discolour'd Floden field;
 When the proud Cheviot our brave ensign bare,
 As a rich jewel in a Lady's hair,
 And did fair Bramston's neighbouring vallies
 choke

With clouds of cannons fire-disgorged smoke;
 Of Surrey's Earldom insufficient be,
 And not a dower so well contenting thee:
 Yet I am one of great Apollo's heirs,
 The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
 By Princes my immortal lines are sung,
 My flowing verses grac'd with ev'ry tongue:
 The little children when they learn to go,
 By painful mothers daded to and fro,
 Are taught by sugar'd numbers to rehearse,
 And have their sweet lips season'd with my verse.

When heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
 And put an angel's spirit into man,
 The utmost pow'r it hath, it then doth spend,
 When to the world a Poet it doth intend.
 That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
 (By them confirm'd) distinguish'd only thus:
 Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
 The gods commit their glory to our praise;
 T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
 We likewise share a second pow'r by death.

When time shall turn those amber locks to
 gray,
 My verse again shall gild and make them gay
 And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
 And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;
 That sacred pow'r, that in my ink remains,
 Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd veins,
 And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteness dead,
 Shall set a white more white, a red more red:
 When thy dim sight thy glass cannot descry,
 Nor thy craz'd mirror can discern thine eye;
 My verse, to tell th' one what the other was,
 Shall represent them both, thine eye and glass:
 Where both thy mirror and thine eye shall see,
 What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;
 And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
 What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

If Florence once should lose her old renown,
 As famous Athens, now a fisher-town;
 My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
 Which great Apollo ever shall protect,
 And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
 Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls.

(e) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues
 To be the glory of the English court, [report
 Shall by our nation be so much admir'd,
 If ever Surry truly were inspir'd.

(f) And famous Wyat, who in numbers sings
 To that enchanting Thracian harper's strings,
 To whom Phoebus (the Poets god) did drink
 A bowl of nectar, fill'd up to the brink;
 And sweet-tangu'd Bryan (whom the Muses kept,
 And in his cradle rockt him whilst he slept)
 In sacred verses (most divinely penn'd)
 Upon thy praises ever shall attend.

What time I came into this famous town,
And made the cause of my arrival known,
Great Medices a list for triumphs built;
Within the which, upon a tree of gilt,
(Which was with fundry rare devices set)
I did erect thy lovely counterfeit,
To answer those Italian dames desire,
Which daily came thy beauty to admire;
By which, my lion in his gaping jaws
Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare
A beauty with my Geraldine's compare.
Which, when each manly valiant arm assays,
After so many brave triumphant days,
The glorious prize upon my lance I bear,
By herald's voice proclaim'd to be thy share.
The shiver'd staves here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounters past at ev'ry shock,
When stormy courses answer's cuff for cuff,
Denting proud bevers with the counter-buff,
Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,
I sacrific'd, as incense to thy fame:
Where, as the phoenix from her spiced fume
Renews herself, in that she doth consume;
So from these sacred ashes live we both,
Ev'n as that one Arabian wonder doth.

When to my chamber I myself retire,
Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England, which my hope contains,
The happy isle where Geraldine remains:
(g) Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial eyne
At first did pierce this tender breast of mine:
(b) Of Hampton-Court and Windsor, where
abound

All pleasures that in Paradife were found:
Near that fair castle is a little grove,
With hanging rocks all cover'd from above,
Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth stand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
Whose bushy top doth bid the sun forbear,
And checks his proud beams that would enter
there;

Whose leaves still mutt'ring, as the air doth
breathe,
With the sweet bubbling of the stream beneath,
Doth rock the senses (whilst the small birds sing)
Lulled asleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fairies sport at prison-base,
(No doubt there is some pow'r frequents the
place)

There the soft poplar and smooth beech do bear
Our names together carv'd every where,

And Gordian-knots do curiously entwine
The names of Henry and Geraldine.
O let this grove, in happy times to come,
Be call'd the lovers blest'd Elyzium;
Whither my mistress wonted to resort,
In summer's heat, in those sweet shades to sport:
A thousand fundry names I have it given,
And call'd it Wonder-hider, Cover-heav'n,
The roof where beauty her rich court doth keep,
Under whose compass all the stars do sleep.
There is one tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear these verses carved in the rind:
"When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade,
"Fan her fair tresses with perfumed air,
"Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,
"To keep the sun from gazing on my fair:
"And when thy spreading branched arms be
"sunk,

"And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retain,
"Ev'n from the dust of thy unwieldy trunk
"I will renew thee, phoenix-like, again,
"And from thy dry decayed root will bring
"A new-born stem, another Æson's spring.

I find no cause, nor judge I reason why,
My country should give place to Lombardy.
(i) As goodly flow'rs on Thamesis do grow,
As beautify the banks of wanton Po;
As many nymphs as haunt rich Arnus' strand,
By silver Severn tripping hand in hand:
Our shade's as sweet, though not to us so dear,
Because the sun hath greater power there.
This distant place doth give me greater woe;
Far off, my sighs the farther have to go.
Ah absence! why thus should'st thou seen so
long?

Or wherefore should'st thou offer time such
wrong,

Summer so soon to steal on winter's cold,
Or winter blasts so soon make summer old?
Love did us both with one self-arrow strike,
Our wounds both one, our cure should be the
like;

Except thou hast found out some mean by art,
Some pow'rful med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,
It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed

Adieu, adieu, from Florence when I go,
By my next letters Geraldine shall know,
Which if good fortune shall by course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect;
Till when, I leave thee to thy heart's desire,
By him that lives thy virtues to admire.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *From learned Florence, long time rich in fame.*

Florence, a city of Tuscany, standing upon the river Arnus (celebrated by Dante, Petrarch, and other the most noble wits of Italy) was the original of the family out of which this Geraldine did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these verses of the earl of Surrey:

*From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.*

(b) *Great learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art.*

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for magic, (which the books published by him concerning that argument do partly prove) as in this place needs no farther remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy arts are but illusions, so in the honour of so rare a gentleman as this earl (and therewithal so noble a poet, a quality by which his other titles receive their greatest lustre) invention may make somewhat more bold with Agrippa above the barren truth.

(c) *That lion set in our bright silver bend.*

The blazon of the Howards honourable amour was, *Gules, between six crofslets fitchy a bend Argent*; to which afterwards was added by atchievement, *In the canton point of the bend an escutcheon Or, within the Scottish pressure a demi-lion rampant Gules, &c.* as Mr. Camden, now Clarencieux, from authority noteth. Never shall time or bitter envy be able to obscure the brightness of so great a victory as that for which this addition was obtained. The historian of Scotland, George Buchanan, reporteth that the earl of Surrey gave for his badge a *silver lion*, (which from antiquity belonged to that name) tearing in pieces a *lion prostrate Gules*; and withal, that this, which he terms insolence, was punished in him and his posterity; as if it were fatal to the conqueror to do his sovereign such loyal service, as a thousand such severe censurers were never able to perform.

(d) *Since Scottish blood discolour'd Floden field.*

The battle was fought at Branston near Floden-hill, being a part of the Cheviot, a mountain that exceedeth all the mountains in the north of England for highness; in which the wilful perjury of James V. was punished from heaven by the earl of Surrey, being left by King Henry VIII. (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of his realm.

(e) *Nor beauteous Stanbope, whom all tongues report*

To be the glory, &c.

Of the beauty of that lady he himself testifies, in an elegy which he writ of her, refusing to dance with him, which he seemeth to allegorise under a lion and a wolf. And of himself he saith:

A lion saw I late, as white as snow.

And of her,

I might perceive a wolf, as white as a whale's bone,

A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I never none,

But that her looks were coy, and froward was her grace.

(f) *And famous Wyat, who in numbers sings.*

Sir Thomes Wyat the elder, a most excellent poet, as his poems extant do witness; besides certain encomiums, written by the earl of Surrey upon some of David's psalms, by him translated.

*What holy grave, what worthy sepulchre,
To Wyat's psalms shall Christians purchase then?*

And afterward, upon his death, the said earl writeth thus:

*What virtues rare were temper'd in thy breast!
Honour that England such a jewel bred,
And kiss the ground whereas thy corps did rest.*

(g) *Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial eyne.*

It is manifest by a sonnet, written by this noble earl, that the first time he beheld his lady was at Hunsdon.

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.

Which sonnet being altogether a description of his love, I do allege in divers places of this gloss, as proofs of what I write.

(h) *Of Hampton-court and Windsor, where abound*

All pleasures, &c.

That he enjoyed the presence of his fair and virtuous mistress at those two places, by reason of queen Catharine's usual abode there (on whom this lady Geraldine was attending) I prove by these verses of his:

*Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
Windsor (alas!) doth chase me from her sight.*

And in another sonnet following:

*When Windsor walls sustain'd my weary'd arm,
My hand, my chin, to ease my restless head.*

And that his delight might draw him to com-

pare Windsor to paradise, an elegy may prove;
where he remembereth his passed pleasures in
that place.

*With a king's son my childish years I pass'd,
In greater feasts than Priam's son of Troy.*

And again in the same elegy:

*Those large green courts, where we were wont
to rove,*

*With eyes cast up unto the maidens tower,
With easy sighs, such as men draw in love.*

And again in the same:

*The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweet delight.*

And for the pleasantness of the place, these
verses of his may testify, in the same elegy before
cited:

*The secret groves which we have made resound,
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth.*

(i) *As goodly flow'rs on Thamecis do grow, &c.*
I had thought in this place not to have spoken
of Thames, being so oft remembered by me be-
fore in sundry places on this occasion; but think-
ing of that excellent epigram, which I judge either
to be done by the said earl, or Sir Francis Brian,
for the worthiness thereof I will here insert, which,
as it seems to me, was compiled at the author's
being in Spain.

*Tagus, farewell, which westward with thy
streams*

*Turn'st up the grains of gold, already try'd;
For I with spur and sail go seek the Thames,
Against the sun that shews his wealthy pride,
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,
Like bended moon that leans her lussy side,
To seek my country now, for whom I live;
O mighty Jove, for this the winds me give.*

(i) At length I have found the place
I had thought in this place not to have spoken
of Thence, being to be remembered by the be-
fore in handy place on this occasion; but think-
ing of that excellent epigram, which I judge either
to be done by the said Earl, or Sir Francis Bacon,
for the worthiness thereof I will here insert, which
as it seems to me, was compiled at the author's

part Windsor to provide, an elegy may prove,
where he remembered his passed pleasures in
that place.
With a sigh, as my child's years I look'd,
In youth I had then known: for of my
And again in the same elegy:
I hope I have given some, rather not some great

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE LADY GERALDINE TO HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

SUCH greeting as the noble Surrey sends,
The like to thee thy Geraldine commends;
A maiden's thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other terms or compliments to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words:
But all is one, my faith as firm shall prove,
As her's that makes the greatest shew of love.

In Cupid's school I never read those books,
Whose lectures oft we practise in our looks,
Nor ever did suspicious rival eye
Yet lie in wait my favours to espy;
My virgin thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaste blushes fitting on my cheek:
As in a fever I do shiver yet,
Since first my pen was to the paper set.
If I do err, you know my sex is weak,
Fear proves a fault where maids are forc'd to
speak.

Do I not ill? Ah, sooth me not herein;
Or, if I do, reprove me of my sin:
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach myself, myself to chide.
Nay, noble Surrey, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldness should return my guilt:
For that should be ev'n from ourselves conceal'd,
Which is disclos'd, if to our thoughts reveal'd;
For the least motion, more the smallest breath,
That may impeach our modesty, is death.

The page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Methinks) should marvel at my strange demand:
For till he blush'd, I did not yet espy
The nakedness of my immodesty,
Which in my face he greater might have seen,
But that my fan I quickly put between;

Yet scarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
"Fear seeing all, fears it of all is spy'd."
Like to a taper burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintain his light,
The blaze ascending, forced by the smoke,
Living by that which seeks the same to choke;
The flame still hanging in the air, doth burn,
Until drawn down, it back again return:
Then clear, then dim, then spreadeth, and then
closeth,
Now getteth strength, and now his brightness
loseth;

As well the best discerning eye may doubt,
Whether it be yet in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheek my sundry passions shew'd,
Now ashy pale, and now again it glow'd.
If in your verse there be a pow'r to move,
It's you alone, who are the cause I love,
It's you bewitch my bosom by mine ear;
Unto that end I did not place you there:
Airs to assuage the bloody soldier's mind,
Poor women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'll think, that I these terms enforce,
For that in court this kindness is of course:
Or that it is that honey-steeped gall,
We oft are said to bait our loves withal;
That in one eye we carry strong desire,
In th' other drops, which quickly quench that
fire,

Ah, what so false can envy speak of us,
But it shall find some vainly credulous?
I do not so, and to add proof thereto,
I love in faith, in faith, sweet Lord, I do:
Nor let the envy of envenom'd tongues,
Which still is grounded on poor ladies wrongs,

Thy noble breast disasterly possess,
By any doubt to make my love the less.

My house from Florence I do not pretend,
Nor from those Gerald's claim I to descend;
Nor hold those honours insufficient are,
That I receive from Desmond, or Kildare:
Nor better air will ever boast to breathe,
Than that of Lemster, Munster, or of Meath:
Nor crave I other foreign far allies,
(a) Than Windsor's, or Fitz-Gerald's families:
It is enough to leave unto my heirs,
If they but please t' acknowledge me for theirs.

To what place ever did the court remove,
But that the house gives matter to my love?
At Windsor still I see thee sit, and walk,
There mount thy courser, there devise, there talk,
The robes, the garter, and the state of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatness brings:
None such, the name imports (methinks) so much,
None such as it, nor as my Lord, none such:
In Hampton's great magnificence I find
The lively image of thy Princely mind:
Fair Richmond's tow'rs like goodly trophies stand
Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious hand:
White-Hall's triumphing galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich devices of thy wit:
In Greenwich still, as in a glass, I view,
Where last thou bad'st thy Geraldine adieu,

With ev'ry little perling breath that blows,
How are my thoughts confus'd with joys and woes!
As through a gate, so through my longing ears
Pass to my heart whole multitudes of fears.
O, in a map that I might see thee show
The place where now in danger thou do'st go!
Whilst we discourse, to travel with our eye
Romania, Tuscan, and fair Lombardy;
Or with thy pen exactly to set down
The model of that temple, or that town;
And to relate at large where thou hast been,
As there, and there, and what thou there hast
Expressing in a figure, by thy hand.
How Naples lies, how Florence fair doth stand:
Or as the Grecian's finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a river in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulf to figure out,
To model Venice moated round about;
Then adding more to counterfeit a sea,
And draw the front of stately Genoa.
These from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do sound like mandrakes dreadful
groans,

Some travel hence, t' enrich their minds with
skill,
Leave here there good, and bring home others ill;
Which seem to like all countries but their own,
Affecting most, where they the least are known:
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their
head,
As they had been in sev'ral countries bred;

In their attire, their gesture, and their gate,
Found in each one, all Italianate,
So well in all deformity in fashion,
Borrowing a limb of ev'ry sev'ral nation;
And nothing more than England hold in scorn,
So live as strangers whereas they were born,
But thy return in this I do not read,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed:
O God forbid that Howard's noble line,
From ancient virtue should so far decline!
The Muses train (whereof yourself are chief)
Only to me participate their grief:
To sooth their humours, I do lend them ears.
"He gives a Poet, that his verses hears."
Till thy return, by hope they only live;
Yet had they all they all away would give:
The world and they so ill-according be,
That wealth and Poets never can agree.
Few live in court that of their good have care,
The muses friends are every where so rare,
Some praise thy worth (that it did never know),
Only because the better sort do so,
Whose judgment never further doth extend,
That it doth please the greatest to commend;
So great an ill upon desert doth chance,
When it doth pass by beastly ignorance.
Why art thou slack, whilst no man put his hand
(b) To raise the mount where Surrey's towers
must stand?
Or who the groundfil of that work doth lay,
Whilst like a wand'rer thou abroad do'st stray,
Clip'd in the arms of some lascivious dame,
When thou should'st rear an Ilion to thy name?
When shall the muses by fair Norwich dwell,
To be the city of the learned well?
Or Phœbus' altars there with iucense heap'd,
And once in Cyrrha, or in Thebe kept?
Or when shall that fair hoof-plow'd spring distil
From great mount-surry, out of Leonard's-hill?
Till thou return, the court I will exchange
For some poor cottage, or some country grange
Where to our distaves, as we sit and spin,
My maid and I will tell what things have been.
Our lutes unstrung shall hang upon the wall,
Our lessons serve to wrap our tow withall,
And pass the night, whilst winter-tales we tell,
Of many things, that long ago befell:
Or tune such homely carrols as were sung
In country sport, when we ourselves were young,
In pretty riddles to bewray our loves,
In questions, purpose, or in drawing gloves.
The noblest spirits, to virtue most inclin'd,
These here in court thy greatest want do find;
Others there be, on which we feed our eye,
(c) Like arras-work, or such like imag'ry:
Many of us desire Queen Cath'rine's state,
But very few her virtues imitate,
Then, as Ulysses, wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thyself to me.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Than Windsor's or Fitzgerald's families.*

The coast of many kings which from time to time have adorned the castle at Windsor with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble than that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure; and I hold it more meet to refer you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finishers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothing near the purpose. As for the family of the Fitzgeralds, of whence this lady was lineally descended, the original was English, though the branches did spread themselves into distant places, and names nothing consonant, as in former times it was usual to denominate themselves of their manors or forenames, as may partly appear in that which ensueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend Mr. Francis Thinn. Walter of Windsor the son of Oterus, had to issue William, of whom Henry now Lord Windsor is descended; and Robert of Windsor, of whom Robert the now Earl of Essex, and Gerald of Windsor his third son, who married the daughter of Rees the great Prince of Wales, of whom came Nesta paramour to Henry the first: which Gerald had issue Maurice Fitzgerald ancestor to Thomas Fitzmaurice Justice of Ireland, buried at Tralay; leaving issue John his eldest son first Earl of Kildare ancestor to Geraldine, and Maurice his second son first Earl of Desmond.

(k) *To raise the mount where Surrey's towers must stand*

Alluding to the sumptuous house which was

afterward built by him upon Leonard's-hill, right against Norwich; which, in the rebellion of Norfolk under Ket, in King Edward the sixth's time, was much defaced by that impure rabble. Betwixt the hill and the city, as Alexander Nevel describes it, the river of Yarmouth runs, having west and south thereof a wood, and a little village called Thorpe; and on the north the pastures of Mousholl, which contain about six miles in length and breadth. So that besides the stately greatness of Mount-Surrey, which was the house's name, the prospect and site thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did that encresing evil of the Norfolk fury unkennel itself then, but there, as it were for a manifest token of their intent to debase all high things, and to profane all holy.

(c) *Like arras-work, or such like imag'ry.*

Such was he whom Juvenal taxeth in this manner:

Truncoque similimus Herme

Nulla quippe alio vinctis discrimine, quam quod

illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.

Seeming to be born for nothing else but apparel and the outward appearance entitled complement, with whom the ridiculous fable of the ape in Æsop forteth fitly; who coming into a carver's house, and viewing many marble works, took up the head of a man very cunningly wrought, who greatly in praising did seem to pity it, that having so comely an outside it had nothing within; like empty figures walk and talk in every place, at whom the noble Geraldine modestly glanceth.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE LADY JANE GRAY TO THE LORD GILFORD DUDLEY.

The Argument.

Edward the sixth, his timeless life bereft,
 (Though doubtfully) yet his dominion left
 To his sister Mary: but by Henry Gray,
 'Then Duke of Suffolk, bearing mighty sway,
 With the consent and by the pow'rful hand
 Of John the stout Duke of Northumberland,
 His fourth son, Gilford Dudley, they affy'd
 To fair Jane Gray, which by the mother's side
 Some title claim'd: this marriage them between,
 The Lady Jane was here proclaimed Queen,
 But Mary soon prevailing by her pow'r,
 Caused those two preserved in the Tow'r,
 There to be prison'd; where, their blame to quit,
 They each to other these epistles writ.

MINE own dear Lord, sith thou art lock'd from
 me,

In this disguise my love must steal to thee,
 Since to renew all loves, all kindness past,
 This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My keeper coming, I of thee inquire,
 Who with thy greeting answers my desire;
 Which my tongue willing to return again,
 Grief stops my words, and I but strive in vain:
 Wherewith amaz'd, away in haste he goes,
 When through my lips my heart thrusts forth my
 woes.

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But then the doors, that make a doleful sound,
 Drive back my words, that in the noise are
 drown'd,

Which somewhat hush'd, the echo doth record,
 And twice or thrice reiterates my word:
 When like an adverse wind in Isis' course,
 Against the tide bending his boist'rous force;
 But when the flood hath wrought itself about,
 He following on, doth headlong thrust it out:
 Thus strive my sighs with tears ere they begin,
 And breaking out, again sighs drive them in.

K

A thousand forms present my troubled thought
Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought,
"The depth of woe with words we hardly sound,
"Sorrow is so insensibly profound."

As tears do fall and rise, sighs come and go,
So do these numbers ebb, so do they flow.
These briny tears do make my ink look pale,
My ink cloaths tears in this sad mourning vail;
The letters mourners, weep with my dim eye,
The paper pale, griev'd at my misery.
Yet miserable ourselves why should we deem,
Sith none are so but in their own esteem?

"Who in distress from resolution flies,

Is rightly said to yield to miseries,"

(a) They which begot us, did beget this sin,
They first begun what did our grief begin:
We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebell,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell:
They which a crown would to my Lord have
All hope of life and liberty extinct; [link'd,
A subject born, a sov'reign to have been,
Have made me now nor subject, nor a Queen:
Ah, vile ambition, how dost thou deceive us!
Which shew'd us heav'n, and yet in hell dost leave
us.

"Seldom untouch'd doth innocence escape,
"When error cometh in good counsel's shape;
"A lawful title counterchecks proud might;
"The weakest things become strong props to
"right."

Then, my dear Lord, although affliction grieve
us,

Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.

"Death but an acted passion doth appear,

"Where truth gives courage and the conscience
"clear."

And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I bear part of whatsoe'er is thine,
As when we liv'd untouched with these disgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces:
(b) At Durham palace, where sweet Hymen sang,
Whose buildings with our nuptial music rang:
When prothalamions prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great Dudley match'd with noble Gray.
When they devis'd to link by wedlock's band
The house of Suffolk to Northumberland;
Our fatal dukedom to your dukedom bound,
To frame this building on so weak a ground.
For what avails a lawless usurpation,
Which gives a scepter, but not rules a nation?
Only the surfeit of a vain opinion:

"What gives content, gives what exceeds do-
"minion."

(c) When first mine ears were pierced with the
fame

Of Jane, proclaimed by a Princess' name,
A sudden fright my trembling heart appalls:
"The fear of conscience ent'reth iron walls."
Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,
If what we fear'd, they wisely had forseen,
And kept a mean gate in an humble path,
To have escap'd the heav'n's impetuous wrath,
The true-bred eagle strongly stems the wind,
And not each bird resembling their brave kind;

He, like a king, doth from the clouds command
The fearful fowl, that move but near the land.

Though Mary be from mighty Kings de-
scended,

My blood not from Plantagenet pretended;
(d) My grandfire Brandon did our house advance,
By princely Mary, dowager of France:
The fruit of that fair stock, which did combine,
And York's sweet branch with Lancaster entwine,
And in one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion rose and purer white;
I, the untimely slip of that rich stem,
Whose golden bud brings forth a diadem.

But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I,

Nor do I boast of this, but learn to die:

Whilst we were as ourselves, conjoyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien. [blood?

"To gain a kingdom, who spares their next

"Nearness contemn'd, if sov'reignty withstood.

"A diadem once dazzling the eye,

"The day too dark to see affinity:

"And where the arm is stretch'd to reach a
"crown,

"Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown
"down."

(e) For what great Henry most strove to avoid,
The heav'n's have built, where earth would have
destroy'd.

And seating Edward on his regal throne,
He gives to Mary all that was his own,
By death assuring what by life is theirs,
The lawful claim of Henry's lawful heirs.
By mortal laws the bond may be divorc'd,
But heav'n's decree by no means can be forc'd:
That rules the case, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence forswore who should succeed;
For we in vain rely on human laws, [cause.

When heaven stands forth to plead the righteous
Thus rule the skies in their continual course;

That yields to fate, that doth not yield to force.

"Man's wit doth build for time but to devour,

"But virtue's free from time and fortune's
"pow'r."

Then my kind Lord, sweet Gilford, be not
griev'd,

The soul is heav'nly, and from heaven reliev'd;

And as we once have plighted troth together,

Now let us make exchange of minds to either:

To thy fair breast take my resolved mind,

Arm'd against black despair and all her kind:

Into my bosom breathe that soul of thine,

There to be made as perfect as is mine:

So shall our faiths as firmly be approved,

As I of thee, or thou of me beloved.

This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,

Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.

Thou my dear husband and my lord before,

But truly learn to die, thou shalt be more.

Now live by pray'r, on heav'n fix all thy thought,

And surely find whate'er by zeal is sought:

For each good motion that the soul awakes,

A heav'nly figure sees, from whence it takes

That sweet resemblance, which by pow'r of kind

Forms (like itself) an image in the mind,

And in our faith the operations be,
Of that divineness which through that we see
Which never errs, but accidentally,
By our frail flesh's imbecility;
By each temptation over-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide:
For as these towers our bodies do enclose,
So our souls prisons verily are those:
Our bodies stopping that celestial light,
As these do hinder our exterior sight;
Whereon death seizing, doth discharge the debt,
And us at blessed liberty doth set.

Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The strongest fortress of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humility,
By which, to heav'n ascending by degrees,
Persist in pray'r upon your bended knees:
Whereon if you assuredly be stay'd,
You need in peril not to be dismay'd,
Which still shall keep you that you shall not fall,
For any peril that can you appall:
The key of heav'n thus with you you shall bear,
And grace you guiding, get you entrance there;
And you of those celestial joys possess,
Which mortal tongue's unable to express.

Then thank the heav'n, preparing us this
room,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdom,

Before the black and dismal days begin,
The days of all idolatry and sin,
Not suff'ring us to see that wicked age,
When persecution vehemently shall rage;
When tyranny new tortures shall invent
To inflict vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heav'n forbid that Mary's womb should bring
England's fair sceptre to a foreign King;
(f) But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded shall receive
it:

And on her temples having plac'd the crown,
Root out the dregs idolatry hath sown:
And Sion's glory shall again restore,
Laid ruin, waste, and desolate before;
And from black cinders, and rude heaps of stones,
Shall gather up the martyrs sacred bones;
And shall extirp the pow'r of Rome again,
And cast aside the heavy yoke of Spain.

Farewel, sweet Gilford, know our end is
near,
Heav'n sows home, we are but strangers here
Let us make haste to go unto the blest,
Which from these weary worldly labours rest.
And with these lines, my dearest Lord, I greet
thee,
Until in heav'n thy Jane again shall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *They which begot us, did beget this sin.*

Shewing the ambition of the two Dukes their fathers, whose pride was cause of the utter overthrow of their children.

(b) *At Durham palace where sweet Hymen sang
The buildings, &c.*

The Lord Gilford Dudely, fourth son to John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady Jane Gray, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk, at Durham-house in the Strand.

(c) *When first mine ears were pierced with the
same*

Of Jane, proclaimed by a Princess' name.

Presently upon the death of King Edward, the Lady Jane was taken as Queen, conveyed by water to the tower of London for her safety, and after proclaimed in divers parts of the realm, as so ordained by King Edward's letters patents and his will.

(d) *My grandfire Brandon did our house advance
By Princely Mary, Dowager of France.*

Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, married Frances

the eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by the French Queen; by which Frances he had this lady Jane. This Mary the French Queen was daughter to King Henry VII. by Elizabeth his Queen; which happy marriage conjoined the two noble families of Lancaster and York.

(e) *For what great Henry most strove to avoid.*

Noting the distrust that King Henry VIII. ever had in the Princess Mary his daughter, fearing she would alter the state of religion in the land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King Henry's issue had to the crown.

(f) *But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it.*

A prophesy of Queen Mary's barrenness, and of the happy and glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth; her restoring of religion, the abolishing of the Romish servitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spain.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

GILFORD DUDLEY TO THE LADY JANE GRAY.

As the swan singing at his dying hour,
So I reply from my impris'ning tow'r :
O, could there be that pow'r but in my verse,
T' express the grief which my sad heart doth
pierce !

The very walls, that straitly thee inclose,
Would surely weep at reading of my woes ;
Let your eyes lend, I'll pay you every tear,
And give you int'rest, if you do forbear ;
Drop for a drop, and if you'll needs have loan,
I will repay you frankly two for one.

Perhaps you'll think (your sorrows to appease)
That words of comfort fitter were than these :
True, and in you when such perfection liveth,
As in most grief, me now most comfort giveth.
But think not Jane, that cowardly I faint,
To beg man's mercy by my sad complaint,
That death so much my courage can controul,
At the departing of my living soul.

For if one life a thousand lives could be,
All those too few to consummate with thee
When thou this cross so patiently dost bear,
As if thou wert incapable of fear,
And dost no more this dissolution fly,
Than if long age constrained thee to die.

Yet it is strange, thou art become my foe,
And only now add'st most unto my woe ;
Not that I loath what most did me delight,
But that so long deprived of thy sight :
For when I speak, and would complain my wrong,
Straitways thy name possesseth all my tongue,
As thou before me evermore didst lie
The present object to my longing eye,

No ominous star did at thy birthtide shine,
That might of thy sad destiny divine ;

'Tis only I that did thy fall persuade,
And thou by me a sacrifice art made,
As in those countries where the loving wives
With their kind husbands end their happy lives,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides attire,
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire ;
And she the worthiest reckon'd is of all,
Whom least the peril seemeth to appall.

I boast not of Northumberland's great name,
(a) (Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame)
When he to Norfolk with his armies sped,
And thence in chains the rebels captive led,
And brought safe peace returning to our doors,
Yet spread his glory on the eastern shores ;
(b) Nor of my brothers, from whose natural grace
Virtue may spring to beautify our race ;
(c) Nor of Gray's match, my children born by thee,
Of the great blood undoubtedly to be :
But of thy virtue only do I boast,
That wherein I may justly glory most.

I crav'd no Kingdoms, though I thee did crave :
It me suffis'd thy only self to have :
Yet let me say, however it befell,
Methinks a crown should have becom'd thee well :
For sure thy wisdom merited, or none,
(d) To have been heard with wonder from a
throne ;

When from thy lips the counsel to each deed,
Doth as from some wise oracle proceed.
And more esteem'd thy virtues were to me,
Than all that else might ever come by thee :
So chaste thy love, so innocent thy life,
As being a virgin when thou wert a wife ;
So great a gift the heav'n on me bestow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd :

Such was the good I did possess of late,
 E'er worldly care disturb'd our quiet state;
 E'er trouble did in ev'ry place abound
 And angry war our former peace did wound.
 But to know this, ambition us affords,
 "One crown is guarded with a thousand swords;
 "To mean estates mean sorrows are but shown,
 "But crowns have cares, whose workings be
 "unknown."

(e) When Dudley led his armies to the east,
 Of our whole forces gen'rally possest,
 What then was thought his enterprize could
 let.

(f) Whom a grave council freely did abet,
 That had the judgment of the pow'rful laws
 In ev'ry point to justify the cause?
 The holy church a helping hand that laid,
 Who would have thought that these could not
 have sway'd?

But what (alas!) can parliaments avail,
 Where Mary's right must Edward's acts repeal?

(g) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes
 withstand,

Northumberland doth leave Northumberland;
 And they that should our greatness undergo,
 Us and our actions only overthrow.
 E'er greatness gain'd, we give it all our heart,
 But being once come, we wish it would depart,

And indiscreetly follow that so fast,
 Which overtaken, punisheth our haste.
 If any one do pity our offence,
 Let him be sure that he be far from hence:
 Here is no place for any one that shall
 So much as once commiserate our fall:
 And we of mercy vainly should but think,
 Our timeless tears th' insatiate earth doth drink.
 All lamentations utterly forlorn,
 Dying before they fully can be born.
 Mothers, that should their woful children rue;
 Fathers, in death to kindly bid adieu;
 Friends, their dear farewell lovingly to take;
 The faithful servant weeping for our sake;
 Brothers and sisters waiting on our bier,
 Mourners to tell what we were living here:
 But we (alas!) deprived are of all,
 So fatal is our miserable fall.
 And, where at first for safety we were shut,
 Now in dark prison wofully are put,
 And from the height of our ambitious state,
 Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
 To thy persuasion thus I then reply,
 Hold on thy course, resolved still to die;
 And when we shall so happily be gone,
 Leave it to heaven to give the rightful throne;
 And with that health regret I thee again,
 Which I of late did gladly entertain.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame.*

John, Duke of Northumberland, when before
 he was Earl of Warwick, in his expedition against
 Ket, overthrew the rebels of Norfolk and Suffolk,
 encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolk.

(b) *Nor of my brothers, from whose natural
 grace.*

Gilford Dudley, as remembering in this place
 the towardness of his brothers, which were all
 likely indeed to have raised that house of the Dud-
 leys, of which he was a fourth brother, if not sup-
 pressed by their father's overthrow.

(c) *Nor of Gray's match, my children born by
 thee.*

Noting in this place the alliance of the La-
 dy Jane Gray by her mother, which was Fran-
 ces the daughter of Charles Brandon, by Mary
 the French Queen, daughter to Henry VII. and
 sister to Henry VIII.

(d) *To have been heard with wonder from a
 throne.*

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman
 indued with such wonderful gifts, as was this la-
 dy, both for her wisdom and learning: of whose
 skill in the tongues, one reporteth by this epi-
 gram:

Miraris Janam Gradio sermone valere?

Quo primum nata est tempore Graia fuit.

(e) *When Dudley led his army to the east.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his
 power at London for his expedition against the
 rebels in Norfolk, and making haste away, ap-
 pointed the rest of his forces to meet him at New-
 market-Heath: of whom this saying is reported,
 that passing through Shore-Ditch, the Lord Gray
 in his company, seeing the people in great num-
 bers came to see him, he said, "The people press
 "to see us, but none bid God speed us."

(f) *What a grave council freely did abet.*

John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queen Mary, had his commission sealed for the generalship of the army, by the consent of the whole council of the land: in-
somuch that passing through the council-chamber at his departure, the Earl of Arundel wished, that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quar-
rel.

(g) *When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes
withstand.*

Northumberland doth leave Northumberland.

The Suffolk men were the first that ever re-
sorted to Queen Mary in her distrefs, repairing to
her succours whilst she remained both at Ke-
ninghall and at Freningham Castle, still increa-
sing her aids, until the Duke of Northumber-
land was left forsaken at Cambridge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

A CATALOGUE OF THE HEROICAL LOVES.

THE world's fair Rose, and Henry's frosty fire;
John's tyranny, and chaste Matilda's wrong;
Th' intraged Queen, and furious Mortimer;
The scourge of France, and his chaste love I sung:
Deposed Richard, Isabel exil'd;
The gallant Tudor, and fair Catharine;
Duke Humphry, and old Cobham's hapless child;
Couragious Pool, and that brave spir'tful Queen;

Edward, and the delicious London dame;
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of France;
Surrey, with his fair paragon of fame;
Dudley's mishap, and virtuous Gray's mischance:
Their sey'ral loves since I before have shown,
Now give me leave at last to sing mine own.

THE MISERIES
OF
QUEEN MARGARET.

I SING a woman, and a pow'rful Queen,
Henry the Sixth, the King of England's wife,
The beauteous Marg'ret, whose misgovern'd
spleen
So many sorrows brought upon her life,
As upon woman's never yet were seen;
In the beginning of that fatal strife
(Th' unlucky season) when the Yorkists fought
To bring the line of Lancaster to nought.

It was the time of those great stirs in France,
'Their ancient right that th' English had re-
gain'd,
But the proud French attributing to chance,
What by mere manhood stoutly ours obtain'd,
'Their late-fall'n ensigns labour'd to advance,
The streets with blood of either nation stain'd:
These strive to hold, those to cast off the yoke,
Whilst forts and towns flew up to heav'n in
smoke.

The neighbouring princes, greatly pitying then
The Christian blood in that long quarrel shed,
Which had devour'd such multitudes of men,
That the full earth could scarcely keep her dead;
Yet for each English, of her native ten:
In zeal to peace these neighbouring princes led,
At Tours in Touraine set them down a diet,
(Could it be done) these clamorous feuds to
quiet.

From th' emperor there ambassadors arrive,
The kings of Denmark, Hungary, and Spain;
And that each thing they aptly might contrive,

And both the Kings there largely might com-
plain,
The Duke of Orleance for the French doth
strive
To shew his grievance; William Pool again,
The Earl of Suffolk, doth for England stand,
Who steer'd the state then with a pow'rful
hand.

For eighteen months they ratify a peace
'Twixt these proud realms, which Suffolk doth
pursue
With all his pow'rs, with hope still to encrease,
The same expir'd, that it should soon renew:
For by his means, if so this war might cease,
He had a plot of which they never knew,
To his intent, which if all things went right,
He'll make the dull world to admire his
might.

For having seen fair Margaret in France,
(That time's bright'st beauty) being then but
young,
Her piercing eyes with many a subtle glance
His mighty heart so forcibly had stung,
As made him think, if that he could advance
This mortal wonder, only that among
His rising fortunes should the greatest prove,
If to his queen he could advance his love.

Her eyes at all points arm'd with those deceits,
That to her sex are natural every way;
Which with more art she, as inticing baits,
For this great Lord doth with advantage lay;

As he again, that on her bosom waits,
 Had found that there, which could he come to
 sway,
 He would put fair as ever man did yet,
 Upon the height of Fortune's wheel to sit.

Love and ambition spur him in such sort,
 As that (alone) t' accomplish his desire,
 To fall with Phaëton he would think it sport,
 Though he should set the universe on fire:
 Nor reckes he what the world of him report,
 He must scorn that, who will dare to aspire;
 For through the air his wings him way shall
 make,
 Though in his fall the frame of heaven he
 shake.

Reyner, descended from the royal stem
 Of France, the Duke of Anjou, stiled king
 Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem;
 Although in them he had not any thing,
 But the poor title of a diadem;
 Seeing by Suffolk greater hopes to spring,
 Puts on his daughter that great Lord to
 please,
 Of England's counsels who kept all the keys.

But strange encounters strongly him oppose,
 In his first entrance to this great design;
 Those men were mighty that against him rose,
 And came upon him with a countermin;
 That he must now play cunningly, or lose;
 Cunning they were against him that combine,
 Plot above plot doth strain aloft to tower.
 The conflict great, 'twixt policy and power.

For Humphry Duke of Glo'ster, stil'd the good,
 England's protector, sought a match to make
 With a fair princess of as royal blood,
 The daughter of the Earl of Arminake,
 And his crown'd nephew: but stout Suffolk
 stood
 Still for his mistress, nor will her forsake,
 But make her Henry's queen in spite of all;
 Or she shall rise, or Suffolk swears to fall.

By the French faction when she up is cry'd,
 Of all angelic excellence the prime,
 Who was so dull that her not deify'd,
 To be the only master-piece of time?
 The praise of her extended is so wide,
 As that thereon a man to heaven might climb:
 All tongues and ears enchanted with delight,
 When they do talk, or hear of Margarete.

And those whom Pool about his prince had
 plac'd,
 And for his purpose taught the tricks of court;
 To this great king, and many a time had grac'd,
 To make his ears more apt for their report;
 Having the time most diligently trac'd,
 And saw these things successfully to sort,
 Strike in a hand, and up together bear,
 To make fair Marg'et music in his ear.

Anjou a duchy, Main a county great,
 Of which the English long had been possess;
 And Mauns a city of no small receipt,
 To which the Duke pretended interest:
 For the conclusion, when they came to treat,
 And things by Pool were to the utmost prest,
 Are to Duke Reyner render'd up to hold:
 To buy a Helen, thus a Troy was sold.

When of an Earl, a Marquis Pool is made,
 Then of a Marquis is a Duke created;
 For he at ease in Fortune's lap was laid,
 To glorious actions wholly consecrated:
 Hard was the thing that he could not perswade,
 In the King's favour he was so instated;
 Without his Suffolk who could not subsist,
 So that he ruled all things as he list.

This with a strong astonishment doth strike
 Th' amazed world, which knew not what to say;
 What living man but did the act mislike,
 If him it did not utterly dismay,
 That what with blood was bought at push of
 pike,
 Got in an age, giv'n in an hour away?
 Some largely speak, and some again are dumb,
 Wond'ring what would of this strange world
 become.

As when some dreadful comet doth appear,
 Athwart the heaven that throws his threat'ning
 light,
 The peaceful people that at quiet were,
 Stand with wild gazes wond'ring at the sight;
 Some war, some plagues, some famine greatly
 fear,
 Some falls of kingdoms, or of men of might:
 The grieved people thus their judgments spend,
 Of these strange actions what should be the
 end.

When Suffolk, procurator for the king,
 Is ship'd for France, t' espouse the beauteous
 bride,
 And fitted to the full of every thing,
 Follow'd with England's gallantry and pride;
 (As fresh as is the bravery of the spring)
 Coming to Tours, there sumptuously affy'd;
 This one, whose like no age had seen before,
 Whose eyes out-shone the jewels that she wore.

Her reverent parents ready in the place,
 As overjoy'd this happy day to see,
 The king and queen the nuptials there to grace;
 On them three dukes, as their attendants be,
 Seven earls, twelve barons in their equipage,
 And twenty bishops: whilst that only she,
 Like to the rosy morning towards the rise,
 Cheers all the church, as it doth cheer the
 skies.

Triumphal arches the glad town doth raise,
 And tilts and turneys are perform'd at court,
 Conceited masks, rich banquets, witty plays,

Besides amongst them many a pretty sport :
Poets write prothalamions in their praise,
Until mens ears were cloy'd with the report :
Of either sex, and who doth not delight
To wear the daisy for Queen (a) Margarite?

The triumphs ended, he to England goes
With this rich gem allotted him to keep,
Still entertained with most sumptuous shows,
In passing thorough Normandy to Diepe,
Where like the sea the concourse daily flows,
For her departure whilst sad France doth weep ;
And that the ships their crooked anchors
weigh'd,
By which to England she must be convey'd.

And being fitted both for wind and tide,
Out of the harbour flies this goodly fleet,
And for fair Portsmouth their straight course they
ply'd,
Where the king stay'd his lovely bride to meet :
Yonder she comes, when as the people cry'd,
Busy with rushes strewing ev'ry street,
The brainless vulgar little understand
The horrid plagues that ready were to land.

Which but too soon all-seeing heaven foretold :
For she was scarcely safely put on shore,
But that the skies (O wond'rous to behold !)
O'erspread with lightning hideously do roar,
The furious winds with one another scold,
Never such tempests had been seen before :
With sudden floods whole villages were
crown'd,
Steeple with earthquakes tumbled to the
ground.

WHEN to their purpose things to pass were
brought,
And these two brave ambitious spirits were
met,
The queen and duke now frame their working
thought,
Into their hands the sovereignty to get :
For soon they found the king could not be
wrought
Up to their ends, nature so low had set
His humble heart ; that what they would ob-
tain,
'Tis they must do't ; by colour of his reign.

And for they found the grieved commons grutch,
At this which Suffolk desperately had done,
Who for the queen had parted with so much,
Thereby yet nothing to the realm had won.
And those that spurr'd the people on, were such,
As to oppose them openly begun ;
Therefore by them some great ones down must
go,
Which if they miss'd of, they themselves must
so.

(a) Margarite in French signifies a daisy.

York then, which had the Regency in France,
They force the king ignobly to displace,
Thereto the Duke of Somerset t' advance,
Their friend, and one of the Lancastrian race ;
For they betwixt them turn'd the wheel of chance ;
'Tis they cry up, 'tis they that do debase :
He's the first man they purpos'd to remove,
The only minion of the people's love.

This open'd wide the public way, whereby
Ruin rush'd in upon the troubled land,
Under whose weight it happen'd long to lye,
Quite overthrown with their ill-guiding hand ;
For their ambition looking over high,
Could in no measure aptly understand
Upon their heads the danger that they drew,
Whose force, too soon, they and their faction
knew.

For whilst this brave prince was employ'd a-
broad,
Th' affairs of France his mind up wholly took,
But being thus disburthen'd of that load,
Which gave him leave into himself to look,
The course he ran in evidently shew'd,
His late allegiance that he off had shook,
And underhand his title set on foot,
To pluck their red-rose quite up by the root.

Thus having made a regent of their own,
By whom they mean great matters to effect,
For by degrees they will ascend the throne,
And but their own all aid they else neglect,
As with a tempest he to ground is blown,
On whom their rage doth any way reflect :
Which good Duke Humphry first of all must
taste,
Whose timeless death intemperately they haste,

This Henry's uncle, and his next of blood,
Was both protector of the realm, and king,
Whose meekness had instilled him the good,
Of most especial trust in every thing ;
One to his country constantly that stood,
As time should say, I forth a man will bring,
So plain and honest, as on him I'll rest
The age he liv'd in, as the only best.

This grave protector, who both realms had
sway'd,
Whilst the king's nonage his grave counsels crav'd,
In his great wisdom when he thoroughly weigh'd
How this French lady here herself behav'd,
To make her game again, how Suffolk play'd,
The realms from ruin hoping to have sav'd,
Lost his dear life within a little space,
Which overthrew the whole Lancastrian race,

This prince, who still dar'd stoutly to oppose
Those whom he saw all but their own to hate,
Then found the league of his inveterate foes
To come upon him with the pow'r of fate ;
And things to that extremity still rose,
(The certain sign of the declining state

As that their faction every day grew strong,
Perceiv'd his virtues like to suffer wrong.

Fierce Margaret's malice propt with mighty
men,
Her darling Suffolk, who her forward drew;
Proud Somerset, of France the regent then;
And Buckingham, his pow'r too well that knew;
The Cardinal Beaufort, and with him again
York's great arch-bishop to make up the crew;
By accusations doing all their best,
From the good duke all government to wrest.

Who then compel the peaceful king to call
A parliament, their grievances to hear
Against the duke, that, to enforce his fall,
They might have something that might colour
bear:

But then they doubt his answer, and withal
The murmuring people they far more do fear,
As their own lives who lov'd him: therefore
they
Must cast to make him secretly away.

And therefore with the parliament proceed,
Saint Edmund's Bury the appointed place,
Whereas they meant to do the fatal deed,
Which with much quickness should decide the
case,

The cruel manner soon they had decreed,
And to the act they hasten them apace;
On this good prince their purpose to effect,
Then, when the people nothing should suspect.

No sooner was this great assembly met,
But the high-marshal doth the duke arrest,
And on his person such a guard they set,
That they of him were certainly possess'd;
His servants were from their attendance let,
And either sent to prison or suppress'd;
So that their lord left in this piteous plight,
Lay'd in his bed, was strangled in the night.

Then give they out, that of mere grief he dy'd,
To cover what they cruelly had done.
But this black deed when once the day descry'd,
The frantic people to his lodging run,
Some rail, some curse, yea little children chide,
Which forc'd that faction the fair streets to shun:
Some wish proud Suffolk sunk into the ground,
Some bid a plague the cruel queen confound.

Thus their ambition would not let them see
How by his death they hasten'd their decay,
Nor let them know, that this was only he
Who kept the Yorkists evermore at bay,
But of this man they must the murderers be,
Upon whose life their safety only lay;
But his dear blood, them nothing could suffice,
When now began Queen Margaret's miseries.

In either kingdom all things go to wreck,
Which they had thought they could have made
to thrive,

His noble counsels when they came to lack,
Which could them with facility contrive,
Nor could they stay them in their going back,
One mischief still another doth revive;
As heav'n had sent a host of horrors out,
Which all at once encompass'd them about,

Out fly the Irish, and with sword and fire
Unmercied havoc of the English made;
They discontented here at home, conspire
To stir the Scot the borders to invade:
The faithless French then having their desire,
To see us thus in seas of troubles wade,
In every place outrageously rebel,
As out of France the English to expel.

The sturdy Normans, with high pride inflam'd,
Shake off the yoke of their subjection quite,
Nor will with patience hear the English nam'd;
Except of those that speak of them in spite,
But as their foes them publicly proclaim'd,
And their allies to open arms excite.
In every place thus England's right goes down,
Nor will they leave the English men a town.

Newcastle, Constance, Maleon, and St. Lo,
With Castle-Galliard, Argenton and Roan,
Ponteau-de-Mer, with forts and cities mo,
Than which that country stronger holds had none,
Set open their gates, and bade the English go,
For that the French should then possess their own,
And to their armies up their forts they yield,
And turn the English out into the field.

And that great earl of Arminack again,
A puissant peer and mighty in estate,
Upon just cause, who took in high disdain
To have his daughter so repudiate,
(His countries bordering upon Aquitaine,)
Pursues the English nation with such hate,
As that he enter'd with his armed pow'rs,
And from that duchy drave all that was ours.

Th' enraged commons ready are to rise
Upon the regent, to his charge and lay'd,
That from his slackness and base cowardice
These towns were lost, by his neglect of aid;
Then follow Suffolk with confused cries,
With Main and Anjou, and do him upbraid,
And vow his life shall for their losses pay,
Or at the stake their goods and lives to lay.

In th' open session and articulate,
Seven several treasons urg'd against them both,
As most pernicious members of the state,
Which was confirmed by the common oath:
So that the king, who saw the people's hate,
(In his own self though he were very loath)
To both the houses lastly doth assent,
To set on Suffolk five years banishment.

His sovereign lady Suffolk thus must leave,
And she her servant, to her soul so dear,
Yet must they both conceal what they conceive,

Which they would not if any help there were :
Yet of all comfort they cannot bereave
Her, but this hope her pensive heart doth cheer,
That he in France shall have his most resort,
And live securely in her father's court.

His mighty mind nor can this doom molest,
But kicks the earth with a disdainful scorn :
If any thing do corrosive his breast,
It was, that he was in base England born.
He curst the king and kingdom, but he blest
The queen ; but if in any thing forlorn
'Twas that he should her happy presence miss,
The endless sum of all his earthly blifs.

His sentence scarce in parliament had past,
But that the rascal multitude arise,
Pluck down his houses, lay his lordships waste,
And search how they his person may surprife ;
That he from England instantly must haste,
Cover'd by night, or by some strange disguise,
And to some small port secretly retire,
And there some poor boat for his passage hire.

From Harwich haven and embark'd for France,
As he for Calais his straight course doth steer,
(O here behold a most disastrous chance !)
A man of war (a) the seas that scoured there,
One at his actions that still look'd aſcance,
And to this duke did deadly hatred bear,
After a long chase took this little cray,
Which he ſuppos'd him ſafely ſhould convey.

And from the fiſher taking him by force,
He under hatches ſtraightly him beſtow'd,
And towards his country ſteering on his courſe,
He runs his veſſel into Dover road,
Where railing on him without all remorse,
Him from the ſhip to all the people ſhew'd ;
And when no more they could the duke
deride,
They cut his head off on the cock-boat ſide.

SUFFOLK thus dead, and Somerſet diſgrac'd,
His title York more freely might prefer ;
The commons love when cunningly to taſte,
(Leſt over-weening he perhaps might err,)
He firſt ſuborns a villain that embrac'd
The nobler name of March-born Mortimer,
Which, in the title of the houſe of York,
Might ſet the monſtrous multitude awork.

His name was Cade, his native country Kent,
Who though of birth and in eſtate but poor,
Yet for his courage he was eminent,
(Which the wiſe duke well underſtood be-
fore :)
He had a mind was of a large extent,
The ſign whereof on his bold brow he bore ;
Stern of behaviour, and of body ſtrong ;
Witty, well-ſpoken, cautelous, though young.

(a) By our hiſtorians called the Nicholas, and ſaid to
belong to the Duke of Exeter.

But for the Duke his title (b) muſt derive
Out of the blood which bare that honour'd name,
Therefore muſt caſt and cunningly contrive
To ſee how people reliſhed the ſame ;
And if he found it fortun'd to thrive,
Then at the mark he had a farther aim,
To ſhew himſelf his title good to make,
To raiſe him friends and pow'r, his part to
take.

All oppoſition likewise to prevent,
The crafty duke his meaning doth conceal,
And Cade doth riſe t' reform the government,
And baſe abuſes of the public weal,
To which he knew the commons would conſent,
Which otherwiſe his treaſon might reveal ;
Which rightly took, for by this colour he
Drew twenty thouſand on his part to be.

From Suffex, Surrey, and from Kent that roſe,
Whom hope of ſpoil doth to this act perſuade,
Which ſtill increaſe his army as it goes,
And on Black-heath his rendezvous he made,
Where in ſhort time it to that vaſtneſs grows,
As it at once the kingdom would invade,
And he himſelf the conqueſt could aſſure,
Of any pow'r king Henry could procure.

And did in fight that gen'ral force defeat,
Sent by the king that rebel to purſue,
When under colour of a feign'd retreat,
He made as though he from the army flew,
The ſlaughter of the ſoldiers muſt be great,
When he thoſe Staffords miſerably flew,
Captains ſelect, and choſen by the queen
To lead the pow'rs that ſhould have wreak'd
her teen.

When for a ſiege he to the city came,
Affaults the bridge with his embolden'd pow'r,
And after oft repulſed takes the ſame,
Makes himſelf maſter of the town and tow'r,
Doing ſuch things as might the devil ſhame,
Deſtroys records, and virgins doth deſlow'r,
Robs, ranſacks, ſpoils, and after all this ſtir,
Laſtly, beheaded the Lord Treasuſer.

Theſe things by York being plotted underhand,
Wiſe as he was, as one that had not known
Aught of theſe treaſons, haſtes to Ireland
To tame thoſe (c) kern, rebellious that were grown :
He knew it was not in the barren ſand
That he this ſubtle poiſ'nous ſeed had ſown,
Which came it on (as very well it might)
It would make room for his pretended right.

Whiſt theſe rebellions are in England broach'd,
As though the fates ſhould enviously conſpire
Our ruin, which too faſt approach'd,
About our ears was Aquitain aſire :
Their conqueſt ſo upon our towns encroach'd ;
That Charles the French king then had his deſire.

(b) From the heir of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third
ſon of Edward III. married to Edward Mortimer Earl of
March.

(c) The vulgar.

To see these troubles tire us here within,
That he the whilst in France from us might win.

To add to Margaret's miseries again,
Talbot, in France so bravely that had done,
Who many a year had aw'd proud Aquitain,
And many a fort and famous battle won,
At Chatillon (O endless grief!) was slain,
With the lord Lisle, his over-valiant son;
When all the towns that he had got before,
Yielded, nor would for England be no more.

York, in the nick from Ireland coming in,
Finding the kingdom cumber'd in this wife,
Thinks with himself 'twere time he did begin;
But by no means he 'gainst the king must rise;
(Oh, such a thought in any man were sin!)
But that he would proud Somerset surprise:
Yet wanting strength 'gainst the whole state to stand
He bears his bus'ness with a moderate hand.

And first to mighty Sal'sbury doth sue,
And his son Warwick, and doth them intreat
With equal eyes they would be pleas'd to view
His rightful title. These two Nevils, great
In pow'r and with the people, whom he knew
Deadly the duke of Somerset to hate,
By his large offers he doth win at last,
In his just quarrel to cleave to him fast.

Thus his ambition having strongly back'd
With these two fatal firebrands of war,
To his desires there very little lack'd,
He and the earls, all three so popular,
To advance himself he no occasion slack'd,
For nought he sees him from his ends to bar:
'Tis no small tempest that he needs to fear,
Whom two such columns up betwixt them bear.

And by their strengths encourag'd, doth not stick
The other's actions boldly to o'erlook:
And for the season that the king was sick,
Upon himself the regency he took;
For now his hopes upon him came so thick,
His entrance, doors from off the hinges shook.
He with a nod seem'd the world for to direct:
Who's he but bow'd, if this great prince but
beckt?

And in the queen's great chamber doth arrest
Great Somerset, and sendeth him to ward,
And all his followers suddenly suppress,
Such was the number of his pow'rful guard!
With the proud queen, this prince as proud contests,
Nor for her frowns one friend of hers he spar'd:
Luck's on his side, while such stand by to bet.
He'll throw at all that any one dare set.

THE queen, who saw which way this faction went,
And that these wrongs must still reflect on her,
The duke of York to her destruction bent,
Thought with herself it was full time to stir,

And if his plots she ever would prevent,
Must with the wisest of her friends confer,
Their busy brains, and must together beat,
To lessen him, like else to grow too great.

His pride a while yet patiently endure,
The king's recovery only to attend,
Of which themselves they hardly could assure,
Who once they thought had hasten'd to his end;
But when they found his physic to procure
His former health, then doth the queen extend
Her utmost strength, to let the world to know
Queen Margaret yet must not be master'd so.

With smiles and kisses when she woos the king,
That of his place the duke he would discharge;
Which being done, the next especial thing,
She doth the duke of Somerset enlarge,
And him of Calais gives the governing,
Whither his friends she caus'd him to inbarge,
Doubting the love and safeguard of the town.
Thus doth the queen turn all things upside
down.

Which so incens'd the angry duke to ire,
With those two earls upon his part that take,
Kindling in all that fierce revengeful fire,
Which the dear blood of Somerset must flake,
That into Wales they instantly retire,
And in the marches up an army make:
And there by oath were each to other ty'd,
By dint of sword the quarrel to decide.

And whilst these lords are busied in the west,
Of march-men must'ring a rebellious band,
Henry again his southern people press'd,
And settles there, their forces to withstand:
Then bows and bills were only in request,
Such rage and madness doth possess the land:
Set upon spoil on either part they were,
Whilst the weal-public they in pieces tear.

On either part when for this war prepar'd,
Upon their march they at St. Albans met,
Where drums and ensigns one the other dar'd,
Whilst they in order the battalions set,
And with his fellow every soldier shar'd,
Bravely resolv'd to death to pay his debt:
When if that ever horror did appear
On th' English earth, it certainly was there.

That day the queen's lov'd Somerset was slain;
There took the stout Northumberland his end:
There Stafford's blood the pavement did distain;
There Clifford fell, king Henry's constant friend:
The earl of Warwick, who brought on the main,
All down before him to pale death doth send.
Antwessel, Bapthorp, Zouch, and Curwen, all
King Henry's friends, before the Yorkists fall.

Whilst this distressed miserable king,
Amazed much with fury of the fight,
And peril still his person menacing,
His living friends inforc'd to take their flight;

He, as a needles and neglected thing,
In a poor cottage hides him out of sight :
Who found by York, was as a pris'ner led,
Though with mild words the duke him comforted.

And of his person being thus possess'd,
They in his name a parliament procure ;
For with his regal pow'r they will invest
Themselves, supposing to make all things sure,
That if their violent actions should be press'd
In after-time, they better might endure
The censuring the worst ; and so prevent,
To shew them done by act of parliament.

And cause the king to take into his hands
What to the crown did anciently pertain,
Besides all honours, offices, and lands,
Granted since the beginning of his reign ;
And not a fee, though ne'er so little, stands ;
All are call'd in, and let who will complain ;
And all his friends from council are remov'd,
None must sit there, but those of them be-
lov'd.

The silly king a cypher, set aside,
What was in him that in great York is not ?
Amongst themselves all places they divide,
And to be chancellor Sals'bury hath got,
He is the man must take the law to guide ;
And Calais falls to warlike Warwick's lot :
And not a man at these must look awry,
They make an act their acts to justify.

This done, the duke had more to do than this ;
Something, it seem'd, more secretly to lurk,
In which such pow'r (though from apparance) is,
As yet once more would fret the duke of York,
And let him know he of his ends might miss ;
For now the queen doth set her wits to work,
To play the game that must renown her skill,
And shew the law that rested in her will.

And from the root of Somerset late slain,
Another stem to stand for her arose,
Henry for Edmond, of his father's strain,
(One of whose life she knew she could dispose)
Of a strong judgment and a working brain.
Great Buckingham and Exeter are those
She means to work by, and by these restore
Her to that height from whence she fell before.

These were the men to whom she trusted most,
To whom that faction much despight had done ;
For at St. Alban's Somerset had lost
His loved sire, and Buckingham his son ;
And Exeter, pursu'd from coast to coast,
From them enforc'd to sanct'ary to run :
Fetch'd thence by them, and to cold Pomfret
sent,
And in a dungeon miserably pent.

Equal in envy as in pride and pow'r,
With every aid to their designment fraught,

Taking their turns at every fitting hour,
They on the king's much easiness so wrought,
As that they seem'd him wholly to devour,
Until to pass their purposes they brought ;
Lifting up still his spirit that was so poor,
Once more to do as he had done before.

For which at Greenwich he a council held,
Where, with th' opinion of those friends supply'd,
Those three which late with glorious titles swell'd,
Are from their sev'ral places put aside ;
Yet more, to seek their safety are compell'd,
At this prodigious turning of the tide :
For now the wind was strangely come about,
And brings them in who lately were shut out.

The cruel queen and cunningly had cast,
At Coventry to cause them to appear,
With shew to pardon all that had been past,
If they but then would their allegiance swear ;
Which had they done, that day had been their last,
For she had plotted to destroy them there :
Of which forewarn'd, immediately they fled,
Which then their safety only promised.

Yet whilst one wrong thus from another rose,
'Twixt them at last a meeting was ordain'd,
All former strife and quarrels to compose,
Which but too long betwixt them had remain'd ;
Which to the world though handsomely it shews,
Yet in plain truth, all was but merely feign'd,
To outward seeming yet are perfect friends :
" But dev'lish folk have still their dev'lish ends.

And in procession solemnly they go,
In general joy, one smiling on the other,
A Yorkish and Lancastrian make up two,
Envy and malice, brother like to brother,
In mind far sunder'd, although coupled so,
Bloody revenge and in their breasts they smother.
Ill's the procession, and foreruns much loss,
Wherein men say, " the devil bears the cross."

These rites of peace religiously perform'd
To all men's thinking, the enraged queen
At Warwick's greatness inwardly yet storm'd,
(Which every day still more and more was seen)
Against the king who Calais had so arm'd,
As it his own inheritance had been.
Which town, she saw, that if he still should
hold,
That she by him must hourly be controul'd.

For which his murder she pursu'd so fast,
As that she soon and secretly had lay'd
Such to assault him as the streets he pass'd,
As, if his brave name had not brought him aid,
He of her vengeance had been sure to taste :
The tragic scene so furiously was play'd,
That he from London was forc'd to fly ;
Like a rough sea her malice wrought so high.

And tow'rd's the duke his speedy journey takes,
Who then at Middleham made his most abode,

Which Sal'sbury his habitation makes,
Whereas their time together they bestow'd,
Whose courages the earl of Warwick wakes,
When he to them his sudden danger shew'd
With a pale visage, and doth there disclose
Her brands set on him both with wounds and
blows.

This wrong in council when they had discuss'd,
And weigh'd the danger wherein still they were,
Continual treasons shrouded in their trust,
Nor other hopes else likely to appear,
They find that this might make a war seem just,
And give their cause up to the world more
clear;

To rise in arms when they resolve at last,
To raise them force, and wisely thus forecast :

To muster up their tenants and their friends,
Not as a war upon the land to bring,
Nor to advance their own sinister ends,
Nor wrong a subject in the smallest thing ;
Only to guard them (as their case then stands)
Till they had shew'd their grievance to the king,
And give their pow'r to Sal'sbury to guide,
That with the king the bus'ness should decide.

With this direction Salisbury is sent,
Warwick to Calais (with what haste he may)
By his much speed a mischief to prevent,
Fearing the town must else be giv'n away :
The duke of York, by general consent,
At Middleham-castle they allot to stay,
To raise a second power (if need should be)
To re-inforce them, or to set them free.

The queen, who heard (by such as were her
own)
With that false earl how those of Cheshire sided,
As in short time how pow'rful he was grown,
Thinks with herself the shire might be divided,
If that her love to some of them were known ;
Which eas'ly might be, were her pleasure guided
By some such person, of whose valour they
Had an opinion, which she thus doth lay.

Causing the king to give a large command
To James Lord Audley, pow'rful in those parts,
To raise him force those rebels to withstand ;
Such to their sov'reign as had loyal hearts,
And to make captains o'er ev'ry band,
Men of the best blood, as of best deserts :
Which he so labour'd, till that he had brought
That t' half of one house 'gainst the other
fought.

So that two men arising from one bed,
Falling to talk, from one another fly ;
This wears a white rose, and that wears a red ;
And this a York, that Lancaster doth cry :
He wish'd to see that Audley well had sped ;
He prays again to prosper Sal'sbury :
And for their farewell when their leaves they
take,
They their sharp swords at one another shake.

This fire in ev'ry family thus set,
Out go the brown-bills with the well-strung bows,
Till at Blore-heath these boist'rous soldiers met,
For there it chanc'd the armies then to close,
This must not live, if that he strove to let ;
Never such friends yet e'er became such foes :
With downright strokes they at each other lay ;
No word for Cheshire was, but kill and slay.

The son (as some report) the father slew,
In opposition as they stoutly stood ;
The nephew's seen the uncle to pursue,
Bathing his sword in his own natural blood :
The brother in his brother's gore imbrue
His guilty hands, and at this deadly food,
Kinsman kills kinsman, which together fall,
As hellish fury had possess'd them all.

Here noble Tutchet the Lord Audley dy'd,
(Whose father won him such renown in France)
And many a Cheshire gentleman beside,
Fell at this field by war's uncertain chance.
These miseries queen Marg'ret must abide,
Whilst the proud Yorkists do themselves advance ;
And poor king Henry on a pallet lay,
And scarcely ask'd which side had got the day.

Thus valiant Audley at this battle slain,
And all those friends to the Lancastrians lost ;
Cheshire by her such damage to sustain,
So much dear blood had this late conflict cost :
Wherefore the griev'd queen, with might and
main,
Labours for life to raise a second host :
Nor time therein she meaneth to foreflow,
Either she'll get all, or will all forego.

And whilst their friends them forces gathering
were,
(The neighb'ring realms of this great bus'ness
ring)
The duke, and those that to his part adhere,
Proclaimed traitors ; pardon promising
To those at Blore that arms did lately bear,
So they would yet cleave to their lawful king ;
Which drive in many to their part again,
To make their full, they Yorkists in their wane.

York, who perceiv'd the puissant host prepar'd,
With his dear Nevils counsels what to do ;
For it behov'd him to make good his guard
With both their strengths, and all too little too.
And in the marches he no labour spar'd,
To win his friends along with him to go ;
With expedition which he could not get,
On the king's side the commons so were fet.

And being to meet so absolute a pow'r,
Yet wanting much his party good to make ;
And Henry's proclamations ev'ry hour
His soldiers win, their general to forsake ;
Besides, the storm which rais'd this sudden show'r,
Them all in sunder likely was to shake :
He saw his safety to consist in flight ;
Thus, e'er he wist, o'ermaister'd in his might.

All on the spur for life away they post,
 Their homes too hot, nor there they might
 abide,
 The three brave (f) Earls soon reach the west-
 ern coast,
 From whence to Calais their strait course they
 ply'd:
 The duke to Wales, being there befriended most;
 Yet for more safety he to Ireland hy'd:
 So others ship themselves from ev'ry bay,
 And happiest he that soon'st could get away.

As when a rout of rav'nous wolves are met,
 T' assail some herd the desert past'ring near,
 The watchful clowns which over them are set,
 Oft taught before their tyranny to fear,
 With dogs, with staves, and shouts together get,
 Nor never leave till they their cattle clear:
 So the king's pow'r the Yorkists still pursue,
 Which like those wolves before those herdsmen
 flew.

They gone, the king at Coventry begun
 A parliament, by good advice; wherein
 The duke of York, with th' earl of March his son,
 With Sal'sb'ry and Warwick, who had been
 Conspirators, much mischief and had done,
 And by whose help he hapt so much to win,
 He there attaints of treason, and bestows
 All that was theirs upon his friends, their foes.

When now those Earls in Calais still that kept,
 The charge whereof proud Warwick on him
 took,
 In their intended bus'ness never slept,
 Nor yet their former enterprize forsook;
 In t' Henry's councils who had those that crept,
 And did each day his actions over-look:
 From whom as their advertisements still are,
 So they their strengths accordingly prepare.

And in mean time the kingdom to embroil,
 That with less noise their friends might raise
 an host,
 They plague the seas with piracy and spoil,
 And rob the havens all along the coast;
 They ne'er take pity of their native soil,
 For that they knew this would avail them most;
 That whilst the state was busied there about,
 Arms might be rais'd within by those with-
 out.

And slaughtering many that were set to ward
 Th' especial ports, th' unwieldy anchors weigh'd
 Of the king's ships, whose freight as prize they
 shar'd,
 And them to Calais carefully convey'd
 With their stol'n fleet, and his great navy dar'd,
 As late by land, so now by sea they sway'd:
 All in combustion, and their bloody rage,
 Nor sea, nor land can possibly assuage.

(f) Edward Earl of March, eldest son to the Duke, the
 Earls of Salisbury and Warwick.

Then have they forces rais'd for them in Kent,
 Their next and most convenient place to land,
 (Where should the adverse pow'r their hopes
 prevent,
 In Dover road yet were their ships at hand)
 And by their posts still to and fro that went,
 They certainly were let to understand,
 That Kent was surely theirs, and only stay'd
 To rise in arms the Yorkists pow'r to aid.

When Falconbridge, who second brother was
 To Sal'sbury, they send away before,
 To see no ships should out of Sandwich pass,
 To hinder them in coming to the shore;
 There of munition took a wond'rous mass,
 Heapt in that town, that with th' abundant
 store
 He armed many at their coming in,
 Which of their side would scarcely else have
 been.

That they no sooner settled were on land,
 But that in arms th' rebellious Kentish rose,
 And the Lord Cobham with a mighty band,
 With their Calicians presently doth close,
 That now they sway'd all with a pow'ful hand;
 And in small time so great their army grows,
 From Suffex, Surrey, and those parts about,
 That of her safety London well might doubt.

But yet at last the Earls she in doth let,
 To whom the clergy coming day by day,
 From further shires them greater forces get;
 When tow'rds Northampton making forth their
 way,
 Where the sad king his army down had set,
 And for their coming only made his stay,
 With all the force his friends could him afford,
 And for a fight with all things fitly stor'd:

Who in his march the earl doth oft molest,
 (By their vauncurrers hearing how they came)
 In many a streight, and often him distress'd
 By stakes and trenches that his horse might lame:
 But the stout Yorkists still upon them press'd;
 And still so fearful was great Warwick's name,
 That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,
 On the king's army till at length they light.

When th' Earl of March, then in the pride of
 blood,
 His virgin valour on that day bestows;
 And furious Warwick, like a raging flood,
 Bears down before him all that dare oppose;
 Old Sal'sbury so to his tackling stood,
 And Falconbridge so lays amongst his foes,
 That ev'n like leaves the poor Lancastrians fall,
 And the proud Yorkists bear away the ball.

There Humphry Duke of Buckingham expir'd,
 King Henry's comfort and his cause's friend;
 There Shrewsbury (even of his foes admir'd
 For his high courage) his last breath doth spend;

Brave Beaumont there and Egremont lay tir'd
To death; there Lucy had his luckless end;
And many a noble gentleman that day,
Welt'ring in gore, on the wild champion lay.

The wretched king, as fortune's only scorn,
His soldiers slain, and he of all forsaken,
Left in his tent, of men the most forlorn,
The second time a pris'ner there is taken;
The woful queen out of the battle born
In a deep swoon, and when she doth awaken,
Nothing about her hears but howls and cries.
Was ever queen's like Marg'ret's miseries?

York coming in from Ireland in the end,
And to his hands thus finds the battle won,
By the high prowess of his faithful friend,
Great Warwick, and that valiant March his son.

His present hopes the former so transcend,
That the proud duke immediately begun
By his bold actions to express his thought,
Through so much blood what he so long had fought.

The king's commandment daring to deny,
His sovereign Lord being call'd to wait upon,
And on his fortune bears himself so high,
That he in state presumes t' ascend his throne:
From the king's lodgings puts his servants by,
And placeth in them such as were his own:

So infinitely insolent he grows,
As he the crown at pleasure would dispose.

When he procures a parliament with speed,
In which himself protector he doth make,
And only heir apparent to succeed
The king, when death him from the world should take:

And what had been at Coventry decreed,
He there annuls, from him and his to shake
The servile yoke of all subjection quite.

Down goes the red rose, and up goes the white.

And he with fortune that this while doth sport,
Seeing the Southern to him still were sure,
Thinks to the North if he should but resort,
He to his part the Northern should procure,
Seeking all ways his greatness to support,
Nor would an equal willingly endure:

Down into Yorkshire doth to Sandal ride,
Whose lofty site well suited with his pride.

The vexed queen, whose very soul forgot
That such a thing as patience it had known,
And but she found her friends forsook her not,
As mad as ever Hecuba had grown;
Whilst both her wrongs and her revenge were hot,

Her mighty mind so down could not be thrown,
But that once more the bloody set she'll play
With York, ere so he bear the crown away.

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And down to Sandal doth the duke pursue,
With all the pow'r her friends could her provide,
Led by those lords that had been ever true,
And had stood fast upon King Henry's side:
With that most valiant and selected crew,
The brav'ft of queens so well her business ply'd,
That coming soon in Sandal's lofty fight,
Into the field she dares him forth to fight.

And for this conflict there came on with her
Her hope Prince Henry, her dear only son,
Stout Somerset, and noble Exeter,
Dukes, that for Marg'ret mighty things had done,
Devon and Wilt. Earls using to confer
With this wise queen, when danger she would shun;

Undaunted Clifford, Ross in war upbrought,
Barons as brave as ere in battle fought.

When this stout duke, who in his castle stood,
With Salisbury, who beat them all at Blore,
Both which were flesht abundantly with blood,
In those three battles they had won before,
Thought in their pride it would be ever flood,
Nor 'gainst Queen Margaret that they needed more;

For they led fortune chain'd with them about,
That of their conquest none but fools could doubt.

And for the field soon marshalling their force,
All poor delays they scornfully defy,
Nor will the duke stay for those troops of horse,
With which his son him promis'd to supply;
In spite of fate they'll give their foe the worse,
On their own valour they so much rely;

And with five thousand marshall'd well they come,
Meaning to charge the queen's main battle home.

But in her host she having those that were
Expert in all the stratagems of war,
To fight with him do cause her to forbear,
Till from his castle she had got him far;
Whilst in an ambush she had placed there
Wiltshire and Clifford, with their strengths to bar
Him from his home in off'ring to retire,
Or wound his back ev'n as they would desire.

When to't they fell upon an easy plain,
At the hill foot, where furiously they fought,
Upon both sides where there were many slain:
But for the queen four to his one had brought,
The Duke of York (for all his pride) was fain
Back to recoil, where he was finely caught;
For Wilt and Clifford that in ambush were,
The van thus routed overthrew the rear.

Where York himself, who proudly but of late
With no less hope than of a kingdom fed,
Upon this field, before his castle gate,
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead;

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Upon whose body Clifford down him fat,
 Stabbing the corps, and cutting off his head,
 Crown'd it with paper, and (to wreak his teen)
 Presents it so to the victorious queen.

His bastard uncles, both courageous knights,
 Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, so sped;
 Hall, Hastings, Nevill, who in sundry fights
 Had shew'd their valour, on the field found dead;
 And Sal'sbury among these tragic fights,
 Who at Blore-heath so much dear blood had shed,
 Taken alive, to Pomfret sent with speed,
 And for their bloods himself there made to bleed.

Some climb up rocks, through hedges others run,
 Their foes so roughly execute their rage;
 Where th' Earl of Rutland, the Duke's eldest son,
 Then in his childhood and of tender age,
 Coming in hope to see the battle won,
 Clifford, whose wrath no rigour could assuage,
 Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneel,
 In his soft bosom sheaths his sharp'ned steel.

Edward of March, the Duke his father slain,
 Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly fort,
 Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,
 To aid his father, for he came too short,
 Hearing that Pembroke with a warlike train
 Was coming tow'ards him; touch'd with the report,
 His valiant Marchers for the field prepares
 To meet the Earl, if to approach he dares.

Jasper, by birth half-brother to the king,
 On bright Queen Cath'rine got by Owen Tether,
 Whom Henry's love did to this earldom bring,
 And as from Wales descended, sent him thither,
 And of South Wales gave him the governing,
 Where in short time he got an host together,
 Cleaving to Henry, who did him prefer,
 As an ally to th' house of Lancaster.

Upon their march when as they lastly met,
 Near to the cross that Mortimer is nam'd,
 Where they in order their battalions set:
 The duke and earl with equal rage inflam'd,
 With angry eyes they one the other threat,
 Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd:
 And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
 A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The Earl of Ormond, an associate then
 With this young Tudor, for the king that stood,
 Came in the vanguard with his Irish men,
 With darts and skains; those of the British blood
 With shafts and gleaves them seconding again,
 And as they fall, still make their places good:
 That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold
 Men so ill arm'd upon their bows so bold.

Now th' Welch and Irish so their weapons wield,
 As though themselves they conq'rors meant to call;
 Then are the Marchers masters of the field,

With their brown bills the Welchmen so they maul;
 Now th' one, now th' other likely were to yield;
 These like to fly, then those were like to fall:
 Until at length (as fortune pleas'd to guide)
 The conquest turn'd upon the Yorkists side.

Three suns were seen that instant to appear,
 Which soon again shut up themselves in one,
 Ready to buckle as the armies were,
 Which this brave Duke took to himself alone,
 His drooping hopes which somewhat seem'd to cheer,

By his mishaps near lately overthrown;
 So that thereby encouraging his men,
 Once more he sets the white rose up again.

Pembroke and Ormond save themselves by flight,
 Four thousand soldiers of both armies dead,
 But the great loss on the Lancastrians light,
 So ill the friends of poor King Henry sped;
 Where Owen Tudor taken in the flight,
 (This young Earl's father by Queen Cath'rine's bed)

At Hereford, not far away from thence,
 Where others with him dy'd for their offence.

This while the queen, the goal at Sandal gain'd,
 Leads on tow'ards London her victorious host,
 Whose blades she shews with blood of Yorkist's stain'd,

Nor of her conquest can she leave to boast;
 But to her side whilst lucky fortune lean'd,
 Come what can come, she means to clear the coast

Of those she knew in York's revenge would rise,
 Found she not means their forces to surprize.

And at St. Alban's finding on her way
 John Duke of Norfolk, and her dev'lish foe
 Fierce Warwick, who there with an army lay;
 Which two, deceased York, when he should go
 To Sandal, left them as his only kay
 To keep King Henry (which they not foreflow,)
 Left by the queen and hershe might be wrought,
 T' annul their late past parliament for nought.

For which to council calling up her lords,
 Well to consider what was to be done,
 Who cheer her up with comfortable words,
 And would in no wise she her way should shun,
 For they would make her entrance with their swords;

Here what was lost, might here again be won:
 Assuring her, their minds them strongly gave,
 That of this field the glory she should have.

And soon their army ordering for the ground,
 Whereof a view they ev'ry way do take!
 When for assault they bid their trumpets sound,
 And so their entry on the town they make:
 But coming to the market-place, they found
 A shower of shafts as from a cloud it brake,

Which back again made them so fast to bear,
As that their van was like to rout their rear:

But thus repuls'd, another way they prove
How in upon their enemy to get;
Which makes their foes that they their force re-
move,
To stop that passage wherein they were set;
That whilst they shafts into each other shove,
For a long while it was an even bet,
Death being thus dealt, and both so deeply in,
Whether proud Warwick or the Queen should
win.

But by the Queen constrained to recoil,
Their ground from them they absolutely won,
When they the Yorkists miserably spoil,
And in with them on their main battle run:
Which being greatly straitned by the foil,
They could not do what else they might have
done:

Through thick and thin, o'er hedge and ditch
that take,
And happiest he that greatest haste could make.

Whilst Warwick cries, 'Ye southern cowards,
stay,

'And once more turn your faces to your foes;
'Tis fear, not danger, doth ye thus dismay;
'O prove the former fortune of your bows
'Think but upon the late-won glorious day
'Got in this place, the same whereof you lose
'By your base flight.'—But he his breath
might spare;
He might as well have call'd upon the air.

Scatter'd like sheep by wolves that had been scar'd,
So run the Yorkists; which when Norfolk saw,
He calls to Warwick, scarcely then prepar'd,
Himself out of this danger to withdraw.

'My lord, quoth he, you see that all is marr'd;
'Fortune hath sworn to keep us in her awe:
'Our lives are gone, if longer here we stay;
'Lose not yourself, though we have lost the
'day.'

And for they found the foe came on so fast,
The king by them to this lost battle brought,
And under guard in his pavilion plac'd,
They're forc'd to leave, which late they little
thought;

For there were those which made them make
such haste,
They could not stay to have their sovereign
fought:

But since the battle had such ill success,
That lost, they thought their loss of him the
less.

The foe thus fled, they quickly found the king,
From whom a speedy messenger is sent,
His wife and son away to him to bring:
Who with their lords arriving at his tent,
Where after many a fall and many a spring
Of tears of joy upon each other spent,

With strict embraces they each other strain,
No one had need a gladness there to feign.

Like as you see when partridges are flown,
(In falc'ners terms which we the covey call,)
By the sharp hawk and into thickets thrown,
There drops down one, there doth another fall,
Yet when they hear the questing spaniels gone:
They in the evening get together all,
With pretty juggling and each other greet,
Glad as it were they once again should meet.

But the fierce queen, her full revenge to take
Of those she thought the Yorkists well that meant,
The stout Lord Bonville for King Henry's sake,
And Thomas Kerril, a brave Knight of Kent,
Who the king's guard strove ever strong to make,
All threatening peril thereby to prevent,
And for their safeties had his sovereign word,
That cruel woman putteth to the sword.

This well might warn great Warwick not to trust
Too much to fortune, which so soon reveals
Her whorish likeness, like an averse gust,
And on the sudden makes him strike his sails,
Which when he most believ'd her to be just,
His forward hopes then most of all she fails;
All his accounts, and teach him thus to sum,
"None overcomes but may be overcome."

Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
But that the king into the field he brought;
For with the worse that side went still away,
Which had King Henry with them when they
fought,

Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay,
As that he never prospered in aught.
The queen wan two amongst the loss of many,
Her husband absent; present, never any,

But whilst herself with further hopes she fed,
The queen still watchful, wisely understands,
That Warwick late, who at St. Alban's fled,
(Whereas his heels serv'd better than his hands,)
And met the Duke of York, and made a head
Of many fresh and yet unfought with bands,
At Chipping-norton for more forces stay'd,
From whence tow'rs London they their march
had laid.

And for she saw the Southern to adhere
Still to the Yorkists, who again rely'd
Much on their aid, as London she doth fear,
A small relief which lately her deny'd,
She can (at all) conceive no comfort there,
With any succours nor to be supply'd;
But to the north her speedy course directs,
From whence fresh aids she every day expects,

Not four days march yet fully on her way,
But York to London with his army comes,
And near the walls his ensigns doth display,
Deaf'ning the city with his clamorous drums:
His title to the multitude doth sway,
That for his soldiers they provide him sums;

And those provisions they Queen Marg'ret
ow'd,
Taken from her's, they on the Duke bestow'd.

The gates set open to receive him in,
They with applause his gracious entrance greet;
His presence to the peoples hearts doth win,
That they come flocking in from every street,
Kneeling before him as he crown'd had been;
And as he rode along, they kiss his feet:

Whilst good King Henry tow'rd's the north is
gone,
The poor Lancastrians damn'd by every one.

Whither (at once) doth presently repair
The spiritual lords and temporal, who would have
Him take the crown; who far more ready are
To give, than he their suffrages to crave:
The commons take him so into their care,
Upon his name that doatingly they rave;
And being ask'd who should their sovereign be?
They cry, King Edward, and no man but he.

Thus to his height this puissant prince they heave,
The seat imperial; where then sitting down,
Their fealty they force him to receive,
Which on his head might firmly fix his crown,
And in his hand the regal sceptre leave:
Edward the fourth proclaim'd in ev'ry town,
With all the pomp that they could think upon,
They then adorn his coronation.

THIS news too quickly in Queen Marg'ret's ear,
What by the Lords at London had been done,
Even at the point to fall into despair,
Ready she was on her own death to run;
With her fair fingers rents her golden hair,
Curfing that hour when first she saw the sun,
With rage she faints; reviving, and doth call
Upon high heav'n for vengeance on them all.

To aid her right yet still excites her friends,
By her fair speech enchanted, as by charms,
Scarce any man on any lord depends
That follows her, that riseth not in arms:
The spacious north such plenteous succour sends,
That to her side the soldiers come in swarms.
Thus day by day she addeth more and more
To that full army which she had before.

Not long it was but Edward understood
Of this great pow'r prepared in the north,
When he, to make his coronation good,
Calls to his aid his friends of greatest worth:
With whom, then rising like a raging flood,
This forward king breaks violently forth,
That with the help of tributary flows,
Extends his breadth still onward as he goes.

Nor Henry's army needed to be fought,
For every man could tell him where it lay;
In twelve days march which Edward eas'ly
rouglt,

Without resistance keeping on his way,
Near fifty thousand in his host he brought,
Whose brandish'd ensigns seem'd to brave the
day;
And under Pomfret his proud tents he pight,
Providing hourly for a deadly fight.

Of Henry's host when they who had com-
mand,
On whom the Queen imposed had the care,
Great Somerset and stout Northumberland,
And Clifford, whom no danger yet could dare:
The walls of York first having thoroughly mann'd,
There plac'd the King; when quickly they pre-
pare
To range their battle, which consisted then
Of threescore thousand valiant Northern men.

From Edward's host the Lord Fitzwater went,
And valiant Nevill, Warwick's bastard brother,
At Ferrybridge the passage to prevent,
From coming over Eyre to keep the other:
'Gainst whom the adverse the Lord Clifford
sent,
Who taking night his enterprize to smother,
The dawn yet dusky, passing through a ford,
Puts them and all their soldiers to the sword.

At the shrill noise when Warwick coming in,
And finds his brother and Fitzwater dead,
Even as a man distracted that had been,
Out of his face the lively colour fled:
'Doth cruel Clifford thus (quoth he) begin?
'For ev'ry drop of blood that he hath shed
'This day, I'll make an enemy to bleed,
'Or never more in battle let me speed.'

And to the king returning in this mood:
'My Liege (quoth he) all mercy now defy,
'Delay no longer to revenge their blood,
'Whose mangled bodies breathless yonder lie;
'And let the man that means King Edward's
'good,
'Stand fast to Warwick, who no more shall
'flie;
'Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu.'
Which spoke, the earl his sprightly courser
flew.

This resolution so extremely wrought
Upon King Edward, that he gave command
That on his side who willingly not fought,
Should have his leave to quit him out of hand;
That ev'ry one should kill the man he caught;
To keep no quarter; and who meant to stand
In his just cause, rewarded he would see:
This day he'll rise, or this day ruin'd be.

When near to Towton, on the spacious plain,
These puissant armies on Palm-Sunday met,
Where downright slaughter angry heav'n doth
rain,
With clouds of rage the element is set:
The winds breathe fury, and the earth again

With the hot gore of her own natives wet,
Sends up a smoke, which makes them all so
mad,
Of neither part that mercy could be had.

One horrid fight another doth appall;
One fearful cry another doth confound;
Murthers so thick upon each other fall,
That in one shriek another's shriek is drown'd:
Whilst blood for blood incessantly doth call
From the wide mouth of many a gaping wound,
Slaughter so soon grows big, that com'n to
birth,
The monstrous burthen overloads the earth.

This bloody tempest ten long hours doth last,
Whilst neither side could to itself assure
The victory; but as their lot was cast,
With wounds and death they stoutly it endure;
Until the valiant Yorkists at the last,
Although in number near ten thousand fewer,
In their long fight their forces manage so,
That they before them lay their conquer'd
foe.

Couragious Clifford first here fell to ground,
Into the throat with a blunt arrow struck:
Here Westmorland receiv'd his deadly wound:
Here dy'd the stout Northumberland, that stuck
Still to his Sovereign; Wells and Dacres found
That they had lighted on King Henry's luck:
Trowlup and Horne, two brave commanders,
dead,
Whilst Somerset and Exeter were fled.

Thirty two thousand in this battle slain,
Many in straits lie heap'd up like a wall;
The rest lie scatter'd round about the plain:
And Cock, a river though but small,
Fill'd with those flying, doth so deeply stain
The river Wharf, int' which this Cock doth
fall,
As that the fountain which this flood doth
feed,
Besides their blood, had seem'd for them to
bleed.

King Henry's hopes thus utterly forlorn,
By the late loss of this unlucky day:
He feels the crown even from his temples torn,
On his sword point which Edward bears away:
And since his fall the angry Fates had sworn,
He finds no comfort longer here to stay;
But leaving York, he post to Berwick goes,
With's Queen and son, true partners in his
woes.

The King for Scotland, and for France the
Queen,
Divided hence, since them thus Fortune thwarts,
Before this time there seldom had been seen
Two to be sever'd with so heavy hearts:
The Prince their son then standing them be-
tween,

Their song is sorrow, and they bear their parts;
He to the King of Scots, to get supplies;
She to the French King, and her father flies.

Which well might show a prince's slippery state:
For when she hither at the first came in,
England and France did her congratulate;
Then in two battles she had conqueror been,
Seeming to tread upon the Yorkis hate,
As from that day she had been born to win;
Now to fall back with miseries far more,
Than were her triumphs landing here be-
fore.

This cruel blow to the Lancastrians lent,
At fatal Towton that Palm-Sunday fight,
Where so much blood they prodigally spent,
To France and Scotland as forc'd their flight,
Lifts up the Yorkists to their large extent;
And Edward now to see his crown fate right,
Proud in his spoils, to London doth repair,
And re-anointed mounts th' imperial chair.

Where he a speedy parliament doth pass,
T' annul those laws which had been made be-
fore
'Gainst his succession, and dissolve the mass
Of treasons heap'd on his, them to restore:
Whereby King Henry so much lessen'd was,
As after that he should subsist no more;
Little then thinking Lancaster again,
Now but an exile, over him should reign.

Where he attaints as traitors to his crown,
John earl of Oxford, and his valiant son
Aubry De Vere, with whom likewise went
down
Montgom'ry, Teril, Tudenham, who were done
To death; so heav'n on Henry seems to frown:
And Somerset, King's Henry's wrath to shun,
Himself submitting, is receiv'd to grace.
Such is Queen Marg'ret's miserable case!

Henry in Scotland, the sad Queen the while
Is left to France, to Lewis there to sue
To lend her succour: scorning her exile,
In spite of fate she will the war renew;
She will tempt Fortune till again she smile:
In such a pitch her mighty spir't till flew,
That should the world oppose her, yet that
strength
She hopes shall work up her desires at length

And with five thousand valiant volunteers
Of native French, put under her command,
With arms well-fitted, she tow'rd Scotland
steers;
With which before she possibly could land,
The wrath of heaven upon this Queen appears,
And with fierce tempests strives her to with-
stand:
The winds make war against her with her
foe,
Which, join'd together, work her overthrow.

Her forces thus unfortunately lost,
Which she in Scotland hop'd to have increas'd,
And in this tempest she herself so tost,
As never lady; yet she here not ceas'd:
But since she found her enterprize thus cross'd,
She to the Scottish her fair course address'd,
Nor would desist, till she had rais'd again
Ten thousand valiant well-appointed men.

And in upon Northumberland doth break,
Rouzing the sluggish villages from sleep,
Bringing in Henry though a help but weak,
But leaves her son in Berwick safe to keep:
Her rattling drums so rough a language speak,
The ruffling Scots and all the country sweep;
Which rumour ran so fast with through the
air,
That Edward thought it shook his very
chair.

And Somerset, receiv'd to grace before,
With Sir Ralph Percy, from that fatal day
At Towton, found each minute more and more,
How sad a fate on the Lancastrians lay;
Yet hoping now King Henry to restore,
Who, they suppos'd, had new found out the
way,
Revolt from Edward, and in Henry's name
Call in their friends, to aid him as he came.

THIS noise of war arising from the North,
In Edward's ears re-echoing, bids him stir;
And rumour tells him, if he made not forth,
Queen Margaret com'n, he must resign to her;
For they were captains of especial worth,
On whom she did this mighty charge confer:
For that her ensigns she at large display'd;
And as she came, so still came in her aid.

For which his much lov'd Montacute he sends,
With England's valiant infantry his peers;
To whose wise guidance he this war commends,
His soldiers expert, pickt in sundry shires.
His utmost strength King Edward now extends,
Which he must do, or dragg'd down by the
ears
From his late-gotten, scarcely-settled throne,
And on his shoulders she remount thereon.

And Montacute had scarcely march'd away,
But he himself sets forward with an host,
And a strong navy likewise doth purvey,
To scour the seas, and keep the British coast,
Fearing from France fresh succours every day,
To aid Queen Marg'ret, which perplex'd him
most:
For he perceiv'd his crown fate not so sure,
But might be shak'd, should she her pow'rs
procure.

Now is the North fill'd with resurgent arms,
Edward's are English, Scots Queen Marg'ret
brings.

The North's cold bosom this great concourse
warms,
Their quarrel is the right of two great Kings,
Which oft before have wrought each other's
harms,
And from that root new horror daily springs;
And tho' much blood they both had spent
before,
Yet not so much, but that there must be
more.

At Hegly-Heath their skirmishes begin,
Where two bold Barons, Hungerford and Rofs,
With Sir Ralph Percy (he who late had been
Leagu'd with King Edward, but then gotten
loose,
Strives by all means to expiate that sin,)
To the Lancastrian faction cleaves so close,
That when those barons from that conflict
flie,
In Henry's right he bravely dares to die.

Which leads along as tragical an act,
As since the wars had ever yet been play'd:
For Montacute b'ing fortunately backt,
By brave King Edward's coming to his aid:
As of their force King Henry little lackt,
The plain call'd Livels, where the scene was
laid,
Not far from Exham near to Dowil's flood,
That day discolour'd with Lancastrians blood:

There struck they battle, bow-men bow-men
ply'd,
Northern to Southern, slaughter ceaseth all;
Long the fight lasted, ere that either side
Could tell to which the victory would fall:
But to the Yorkists Fortune is so ty'd,
That she must come when they shall please to
call;
And in his cradle Henry had the curse,
That where he was, that side had still the
worse.

This luckless day by the Lancastrians lost,
Was Somerset surprized in his flight,
And in pursuing of this scatter'd host,
On Mullins, Rofs, and Hungerford they light,
Which this day's work ere long full dearly
cost;
And with these lords were taken many a knight,
Nor from their hands could Henry hardly
shift,
Had not his guide been, as his horse was,
swift.

Still must Queen Marg'ret's miseries endure,
This mass of sorrow markt out to sustain:
For all the aids this time she should procure,
Are either taken, put to flight, or slain;
Of nothing else she can herself assure,
That she will leave her losses to complain;
For since she sees that still her friends go
down,
She will curse Fortune if she do not frown.

Henry to flie to Scotland back is fain,
To get to France the woful Queen is glad,
There with her son inforced to remain,
Till other aids might thence again be had :
So them their hard necessities constrain,
To fet them down that it doth make me sad :

Never so thick came miseries, I ween,
Upon a poor King and a woful Queen.

This done, King Edward his strong army
sends

To take those castles which not long before
Had been deliver'd to King Henry's friends,
Which he by sieges makes them to restore ;
And on the borders watchfully attends,
To Henry's aid that there should come no
more :

But oh, behold, as one ordain'd to ill,
The fate that follows hapless Henry still !

For out of some deep melancholy fit,
Or otherwise, as fall'n into despair,
Or that he was not rightly in his wit,
Being safe in Scotland, and still succour'd there ;
Upon the sudden he abandons it,
And into England inly ent'ring, where
He is surpriz'd, and (in his enemies power)
Is by King Edward shut up in the Tower.

This hap had Henry ; who when he was born
Of Christian Kings the greatest then alive,
Now he the crown full forty years had worn,
Doth all his regal sov'reignty survive,
Of all men living and the most forlorn,
So strange a thing can destiny contrive :
So many fundry miseries, as he,
No King before had ever liv'd to see.

To hear all this Queen Margaret must endure,
Yet sadly to her father's court confin'd,
And now King Edward held himself secure,
When things fell out so fitly to his mind,
But when of rest he did himself assure,
Upon a sudden rose so rough a wind,
In his strong hand which shook his scepter
more,
Than all the storms that e'er had blown be-
fore.

For then in mind to league himself with France,
Which he perceiv'd would be the surest way
His question'd title highly to advance ;
And at his need should serve him for a key
To open him their policies, whose chance
Was then in casting, and they next to play :
For Marg'ret still the French King Lewis
prest
For second aids, nor would she let him rest.

Wherefore he sends a marriage to entreat
With beauteous Bona (with whose rich report
Fame was oppress'd with, as a task too great)
The French Queen's sister, and with her in
court,

Warwick the man chose forth to work the
feat ;

Who is sent thither in most sumptuous fort,
And in short time so well his bus'nes plies,
That she was like to prove an English prize.

In the mean while, this youthful King by chance
Coming to Grafton, where the Duchefs lay,
Then stil'd of Bedford, his eye haps to glance
On her bright daughter the fair widow Gray,
Whose beauties did his senses so intrance,
And stole his heart so suddenly away,

That must he lose his crown, come weal, come
woe,

She must be his, though all the world say no.

Her looks (like Lethe) make him to forget
Upon what bus'ness he had Warwick sent ;
Upon this lady he his love so set,
That should his crown from off his head be
rent,

Or his rebellious people rise, to let
This choice of his, they should it not prevent :
For those pure eyes, his bosom that had
pierc'd,
Had writ a law there, not to be revers'd.

' What less amends this Lady can I make,
' For her dear husband in my quarrel slain,
' Than lawful marriage? which for justice
' sake
' I must perform (quoth he) lest she complain ;
' For a just prince so me the world shall take.'
Soothing himself up in this amorous vein,
With his affections in this sort doth play,
Till he a Queen made the fair lady Gray.

This act of Edward's com'n to Warwick's ear,
And that the sequel show'd it to be true,
In his stern eyes it eas'ly might appear
His heart too great for his streight bosom grew,
He his commission doth in piece-meal tear,
Breaks the broad seal, and on the ground it
threw ;

And prays blest heav'n may curse him, if that
he

For this disgrace revenged would not be.

' Have I (quoth he) so lifted thee aloft,
' That to thy greatness I the scorn am grown?
' Have I for thee adventur'd been so oft
' In this long war, as to the world is known,
' And now by thee thus basely am I scofft,
' By this disgrace upon me thou hast thrown?
' If these thy wrongs unpunish'd slightly pass,
' Hold Warwick base, and fall'n from what he
' was.

' Know, 'twas the Nevil's for thy title stood,
' Else long e'er this laid lower than the ground ;
' And in thy cause my father shed his blood,
' None of our house for thee but bears some
' wound ;

And now at last to recompence this good,
Only for me this guerdon hast thou found?

' From thy proud head this hand shall pluck
' thy crown,
' Or if thou stand, then needs must Warwick
' down.'

Yet he to England peaceably repairs,
And with a smooth brow smothers his intent,
And to the King relates the French affairs,
And what in court had pass'd there since he
went :

His spleen he for a fitter season spares,
Till he the same more liberally might vent :

Calm was his count'nance, and his language
fair,

But in his breast a deep revenge he bare.

MEAN while Queen Marg'ret (a poor exile)
hears

How things in England in her absence went,
Her half-burst heart which but a little cheers,
For from her head she felt the crown was rent :

Yet though far off a little glimpse appears,
A seeming hope and though it faintly lent,
It might have said, had not the Fates said no,
These storms at home might her some profit
blow.

She hears how Warwick cunningly had wrought
George Duke of (a) Clarence from his brother's
side;

And that brave youth at Calais having caught,
His eldest daughter had to him affy'd :

How to rebel the (b) Northern men were
brought;

And who by Warwick 'pointed was their guide;
As on the Welch he had a mighty hand,
By Edward rais'd those rebels to withstand.

Of new (c) rebellions at Northampton rais'd,
And to despight the King what they had done;
How they at Grafton the earl (d) Rivers seiz'd,
And Sir John Woodville his most hopeful son,
Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd;
And of the same by puissant Warwick won,
Who having taken (e) Edward in his tent,
His King his pris'ner into Yorkshire sent.

Then hears again how Edward had escap'd,
And by his friends a greater pow'r had got;
How be the men of Lincolnshire intrap'd,
Who near to Stamford pay'd a bloody shot:
And when the Earl his course of Calais shap'd,
When England lastly grew for him too hot,
Vauclere, who there his depnty he put,
The ports against his late grand Captain shut.

(a) He was second brother to King Edward.

(b) Warwick by his agents stirs up a rebellion in the north, while he remains at Calais to prevent his being suspected.

(c) Headed by one whom they termed Robert of Ridgdale.

(d) Earl Rivers was father to Lady Gray, then Queen of England.

(e) At Woolney in Warwickshire, by entering his camp in the night.

Lastly she hears that he at Diepe arrives,
And lately com'n to Amboise to the Court,
Whereas King Lewis to his utmost strives
To entertain him in most Princely fort :

When the wise Queen her bus'ness so contrives,
That she comes thither; small what though her
port,

Yet brings along the sweet young Prince her
son,

To prove what good with Warwick might be
done.

When both in court and presence of the King,
Their due respect to both of them that gave,
He will'd them in so pertinent a thing,
That they the like should of each other have;
The tears began from both their eyes to spring,
That each from other pity fessm'd to crave;

In graceful manner when the grieved Queen
Thus to that great Earl gently breathes her
spleen.

' Warwick, saith she, how merciless a foe
' Hast thou been still to my poor child and me!
' That villain York which hast advanced so,
' Which never could have risen but for thee.
' That valour thou on Edward didst bestow,
' O hadst thou show'd for him thou here dost see,
' Our damask roses had adorn'd the crest,
' And with their wreathes thy ragged staves
' been drest.

' First at St. Albans, at Northampton then,
' And fatal Towton, that most fearful fight,
' How many, nay, what multitudes of men,
' By thee, fierce Warwick, slain and put to
' flight!
' O if thy sword, that ever stood for ten,
' Had but been drawn for Henry, and his right,
' He should have built thee trophies every
' where,
' Wrought with our crown, supported with
' thy bear.

' What glory had it won the Nevils name,
' To have upheld the right-succeeding race
' Of that fifth Henry, he that was of fame
' The only minion, whom thou now dost trace!
' But Sal'sbury the first against us came,
' Then Falconbridge and Montacute: (o base!)
' To advance a traitor to his sovereign thus:
' But to our crown your name is ominous.

' How many a brave peer, thy too near allies,
' (Whose loss the babe that's yet unborn shall
' rue)

' Have made themselves a willing sacrifice
' In our just quarrel, who it rightly knew,
' Whose blood 'gainst York and his adherents
' cries,

' (Whom many a sad curse ever shall pursue:)
' O Warwick, Warwick, expiate this guilt,
' By shedding theirs, for whom our blood was
' spilt.

When in like language this great Earl again
 Regreets the Queen, and woes her to forbear
 Of former grief one thought to entertain :

' Things are not now (quoth he) as once they
 ' were :

' To talk of these past help, it is in vain ;

' What though it ease your heart, and please your
 ' ear,

' This is not it, no, it must be our swords

' Must right our wrongs (dear Lady) not our
 ' words.

' Madam, (quoth he) by this my vexed heart,

' On Edward's head which oft hath wish'd the
 ' crown,

' Let but Queen Marg'ret cleave to Warwick's
 ' part,

' This hand that heav'd him up shall hew him
 ' down ;

' And if from Henry, Richard Nevile start,

' Upon my house let heav'n for ever frown :

' Or back the crown to this young Prince I'll
 ' bring,

' Or not be Warwick, if he be not King.

When they accord, Prince Edward should affy

Ann the Earl's daughter ; to confirm it more,

By sacrament themselves they strictly tie,

By arms again King Henry to restore,

Or in the quarrel they would live and die :

Comprising likewise in the oath they swore,

That th' Earl and Clarence should protectors
 be,

When the King Henry and the prince should
 free.

When soon great Warwick into England sends,

To warn his friends that they for war prepare,

King Henry's title and to them commends,

That they should take his cause into their care :

Now is the time that he must try his friends,

When he himself 'gainst Edward must declare ;

And when much strife amongst the commons
 rose,

Whom they should aid, or whom they should
 oppose.

Furnish'd with all things well befitting war,

By great King Lewis to Queen Marg'ret lent ;

Warwick (whose name fame sounded had so far,

That men with wonder view'd him as he went,

Of all men living the most popular)

Thought ev'ry hour to be but idly spent,

On England's troubled earth until he were,

To view the troops attending for him there.

And his army took with him along

Oxford and Pembroke, who had been destroy'd

By Edward, sworn now to revenge their wrong,

By Burgoin the French Admiral convoy'd,

At whose arrive the shores with people throng ;

At sight of Warwick and so overjoy'd,

That every one a Warwick, Warwick cries :

Well may the Red-rose by great Warwick rise.

Like some black cloud, which hovering lately
 hung,

Thrust on at last by th' wind's impetuous pow'r,

The groves and fields comes raging in among

As though both fowls and flocks it would devour,

That those abroad make to the shelters strong,

To save themselves from the outrageous show'r :

So fly the Yorkists before Warwick's drums,

Like a stern tempest roaring as he comes.

When Edward late who wore the costly crown,

Himself so high and on his fortunes bore,

Then heard himself in ev'ry place cry'd down,

And made much less than he was great before ;

Nor dares he trust himself in any town,

For in the inlands, as along the shore,

Their proclamations him a traitor make,

And each man charg'd against him arms to
 take.

For which the washes he is forc'd to wade,

And in much peril lastly gets to Lynn,

(To save himself such shift King Edward made,

For in more danger he had never been ;)

Where finding three Dutch hulks which lay for
 trade,

The greatest of them he hires to take him in,

Richard his brother, Hastings his true friend,

Scarce worth one sword their persons to defend.

When Warwick now the only Prince of pow'r,

Edward the fourth out of the kingdom fled,

Commands himself free entrance to the Tow'r,

And sets th' imperial wreath on Henry's head,

Brings him through London to the Bishop's bow'r,

By the applauding people followed ;

Whose shrill re-echoing shouts resound from
 far,

A Warwick, Warwick, long live Lancaster.

And presently a parliament they call,

In which they attain King Edward in his blood ;

The lands and goods made forfeitures of all

That in this quarrel with proud York had stood ;

Their friends in their old honours they install,

Which they had lost, now by an act made good ;

Intail the crown on Henry and his heirs ;

The next on Clarence, should they fail in theirs

Whilst Warwick thus King Henry doth advance,

See but the fate still following the sad Queen !

Such storms and tempests in that season chance,

Before that time as seldom had been seen ;

That twice from sea she was forc'd back to France,

As angry heav'n had put itself between

Her and her joys, and would a witness be,

That nought but sorrow this sad Queen must see.

This might have lent her comfort yet at last,

So many troubles having undergone,

And having through so many perils past,

T' have seen her husband settled on his throne ;

Yet still the skies with clouds are overcast :

Well might she hear, but of this sees she none,

Which from far off, as flying news, doth greet
her :
Nought but mischance, when she comes in, must
meet her.

But all this while King Edward not dismay'd,
His brother Charles of Burgundy so plies,
That though the subtle Duke on both sides
play'd,

Edward and Henry both his near allies,
Upon the Duke King Edward yet so lay'd,
(Having his sister's furtherance, who was wife,)
That underhand his strength he so restores,
As that he dar'd t' attempt the English shores.

With fourteen ships from th' easterlings being
hir'd,

And four Burgonians, excellently mann'd,
After some time with storms and tempests tir'd,
He near the mouth of Humber haps to land,
Where though the beacons at his sight were fir'd,
Yet few or none his entrance do withstand ;

For that his friends had giv'n it out before,
He sought the Dukedom, and he would no
more.

Upon his march when forward as he came,
Resolv'd to try the very worst of war,
He summons York (whereof he bare the name)
To him her Duke her gates that doth unbar ;
And coming next to rock-rear'd Nottingham,
Montgomery, Borough, Harrington, and Par,
Bring him their pow'r ; at Liecester again,
Three thousand came, to Hastings that retain.

To Coventry and keeping on his way,
Sets down his army in the city's fight,
Where at that time the Earl of Warwick lay,
To whom he sends to dare him out to fight ;
Which still the Earl defers from day to day,
Perceiving well all that things went not right ;
For with his succours Clarence came not in,
Whom to suspect he greatly doth begin.

And not in vain : for that disloyal Lord
Takiug those forces he had levy'd, leaves
The Earl, and with his brother doth accord ;
Which of all hope brave Warwick so bereaves.
That now King Edward hopes to restor'd,
Which then too late the credulous Earl perceives.
Edward towards London with his army sped,
To take the crown once more from Henry's
head.

The Queen, in France this woful news that
heard,
How far through England Edward thus had past ;
As how by Clarence (whom she ever fear'd)
Warwick behind-hand mightily was cast ;
This most undaunted Queen her hopes yet cheer'd,
By those great perils she had lately past,
And from King Lewis doth three thousand
prefs,
To aid her friends in England in distress.

Whilst she is busy gathering up those aids,
(In so short time) as France could her afford ;
Couragious Warwick basely thus betray'd,
By Clarence lewdly falsifying his word,
The most couragious Earl no whit dismay'd
But trusting still to his successful sword,
Follows the King tow'rds London march'd
before,
Each day his pow'r increasing more and more.

But Edward by the Londoners let in,
Who in their gates his army took to guard ;
Warwick this while that trifling had not been,
But with a pow'r sufficiently prepar'd
T' approach the city, bravely doth begin
To dare the King, who lately him had dar'd ;
Who then from London his arm'd forces leads,
Tow'rds where his march ambitious Warwick
treads.

From London this, that from Saint Alban's set,
These two grand soldiers should'ring for the
crown,

They in the mid-way are at Barnet met,
Where then they set their puissant armies down ;
Warwick, as near as ever he could get,
But Edward only taketh up the town ;

Betwixt whose tents a heath call'd Gladmoor
lies,

Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With drums and trumpets they awake the day,
Muffled in mists her lowring self that shows,
To stop their madness doing all it may,
Knowing what blood her light was like to lose :
But hope of slaughter bears so great a sway,
That with the sun their rage still higher grows :
Full were their hands of death, so freely dealt,
That the most mortal wounds the least were
felt.

The adverse ensigns to each other wave,
As 'twere to call them forward to the field
The King the Earl, the Earl the King doth brave,
Nor cares he for the Leopards in his shield :
And whilst one friend another strives to save,
He's slain himself, if not, enforc'd to yield :
In either army there is not one eye,
But is spectator of some tragedy.

Those wrongs the King had from the Earl re-
ceiv'd,
Expuls'd the kingdom only by his pow'r,
Ev'n to the height his pow'rful hand up-heav'd
For full revenge in this unhappy hour ;
And by the King the Earl his hopes bereav'd,
Shelter'd by him from many a bloody show'r,
Spurs up revenge, and with that violent
rage,
That scarcely blood their fury could assuage.

Warwick, who sees his soldiers had the worse,
And at a near point to be put to flight,
Throwing himself from off his armed horse,

Thrusts in on foot into the deadliest fight :
 Edward again, with an unusual force,
 In his own person, in the armies fight,
 Puts for the garland, which if now he lose,
 Warwick his crown at pleasure would dispose.

To Edward's side but Fortune doth encline,
 Warwick's high valour then was but in vain ;
 His noble soul there destin'd to resign,
 Brave Montacute his valiant brother slain :
 Here Somerset (with them that did combine)
 Forced to fly ; and Exeter is slain
 To save himself by sanctuary ; this day
 Edward's victorious, and bears all away.

This fatal field unluckily thus lost,
 That very day so destiny contrives,
 That the griev'd queen at sea turmoil'd and
 tost
 Near twenty days, in Weymouth road arrives ;
 Where scarcely landed, but post after post
 Brings her this ill news, which so far deprives
 Her of all comfort, that she curs'd and bann'd
 Those plaguy winds that suffer'd her to land.

' Wert thou (quoth he) so fortunate in fight,
 ' O noble Warwick, when thou wert our foe ?
 ' And now thou stood'st in our undoubted right,
 ' And should'st for Henry thy high valour show,
 ' Thus to be slain ; what pow'r in our despight
 ' Watcheth from heav'n upon our overthrow ?
 ' Th' unlucky stars have certainly made laws,
 ' To mark for death the fav'ers of our cause.

' O what infernal brought that Edward back,
 ' So late expell'd by Warwick's pow'rful hand !
 ' Was there no way his rotten ship to wrack ?
 ' Was there no rock ? was there no swell'wing
 ' sand ?
 ' And too, the wretched subjects were so slack,
 ' To suffer him so traiterously to land :
 ' Surely whole heav'n against us have con-
 ' spir'd,
 ' Or in our troubles they had else been tir'd.

Was I for this so long detain'd in France
 From rageful tempests, and reserv'd till now,
 That I should land to meet with this mis-
 ' chance ?

' It needs must be, the pow'rs have made a
 ' vow,
 Up to that height my sorrows to advance,
 ' That before mine all miseries shall bow ;
 ' That all the sorrow mortals can surmise,
 ' Shall fall far short of Marg'ret's miseries."

These words scarce spoke, her half-slain heart to
 ease,
 But the least breath of comfort to prevent,
 The next ill news in-rushing after these,
 Was, that King Henry to the Tow'r was sent,
 (As though itself ev'n Destiny should please,
 In wretched Marg'ret's heavy discontent)

Thronging so thick, as like themselves to smo-
 ther,
 Or as one ran to overtake another.

Those scatter'd troops from Barnet that escap'd,
 Hearing the queen thus landed with her pow'r,
 Though much dismay'd with what had lately
 hapt
 On gore-drown'd Gladmoor in that bloody show'r,
 And fearing by the foe to be entrapt ;
 Through untrod grounds, in many a tedious hour,
 Flock to her daily, till that by their aid,
 Equal with Edward's they her army made.

When Somerset and Devonshire came in
 To the sad queen, and bade her not despair,
 Though they of late unfortunate had been,
 Yet there was help that ruin to repair ;
 What they had lost, they hop'd again to win,
 And that the way lay open yet and fair ;
 For that the West would wholly with her rise,
 Besides from Wales assur'd her of supplies.

And every day still adding to their force,
 As on their host tow'rds Gloucester they guide,
 When Edward finding their intended course,
 Again for battel strongly doth provide :
 Both armies they supply with foot and horse,
 By both their friends, as they affect the side ;
 And in their march at Tewksbury they met,
 Where they in order their battalions set.

Ill was her choice of this uneven ground,
 Ruckleless the place, unlucky was the hour,
 The heavens upon her so extremely frown'd,
 As on her head their plagues at once to pour,
 As in a deluge here her hopes were drown'd :
 Here sees she death her faithful friends devour,
 The earth is fill'd with groans, the air with cries,
 Horror on each side doth enclose her eyes.

Never did death so terrible appear,
 Since first their arms the English learnt to wield :
 Who would see slaughter, might behold it here
 In the true shape upon this fatal field.
 In vain was valour, and in vain was fear,
 In vain to fight, in vain it was to yield,
 In vain to fly ; for destiny discust,
 By their own hands, or others, die they must.

Here her dear Devonshire, noble Courtney dy'd ;
 Her faithful friend great Somerset here fell ;
 Delves, Leuknor, Hamden, Whittingham beside.
 O Marg'ret, who thy miseries can tell !
 Sharp were those swords which made their wounds
 so wide,
 Whose blood the foil did with th' abundance
 swell.

Other her friends, into the town that fled,
 Taken, no better than the former sped.

But the amazing misery of all,
 As heaven the great'st until the last had kept,
 As it would say, that after this none shall

By mortal eyes be worthy to be wept,
The prince her son, who sees his friends thus
fall,

And on each side their carcases lie heapt,
Making away in this most piteous plight,
Is taken pris'ner in his tardy flight :

And forth by Crofts before the conq'r'r brought,
His proclamations clearing every doubt
Of the youth's safety, living were he caught,
As a reward to him should bring him out ;
But when they once had found him whom they
fought,

Hearing his answers princely, wise, and stout,
Those bloody brothers, Hastings, and the rest,
Sheath'd their sharp poinards in his manly breast.

Queen Marg'ret thus of mortals most forlorn,
Her son now slain, her army overthrown,
Left to the world as Fortune's only scorn,
And not one friend to whom to make her moan,
(To so much woe was never woman born)
This wretched lady wand'ring all alone,
Gets to a homely cell not far away,
If possibly to hide her from the day.

But (wretched woman !) quickly there be-
wray'd,
She thence is taken, and to prison sent,
Meanly attended, miserably array'd,

The people wond'ring at her as she went ;
Of whom the most malicious her upbraid
With good Duke Humphry's death, her heart to
rent ;

Whilst her mil'd looks and graceful gesture
drew

Many a sad eye, her miseries to rue.

Till by Duke Rayner ransomed at last,
Her tender father, who a prince but poor,
Borrow'd great sums of Lewis with much waste,
Which for he was not able to restore,
Provence and both the Sicils to him pass'd,

With fruitful Naples, which was all his store :

To bring her back, from earthly joys exil'd,

The undone father helps the undone child.

And though enlarg'd, e'er she could leave the
land,

Making a long year of each short-liv'd hour,
She hears that by Duke Richard's murth'ring
hand

The King her husband suffers in the Tow'r :

As though high heaven had laid a strict com-
mand

Upon each star, some plague on her to pour ;

And until now that nothing could suffice,

Nor give a period to her miseries,

NYMPHIDA:

THE

COURT OF FAIRY.

OLD Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowlabel,

With such poor trifles playing :
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them :
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others reading ;
My active muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling :
Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphida, gentle Fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling :

My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke to thee my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way foe'er it blow it :
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded :
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of flats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only Fairies wake)

Descendeth for his pleasure :
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them :
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their flutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping :
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother :
Some filly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the Fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befel,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting :
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggan was this Fairy Knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed :
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His fauciness and often checkt,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggan gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing :
At length this lover doth devise,
A bracelet made of emmets eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

" At midnight the appointed hour,
" And for the Queen a fitting bow'r,

" Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flow'r,
" On Hipcut-hill that groweth :
" In all your train there's not a Fay,
" That ever went to gather May,
" But she hath made it in her way,
" The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum a Fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry :
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready strait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For naught must her be letting :
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning :
The seat the soft woll of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterfly,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming;

The wheels compos'd of crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it :
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.

A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had fought each place with care,
And found his Queen was missing.

By grievously Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acron-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
'Where is my wife, thou rogue?' (quoth he)
'Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
'Restore her, or thou dy'st by me.'
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
"Content thee, I am no such thing;
"I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the Fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frightened so,
He thought his wings were much too flow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fier in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad King fear'd no evil.

'Oh! (quoth the glow-worm) hold thy hand,
'Thou puissant King of Fairy land,
'Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
'Hold, or of life despair I.'

Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man appear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wildgoose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat flake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quixhot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel:
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy spoken:

' Hoh, hoh, quoth Hob, God save thy grace,
' Who drest thee in this piteous case?
' He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
 ' I would his neck were broken.'

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
 Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winters nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
 He doth with laughter leave us.

' Dear Puck, quoth he, my wife is gone;
' As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
' Let every thing but this alone,
 ' With vengeance and pursue her:
' Bring her to me, alive or dead;
' Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
' That villain hath defil'd my bed,
 ' He to this folly drew her.'

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,
" But I will thorough thick and thin,
" Until at length I bring her in,
 " My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
 And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
 For first this bus'ness broaching:
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
 What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
 About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
 The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphida, and doth cry,
' My sovereign, for your safety fly,
' For there is danger but too nigh,
 ' I posted to forewarn you:
' The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
' To seek you all the fields about,
' And of your safety you may doubt,
 ' If he but once discern you.'

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
 'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,

Some could not stay their gloves to find;
 There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
 Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
 To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
 There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had;
When quoth this Fay, ' Dear queen, be glad,
' Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
 ' I'll set you safe from peril.

' Come all into this nut, (quoth she)
' Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
' Each one may here a chuser be;
 ' For room ye need not wrestle,
' Nor need ye be together heapt.'
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
 And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
 Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
 For throughly he had fought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
 Nor creature had descry'd her:
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
 When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misletow;
And here and there as Puck should go,
 With terror to affright him,
She night-shade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
 Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
 From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
 The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,

Her magic much availing :
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

' By the croaking of the frog ;
' By the howling of the dog ;
' By the crying of the hog
 ' Against the storm arising ;
' By the evening curfew-bell ;
' By the doleful dying knell ;
' O let this my direful spell,
 ' Hob, hinder thy surprizing.

' By the mandrakes dreadful groans ;
' By the Lubricans sad moans ;
' By the noise of dead mens bones
 ' In charnel-houses rattling ;
' By the hissing of the snake,
' The rustling of the fire-drake,
' I charge thee this place forsake,
 ' Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

' By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
' By the thunder's dreadful sound,
' Yells of spirits under ground,
 ' I charge thee not to fear us :
' By the screechowl's dismal note,
' By the black night-raven's throat,
' I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
 ' With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him :
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin :
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels :
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briars and brambles.

' Plague upon Queen Mab (quoth he)
' And all her maids, where'er they be ;

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' I think the devil guided me,
 ' To seek her, so provoked.'
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choaked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted fore
 Some treason had been wrought her :
Until Nymphidia told the Queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
 With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
 With Oberon yet madding :
And with Pigwiggen now distrougth,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
' King Oberon, I thee defy,
' And dare thee here in arms to try,
 ' For my dear lady's honour :
' For that she is a queen right good,
' In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
' And that thou in this jealous mood
 ' Hast laid this slander on her,

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced :
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long :
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing ;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him :
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
E'er he himself could fettle :

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He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin :

Quoth he, 'Thou manly Fairy,
' Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
' Then bid him stand upon his guard ;
' This hand his baseness shall reward,
' Let him be ne'er so wary.

Say to him thus, That I defy
' His slanders and his infamy,
' And as a mortal enemy
' Do publicly proclaim him :
' Withal, that if I had mine own,
' He should not wear the Fairy crown,
' But with a vengeance should come down ;
' Nor we a king should name him.'

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilify'd ;
But to the Fairy court him hy'd,
Full furiously he posted,
With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen said ;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint ;
For Tomalin could do it :
How fair he sat, how sure he rid ;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, Go, Tomalin, with speed,
' Provide me arms, provide my steed,
' And every thing that I shall need,
' By thee I will be guided :
' To strait account call thou thy wit,
' See there be wanting not a whit,
' In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
' Just as my foe's provided.

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty :
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To Proserpine the Queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,

And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying :
Who fought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
To single fights belonging :
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either :
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way :
Their staves upon their rests they lay ;
Yet e'er they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them supplied ;
And fought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man ;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters :
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own ;
Such nimbleness was never shewn,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet :
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were rest,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled :
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose;
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended :
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggan, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely :
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd ;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother :
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril :

' Which here (quoth she) I do proclaim
' To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
' That as ye will eschew his blame,
' You let me hear the quarrel.

' But here yourselves you must engage,
' Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
' Your grievous thirst and to assuage,
' That first you drink this liquor ;

' Which shall your understandings clear,
' As plainly shall to you appear,
' Those things from me that you shall hear,
' Conceiving much the quicker.'

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think :
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad ;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither :
Pigwiggan likewise doth forget,
That he Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other fought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kifs'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting :
And to the Fairy court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent ;
And thus I left them feasting.

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THE MOON-CALF.

STULTORUM PLENA SUNT OMNIA.

HELP! neighbours, help! for God's sake come
with speed,

For of your help there never was such need.
Midwives, make haste, and dress ye as ye run;
Either come quickly, or we're all undone:
The world's in labour, her throws come so thick,
That with the pangs she's waxt start lunatic.
"But whither? whither?" one was heard to cry.
She that call'd thus, doth presently reply,
"Do ye not see, in ev'ry street and place,
The general world now in a piteous case?"

Up got the gossips, and for very haste
Some came without shoes, some came all unlac'd,
As she had first appointed them, and found
The world in labour, dropt into a swoond:
Wallowing she lay, like to a boist'rous hulk,
Dropfy'd with riots, and her big-swoln bulk
Stuff'd with infection, rottenness, and stench;
Her blood so fir'd, that nothing might it quench
But the asp's poison, which stood by her still,
That in her drought she often us'd to swill.
Cloathed she was in a fool's coat and cap
Of rich embroider'd filks, and in her lap
A sort of paper puppets, gauds, and toys,
Trifles scarce good enough for girls and boys,
Which she had dandled, and with them had play'd,
And of this trash her only god had made.

"Out and alas! (quoth one the rest among)
I doubt me, neighbours, we have stay'd too
long."

"Pluck off your rings, lay me your bracelets by,
Fall to your bus'ness, and that speedily;

"Or else I doubt, her spirits consume so fast,
That e'er the birth, her strength will quite be
past."

But, when more wistly they did her behold,
There was not one that once durst be so bold
As to come near her, but stood all amaz'd,
Each upon other silently and gaz'd;
When as her belly they so big do see,
As if a tun within the same should be;
And heard a noise and rumbling in her womb,
As at the instant of the general doom:
Thunder and earthquakes raging, and the rocks
Tumbling down from their sites, like mighty
blocks

Roll'd from huge mountains, such a noise they
make,

As though in sunder heaven's huge ax-tree brake,
They either poles their heads together pasht,
And all again into the chaos dasht.
Some of flight judgment, that were standing by,
Said, it was nothing but a tympany;
Others said, sure she human help did want,
And had conceived by an elephant;
Or some sea-monster, of a horrid shape,
Committed with her by some violent rape:
Others more wise, and noting very well
How her huge womb did pass all compass swell,
Said, certainly (if that they might confess her)
It would be found some devil did possess her.

Thus while they stood, and knew not what
to do,

"Women, quoth one, why do you trifle so?"

‘I pray you, think but wherefore ye came
 ‘hither;
 ‘Shall womb and burthen perish both together?
 ‘Bring forth the birth-stool—no, let it alone—
 ‘She is so far beyond all compass grown,
 ‘Some other new device us needs must find,
 ‘Or else she never can be brought to bed,
 ‘Let one that hath some execrable spell,
 ‘Make presently her entrance into hell,
 ‘Call Hecate and the damn’d Furies hither,
 ‘And try if they will undertake together
 ‘To help the sick world.’ One is out of hand
 Dispatch’d for hell, who by the dread command
 Of pow’rful charms brought Hecate away;
 Who knowing her bus’ness, from herself doth lay
 That sad aspect she wont to put on there
 In that black empire, and doth now appear
 As she’s Lucina, giving strength and aid
 In birth to women; mild as any maid,
 Full of sweet hope her brow seem’d, and her eyes
 Darting fresh comfort, like the morning skies.
 Then came the Furies with their bosoms bare,
 Save somewhat cover’d with their snaky hair
 In wreaths contorted, mumbling hellish charms,
 Up to the elbows naked were their arms.
 Megera, eld’st of these damn’d female fiends,
 Gnawing her wrists, biting her fingers ends,
 Enter’d the first; Tisiphone the next,
 As to revenge her sister thoroughly vex’d,
 In one hand bare a whip, and in the other
 A long-shape knife; the third, which seem’d to
 smother
 Her manner of revenge, cast such an eye,
 As well near turn’d to stone all that stood by,
 Her name Alecō, which no plague doth rue,
 Nor never leaves them whom she doth pursue.
 The women pray the goddesses now to stand
 Auspicious to them, and to lend her hand
 To the sick world; which willingly she granted:
 But at the sight, as altogether daunted,
 From her clear face the sprightly vigour fled,
 And but she saw the women hard bested,
 Out she had gone, nor one glance back had shot,
 Till heav’n or hell she o’er her head had got;
 Yet she herself retires next to the door.
 The gossips, worse than e’er they were before,
 At their wits end, know not which way to take;
 At length the world beginning to awake
 Out of the trance, in which she lay as dead,
 And somewhat raising her unwieldy head,
 To bright Lucina call’d for help, that she
 Now in her travail would propitious be.
 The goddesses, not from feeling of her woe,
 Only to see with what the world might go,
 As she is dreaded Hecate, having power
 Of all that keep hell’s ugly baleful bower,
 Commands the Furies to step in and aid her,
 And be the midwives, till they safe had laid her,
 To do whose pleasure as they were about,
 A sturdy housewife pertly stepping out,
 Cries, ‘Hold a while, and let the quean alone;
 ‘It is no matter, let her lie and groan:
 ‘Hold her still to’t, we’ll do the best we can
 ‘To get out of her certainly the man

‘Which owns the bastard: for there’s not a
 ‘nation
 ‘But hath with her committed fornication;
 ‘And by her base and common prostitution,
 ‘She came by this unnatural pollution.
 ‘There is a mean for women thus abus’d,
 ‘Which at this time may very well be us’d,
 ‘That in this case, when people do desire
 ‘To know the truth, yet doubtful of the fire,
 ‘When as the woman most of life doth doubt her
 ‘In grievous throws, to those that are about her,
 ‘He that is then at the last cast disclos’d,
 ‘The natural father is to be suppos’d;
 ‘And the just law doth faithfully decide,
 ‘That for the nursing he is to provide:
 ‘Therefore let’s see what in her pangs she’ll say,
 ‘Lest that this bastard on the land we lay.’
 They lik’d her counsel, and their help deny’d,
 But bade her lie and languish till she dy’d,
 Unless to them she truly would confess
 Who fill’d her belly with this foul excess.
 “Alas! (quoth she) the devil dress’d me thus,
 “Amidst my riot, whilst that Incubus
 “Wrought on my weakness, and, by him be-
 “guil’d,
 “He only is the father of the child:
 “His instrument, my apish imitation
 “Of ev’ry monstrous and prodigious fashion,
 “Abus’d my weakness; women, it was she,
 “Who was the bawd betwixt the fiend and me:
 “That this is true, it on my death I take;
 “Then help me, women, even for pity’s sake.”
 When ominous signs to shew themselves began,
 That now at hand this monstrous birth foreran:
 About at noon flew the affrighted owl,
 And dogs in corners set them down to howl;
 Bitches and wolves, these fatal signs among,
 Brought forth most monstrous and prodigious
 young;
 And from his height the earth-refreshing sun,
 Before his hour his golden head doth run
 Far under us, in doubt his glorious eye
 Should be polluted with this prodigy.
 A panic fear upon the people grew,
 But yet the cause there was not one that knew,
 When they had heard this; a short tale to tell,
 The Furies straight upon their bus’ness fell,
 And long it was not ere there came to light
 The most abhorred, the most fearful sight
 That ever eye beheld, a birth so strange,
 That at the view, it made their looks to change.
 ‘Women, quoth one, stand off, and come not
 ‘near it;
 ‘The devil, if he saw it, sure would fear it:
 ‘For by the shape, for aught that I can gather,
 ‘The child is able to affright the father.
 ‘Out! (cries another) now for God’s sake hide it,
 ‘It is so ugly, we may not abide it:
 ‘The birth is double, and grows side to side,
 ‘That human hand it never can divide;
 ‘And in this wondrous sort as they be twins,
 ‘Like male and female, they be Androgynes:
 ‘The man is partly woman, likewise she
 ‘Is partly man, and yet in face they be

' Full as prodigious as in parts; the twin
 ' That is most man, yet in the face and skin
 ' Is all mere woman: that which most doth take
 ' From weaker woman, nature seems to make
 ' A man in shew, thereby as to define,
 ' A feminine man, a woman masculine.
 ' Before bred nor begot; a more strange thing
 ' Than ever Nile yet into light could bring,
 ' Made as creation merely to despight,
 ' Nor man, nor woman, scarce hermaphrodite.
 ' Afric, that's said, mother of monster is,
 ' Let her but shew me such a one as this,
 ' And then I will subscribe (to do her due)
 ' And swear that what is said of her is true.
 Quoth one, "'Tis monstrous, and for nothing fit;
 " And, for a monster, quick let's bury it."
 ' Nay, quoth another, rather make provision,
 ' If possibly, to part it by incision;
 ' For were it parted, for aught I can see,
 ' Both man and woman it may seem to be.
 ' Nay, quoth a third, that must be done with cost,
 ' And were it done, our labour is but lost:
 ' For when w' have wrought the utmost that we
 ' can,
 ' He's too much woman, and she's too much
 ' man:
 ' Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,
 ' Let it not live here to pollute the earth.'
 ' Gossip, quoth the last, your reason I deny,
 ' 'Tis more by law than we can justify;
 ' For fire and dam have certainly decreed,
 ' That they will have more comfort of their seed:
 ' For he begot it, and 'twas born of her,
 ' And out of doubt they will their own prefer.
 ' Therefore, good women, better be advis'd;
 ' For precious things should not be lightly priz'd.
 ' This Moon-Calf, born under a lucky fate,
 ' May pow'rful prove in many a wealthy state;
 ' And, taught the tongues, about some few years
 ' hence
 ' (As now we're all tongue, and but little sense)
 ' It may fall out, for any thing you know,
 ' This Moon-Calf may on great employments go;
 ' When learned men, for noble action fit,
 ' Idly at home (unthought of once) may sit;
 ' A bawd, or a projector he may prove,
 ' And by his purse so purchasing him love,
 ' May be exalted to some thriving room,
 ' Where seldom good men suffer'd are to come,
 ' What will you say, hereafter when you see
 ' The times so graceless and so mad to be,
 ' That men their perfect human shape shall fly,
 ' To imitate this beast's deformity?
 ' Nay, when you see this monster, which you now
 ' Will hardly breath upon the earth allow,
 ' In his caroch with four white Friezlands drawn,
 ' And he as py'd and garish as the Pawn,
 ' With a set face, in which, as in a book,
 ' He thinks the world for grounds of state should
 ' look,
 ' When to some greater one, whose might doth
 ' awe him,
 ' He's known a verier jade than those that draw
 ' him?

' Nay, at the last, the very killing fight,
 ' To see this Calf (as virtue to despight)
 ' Above just honest men his head to rear,
 ' Nor to his greatness may they once come near?
*Each ignorant sot to honour seeks to rise;
 But as for virtue, who did first devise
 That title, a reward for her to be,
 As most contemned and despised she,
 Goes unregarded, that they who should own her,
 Dare not take notice ever to have known her:
 And but that virtue, when she seemeth thrown
 Lower than hell, hath power to raise her own
 Above the world, and this her monstrous birth,
 She long e'er this had perisb'd from the earth;
 Her faulter banish'd by her foes so high,
 Which look so big, as they would scale the sky.*
 But seeing no help, why should I thus complain?
 Then to my Moon-Calf I return again,
 By his dear dam the world so choicely bred,
 To whom there is such greatness promised;
 For it might well a perfect man amaze,
 To see what means the fire and dam will raise.
 T' exalt their Moon-Calf, and him so to cherish,
 That he shall thrive when virtuous men shall pe-
 rish.
*The drunkard, glutton, or who doth apply
 Himself to beastly sensuality,
 Shall get him many friends, for that there be
 Many in every place just such as he.
 The evil love them that delight in ill;
 Like have cleav'd to their like, and ever will.
 But the true virtuous man (God knows) hath few;
 They that his straight and harder steps pursue,
 Are a small number, scarcely known of any;
 "God hath few friends, the devil hath so many."*
 But to return, that ye may plainly see,
 That such a one he likely is to be,
 And that my words for truth that ye may try,
 Of the world's babe thus do I prophesy:
 Mark but the more man of these monstrous twins,
 From his first youth, how tow'rdly he begins!
 When he should learn, being learn'd to leave the
 school,
 This arrant Moon-Calf, this most beastly fool,
 Just to our English proverb shall be seen,
Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fifteen:
 And when himself he of his home can free,
 He to the city comes, where then if he,
 And the familiar butterfly his page,
 Can pass the street, the ord'nary, and stage,
 It is enough; and he himself thinks then
 To be the only absolut'st of men.
 Then in his cups you shall not see him shrink,
 To the grand devil a carouse to drink.
 Next to his whore he doth himself apply;
 And to maintain his goatish luxury,
 Eats capons cookt at fifteen crowns a piece,
 With their fat bellies stuff'd with ambergrise.
 And being to travel, he sticks not to lay
 His post-caroches still upon his way:
 And in some six days journey doth consume
 Ten pounds in suckets and the Indian fume,
 For his attire, then foreign parts are sought,
 He holds all vile in England that is wrought,

And into Flanders sendeth for the nonce,
Twelve dozen of shirts providing him at once,
Lay'd in the seams with costly lace, that be
Of the smock fashion, whole below the knee;
Then bathes in milk, in which when he hath been,
He looks like one for the preposterous sin,
Put by the wicked and rebellious Jews
To be a pathic in their male-kind stews.
With the ball of's foot the ground he may not
feel,

But he must tread upon his toe and heel:
Doublet and cloke, with plush and velvet lin'd;
Only his head-piece, that is fill'd with wind.
Rags, running horses, dogs, drabs, drink, and dice,
The only things that he doth hold in price:
Yet more than these, naught doth him so delight,
As doth his smooth-chin'd, plump-thigh'd cata-
mite.

Sodom for her great sin that burning sank,
Which at one draught the pit infernal drank,
Which that just God on earth could not abide,
Hath she so much the devils terrify'd,
As from their seat them well near to exile,
Hath hell new spew'd her up after this while?
Is she new risen, and her sin agen
Embras'd by beastly and outrageous men?
Nay more, he jests at incest, as therein
There were no fault, counts sacrilege no sin:
His blasphemies he useth for his grace,
Wherewith he truth doth oftentimes outface:
He termeth virtue madness, or mere folly;
He hates all high things, and profanes all holy.
Where is thy thunder, God, art thou asleep?
Or to what suffering hand giv'st thou to keep
Thy wrath and vengeance? where is now the strength
Of thy almighty arm, fails it at length?
Turn all the stars to comets, to outflare
The sun at noon-tide, that he shall not dare
To look but like a glow-worm, for that he
Can without melting these damnations see.

But this I'll leave, lest I my pen defile:
Yet to my Moon-Calf keep I close the while,
Who by some knave persuaded he hath wit,
When like a brave fool, he to utter it,
Dare with a desperate boldness roughly pass
His censure on those books, which the poor ass
Can never reach to, things from darkness fought,
That to the light with blood and sweat were
brought:

And takes upon him those things to controul,
Which should the brainless idiot sell his soul,
All his dull race, and he, can never buy
With their base pelf, his glorious industry.
Knowledge with him is idle, if it strain
Above the compass of his yesty brain:
Nor knows men's worths but by a second hand,
For he himself doth nothing understand;
He would have something, but what 'tis he shews
not:

What he would speak, nay what to think he
knows not:

He nothing more than truth and knowledge
loaths,

And nothing he admires of man, but cloaths.

Now for that I thy dotage dare mislike;
And seem so deep into thy soul to strike;
Because I am so plain, thou lik'st not me:
Why now, poor slave, I no more think of thee,
Than of the ordure that is cast abroad,
I hate thy vice more than I do a toad.
Poor is the spirit that fawns on thy applause,
Or seeks for suffrage from thy barbarous jaws.
Misfortune light on him that aught doth weigh,
Ye sons of Beliol, what ye think or say:
Who would have thought, whilst wit sought to advance
Itself so high, damn'd beastly ignorance
Under the cloak of knowledge should creep in,
And from desert should so much credit win?
But all this poisonous froth bell bath let fly,
In these last days, at noble posy,
That which bath had both in all times and places,
For her much worth, so sundry sovereign graces;
The language which the spheres and angels speak,
In which their mind they to poor mortals break,
By God's great power, into rich souls infus'd,
By every Moon-Calf lately thus abus'd:
Shou'd all bell's black inhabitants conspire,
And more unheard-of mischief to them hire,
Such as high heav'n were able to affright,
And on the nosed bring a double night,
Than they have done, they could not more disgrace her,
As from the earth (ev'n) utterly to raze her:
What princes lov'd, by peasants now made hateful
In this our age, so damnably ungrateful.
And to give open passage to her fall,
It is devis'd to blemish her withall,
That th' hideous braying of each barb'rous ass,
In printed letters freely now must pass,
In accents so untuneable and vile,
With other nations as might damn our isle,
If so our tongue they truly understood,
And make them think our brains were merely mud.
To make her vile and ugly to appear,
Whose natural beauty is divinely clear,
That on the stationer's stall who passing looks,
To see the multiplicity of books
That pester it, may well believe the press,
Sick of a surfeit, spew'd with the excess:
Which breedeth such a dulness through the land,
'Mongst those one tongue who only understand,
Which, did they read those sinewy poems writ,
That are material, relishing of wit,
Wise policy, morality, or story,
Well portraying th' ancients and their glory,
These blinded fools, on their base carrion feeding,
Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
In little time would grow to be asham'd,
And blush to bear those lousy pamphlets nam'd,
Which now they study, nought but folly learning,
Which is the cause that they have no discerning,
The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so.
Who for this hateful trash should I condemn,
They that doubt, or authorize them?
O that the ancients should so careful be
Of what they did impress, and only we
Loosely at random should let all things fly,
Though 'gainst the Muses it be blasphemy!

*But yet to happy spirits, and to the wise,
All is but foolish that they can devise;
For when contempt of poesy is proudest,
Then have the Muses ever sung the loudest.*

But to my Calf; who, to be counted prime,
According to the fashion of the time,
Him to associate some buffoon doth get,
Whose brains he still with much expence must
whet,

And ever bear about him as his guest,
Who coming out with some ridiculous jest,
Of one perhaps a God that well might be,
If but compar'd with such an ass as he,
His patron roars with laughter, and doth cry,
Take him away, or presently I die;
Whilst that knave-fool, which well himself doth
know,

Smiles at the coxcomb, which admires him so;
His time and wealth thus lewdly that doth spend,
As it were lent him to no other end:
Until this Moon-Calf, this most drunken puff,
Even like a candle burnt into the snuff,
Fir'd with surfeit, in his own grease fries,
Sparkles a little, and then stinking dies.
*The wealth his father by extortion won,
Thus in the spending helps to damn the son,
And so falls out indifferently to either,
Whereby in hell they justly meet together;
And yet the world much joys in her behalf,
And takes no little pleasure in her Calf.
Had this declining time the freedom now,
Which the brave Roman once it did allow,
With wire and whiplcord ye should see her paid,
Till the luxurious whore should be afraid
Of prostitution; and such lashes given,
To make her blood spirt in the face of heaven,
That men by looking upwards as they go,
Should see the plagues laid on her here below.*

But now proceed we with the other twin,
Which is most woman, who shall soon begin
To shew herself. No sooner got the teens,
But her own natural beauty she disdains;
With oils and broths most venomous and base
She plasters over her well-favour'd face;
And those sweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,
Wherewith she seem'd that white skin to have
lac'd,

She soon doth alter; and with fading blue
Blanching her bosom, she makes others new,
Blotting the curious workmanship of nature;
That e'er she be arriv'd at her full stature,
E'er she be drest, she seemeth aged grown,
And to have nothing on her of her own.
Her black, brown, auburn, or her yellow hair,
Naturally lovely, she doth scorn to wear;
It must be white, to make it fresh to shew,
And with compounded meal she makes it so,
With fumes and powd'rings raising such a smoke,
That a whole region able were to choke:
Whose stench might fright a dragon from his
den;

The sun yet ne'er exhal'd from any fen,
Such pestilentious vapours as arise
From their French powd'rings, and their mercuries.

Ireland, if thou wilt able be alone,
Of thine own power to drive out thy Tyrone,
By heaping up a mass of coin together,
Shear thy old wolves, and send their fleeces hither,
Thy white goats hair, Wales, dearer will be sold
Than silk of Naples, or than thread of gold.
Our water-dogs and islands here are shorn,
White hair of women here so much is worn,
Nay more than this, they'll any thing endure,
And with large sums they slick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea and the most unclean;
To help their pride they nothing will disdain.
Then in attiring her, and in her sleep,
The day's three parts she exercis'd doth keep;
And in ridiculous visits she doth spend
The other fourth part, to no other end
But to take note how such a lady lies,
And to glean from her some deformities,
Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
She thinks herself to be but counterfeit.
Our merchants from all parts 'twixt either Ind,
Cannot get silk to satisfy her mind;
Nor nature's perfect'st patterns can suffice
The curious draughts for her embroideries.
She thinks her honour utterly is lost,
Except those things do infinitely cost
Which she doth wear; nor thinks they can her
dress,

Except she have them in most strange excess.
And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
In ev'ry thing she must be monstrous.
Her piccadil above her crown upbears;
Her fardingale is set above her ears,
Which like a broad sail with the wind doth swell,
To drive this fair hulk headlong into hell.
After again note, and you shall her see
Shorn like a man; and for that she will be
Like him in all, her congies she will make
With the man's court'sy, and her hat off take,
Of the French fashion; and wear by her side
Her sharp stiletto in a riband ty'd;
Then gird herself close to the paps she shall,
Shap'd breast and buttock, but no waist at all.

But of this She-Calf now to cease all strife,
I'll by example limn her to the life:
Not long ago it was my chance to meet
With such a fury, such a female sprite,
As never man saw yet, except 'twere she,
And such a one as I may never see
Again, I pray; but where I will not name,
For that the place might so partake her shame:
But when I saw her rampant to transcend
All womanhood, I thought her (sure) some
fiend;

And to myself my thoughts suggested thus,
That she was gotten by some Incubus;
And so remembering an old woman's tale,
As she sat dreaming o'er a pot of ale,
That on a time she did the devil meet,
And knew him only by his cloven feet;
So did I look at her's where she did go,
To see if her feet were not cloven so.
Ten long-tongu'd tapsters in a common inn,
When as the guests to flock apace begin,

When up-stair one, down-stair another hies,
 With squeaking clamours and confused cries,
 Never did yet make such a noise as she;
 That I dare boldly justify, that he
 Who but one hour her loud clack can endure,
 May undisturbed, safely, and secure
 Sleep under any bells, and never hear
 Though they were rung, the clappers at his ear;
 And the long'st night with one sweet sleep be-

guile,
 As though he dreamt of music all the while.
 The very sight of her, when she doth roar,
 Is able to strike dumb the boldest whore
 That ever traded: she'll not stick to tell,
 All in her life that ever her befell;
 How she hath lain with all degrees and ages,
 Her plow-boys, scullions, lackies, and some pages;
 And swear, when we have said all that we can,
 That there is nothing worth a pin in man;
 And that there's nothing doth so please her mind,
 As to see mares and horses do their kind:
 And when she's tipsy, howsoever t' offend,
 Then all her speech to bawdry doth intend;
 In women's secrets, and she'll name ye all
 Read to the midwives at the Surgeons hall.
 Where the poor coxcomb her dull husband dead,
 He that durst then this female Moon-Calf wed,
 Should quite put down the Roman, which once
 leapt

Into the burning gulf, thereby to keep
 His country from devouring with the flame:
 Thus leave we her, of all her sex the shame.

Amongst the rest at the world's labour, there
 Four good old women most especial were,
 Which had been jolly wenches in their days,
 Through all the parish and had borne the praise
 For merry tales; one, mother Redcap hight,
 And mother Howlet, somewhat ill of sight,
 For she had hurt her eyes with watching late;
 Then mother Bumby, a mad jocund mate
 As ever gossip; and with her there came
 Old gammer Gurton, a right pleasant dame
 As the best of them; being thus together,
 The bus'ness done for which they had come thi-

ther,
 Quoth jolly mother Redcap at the last,
 'I see the night is quickly like to waste;
 'And since the world so kindly now is laid,
 'And the child safe, which made us all afraid,
 'Let's have a night on't, wenches; hang up
 'sorrow,
 'And what sleep wants now, take it up to-

'morrow.
 'Stir up the fire, and let us have our ale,
 'And o'er our cups let each one tell her tale:
 'My honest gossips, and to put you in,
 'I'll break the ice, and thus doth mine begin.

'There was a certain prophesy of old,
 'Which to an isle had anciently been told,
 'That after many years were com'n and gone,
 'Which then came out, and the set time came
 'on;

'Nay more, it told the very day and hour,
 'Wherein should fall so violent a show'r,

'That it new rivers in the earth should wear,
 'And dorps and bridges quite away should bear:
 'But where this isle is, that I cannot shew,
 'Let them inquire that have desire to know:
 'The story leaves out that; let it alone,
 'And, gossips, with my tale I will go on.
 'Yet what was worse, the prophecy thus spake,
 '(As to warn men defence for it to make)
 'That upon whom one drop should chance to

'light,
 'They should of reason be deprived quite.
 'This prophecy had many an age been heard,
 'But not a man did it one pin regard;
 'For all to folly did themselves dispose,
 '(On verier calves the sun yet never rose)
 'And of their laughter made it all the theme,
 'By terming it, the drunken wizard's dream.
 'There was one honest man, among the rest,
 'That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast,
 'And to himself his private hours had kept,
 'To talk with God, whilst others drank or slept,
 'Who, in his mercy to this man, reveal'd
 'That which in justice he had long conceal'd
 'From the rude herd, but let them still run on
 'The ready way to their destruction.
 'This honest man the prophecy that noted,
 'And things therein more curiously had quoted.
 'Found all those signs were truly come to pass,
 'That should foreshew this rain, and that it was
 'Nearly at hand; and from his depth of skill
 'Had many a time forewarn'd them of their ill,
 'And preach'd to them this deluge (for their
 'good)

'As to th' old world Noe did before the flood,
 'But lost his labour; and since 'twas in vain
 'To talk more to those idiots of the rain,
 'He let them rest, and silent sought about
 'Where he might find some place of safety out,
 'To shroud himself in; for right well he knew,
 'That from this show'r, which then began to
 'brew,
 'No roof of tile or thatch he could come in,
 'Could serve him from being wet to the bare
 'skin.

'At length this man bethought him of a cave
 'In a huge rock, which likely was to save
 'Him from the show'r, upon a hill so steep,
 'As up the same a man could hardly creep;
 'So that, except Noah's flood should come again,
 'He never could be raught by any rain:
 'Thither at length, though with much toil he
 'clomb,

'Lift'ning to hear what would thereof become.
 'It was not long e'er he perceiv'd the skies
 'Settled to rain, and a black cloud arise,
 'Whose foggy grossness so oppos'd the light,
 'As it would turn the noonstid into night.
 'When the wind came about with all his pow'r,
 'Into the tail of this approaching show'r,
 'And it to lighten presently began,
 'Quicker than thought from east to west that ran;
 'The thunder following did so fiercely rave,
 'And through the thick clouds with such fury
 'drave,

- As hell had been set open for the nonce,
 And all the devils heard to roar at once;
 And soon the tempest so outrageous grew,
 That it whole hedge-rows by the roots upthrew,
 So wond'rously prodigious was the weather,
 As heaven and earth had meant to go together;
 And down the show'r impetuously doth fall,
 Like that which men the hurricano call;
 As the grand deluge had been come again,
 And all the world should perish by the rain.
 And long it lasted; all which time this man,
 Hid in this cave, doth in his judgment scan
 What of this inundation would ensue,
 For he knew well the prophecy was true:
 And when the show'r was somewhat overpast,
 And that the skies began to clear at last,
 To the cave's mouth he softly put his ear,
 To listen if he any thing could hear,
 What harm this storm had done, and what be-
 'came
 Of those that had been sowed in the same.
 No sooner he that nimble organ lent
 To the cave's mouth, but that incontinent
 There was a noise, as if the garden bears,
 And all the dogs together by the ears,
 And those of Bedlam had enlarged been,
 And to behold the baiting had come in.
 Which when he heard, he knew too well (alas!)
 That what had been foretold, was come to pass;
 Within himself, good man, he reason'd thus:
 'Tis for our sins this plague is fall'n on us.
 Of all the rest, though in my wits I be,
 (I thank my maker) yet it grieveth me
 To see my country in this piteous case.
 Woe's me that ever they so wanted grace!
 But when as man once casts off virtue quite,
 And doth in sin and beastliness delight,
 We see how soon God turns him to a sot.
 To shew myself yet a true patriot,
 I'll in amongst them, and if so that they
 Be not accurst of God, yet, yet I may
 By wholesome counsel (if they can but hear)
 Make them as perfect as at first they were
 And thus resolv'd, goes this good poor man
 ' down;
 When at the entrance of the neighbouring town
 He meets a women with her buttocks bare,
 Got up astride upon a wall-ey'd mare,
 To run a horse-race, and was like to ride
 Over the good man; but he stept aside:
 And after her, another that bestrode
 A horse of service, with a lance she rode
 Arm'd, and behind her on a pillion sat
 Her frantic husband, in a broad-brim'd hat,
 A mask and safeguard; and had in his hand
 His mad wife's distaff for a riding-wand.
 Scarce from these mad folk had he gone so far,
 As a strong man will eas'y pitch a bar,
 But that he found a youth in tiffue brave,
 (A daintier man one would not wish to have)
 Was courting of a loathsome meazled sow,
 And, in his judgment, swore he must allow
 Her's the prime beauty that he ever saw,
 Thus was she su'd to (by that prating daw)
- Who on the dunghill in the loathsome gore
 Had farrowed ten pigs scarce an hour before.
 At which this man in melancholy deep,
 Burst into laughter, like before to weep.
 Another fool, to fit him for the weather,
 Had arm'd his heels with cork, his head with
 ' feather,
 And in more strange and sundry colours clad,
 Than in the rain-bow ever can be had;
 Stalk'd through the streets, preparing him to fly
 Up to the moon upon an embassy.
 Another seeing his drunken wife disgorge
 Her pumper'd stomach, got her to a forge,
 And in her throat the feverous heat to quench,
 With the smith's horn was giving her a drench.
 One his next neighbour halter'd had by force,
 So frantic, that he took him for a horse,
 And to a pond was leading him to drink.
 It went beyond the wit of man to think,
 The sundry frenzies that he there might see.
 One man would to another married be;
 And for a curate taking the town bull,
 Would have him knit the knot. Another gull
 Had found an ape was chained to a stall,
 Which he to worship on his knees doth fall;
 To do the like and doth his neighbours get,
 Who in a chair this ill-fac'd monkey set,
 And on their shoulder lifting him on high,
 They in procession bear him with a cry;
 And him a Lord will have at least, if not
 A greater man. Another sort had got
 About a pedlar, who had lately heard
 How with the mad-men of this isle it far'd;
 And having nothing in his pack but toys,
 Which none except mere madmen and fond boys
 Would ever touch, thought verily that he
 Amongst these Bedlams would a gainer be,
 Or else lose all; scarce had he pitch'd his pack,
 E'er he could scarcely say, what do ye lack?
 But that they throng'd about him with their
 ' money,
 As thick as flies about a pot of honey.
 Some of these lunatics, these frantic asses,
 Gave him spur-rials for his farthing glasses:
 There should you see another of these cattle
 Give him a pound of silver for a rattle;
 And there another that would needily scorse
 A costly jewel for a hobby-horse.
 For bells and babies, such as children small
 Are ever us'd to solace them withal,
 Those they did buy at such a costly rate,
 That it was able to subvert a state.
 Which when this wise and sober man behind,
 For very grief his eyes with tears were swell'd.
 Alas, that e'er I saw this day! (quoth he)
 That I my native country-men should see
 In this estate! When out of very zeal
 Both to his native earth and common-weal,
 He thrust amongst them, and thus frames his
 ' speech,'
 " Dear country-men, I humbly ye beseech,
 Here me a little, and but mark me well.
 Alas! it is not long since first ye fell

" Into this frenzy, these outrageous fits;
 " Be not, I pray you, so out of your wits,
 " But call to mind th' inevitable ill
 " Must fall on ye, if ye continue still
 " Thus mad and frantic; therefore be not worse
 " Than your brute beasts, to bring thereby a curse
 " Upon your nephews, so to taint their blood
 " That twenty generations shall be woo'd;
 " And this brave land, for wit that hath been
 " fam'd,
 " The isle of Idiots after shall be nam'd;
 " Your brains are not so craz'd, but leave this riot,
 " And 'tis no question, but with temp'rate diet,
 " And counsel of wise men, when they shall see
 " The desperate estate wherein you be,
 " But with such med'cines as thy will apply,
 " They'll quickly cure your grievous malady."
 " And as he would proceed with his oration,
 " One of the chiefest of this bedlam nation,
 " Lays hold on him, and asks who he should be:
 " Thou fellow, (quoth his Lord) where had we
 " thee?
 " Com'st thou to preach to us that be so wise?
 " What! wilt thou take upon thee to advise
 " Us, of whom all now underneath the sky
 " May well be seen to learn frugality?
 " Why surely, honest fellow thou art mad.
 " Another standing by, swore that he had
 " Seen him in Bedlam fourteen years ago.
 " O (quoth a third) this fellow do I know;
 " This is an arrant coxcomb, a mere dizard,
 " If ye remember, this is the same wizard,
 " Which took upon him wisely to fore-tell
 " The show'r, so many years before it fell;
 " Whose strong effects being so strange and rare,
 " Have made us such brave creatures as we are,
 " When of this nation all the frantic rout
 " Fell into laughter the poor man about:
 " Some made mouths at him, others, as in scorn,
 " With their fork't fingers pointed him the horn:
 " They call'd him ass and dolt, and bade him go
 " Amongst such fools as he himself was, who
 " Could not teach them. At which this honest
 " man
 " Finding that nought but hate and scorn he wan
 " Amongst these idiots and their beastly kind,
 " The poor small remnant of his life behind,
 " Determineth to solitude to give,
 " And a true hermit afterward to live."
 The tale thus ended, " Gossip, by your leave,
 (Quoth mother Bumby) " I do well perceive
 " The moral of your story, which is this
 " (Correct me, dame, if I do judge amiss:)
 " But first I'll tell you, by this honest ale,
 " In my conceit this is a pretty tale;
 " And if some handsome players would it take,
 " It (sure) a pretty interlude would make.
 " But to the moral: This same mighty shower
 " Is a plague sent by supernatural power
 " Upon the wicked. For when God intends
 " To lay a curse on men's ungodly ends,
 " Of understanding he doth them deprive: (give,
 " Which taken from them, up themselves they
 " To beastliness; nor will he let them see
 " The miserable estate wherein they be,

" The rock to which this man for safety climbs,
 " The contemplation is of the sad times
 " Of the declining world. His counsels told
 " To the mad rout, to spoil and baseness sold,
 " Shews, that from such no goodness can proceed;
 " Who counsels fools, shall seldom better speed."
 Quoth mother Redcap, " You have hit it right."
 Quoth she, " I know it gossip; and to quit
 " Your tale, another you of me shall have,
 " Therefore a while your patience let me crave.
 " Out in the North tow'rs Greenland, far away,
 " There was a witch, (as ancient stories say)
 " As in those parts there many witches be;
 " Yet in her craft above all other she
 " Was the most expert, dwelling in an isle,
 " Which was in compass scarce an English mile;
 " Which by her cunning she could make to float
 " Whither she list, as though it were a boat;
 " And where again she meant to have it stay,
 " There could she fix it in the deepest sea.
 " She could sell winds to any one that would
 " Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
 " What time she list'd, tie them in a thread,
 " Which ever as the seafarer undid,
 " They rose or scanted, as his sails would drive,
 " To the same port whereas he would arrive.
 " She by her spells could make the moon to stay,
 " And from the east she could keep back the day,
 " Raise mists and fogs that could eclipse the
 " light,
 " And with the noonstid she could mix the
 " night.
 " Upon this isle whereas she had abode,
 " Nature (God knows) but little cost bestow'd;
 " Yet in the same some bastard creatures were,
 " Seldom yet seen in any place but there;
 " Half men, half goat, there was a certain kind,
 " Such as we Satyrs pourtray'd out do find;
 " Another sort of a most ugly shape,
 " A bear in body, and in face an ape;
 " Other like beasts, yet had the feet of fowls,
 " That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls:
 " Besides, there were of sundry other sorts,
 " But we'll not stand too long on these reports.
 " Of all the rest that most resembles man,
 " Was an o'er-worn ill-favour'd Babian;
 " Which of all other (for that only he
 " Was full of tricks as they are us'd to be)
 " Him in her craft so seriously she taught,
 " As that in little time she had him brought,
 " That nothing could afore this ape be set,
 " That presently he could not counterfeit;
 " She learnt him med'cines instantly to make;
 " Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take;
 " And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,
 " She sent him for intelligence abroad.
 " He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
 " Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
 " He went to practise all the world about.
 " He like a gipsy oftentimes would go,
 " All kind of gibb'rish he had learnt to know,
 " And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
 " Would shew the people tricks at fast and loose;
 " Tell folks their fortunes, for he would find out
 " By sly inquiry as he went about,

' What chance this one he, or that she had prov'd,
 ' Whom they most hated, or whom most they
 ' lov'd;
 ' And looking in their hands, as there he knew it
 ' Out of his skill would counterfeit to shew it.
 ' Sometimes he for a mountebank would pass,
 ' And shew you in a crucible or glass
 ' Some rare extraction, presently and run
 ' Through all the cures that he therewith had
 ' done.
 ' An aspick still he carry'd in a poke,
 ' Which he to bite him often would provoke,
 ' And with an oil, when it began to swell,
 ' The deadly poison quickly could expell;
 ' And many times a juggler he would be,
 ' (A craftier knave there never was than he)
 ' And by a mist deceiving of the sight,
 ' (As knavery ever falsifies the light)
 ' He by his active nimbleness of hand
 ' Into a serpent would transform a wand,
 ' As those Egyptians, which by magic thought,
 ' Far beyond Moses wonders to have wrought.
 ' There never was a subtilty devis'd,
 ' In which this villain was not exercis'd.
 ' Now from this region where they dwelt, not
 ' far,
 ' There was a wise and learn'd astronomer,
 ' Who skilful in the planetary hours,
 ' The working knew of the celestial powers,
 ' And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
 ' Men in their actions wisely could direct;
 ' And in the black and gloomy arts so skill'd,
 ' That he even Hell in his subjection held;
 ' He could command the spir'its up from below,
 ' And bind them strongly, till they let him know
 ' All the dread secrets that belong'd them to,
 ' And what those did, with whom they had to do.
 ' This wizard, in his knowledge most profound,
 ' Sitting one day the depth of things to sound;
 ' For that the world was brought to such pass
 ' That it well-near in a confusion was;
 ' For things set right, ran quickly out of frame,
 ' And those awry to rare perfection came:
 ' And matters in such sort about were brought,
 ' That states were puzzled almost beyond
 ' thought,
 ' Which made him think (as he might very
 ' well)
 ' There were more devils than he knew in Hell:
 ' And thus resolves, that he would cast about
 ' In his best skill to find the engine out
 ' That wrought all this, and put himself therein.
 ' When in this bus'ness long he had not been,
 ' But by the spirits which he had sent abroad,
 ' And in this work had every way bestow'd,
 ' He came to know this foul witch, and her
 ' factor,
 ' The one the plotter, and the other th' actor
 ' Of all these stirs, which many a state had spoil'd,
 ' Whereby the world so long had been turmoil'd;
 ' Wherefore he thought it much did him behove,
 ' Out of the way this couple to remove,
 ' Or (out of question) half the world e'er long
 ' Would be divided, hers and his among.

' When turning over his most mystic books,
 ' Into the secrets of his art he looks;
 ' And th' earth and th' air doth with such magics
 ' fill,
 ' That ev'ry place was troubled by his skill,
 ' Whilst in his mind he many a thing revolves,
 ' Till at the last he with himself resolves,
 ' One spirit of his should take the witch's shape,
 ' Another in the person of the ape
 ' Should be join'd with him, so to prove by this
 ' Whether their pow'r were less, or more than
 ' his;
 ' Which he performs, and to their task them sets,
 ' When soon that spirit, the witch that counter-
 ' feits,
 ' Watch'd till he found her far abroad to be,
 ' Into the place then of her home gets he:
 ' And when the Babian came the news to bring
 ' What he had done abroad, and ev'ry thing
 ' Which he had plotted, how their bus'ness went,
 ' And in the rest to know her dread intent,
 ' Where she was wont to call him her dear son,
 ' Her little play-feer, and her pretty bun;
 ' Hug him, and swear he was her only joy,
 ' Her very Hermes, her most dainty boy;
 ' O most strange thing! she chang'd her wonted
 ' cheer,
 ' And doth to him most terrible appear:
 ' And in most fearful shapes she doth him
 ' threaten
 ' With eager looks, as him she would have
 ' eaten,
 ' That from her presence he was forc'd to fly,
 ' As from his death, or deadly enemy.
 ' When now the second, which the shape doth
 ' take
 ' Of the baboon, determining to make
 ' The like sport with him, his best time doth
 ' watch,
 ' When he alone the cursed witch might catch;
 ' And when her factor farthest was remote,
 ' Then he began to change his former note;
 ' And where he went to tell her pleasing stories
 ' Full of their conquests, triumphs, and there
 ' glories,
 ' He turns his tale, and to the witch relates
 ' The strange revolts of tributary states,
 ' Things gotten back, which late they had for
 ' prize,
 ' With new discoveries of their policies;
 ' Disgusts and dangers that had crost their cun-
 ' ning,
 ' With sad portents, their ruin still forerunning:
 ' That thus the witch and the baboon deceiv'd
 ' Of all their hopes, of all their joys bereav'd,
 ' As in despair do bid the world adieu.
 ' When as the ape, which weak and sickly grew,
 ' On the cold earth his scurvy carrion lays,
 ' And worn to nothing, ends his wretched days:
 ' The filthy hag, abhorring of the light,
 ' Into the North past Thule takes her flight,
 ' And in those deeps, past which no land is
 ' found,
 ' Her wretched self she miserably drown'd.'

The tale thus ended, mother Owl doth take
 Her turn, and thus to mother Bumby spake :
 ' The tale our gossip Redcap told before,
 ' You so well riddled, that there can no more
 ' Be said of it ; and therefore as your due,
 ' What you have done for her, I'll do for you.
 ' And thus it is : That same notorious witch,
 ' Is the ambition men have to be rich
 ' And great ; for which all faith aside they lay,
 ' And to the devil give themselves away.
 ' The floating isle, where she is said to won,
 ' The various courses are through which they
 ' run
 ' To get their ends. And by the ape is meant
 ' Those damned villains, made the instrument
 ' To their designs. That wond'rous man of
 ' skill,
 ' Sound counsel is ; or rather, if you will,
 ' The divine justice, which doth bring to light
 ' Their wicked plots, not raught by common
 ' fight ;
 ' For though they never have so closely wrought,
 ' Yet to confusion lastly they are brought.
 " Gossip, indeed you have hit it to a hair ;
 " And surely your morality is rare,"
 Quoth mother Bumby. Mother Owl reply'd,
 ' Come, come, I know I was not very wide :
 ' Wherefore, to quit your tales, and make 'em
 ' three,
 ' My honest gossips, listen now to me.
 ' There was a man not long since dead, but he
 ' Rather a devil might accounted be :
 ' For judgment, at her best, could hardly scan,
 ' Whether he were more devil, or more man :
 ' And as he was, he did himself apply
 ' T' all kind of witchcraft and black forcery ;
 ' And for his humour naturally stood
 ' To theft, to rapine, and to shedding blood,
 ' By those damn'd hags, with whom he was in
 ' grace,
 ' And us'd to meet in many a secret place,
 ' He learnt an herb of such a wond'rous pow'r,
 ' That were it gather'd at a certain hour,
 ' (For nature for the same did so provide,
 ' As though from knowledge gladly it to hide,
 ' For at sunset itself it did disclose,
 ' And shut itself up as the morning rose)
 ' That with thrice saying a strange magic spell,
 ' Which, but to him, to no man they would
 ' tell,
 ' When as so e'er that simple he would take,
 ' It him a war-wolf instantly would make ;
 ' Which put in practice, he most certain prov'd,
 ' When to a forest he himself remov'd,
 ' Through which there lay a plain and common
 ' road,
 ' Which he the place chose for his chief abode,
 ' And there this monster sat him down to thieve,
 ' Nothing but stoln goods might this fiend re-
 ' lieve.
 ' No silly woman by that way could pass,
 ' But by this wolf she surely ravish'd was ;
 ' And if he found her flesh were soft and good,
 ' What serv'd for lust, must also serve for food.

' Into a village he sometime would get,
 ' And watching there (as for the purpose set)
 ' For little children when they came to play,
 ' The fatt'st he ever bore with him away :
 ' And as the people oft were wont to rise,
 ' Following with hubbubs and confused cries,
 ' Yet was he so well-breathed, and so light,
 ' That he would still outstrip them by his
 ' flight ;
 ' And making straight to the tall forest near,
 ' Of the sweet flesh would have his junkets
 ' there.
 ' And let the shepherds do the best they could,
 ' Yet would he venture oft upon the fold ;
 ' And taking the fatt'st sheep he there could
 ' find,
 ' Bear him away, and leave the dogs behind.
 ' Nor could men keep so much as pig or lamb,
 ' But it no sooner could drop from the dam,
 ' By hook or crook but he would surely catch,
 ' Though with their weapons all the town should
 ' watch.
 ' Amongst the rest there was a silly ass,
 ' That on the way by fortune chanc'd to pass,
 ' Yet (it was true) he in his time had been
 ' A very perfect man in shape and skin ;
 ' But by a witch (envying his estate)
 ' That had borne to him a most deadly hate,
 ' Into this shape he was transform'd, and so
 ' From place to place he wander'd to and fro,
 ' And oftentimes was taken for a stray,
 ' And in the pinfold many a time he lay ;
 ' Yet held he still the reason that he had
 ' When he was man, although he thus was clad
 ' In a poor ass's shape, wherein he goes,
 ' And must endure what Fortune will impose.
 ' Him on his way this cruel wolf doth take,
 ' His present prey determining to make.
 ' He bray'd and roar'd, to make the people
 ' hear ;
 ' But it fell out, no creature being near,
 ' The silly ass, when he had done his best,
 ' Must walk the common way amongst the
 ' rest ;
 ' When tow'rd's his den the cruel wolf him
 ' tugs,
 ' And by the ears most terribly him lugs :
 ' But as God would, he had no list to feed,
 ' Wherefore to keep him still he should have
 ' need,
 ' The silly creature utterly forlorn,
 ' He brings into a brake of briers and thorn,
 ' And so entangles by the mane and tail,
 ' That he might pluck and struggle there, and
 ' hale,
 ' Till his breath left him, unless by great chance
 ' Some one might come for his deliverance.
 ' At length the people grievously annoy'd
 ' By this vile wolf, so many that destroy'd,
 ' Determined a hunting they would make,
 ' To see if they by any means could take
 ' This rav'nous war-wolf : and with them they
 ' bring
 ' Mastiffs and mongrels, all that in a string

- ' Could be got out, or could but lug a hog;
 ' Ball, Eatall, Cuttail, Blackfoot, bitch and dog.
 ' Bills, bats, and clubs the angry men do bear;
 ' The women, eager as their husbands were,
 ' With spits and fireforks, sware if they could
 ' catch him,
 ' It should go hard but they would soon dispatch
 ' him.
 ' This subtle wolf, by passengers that heard
 ' What forces thus against him were prepar'd,
 ' And, by the noise, that they were near at
 ' hand,
 ' Thinking this afs did nothing understand,
 ' Goes down into a spring that was hard by,
 ' Which the afs noted, and immediately
 ' He came out perfect man, his wolf's shape
 ' left,
 ' In which so long he had committed theft.
 ' The silly afs so wistly then did view him,
 ' And in his fancy so exactly drew him,
 ' That he was sure to own this thief again,
 ' If he should see him 'mongst a thousand men.
 ' This wolf turn'd man, him instantly doth
 ' shroud
 ' In a near thicket, till the boist'rous crowd
 ' Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
 ' Upon the rear, not any of them all
 ' Makes greater stir, nor seems to them to be
 ' More diligent to find the wolf than he.
 ' They beat each brake and tuft o'er all the
 ' ground,
 ' But yet the war-wolf was not to be found;
 ' But a poor afs entangled in the briers,
 ' In such strange sort, as ev'ry one desires
 ' To see the manner, and each one doth ga-
 ' ther
 ' How he was fasten'd so, how he came thither.
 ' The silly afs yet being still in hold,
 ' Makes all the means that possibly he could
 ' To be let loose; he hums, he kneels, and cries,
 ' Shaketh his head, and turneth up his eyes
 ' To move their pity; that some said, 'twas
 ' sure
 ' This afs had sense of what he did endure:
 ' And at the last amongst themselves decreed
 ' To let him loose. The afs no sooner freed,
 ' But out he goes the company among,
 ' And where he saw the people thick't to
 ' throng,
 ' There he thrusts in, and looketh round about;
 ' Here he runs in, and there he rusheth out;
 ' That he was likely to have thrown to ground
 ' Those in his way: which when the people
 ' found,
 ' Though the poor afs they seemed to disdain,
 ' Follow'd him yet, to find what he should
 ' mean,
 ' Until by chance that he this villain met,
 ' When he upon him furiously doth set,
 ' Fast'ning his teeth upon him with such
 ' strength,
 ' That he could not be loos'd, till at the length
 ' Railing them in, the people make a ring,
 ' Struck with the wonder of so strange a thing;
- ' Whilst they are cag'd, contending whether
 ' can
 ' Conquer, the afs some cry, some cry the
 ' man:
 ' Yet the afs dragg'd him, and still forward
 ' drew
 ' Tow'rd the strange spring, which yet they
 ' never knew;
 ' Yet to what part the struggling seem'd to
 ' sway,
 ' The people made a lane, and gave them way.
 ' At length the afs had tugg'd him near there-
 ' to,
 ' The people wond'ring what he meant to do;
 ' He seem'd to shew them with his foot the
 ' well,
 ' Then with an afs-like noise he seem'd to tell
 ' The story now by pointing to the men,
 ' Then to the thief, then to the spring again:
 ' At length waxt angry, growing into passion
 ' Because they could not find his demonstration,
 ' T' express it more, he leaps into the spring,
 ' When on the sudden (O most wond'rous
 ' thing!)
 ' To change his shape he presently began,
 ' And at an instant became perfect man,
 ' Recov'ring speech; and coming forth, accus'd
 ' The bloody murth'rer, who had so abus'd
 ' The honest people, and such harm had done;
 ' Before them all and presently begun,
 ' To shew them in what danger he had been,
 ' And of this wolf the cruelty and sin,
 ' How he came chang'd again, as he had
 ' prov'd.
 ' Whereat the people being strangely mov'd,
 ' Some on the head, some on the back do clap
 ' him,
 ' And in their arms with shouts and kisses hap
 ' him;
 ' Then all at once upon the war-wolf flew,
 ' And up and down him on the earth they
 ' drew;
 ' Then from his bones the flesh in collops cut,
 ' And on their weapon's points in triumph put;
 ' Returning back with a victorious song,
 ' Bearing the man aloft with them along.
 Quoth gammer Gurton, " On my honest
 ' word,
 " You've told a tale doth much conceit afford,
 " Good neighbour Howlet; and as ye have
 ' done
 " Each one for other since our tales begun,
 " And since our stand of ale so well endures,
 " As you have moral'd Bumby's, I will yours,
 " The fable of the war-wolf I apply
 " To a man given to blood and cruelty,
 " And upon spoil doth only set his rest;
 " Which by a wolf's shape liveliest is express'd.
 " The spring, by which he gets his former shape,
 " Is the evasion after every rape
 " He hath to start by. And the silly afs,
 " Which, unregarded, every where doth pass,
 " Is some just soul who though the world disdain
 " Yet he by God is strangely made the mean

“To bring his damned practices to light.”

Quoth mother Howlet, ‘You have hit the
‘white.’

‘I thought as much (quoth gammer Gurton:)
‘then

‘My turn comes next, have with you once a-
‘gain.

‘A mighty waste there in a country was,
‘Yet not so great as it was poor of grafs.

‘’Twas said of old, a faint once curst the soil,
‘So barren and so hungry, that no toil

‘Could ever make it any thing to bear,
‘Nor would aught prosper that was planted

‘there.
‘Upon the earth the spring was seldom seen,
‘’Twas winter there, when each place else was

‘green;
‘When summer did her most abundance yield,
‘That lay still brown as any fellow field;

‘Upon the same some few trees scattering
‘stood,
‘But it was autumn e’er they us’d to bud;

‘And they were crookt and knotty, and the
‘leaves
‘The niggard sap so utterly deceives,
‘That sprouting forth, they drooping hung the

‘head,
‘And were near wither’d e’er yet fully spread.
‘No mirthful birds the boughs did ever grace,
‘Nor could be won to stay upon that place;

‘Only the night-crow sometimes you might
‘see,
‘Croaking, to sit upon some ranpick-tree,
‘Which was but very seldom too, and then

‘It boded great mortality to men.
‘As were the trees, which on that common
‘grew,

‘So were the cattle, starvings; and a few
‘Asses and mules, and they were us’d to gnaw
‘The very earth to fill the hungry maw;
‘When they far’d best, they fed on fern and

‘brack,
‘Their lean shrunk bellies cleav’d up to their
‘back.

‘Of all the rest in that great waste that went,
‘Of those quick carrions the most eminent
‘Was a poor mule, upon that common bred,
‘And from his foaling farther never fed;
‘The summer well-near ev’ry year was past,
‘E’er he his ragged winter coat could cast;
‘And then the jade would get him to a tree
‘That had a rough bark, purposely, where he
‘Rubbing his buttocks and his either side,
‘Would get the old hair from his starved hide;
‘And though he were as naked as my nail,
‘Yet he would whinny then, and wag the
‘tail.

‘In this short pasture one day as he stood
‘Ready to faint amongst the rest for food,
‘Yet the poor beast (according to his kind)
‘Bearing his nostrils up into the wind,
‘A sweet fresh feeding thought that he did
‘vent,

‘(Nothing, as hunger, sharpeneth so the scent;)

‘For that not far there was a goodly ground,
‘Which with sweet grafs so greatly did a-
‘bound,

‘That the fat soil seem’d to be over-fraught,
‘Nor could bestow the burthen that it brought;
‘Besides that bounteous nature did it stick
‘With sundry sorts of fragrant flow’rs so thick,

‘That when the warm and balmy south-wind
‘blew,
‘The luscious smells o’er all the region flew.

‘Led by his sense, at length this poor jade
‘found
‘This pasture (senc’d though with a mighty
‘mound,

‘A pale and quickset circling it about,
‘That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
‘And with himself thus wittily doth cast:

‘Well, I have found good pasture yet at last,
‘If by some means accomplish’d it might be;
‘Round with the ditch immediately walks he;
‘And long though ’twas, (good luck ne’er comes
‘too late)

‘It was his chance to light upon a gate
‘That led into it: though his hap were good,
‘Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,
‘And every bar that did to it belong
‘Was so well jointed, and so wond’rous strong,
‘Besides a great lock with a double ward,
‘That he thereby of entrance was debarr’d,
‘And thereby hard beset; yet thought at
‘length,

‘’Twas done by sleight, that was not done by
‘strength.

‘Fast in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,
‘Then his hard buttocks to the gate he set,
‘And thrust, and shook, and labour’d, till at
‘last,

‘The two great posts, that held the same so
‘fast,

‘Began to loosen; when again he takes
‘Fresh foot-hold, and afresh he shakes and
‘shakes,

‘Till the great hinges to fly off he feels,
‘And heard the gate fall clatt’ring at his heels;
‘Then neighs and brays with such an open
‘throat,

‘That all the waste resounded with his note.
‘The rest, that did his language understand,
‘Knew well there was some good to them in
‘hand,

‘And tag and rag through thick and thin came
‘running,

‘Nor dale nor ditch, nor bank nor bushes shun-
‘ning;

‘And so desirous to see their good hap,
‘That with their thronging they stuck in the
‘gap.

‘Now they bestir their teeth, and do devour
‘More sweetness in the compass of one hour,
‘Than twice so many could in twice the time,
‘For now the spring was in the very prime;
‘Till prickt with plenty, eas’d of all their
‘lacks,

‘Their pamp’er’d bellies swoln above their backs;

' They tread and waddle all the goodly grafs,
 ' That in the field there scarce a corner was
 ' Left free by them; and what they had not
 ' Swallow'd,
 ' There they had dung'd, and laid 'em down and
 ' Wallow'd.
 ' One with another they would lie and play,
 ' And in the deep fog batten all the day.
 ' Thus a long while this merry life they led,
 ' Till ev'n like lard their thicken'd sides were
 ' Fed.
 ' But on a time, the weather being fair,
 ' And season fit to take the pleasant air,
 ' To view his pasture the rich owner went,
 ' And see what grafs the fruitful year had sent;
 ' Finding the feeding, for which he had toil'd
 ' To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd,
 ' He in a rage upon them sets his cur,
 ' But for his bawling not a beast would stir;
 ' Then whoots and shouts, and claps his hands;
 ' But he
 ' Might as well move the dull earth, or a tree,
 ' As once but stir them: when all would not do,
 ' Last with his goad amongst them he doth go,
 ' And some of them he girdeth in the haunches,
 ' Some in the flanks, that prickt their very
 ' Paunches:
 ' But when they felt that they began to smart,
 ' Upon a sudden they together start,
 ' And drive at him as fast as they could ding,
 ' They flirt, they yerke, they backward fluce and
 ' Fling,
 ' As though the devil in their heels had been,
 ' That to escape the danger he was in,
 ' He back and back into a quagmire by,
 ' Though with much peril, forced was to fly:
 ' But lightly treading thereupon, doth shift,
 ' Out of the bog his cumber'd feet to lift,

' When they the peril that do not fore cast,
 ' In the stiff mud are quickly stabled fast:
 ' When to the town he presently doth fly,
 ' Raifing the neighbours with a sudden cry,
 ' With cords and halters that came all at once,
 ' For now the jades were fitted for the nonce:
 ' For by that time th' had sunk themselves so
 ' Deep,
 ' That scarce their heads above ground they could
 ' Keep,
 ' When presently they by the necks them bound,
 ' And so they led them to the common pound.
 Quoth mother Redcap, ' Right well have you
 ' done,
 ' Good gammer Gurton; and as we begun,
 ' So you conclude: 'tis time we parted now;
 ' But first of my morality allow.
 ' The common that you speak of here, say I,
 ' Is nothing else but want and beggary,
 ' In the world common; and the beasts that go
 ' Upon the same, which oft are famish'd so,
 ' Are the poor, bred in scarcity. The mule,
 ' The other cattle that doth seem to rule,
 ' Some crafty fellow that hath sily found
 ' A way to thrive by. And the fruitful ground
 ' Is wealth, which he by subtilty doth win;
 ' In his possession which not long hath been,
 ' But he with riot and excess doth waste,
 ' For goods ill-gotten do consume as fast;
 ' And with the law they lastly do contend,
 ' Till at the last the prison is the end.'

Quoth gammer Gurton, ' Well yourself you
quit.

By this the dawn usurpt upon the night,
 And at the window biddeth them good day,
 When they departed each their several way.

T H E
L E G E N D
O F
ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

W H A T time soft night had silently begun
To steal by minutes on the long-liv'd days,
The furious dog-star following the bright sun,
With noisom heat infests his chearful rays,
Filling the earth with many a sad disease;
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate
fires,
Herself in light habiliments attires.

And the rathe morning newly but awake,
Was with fresh beauty burnishing her brews,
Herself beholding in the gen'ral lake,
To which she pays her never-ceasing vows,
With the new day me willingly to rouse,
Down to fair Thames I gently took my way,
With whom the winds continually do play,

Striving to fancy his chaste breast to move,
Whereas all pleasures plentifully flow,
When him along the wanton tide doth shove,
And to keep back, they easily do blow,
Or else force forward, thinking him too slow;
Who with his waves would check the winds
embrace,
Whilst they fan air upon his crystal face.

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Still forward fallying from his bounteous source,
Along the shores lasciviously doth strain,
Making such strange meanders in his course,
As to his fountain he would back again,
Or turn'd about to look upon his train;
Whose sundry foils with coy regard he greets,
Till with clear Medway happily he meets.

Steering my compass by this wand'ring stream,
Whose flight preach'd to me Time's swift-posting
hours,
Delighted thus, as with some pretty dream,
Where pleasure wholly had possess'd my pow'rs,
And looking back on London's stately tow'rs;
So Troy, thought I, her stately head did rear,
Whose cras'd ribs the furrowing plow doth
eyre.

Weary, at length a willow tree I found,
Which on the bank of this brave river stood,
Whose root with rich grafs greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the fluxure of the swelling flood,
Ordain'd (it seem'd) to sport his nymphish brood;
Whose curled top envy'd the heav'n's great eye
Should view the stock it was maintained by.

N

The lark, that holds observance to the sun,
 Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,
 And on the river's murmuring base did run,
 Whilst the pleas'd Heav'n her fairest liv'ry ware,
 The place such pleasure gently did prepare;
 The flow'rs my smell, the flood my taste to
 steep,
 And the much softness lulled me asleep.

When in a vision as it seem'd to me,
 Triumphal music from the flood arose,
 As when the sov'reign we embarg'd see,
 And by fair London for his pleasure rows,
 Whose tender welcome the glad city shows:
 The people swarming on the pester'd shoars,
 And the curl'd waters overspread with oars

A troop of nymphs came suddenly on land,
 In the full end of this triumphal sound,
 And me encompass'd, taking hand in hand,
 Casting themselves about me in a round,
 And so down set them on the easy ground,
 Bending their clear eyes with a modest grace
 Upon my swart and melancholy face.

Next, 'twixt two ladies came a goodly knight,
 As newly brought from some distressful place,
 To me who seem'd some right worthy wight,
 Though his attire were miserably base,
 And time had worn deep furrows in his face;
 Yet, though cold age had frosted his fair
 hairs,
 It rather seem'd with sorrow than with years.

The one a lady of a princely port,
 Leading this sad lord, scarcely that could stand;
 The other fleering in disdainful sort,
 With scornful gestures drew him by the hand,
 Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a
 band:
 When I perceived nearer as they came,
 This fool was Fortune, and the braver Fame.

Fame had the right hand in a robe of gold,
 (Whose train old Time obsequiously did bear)
 Whereon in rich embriod'ry was enroll'd
 The names of all that worthies ever were,
 Which all might read depainted lively there,
 Set down in lofty well-composed verse,
 Fitt'ft the great deeds of heroes to rehearse.

On her fair breast she two broad tablets wore,
 Of crystal one, the other ebony;
 On which engraven were all names of yore
 In the clear tomb of living Memory,
 Or the black book of endless Obloquy:
 The first with poets and with conqu'rors
 pil'd,
 That with base worldlings ev'ry where de-
 fil'd,

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
 Her present force and after-during might,
 Which softly spoke, far off were heard to thunder

About the world, that quickly took their flight,
 And brought the most obscurest things to light;
 That still the farther off, the greater still
 Did make our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blind as he whom she did lead,
 Changing her feature often in an hour,
 Fantastically carrying her head,
 Soon would she smile, and suddenly would lour,
 And with one breath her words were sweet and
 sow'r;
 Upon stark fools she amorously would glance,
 And upon wise men coyly look a-scance.

About her neck, in manner of a chain,
 Torn diadems and broken scepters hung;
 If any on her steadfastly did lean,
 Them to the ground despightfully she flung:
 And in this posture as she past along,
 She bags of gold out of her bosom drew,
 Which she to fots and arrant idiots threw.

A dusky veil did hide her sightless eyes,
 Like clouds that cover our uncertain lives,
 Whereon were pourtray'd direful tragedies,
 Fools wearing crowns, and wise men clogg'd
 in gyves;
 How all things she preposterously contrives,
 Which, as a map, her regency discovers
 In camps, in courts, and in the way of lovers.

An easy bank near to this place there was,
 A seat fair Flora us'd to sit upon,
 Curling her clear locks in this liquid glass,
 Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
 Fitter than this about us there was none:
 Where they set down that poor distressed man,
 When to the purpose Fortune thus began.

' Behold this Duke of Normandy, quoth she,
 ' The heir of William conqueror of this isle,
 ' Appealing to be justify'd by thee,
 ' (Whose tragedy this poet must compile)
 ' He whom I have ever esteemed vile,
 ' Marking his birth with an unlucky brand;
 ' And yet for him thou com'st prepar'd to
 ' stand.

' What art thou, but a tumour of the mind,
 ' A bubble, blown up by deceitful breath?
 ' Which never yet exactly wert defin'd,
 ' In whom no wise man e'er reposed faith,
 ' Speaking of few well, until after death,
 ' That from loose humour hast thy timeless
 ' birth,
 ' Unknown to heaven, not much esteem'd on
 ' earth.

' First, by opinion had'st thou thy creation,
 ' On whom thou still dost servilely attend,
 ' And like whom, long thou keep'st not any
 ' fashion;
 ' But with the world uncertainly do'st wend,
 ' Which as a post thee up and down doth send:

' Without profane tongues thou canst never
 ' rise,
 ' Nor be upholden, be it not with lies.

 ' In ev'ry corner prying like a thief,
 ' And through each cranny like the wind do'st
 ' creep,
 ' Apt to report, as easy of belief:
 ' What's he, whose counsel thou dost ever keep?
 ' Yet into closets fancily dar'st peep,
 ' Telling for truth what thou can'st but suppose,
 ' Divulging that which thou should'st not dis-
 ' close.

 ' With extreme toil and labour thou art fought,
 ' Death is the way which leadeth to thy cell,
 ' Only with blood thy favour must be bought,
 ' And who will have thee, fetcheth thee from
 ' hell,
 ' Where thou impal'd with fire and sword do'st
 ' dwell;
 ' And when thou art in all this peril found,
 ' What art thou? only but a tinkling sound.

 ' Such as the world doth hold to be but base,
 ' Of human creatures and the most doth scorn,
 ' That amongst men sit in the servil'st place,
 ' These for the most part thou do'st most suborn,
 ' Those follow Fame, whose weeds are nearly
 ' worn:
 ' Yet those poor wretches cannot come to thee,
 ' Unless prefer'd and dignify'd by me.

 ' Thy trumpet such supposed to advance,
 ' Is but as those fantastically deem,
 ' Whom folly, youth, or frenzy doth entrance;
 ' Nor doth it sound, but only so doth seem,
 ' (Which the wise sort a dotage but esteem)
 ' Only thereby the humorous abusing,
 ' Fondly their error and thy fault excusing.

 ' Except in peril thou do'st not appear;
 ' Yet scarcely then, but with intreats and wooing,
 ' Flying far off when as thou should'st be near,
 ' At hand diminish'd, and augmented going,
 ' Upon slight toys the greatest cost bestowing,
 ' Oft promising men's losses to repair,
 ' Yet the performance but a little air.

 ' On baleful herbes (as the fittest grounds)
 ' Written with blood thy sad memorials lye,
 ' Whose letters are immedicable wounds,
 ' Only fit objects for the weeping eye;
 ' Thou from the dust men's worths do'st only try,
 ' And what before thou falsely didst deprave,
 ' Thou do'st acknowledge only in the grave.

 ' The world itself is witness of my pow'r,
 ' O'er whom I reign with the eternal fates,
 ' With whom I sit in council every hour,
 ' On th' alterations of all times and states,
 ' Setting them down their changes and their dates,
 ' In fore-appointing ev'ry thing to come,
 ' Until the great and universal doom.

' The stars to me an everlasting book,
 ' In that eternal register, the sky,
 ' Whose mighty volumes I oft overlook,
 ' Still turning o'er the leaves of destiny,
 ' Which man I too inviolate deny,
 ' And his frail will thereby I see controul'd,
 ' By such strong clauses as are there enroll'd.

 ' Predestination giving me a being,
 ' Whose depth man's wisdom never yet could
 ' sound,
 ' Into whose secrets only I have seeing,
 ' Wherein wise reason doth herself confound,
 ' Searching where doubts do more thereby a-
 ' bound:
 ' For sacred texts unlock the way to me,
 ' To lighten those that will my glory see.

 ' Those names th' old poets to their gods did
 ' give,
 ' Were only figures to express my might,
 ' To shew the virtues that in Fortune live,
 ' And my much pow'r in this all-moving wight,
 ' Who all their altars to my godhead dight;
 ' Which alterations upon earth do bring,
 ' And give them matter still whereon to sing.

 ' What though uncertain, varying in my course,
 ' I make my changes aim one certain end,
 ' Crossing man's forecast, to make known my
 ' force,
 ' Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend?
 ' To him least hoping, soonest I do send,
 ' That all should find, I worthily bestow,
 ' And 'tis a reason, that I think it so.

 ' Forth off my lap I pour abundant bliss,
 ' All good proceeds from my all-giving hand,
 ' By me, man happy or unhappy is,
 ' For whom I stick, or whom I do withstand,
 ' And it is I am friendship's only band;
 ' And upon me all greedily take hold,
 ' Which being broke, all worldly love grows
 ' cold.'

Pausing she frown'd, when suddenly withal
 A fearful noise ariseth from the flood,
 As when a tempest furiously doth fall
 Within the thick waste of some ancient wood;
 That in amazement ev'ry mortal stood,
 As though her words such pow'rfulness did
 bear,
 That each thing seem'd her menaces to fear.

When Fame yet smiling, mildly thus replies:
 ' Alas, (quoth she) what labour thou hast lost!
 ' What wond'rous mists thou casts before our
 ' eyes!
 ' Yet will the gain not countervail the cost.
 ' What would'st thou say, if thou hadst cause to
 ' boast,
 ' Which sett'st thy state out in such wond'rous
 ' fort,
 ' Which, but thyself, none ever could report?

' For what is fortune only, but event,
 ' Breeding in some a transitory terror?
 ' A what men will, that falls by accident,
 ' And only named to excuse their error.
 ' What else is fortune? or who doth prefer her?
 ' Or who to her so foolish is to lean,
 ' Which weak tradition only doth maintain?

' A toy, whereon the doating world doth dream,
 ' First soothed by uncertain observation,
 ' Of men's attempts that being the extreme,
 ' Fast'neth thereby on weak imagination;
 ' Yet notwithstanding all this usurpation,
 ' Must to thy self be incidently loathing,
 ' Most when thou would'st be, that art right-
 ' ly nothing.

' And with the world insinuating thus,
 ' And under so allowable pretence,
 ' Closely encroachest on man's genius,
 ' In good and evil taking residence;
 ' And having got this small preeminence,
 ' When to thy self a being thou would'st frame,
 ' Art in conclusion only but a name.

' Those ignorant, which made a God of nature,
 ' And nature's God divinely never knew,
 ' Were those to fortune that first built a stature,
 ' For whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
 ' Which being ador'd foolishly by few,
 ' Grounded thy looser and uncertain laws
 ' Upon so weak and indigent a cause.

' First sloth did hatch thee in her sleepy cell,
 ' And thee with ease dishonourably fed,
 ' Deliv'ring thee with cowardice to dwell,
 ' Which with base thoughts continually thee bred;
 ' By superstition idly being led,
 ' It an imposture after did thee make,
 ' Whom for a goddess fools do only take.

' Nor never dost thou any thing forecast,
 ' But as thou art improvident, so light;
 ' And this most wicked property thou hast,
 ' That against virtue thou bend'st all thy might,
 ' With whom thou wagest a continual fight;
 ' The yielding spirit in fetters thou dost bind,
 ' But art a mere slave to the constant mind.

' Such is thy froward and malignant kind,
 ' That what thou do'st, thou still do'st in despite,
 ' And art enamour'd of the barbarous hind,
 ' Whom thou dost make thy only favourite:
 ' None but the base in baseness do delight;
 ' For wert thou heavenly, thou in love would'st be
 ' With that which nearest doth resemble thee.

' But I alone the herald am of heaven,
 ' Whose spacious kingdom stretcheth far and wide,
 ' Through ev'ry coast upon the light'ning driven,
 ' As on the sun-beams gloriously I ride,
 ' By them I mount, and down by them I slide,
 ' I register the world's long-during hours,
 ' And know the high will of th' immortal pow'rs.

' Men to the stars me guiding them do climb,
 ' That all dimensions perfectly express,
 ' I am alone the vanquisher of time,
 ' Bearing those sweets which cure death's bitterness:
 ' I all good labours plentifully blest,
 ' Yea, all abstruse profundities impart,
 ' Leading men through the tedious ways of art.

' My palace placed betwixt earth and skies,
 ' Which many a tower ambitiously up bears,
 ' Whereof the windows are all glaz'd with eyes,
 ' The walls as neatly builded are of ears,
 ' Where ev'ry thing in heaven and earth appears;
 ' Nothing so softly whisper'd in the round,
 ' But through my palace presently doth sound.

' And under foot floor'd all about with drums,
 ' The rafters trumpets admirably clear,
 ' Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,
 ' The crannies tongues, and talking ev'ry where,
 ' And all things past in memory do bear;
 ' The doors unlock with ev'ry little breath,
 ' Nay, open wide with each word which man
 ' saith,

' And hung about with arms and conquer'd spoils;
 ' The posts whereon the goodly roof doth stand,
 ' Are pillars graven with Herculean toils:
 ' Th' achievements great of many a warlike hand,
 ' As well in christned, as in heathen land,
 ' Done by those nobles that are most renown'd,
 ' That there by me immortally are crown'd.

' Here, in the body's likeness whilst it lives,
 ' Appear the thoughts proceeding from the mind,
 ' To which the place a glorious habit gives,
 ' When once to me they freely are resign'd,
 ' To be preserv'd here: and are so refin'd,
 ' That when the corps by death doth lastly
 ' perish,
 ' Then doth this place the mind's true mage
 ' cherish.

' My beauty never fades, but still new-born.
 ' As years encrease, so ever waxing young,
 ' My strength is not diminished, nor worn,
 ' Time weak'ning all things, only makes me strong,
 ' Nor am I subject to base worldly wrong:
 ' The power of kings I utterly defy,
 ' Nor am I aw'd by all their tyranny.

' The brow of heav'n my monuments contain,
 ' (And is the mighty register of fame)
 ' Which there in fiery characters remain,
 ' The gorgeous cieling of th' immortal frame,
 ' The constellations publishing my name,
 ' Where my memorials evermore abide,
 ' So by th' old poets was I glorify'd.'

Fame having ended, fortune soon began
 Further to urge what she before had said;
 ' When lo (quoth she) Duke Robert is the man,
 ' Which, as my prisoner, I in bonds do lead,
 ' For whom thou com'st against me here to plead,

' Who I alone deprived of his crown;
' Who can raise him, that Fortune will have
' down?'

' A fitter instance (Fame replying) none
' Than is Duke Robert; Fortune, do thy worst,
' Greater on man thy might was never shewn,
' Doing to him all that thou could'st or durst:
' And since thy turn allotted is the first,
' Proceed; see which the Norman duke shall
' have,
' After so long being laid up in his grave.'

Quoth Fortune: ' Then I found th' unstedfast star,
' Whose luckless working limited his fate,
' That mark'd his sad nativity with war,
' And brothers most unnatural debate,
' As to be punish'd by his parents hate:
' For that the kingdom, which the conqueror
' won,
' Should be the wrack of him, his first-born
' son.

' By that which nature did on him bestow,
' In him her best that strained her to try,
' Thereby himself I made him overthrow,
' In human birth so powerful am I;
' Marking his breast too openly to lye,
' From both his brothers different too far,
' Too mild for peace, too merciful for war.

' And yet the courage that he did inherit,
' And from the greatness of his blood did take,
' Though shrowded in so peaceable a spirit,
' When once his wrongs came roughly to a-
' wake,
' Forth with so strange and violent fury brake,
' As made the world apparently to see
' All human actions managed by me.

' That till revenge was wholly him bereft,
' (In ev'ry thing opposed by my pow'r)
' For him to lean to, nothing being left,
' And danger him most threat'ned to devour,
' To the last period of the utmost hour,
' Oft by vain hopes that he might get my love,
' There was no peril but I made him prove.

' For whilst his father with the Norman sword,
' His prosperous entrance upon England made,
' I laid the project, that this youthful lord
' In the mean time did Normandy invade,
' Upon his fire and made him draw his blade;
' The mean whereby he thought he could
' not miss,
' That which he else might fail of to make his.

' That Robert daily in disgrace might run
' With the great conqueror, as he still did grow
' Nearer his death; who vexed by his son,
' (His pride which but too openly did shew)
' His state devised wisely to bestow
' Upon his second, that his days to close,
' Himself he might more quietly repose.

' And then, left time might chance to cool his
' blood,

' That luckless war by ling'ring I supply'd,
' That while Duke Robert justly censur'd stood
' For disobedience and unnat'ral pride,
' In heat of this the conqueror William dy'd,
' Setting young Rufus upon England's throne,
' Leaving his eldest struggling for his own.

' Which in short time so many mischiefs bred,
' (As sundry plagues on William's offspring sent)
' Which soon rose to so violent a head,
' That policy them no way could prevent,
' When to destruction all things headlong went;
' And in the end, as consummating all,
' Duke Robert's irrecoverable fall.

' Whom then I did auspiciously persuade,
' Once more with war to fright the English fields,
' His brother (then King William) to invade,
' To make him know the difference of their
' shields;
' Where though his arms he ne'er so wisely wielded,
' And though by him the kingdom were not
' taken,
' His sceptre should be violently shaken.

' These sundry soils, in both of which was sown
' (By so approv'd and fortunate a hand)
' Seed, which to both might prosperously have
' grown,
' Had they remain'd in friendship's sacred band:
' In opposition when they came to stand,
' Far wider wounds to either of them lent.
' Than all the pow'r that Europe could have
' sent.

' Thus did I win King William in his life,
' His conquer'd realm on Rufus to bestow;
' What he had got by strength, to leave in strife;
' Those to molest that from his stock should grow:
' Which by my cunning I contrived so,
' To plague his issue with a general ill,
' Yet the extreme to fall on Robert still.

' That Prelate Odo (that with William held)
' To Bishop Lanfrank for his deadly spight,
' That William lov'd, against the king rebell'd,
' With all his power abetting Robert's right,
' Aided by Mortain's and Montgom'ry's might,
' Upon this land to bring a second war,
' Of her late conquest whilst she bear the scar.

' And when he was in so direct a way,
' Great friends at hand his enterprise to back,
' Ready before him when his entrance lay,
' Nor could he think of aught that he did lack,
' Yet won I him his enterprise to slack,
' Stopping the course which rightly he had run,
' All to undo that he before had done.

' Thus did I first provoke him to that rage,
' Which had so far prevail'd upon his blood,
' And at my pleasure did the same assuage,

- ' When this brave heat in stead might him have
 ' stood,
 ' So to my humour alter'd I his mood,
 ' By taking arms, his cost and coin to lose,
 ' And leaving them to animate his foes.
 ' That by concluding this untimely peace,
 ' I might thereby a ling'ring war begin,
 ' That whilst these tumults for a while did cease,
 ' William on Robert might advantage win :
 ' Thus let I treason secretly in,
 ' Giving deceitful policy the key,
 ' Into the closet where his counsels lay.
 ' Thus, in the habit of a faithful friend,
 ' I drew into him a most dang'rous foe,
 ' His wit that used to no other end,
 ' But to cloath treason in a virtuous shew,
 ' Which he for current so contriv'd to go,
 ' As he in secret hurt Duke Robert more
 ' By this soft peace, than in the war before.
 ' And to thee, Fame, I then my pow'r address'd,
 ' Nay, thee mine only instrument I made,
 ' That whilst these brothers at this point did rest,
 ' Robert to war I won thee to persuade,
 ' With those that went the Soldan to invade,
 ' With great Duke Godfrey's pressing forth his
 ' bands
 ' From his proud pow'r to free the Holy Lands.
 ' Thus by thee, Fame, did I his humour feed,
 ' The only way to draw this duke abroad,
 ' That whilst at home his presence most should
 ' need,
 ' In foreign parts to fasten his abode,
 ' Him in this manner wisely I bestow'd ;
 ' That William dying, Robert being gone,
 ' Henry might seat him on the English throne.
 ' His ear so seas'ning with the sound of arms,
 ' As in aught else no music it could find,
 ' Neither had any feeling of his harms,
 ' On Palestine so placed he his mind,
 ' (Clearly that shew'd the greatness of his kind)
 ' And him so high and with such force did
 ' bear,
 ' As when he had most cause, he least did fear.
 ' Thus was he thrown into his endless thrall,
 ' Which though the mean devised was by me,
 ' And ev'ry thing was fitted to his fall,
 ' Which none could hinder, though the most
 ' foresee,
 ' Yet here I made an instrument of thee :
 ' For where destruction I do once pretend,
 ' All that man doth, still forteth to that end.
 ' He gone, and Rufus being robb'd of breath,
 ' And Henry Beauclerk coveting to reign,
 ' Offer'd so fairly by King William's death,
 ' Whilst Robert doth in Palestine remain,
 ' Whereby a kingdom he might eas'ly gain :
 ' What by his pow'r and science to persuade,
 ' Himself a monarch absolutely made.
 ' Whilst this great duke embraced was by thee,
 ' Which thou as thine do'st absolutely claim,
 ' But finds mere shadows, only missing me,
 ' And idle castles in the air doth frame ;
 ' Lo, such a mighty monarches is Fame,
 ' That what she gives, so easy is to bear,
 ' As none therefore needs violence to fear.
 ' Till Robert safely from the holy wars
 ' Returning, honour'd by the Pagans flight,
 ' From foreign battles into civil jars,
 ' From getting others, for his own to fight,
 ' Inforc'd to use the utmost of his might,
 ' With that brave sword, in Pagan blood im-
 ' bru'd,
 ' To save himself, by his own friends pursu'd.
 ' When wanting sums, the sinews of a force,
 ' (Which his high spirit too quickly came to find,
 ' E'er he could put himself into his course)
 ' Most strangely seem'd to mollify his mind ;
 ' And on the sudden Henry seeming kind,
 ' Offer'd his love at any rate to buy,
 ' So that fast to him he the duke might tie.
 ' Thus of Duke Robert wisely did he win,
 ' Not then so well establish'd as he would,
 ' Till he by craft had closely copen in,
 ' Setting himself substantially to hold,
 ' Offering him great sums of bewitching gold,
 ' As yearly tribute from this realm to rise,
 ' Quite to blot out all former injuries.
 ' Which to the poor duke yielding much relief,
 ' Henry to pass his purposes so brought,
 ' Whilst Robert yet suspected not that thief,
 ' Which underhand so cunningly him caught :
 ' Of whom, the least when princely Robert thought,
 ' Ev'n in a moment did annoy him more,
 ' Than all those ills that happ'd to him before.
 ' Which to this Lord (believing well) unknown,
 ' And he not finding eas'ly could not fly,
 ' For it a bait into his way was thrown,
 ' Which to avoid, Duke Robert look'd too high :
 ' (Into good minds craft can eas'liest pry :)
 ' For in his pliant nature, as a mould,
 ' Well could I cast what form soe'er I would.
 ' For by this tribute cutting off the claim,
 ' Which he, the elder, to his England made ;
 ' His former hopes he forcibly did maim,
 ' Which for a while by Henry being paid,
 ' But after by him fraudulently stay'd,
 ' As from a fountain, plenteously did spring
 ' Th' efficient cause of Robert's ruining.
 ' When as his friends, so well to him that meant,
 ' To take his part and did their force prepare,
 ' Finding him thus their purpose to prevent,
 ' And how thereby 'twas like with him to fare ;
 ' Upon King Henry planted all their care,
 ' Giving their pow'rs, their peace with him
 ' to make,
 ' Gather'd at first the Norman part to take.

' And I, that friendly evermore had been
 ' To the stout Normans, which by me had won,
 ' To prove myself the earth's imperious queen,
 ' And shew the world by me what can be done,
 ' To spight this Robert, William conqu'ror's son,
 ' With England against Normandy do stand,
 ' Conquer'd but lately by the Norman hand.

' Their issue, which were conqu'rors of this isle,
 ' At Hastings which the Englishmen did tame,
 ' Here natives, graced with the English stile,
 ' To their first country carry back their claim,
 ' Conquest returning whence it lately came;
 ' That once as England felt Nuestria's stroke,
 ' To make Nuestria to bear England's yoke.

' Those angry brothers in the field of arms,
 ' Than whom there were not two more deadly
 ' Each seeking other in the hott'st alarms, [foes,
 ' And at their meeting changing deadly blows,
 ' Quickly that meant to win, or soon to lose:
 ' Robert would fain release himself of thrall;
 ' Henry again doth hotly put for all.

' On him, which late in Palestine I smil'd,
 ' Return'd, at fatal Tenacbray I frown,
 ' And from his dukedom him that day exil'd,
 ' Which had he won it, might have worn a crown:
 ' And to be sure him in mishap to drown,
 ' Lastly himself he in the fight did lose,
 ' Taken a prisoner by his trait'rous foes.

' Which bound to England basely did him bring,
 ' Baselier abus'd and mockt at of his own,
 ' A captive where he should have been a king;
 ' Such was the lot by me upon him thrown:
 ' There to lament his misery alone,
 ' Prescrib'd to one poor solitary place, [space.
 ' Who should have progress'd all a kingdom's

' Could human knowledge comprehend my hate,
 ' Or reason sound the depth of things divine,
 ' The world amazed at Duke Robert's state,
 ' Might think no pow'r to be compar'd to mine,
 ' And wish the gods would all to me resign:
 ' In this man's fall apparently might see,
 ' Above the stars what might there rests in me.

' That blade on him, in battle which had pow'r,
 ' Was too much blunted to abridge his days;
 ' Time, that so fast from all away doth scour,
 ' Defers his end with dilatory stays,
 ' Whilst he his brother's tyranny obeys,
 ' That he in life a thousand deaths might die.
 ' Where I will plague, so tyrannous am I.

' The while in Cardiff he a captive lies,
 ' Whose windows were but niggards of their light,
 ' I wrought, this Henry's rage not to suffice,
 ' But that he robb'd Duke Robert of his sight,
 ' To turn this little piece of day to night;
 ' As though that sense, whose want should be
 ' the last
 ' To all things living, he the first should taste.

' That Robert so unfortunately blind,
 ' No outward object might disperse his care,
 ' The better to illuminate his mind,
 ' To see his sorrows throughly what they were,
 ' To do so much to this great prince I dare,
 ' By taking from him that which serv'd him
 ' To his affliction to turn all the rest. [best.

' And when he was bereaved of his ease,
 ' With the remembrance of so heinous wrong,
 ' Upon his breast so strongly that did seize,
 ' And his sad heart so violently stung;
 ' Yet made I nature in that prince so strong,
 ' That grief, which many doth of life deprive,
 ' Seem'd to preserve and keep him still alive.

' Him I forbade that any foe should kill,
 ' Nor by his own hand suffer'd him to die,
 ' That life to Robert should be loathsome still,
 ' And that death from him evermore should fly,
 ' Making them both to him an enemy;
 ' Willing to die, by life him doubly killing;
 ' Urged to live, twice dying, he unwilling.

' So many years as he had worn a crown,
 ' So many years as he had hop'd to rise,
 ' So many years upon him did I frown,
 ' So many years he liv'd without his eyes,
 ' So many years in dying, e'er he dies;
 ' So many years shut up in prison strong,
 ' Though sorrow make the shortest time seem
 ' long.

' Thus sway I in the course of earthly things.
 ' To make time work him everlasting spite,
 ' To shew how I can tyrannize on kings,
 ' And in the fall of great ones do delight,
 ' In finite things my working infinite:
 ' All worldly changes at my will disposed,
 ' For that in me all wonder is inclosed.

At fortune's speech amazed whilst they stand,
 And fame herself much wonder'd at his woe,
 When from Duke Robert, fortune took her hand,
 Whose misery she thus had let them know;
 When now to answer her despightful foe,
 Fame from deep silence seeming to awake,
 For her dear client modestly thus spake.

' What time I held my residence in Rome,
 ' Striving myself o'er Europe to advance,
 ' To win her princes to regain the tomb,
 ' Which had been lost by their misgovernance,
 ' Awaking England, Germany, and France;
 ' All which were woo'd, and bravely won by me,
 ' From the proud Pagans Palestine to free.

' Peter, that holy hermit putting on,
 ' T' all Christian Princes to preach out the loss,
 ' And stirring brave Duke Godfrey to be gone,
 ' Under the banner of the bloody cross,
 ' And whilst in so fair forwardness it was,
 ' And every ear attentive seem'd to stand,
 ' To hear what pow'r brave Bulloyn should
 ' command:

' Thither did I all happy spirits exhort,
 ' As to that bus'ness luckily to bring,
 ' Allured by the confident report,
 ' That from so great an enterprize did spring,
 ' T' adventure in so popular a thing,
 ' And deemed no man worthy to be mine,
 ' That was found backward in this great design.

What time this Duke, great William's conqu'ror's
son

' That in his native Normandy did rest :
 ' For of what else his valiant father won,
 ' His brother William Rufus was possesst,
 ' Which, whilst he striveth from his handsto wrest,
 ' This brave attempt brake like a deluge forth,
 ' By my shrill trumpet sounded through the
 ' north.

' Which having got free entrance to his ear,
 ' Such entertainment happen'd there to find,
 ' As suffer'd no persuasion to be there,
 ' From that high purpose to divert his mind :
 ' For being most religiously enclin'd,
 ' Woo'd with this offer, wisely did prepare
 ' Himself to furnish for this great affair.

' That kingdom he doth carelessly neglect,
 ' Which William Rufus wrongfully did keep,
 ' And only that doth constantly respect,
 ' Where he once in his sepulchre did sleep,
 ' At whose dear death the very rocks did weep :
 ' His crown of gold this Christian Prince doth
 ' scorn,
 ' So much he lov'd him that was crown'd with
 ' thorn.

' And though his wants him grievously oppress'd,
 ' Of those great sums which lately he had spent
 ' In levying pow'r, which him should have pos-
 ' sessed
 ' Of England, and much hinder'd his intent;
 ' Yet his brave purpose it could not prevent,
 ' Although a while it seem'd delay to make
 ' Of that, which he resolv'd to undertake.

' Wherefore this noble and clear-spirited Lord,
 ' Whilst the great bus'ness standeth at this stay;
 ' And since his state no better could afford,
 ' In gage to William Normandy doth lay,
 ' Providing first his soldiers how to pay :
 ' And of the two, yet rather chose to leave
 ' His crown, than he that army would deceive.

' To his victorious ensign came from far
 ' Th' enisled Redthinks, touch'd with no remorse;
 ' The nimble Irish, that with darts do war;
 ' The Scot, that is so cunning on his horse;
 ' The English archer, of a lion's force;
 ' The valiant Norman, not the least among;
 ' The Camber-Briton, hardy, big, and strong.

' Which long enclos'd within these colder climes,
 ' He to the blessed sepulchre did bring,
 ' And taught them how they should redeem the
 ' times,

' Whence their eternal memory might spring,
 ' To see the place whereas their heav'nly king
 ' Their dear redemption happily began;
 ' Living on earth, that was both god and man.

' Ye islanders, bound in the ocean's chain,
 ' Lock'd up like pris'ners from the cheerful day,
 ' Your brave commander brought ye to the main
 ' Which to my court shew'd ye the open way,
 ' And his victorious hand became the key
 ' To let ye in to my rich treasure, where
 ' None ever come, but those that I hold dear.

' And did thereto so zealously proceed,
 ' That those fair locks, whose curls did him adorn,
 ' Till he had seen the holy city freed,
 ' He deeply vow'd he never would have shorn;
 ' Which, for they so religiously were worn,
 ' In every eye did beautify him more,
 ' Than did the crown of Normandy before.

' No threats his hand could cause him to with-
 ' As I the sequel briefly shall relate, [hold
 ' Yet bare himself right wisely as he could,
 ' And best became his dignity and state;
 ' Teaching how his themselves should moderate,
 ' Not following life, so with his chance content,
 ' Nor flying death, so truly valiant.

' So did he all his faculties bestow,
 ' That every thing exactly might be done,
 ' That true foresight before the act might go,
 ' Others gross errors happily to shun,
 ' Wisely to finish well what was begun,
 ' Justly directed in the course of things,
 ' By the strait rule which sound experience
 ' brings.

' Idle regards of greatness he did scorn,
 ' Careless of pomp, magnificent to be,
 ' That man reputed to be noblest born,
 ' Which was the most magnanimous and free,
 ' In honour so impartial was he,
 ' Esteeming titles meriteless and nought,
 ' Unless with danger absolutely bought.

' Giving the foldier comfortable words,
 ' And oft imbalm'd his well-received wound,
 ' And in his need him maintenance affords,
 ' To brave attempts encouraging the sound,
 ' Never dismay'd in any danger found :
 ' His tent a seat of justice to be griev'd;
 ' And 'twas a court, when want should be
 ' reliev'd.

' So perfectly celestial was that fire,
 ' Bestow'd in the composure of his mind,
 ' To that high pitch as rais'd his desire
 ' Above the usual compass of his kind,
 ' And from all dross so clearly him refin'd,
 ' As did him wholly consecrate to glory,
 ' And made him a fit subject for a story.

' Who on embassy to the emperor sent,
 ' Passing along through Macedon and Thrace,

' Ne'er came in bed, nor slept out of his tent,
 ' Till he review'd Duke Godfrey's rev'rend face;
 ' Nor till he came into that hallow'd place,
 ' Above three hours by night he never slept:
 ' Such were the cares his troubled brain that kept.

' O wherefore thou great singer of thy days,
 ' Renowned Tasso, in thy noble story,
 ' Wert thou so slack in this great worthy praise,
 ' And yet so much should'st set forth others glory?
 ' Methinks, for this thou canst not be but sorry,
 ' That thou should'st leave another to recite
 ' That, which so much thou didst neglect to write.

' There was not found in all the Christian host,
 ' Any, than he more forward to the field;
 ' Nor could the army of another boast,
 ' To bear himself more bravely with his shield;
 ' So well his arms this noble duke could wield,
 ' As such a one he properly should be,
 ' That I did mean to consecrate to me.

' Of so approved and deliver force,
 ' Handling his lance, or brandishing his blade:
 ' For oft he had the leading of their horse,
 ' That where he charg'd, he slaughter ever made;
 ' At all assays so happy to invade, [chace,
 ' That were he absent when they gave the
 ' It was suppos'd the day did lose the grace.

' In doubtful fights, where danger hap'd to fall,
 ' He would be present ever by his will;
 ' And where the Christians for supplies did call,
 ' Thither through peril Robert pressed still,
 ' To help by courage, or relieve by skill:
 ' To every place so providently seeing,
 ' As power in him had absolutely being.

' When in the morn his courser he bestrid,
 ' He seem'd compos'd essentially of fire,
 ' But from the field he ever drooping rid,
 ' As he were vanquish'd, only to retire;
 ' Nearest his rest, the furth'st from his desire:
 ' And in the spoil his soldiers shar'd the crowns,
 ' They rich in gold, he only rich in wounds.

' And when they had the holy city won,
 ' And king thereof they gladly would him make,
 ' All sovereign titles he so much did shun,
 ' As he refus'd the charge on him to take,
 ' He the vain world so clearly did forsake;
 ' So far it was from his religious mind,
 ' To mix vile things with those of heav'nly kind.

' He would that him no triumph should adorn,
 ' But his high praise for sinful man that dy'd;
 ' By him no mark of victory was worn,
 ' But the red cross, to tell him crucify'd;
 ' All other glories he himself deny'd:
 ' A holy life but willingly he leads,
 ' In dealing alms, and bidding of his beads.

' And as a pilgrim he return'd again;
 ' For glitt'ring arms, in palmers homely gray,

' Leaving his lords to lead his warlike train,
 ' Whilst he alone came sadly on the way,
 ' Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd prey;
 ' A hermit's staff his careful hand did hold,
 ' That with a lance the heathen foe controul'd.

' But now to end this long-continued strife,
 ' Henceforth thy malice takes no further place;
 ' Thy hate began and ended with his life;
 ' By thee his spirit can suffer no disgrace,
 ' Now in mine arms his virtues I embrace;
 ' His body thine, his crosses witness be; [free.
 ' But mine his mind, that from thy pow'r is

' Thou gav'st up rule, when he gave up his breath,
 ' And where thou endedst, there did I begin,
 ' Thy strength was buried in his timeless death,
 ' And as thy conqu'ror lastly come I in;
 ' And all thou gott'st, from thee again I win:
 ' To me thy right I call thee to resign,
 ' And make thy glory absolutely mine.

' To the base world then, fortune, get thee back,
 ' The earth with dreary tragedies to fill;
 ' Empires and kingdoms bring thou there to wrack,
 ' And on weak mortals only work thy will:
 ' And since thou only do'st delight in ill,
 ' Hear his complaint, who wanting eyes to see,
 ' Can lend thee sight, which art as blind as he.'

At her great words amazed whilst they stand,
 The prince, which look'd most fearfully and grim,
 Bearing his eyes in his distressful hand,
 Whose places stood with blood up to the brim;
 And as in anguish quaking ev'ry limb,
 After deep sighs and lamentable throws,
 Thus to the world disburthened his woes,

' Dear eyes, adieu, by envy thus put out,
 ' Where in your places buried is my joy,
 ' With endless darkness compass'd about,
 ' Which death would scarce have dared to destroy;
 ' To breed my more perpetual annoy,
 ' That even that sense I only should forego,
 ' That could alone give comfort to my woe.

' Ye which beheld fair Palestine restor'd,
 ' From the profane hands of the Pagans freed,
 ' The sepulchre of that most glorious Lord,
 ' And seen that place where his dear wounds did
 ' bleed,
 ' Which with the fight my zealous soul did feed,
 ' Sith from your functions night doth you dis-
 ' sever,
 ' Seclude me now from wordly joys for ever.

' Ye saw no sun, nor did ye view the day;
 ' Except a candle, ye beheld no light;
 ' The thick stone walls those blessing kept away.
 ' What could be fear'd? ye could not hurt the
 ' night,
 ' For then tears wholly hinder'd ye of sight;
 ' O then, from whence should Henry's hate arise,
 ' That I saw nothing, yet that I had eyes?

' The wretched'st thing, the most despised beast,
' Enjoys that sense as gen'rally as we,
' The very gnat, or what than that is least,
' Of sight by nature kindly is made free.
' What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to
 ' see?

' O that a tyrant then should me deprave,
' Of that, which else all living creatures have!

' Whilst yet the light did mitigate my moan,
' Tears found a mean to sound my sorrows deep,
' But now (ah me!) that comfort being gone,
' By wanting eyes wherewith I erst did weep,
' My cares alone concealed I must keep.
 ' O God, that blindness, dark'ning all delight,
 ' Should above all things give my sorrow
 ' fight!

' Where sometime stood the beauty of this face,
' Lamps clearly lighted as the Vestal flame,
' Is now a dungeon, a distressful place,
' A harbour fit for infamy and shame;
' Which but with horror one can scarcely name:
 ' Out of whose dark grates misery and grief,
 ' Starv'd for vengeance, daily beg relief.

' The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,
' Night still me follows, yet too long doth stay,
' Th' one I o'ertake not though it still be nigh;

' The other coming, vanisheth away.
' But what availeth either night or day?
 ' All's one to me, still day, or ever night;
 ' My light is darkness, and my darkness light.

' O ye, wherewith I did my comfort view,
' Th' all-covering heaven, and glory that it bears,
' No more that fight shall e'er be seen of you!
' The blessed sun, that every mortal cheers,
' Eclips'd to me eternally appears;
 ' Robert, betake thee to the darksome cell,
 ' And bid the world eternally farewell.'

His speech thus ending, fortune discontent,
Turned herself as she away would flie,
Playing with fools and babes incontinent,
As never touch'd with human misery;
As what she was, herself to verify,
And straight forgetting what she had to tell,
To other speech and girlish laughter fell.

When graceful fame conveying thence her charge,
(As first with him she thither did resort)
Gave me this book, wherein was writ at large
His life, set out though in this legend short,
T' amaze the world with this so true report:
But fortune, angry with her foe therefore,
Gave me the gift that I should still be poor.

T H E
L E G E N D
O F
MATILDA THE FAIR.

If yet a Muse there happily remain,
That is by truth so diligently taught,
As caring not on foolish things to fain,
Will speak but what with modesty she ought;
If this be such, which I so long have sought,
By her I crave my life may be reveal'd,
Which black oblivion hath too long conceal'd.

Oh, if such favour I might hap to find,
Here on the earth but once to speak again,
And to disburthen my oppressed mind,
By the endeavour of a powerful pen,
In these my sorrows happy were I then: c. 1405
Four hundred years by all men overpast, c. 1600
Finding one friend to pity me at last.

O you, of him so happily elect,
Whom I entreat to prosecute my story,
Lady most dear, most worthy of respect, u
The world's rar'st jewel, and your sex's glory,
It shall suffice, if you for me be sorry,
Reading my legend builded by his verse
Which must hereafter serve me for a herse.

Be you the pattern, by whose perfect view,
Like your fair self he wisely may me make,
For sure alive none fitter is than you,

Whose form unspotted chastity may take:
Be you propitious, for whose only sake,
For me, I know, he'll gladly do his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright Rosamond exceedingly is graced,
Inrolled in the register of fame,
Nay, in our faintest kalender is placed,
By him who strives to stellify her name.
Yet will the modest say, she was to blame:
Though full of state, and pleasing be his rhyme,
Yet all his skill cannot excuse her crime.

The wife of Shore wins general applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise.
Elstred reviv'd to plead her pitied cause
After the envy of so many days
And happy's he their glory high'st can raise.
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many;
Vice still finds friends, but virtue seldom any.

To vaunt of my nobility were vain,
Which were, I know, not better'd of the best,
Nor would beseem an honourable strain,
And me a maiden fits not of the rest:
All transitory titles I detest,

A virtuous life I mean to boast alone ;
Our birth's our fires, our virtues be our own.

Thou that do'st fetch thy long descent from Kings,
If from the Gods derived thou could'st be, [things,
And shew'st th' achievements of those wond'rous
Which thou thyself then lived'st not to see,
These were their own, and not belong to thee,
If thou do'st stain that honour which was theirs,
Who could not leave their virtues to their heirs

Heaven pour'd down more abundance on my birth,
Than it before had usually bestow'd,
And was in me so bountiful to earth,
As though her very utmost she had shew'd,
Her graces so immeasurably flow'd,
That such a shape, with such a spirit inspir'd,
Even of the wisest made me most admir'd.

Upon my brow sat beauty in her pride,
To her beholders ministring her law,
And to them all her bounties so divide,
As did to her their due attention draw ;
And yet mine eye did keep her so in awe,
As that which only could true virtues measure,
Ordain'd by nature to preserve her treasure.

My carriage such, as did content the wise
My tongue did that sweet decency retain,
As of the younger was not deem'd precise,
Nor of the aged was accounted vain,
So well instructed to observe the mean,
As if in nature there were scarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my blood.

In me so did she her perfections vary,
As that the least allow'd not of compare,
And yet so well did teach me them to carry ;
Than they could be, as made them seem more rare,
Or in my portion would have none to share ;
Or in her grace would none should be but I,
Which she had made the minion of the sky.

Whence fame began my beauty first to blaze,
And soon became to lavish in the same :
For she so stuff'd her trumpet with my praise,
That every place was fill'd up with my name,
For which, report, thou too wert much to blame :
But to thy doom is Beauty subject still,
Which hath been cause of many Ladies ill.

This tattling gossip hath a thousand eyes,
Her airy body hath as many wings ;
Now about earth, now up to heav'n she flies,
And here and there with every breath she flings
Hither and thither lies and tales she brings ;
Nothing so secret, but to her appeareth,
So doth she credit every thing she heareth.

And princes ears stand open to report,
All strive to blaze a beauty to a king,
Which is the only subject of a court,
Whither fame carries, and whence she doth bring,
And which of either she doth loudly ring ;

Thither (ah !) me unhappily she brought,
Where I my bane unfortunately caught.

There stood my beauty boldly for the prize,
Where the most clear and perfect judgments be ;
And of the same the most judicial eyes
Did give the goal impartially to me :
So did I stand unparall'd and free ;
And, as a comet in the evening-sky,
Strook with amazement every wond'ring eye.

Which soon possest me of Imperial John,
And of my sov'reign, him my subject made ;
By this his freedom was quite overthrown,
Him and his powers this wholly did invade,
From this no reason could the King dissuade :
This taught his eyes their due attendance still,
This held the reins which over-rul'd his will.

When my grave father, great that time in court
And by his blood thought equal to the best,
Having his ear oft struck with this report,
Which, as ill news, it hardly could digest :
And on my good since all his hopes did rest,
He soon pursu'd it by those secret spies,
Which still in court attend the Prince's eyes.

And to the world although he seem'd to sleep,
Yet fought he then the King's intent to found,
And to himself as secrets he did keep,
What his his foresight had providently found ;
So well this wise Lord could conceal his wound :
Yet wiser cast how dang'rous it might
prove,
To cross the course of this impatient love.

For as he found how violent a flame
My youth had kindled in this lustful King ;
So found he too, if he should stop the same,
Upon us both what mischief it might bring :
Which known to him so dangerous a thing,
He thought to prove how he could me persuade,
E'er for my safety further means he made.

' Dear girl, quoth he, thou seest who doth await
' T' intrap thy beauty, bred to be thy foe,
' That is so fair and delicate a bait,
' As every eye itself would here bestow,
' Whose power the king too sensibly doth know :
' Of his desire that what the end may be,
' Thy youth may fear, my knowledge doth
foresee.

' Think how thou liv'st here publicly in court,
' Whose privilege doth every mean protect,
' Where the ensample of the greater sort
' Doth more than opportunity effect,
' None thriving here that stand upon respect ;
' Being a lottery whereat few do win,
' And yet those seldom neither, but by sin.

' Here every day thou hast to tempt thy sight,
' All that thy youth to pleasure may provoke,
' That still at hand, wherein thou tak'st delight,

Which with thy sex doth strike too great a
stroke,
Having withal imperious power thy cloke,
With such strong reasons on his part pro-
pounded,
As may leave virtue seemingly confounded.

Many the ways that lead thee to thy fall,
But to thy safety few or none to guide thee,
And when thy dangers is the greatest of all
Even then thy succour is the most deny'd thee:
Sundry the means from virtue to divide thee,
Having withal mortality about thee,
Frailty within, temptation near without thee.

The lecher's tongue is never void of guile,
Nor wants he tears, when he would win his
prey;
The subtil'st tempter hath the smoothest stile,
Sirens sing sweetliest when they would betray:
Lust of itself had never any stay,
Nor to contain it, bounds could have devised,
But most when fill'd, is least of all sufficed.

And to avail his pleasure is there aught,
That such a prince hath not within his power?
And thus be sure he'll leave no means unsought,
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen tow'r,
Watching th' advantage of each sitting hour,
Where every minute serves to do amiss,
Thy baneful poison spiced with thy bliss.

And when this lustful and unbridled rage,
Which in him now doth violently reign,
Time shall by much satiety assuage,
Then shall thy fault apparent be and plain,
To after ages ever to remain:
Sin in a chain leads on her sister shame,
And both on gyves are fetter'd to defame.

Kings use their loves as garments they have worn,
Or as the meat whereon they full have fed:
The saint once gone, who doth the shrine adorn?
Or what is nectar on the ground if shed?
What prince's wealth redeems thy maiden-head,
Which should be held as precious as thy
breath,
Whose dissolution consummates thy death?

The stately eagle from his highest stand,
Through the thin air the fearful fowl doth smite,
Yet scorns to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the sweet of his delight,
But leaves the same a pray to every kite.
With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor,
The wretched Indian scorns the golden ore.

When every period pointing with a tear,
He in my bosom made so wide a breach,
As it each precept firmly fixed there,
His counsel as continually to preach,
My father so effectually could teach;
So that his words I ever after found,
As grav'd on an inviolable ground.

The King, whose love deluded was the while.
Yet in his bosom bare this quenchless fire,
Finding his hopes like flatt'ers to beguile,
And not one jot to further his desire,
But gone thus far, he meant not to retire:
And thinks, if fitly he could find but place,
His words had power to purchase him my grace.

For since all former practices did fail,
Nor to his mind aught kindly took effect,
He with himself resolv'd me to assail,
And other means doth utterly neglect:
In spite what fear could any way object,
His courage doth all hindrances confute,
And me accosting thus commenc'd his suit.

Know, girl, quoth he, that nature thee ordained,
(As her brav'st piece, when she to light would
bring,
Wherein her former workmanship she stained)
Only a gift to gratify a King,
And from all other, as a seld-seen thing,
Seal'd thee a charter dated at thy birth,
To be the fair'st that e'er was made of earth.

Hoard not thy beauty, when'thou hast such store,
Wer't not great pity it should thus lye dead,
Which by thy lending might be more much
more?
(For by the use should every thing be fed)
Yea, and to him so hard for thee bestead, [sight,
Yet no more less'n'd than the sun, whose
Though it light all things, loseth not his
light.

From those two stars such streams of lightning
glide, [heart,
As through men's eyes do pierce the flintiest
Which thou by closing striv'st in vain to hide,
For through their lids their subtle rays do dart,
Such power wise nature did to them impart;
Those two bright planets, clearer than the
seven, [heaven.
That with their splendor light the world to

Were art so curious in herself to know
Thy rare perfections rightly in their kind,
In beauty thy divinity to shew,
Oh! it were able to transport the mind,
Beyond the bounds by heaven to it assign'd:
But oh! in thee their excellence is such,
As thought cannot ascend to, once to touch.

He is thy king, who is become thy subject;
Sometime thy Lord, now servant to thy love;
Thy angel beauties be his only object,
Who for thy sake a thousand deaths dare prove.
A prince's pray'r should much compassion move:
Let wolves and bears be cruel in their kinds,
But women meek, and have relenting minds.

Vouchsafe to look upon these brimful eyes,
With tides of tears continually frequented
Where love without food hunger-starven lies,

' Which to betray me traiterously consented,
 ' And for the fact being lawfully convented,
 ' Is in these waters judg'd to have his being,
 ' For his presumption through these eyes thee
 ' seeing.

' Sit thou commanding under mine estate,
 ' Having thy temples honour'd with my crown,
 ' A beauty destin'd for no meaner fate,
 ' And make the proud'st to tremble with a frown,
 ' Raise whom thou wilt, cast whom it please thee
 ' down :
 ' Be thou alone the rect'refs of this isle,
 ' With all the titles I can thee instile.

' What if my Queen, repining at our blifs,
 ' Thee, as did Juno Jove's dear darling, keep ?
 ' Mine I'll preserve, as that great God did his;
 ' Wife Mercury lull'd Argus' eyes to sleep :
 ' Love ever laughs, when jealousy doth weep.
 ' When must she stir, my pow'r shall keep her
 ' under, [thunder.]
 ' She may raise storms, but I do rule the

Thus having made an entrance for his love,
 Which he believ'd assuredly in time
 Of better news the messenger might prove,
 By which he after to his joys might climb,
 Hoping a fair full to ensue this prime,
 Leaves me, not knowing well which way to
 turn me, [burn me.]
 Warm'd with the fire that unawares might

Upon my weakness which so strongly wrought,
 That in my breast a mutiny arose,
 Fear and desire a doubtful combat fought,
 Like two most eager and ambitious foes,
 Th' one fain would win, the other would not lose;
 By this oft cleared, and by that accused,
 Whilst still I fear'd by both to be abused,

And in my self, my self suspected treason,
 Knowing who watch'd to win me for his prey,
 And in so fit and dangerous a season,
 When youth and beauty bare so great a sway,
 And where he battery still to me might lay,
 Who girt so strongly every way about,
 Well might I fear I could not long hold out.

But setting all these fundry doubts aside,
 From court resolv'd I secretly to go,
 And to what place my happy stars should guide,
 There I my self determin'd to bestow,
 Until time might this passion over-blow;
 Or if at least it wrought not, the extrusion
 Might strengthen me yet in my resolution.

When my brave fire, that never me forsook,
 But many a sweet sleep for my safety brake,
 Much being pleas'd with the course I took,
 As one that truly suffer'd for my sake,
 Did his abode at Baynards-castle make,
 Whom since I thus had left the court, to leave me
 To his protection, gladly did receive me.

Whence all those sorrows seem'd to me exil'd,
 Wherein my life I long before did waste,
 The present time and happily beguil'd,
 To think what peril I had lately past,
 There in my freedom fortunately plac'd,
 Even as a bird escap'd the fowler's snare,
 Which former danger warn'd to beware.

When the proud King, whose purposes were crost,
 Which this my flight had happen'd to prevent,
 And that those means to which he trusted most,
 Were those, which most had hinder'd his intent,
 Finding his suit preposterously went,
 Another course bethinks himself to run,
 Else farther off than when he first begun.

And thenceforth plotteth to disperse the mafs,
 Which lay so full betwixt him and the light,
 That in his suit the only hindrance was,
 And (least expected) wrought him most despight,
 Finding the cause why matters went not right
 He most forecast my father to remove,
 Or he was like to walk without his love.

Thus scarcely cur'd of this late sickly qualm,
 And that my heart sat happily at ease,
 But as a ship, that in a quiet calm
 Floats up and down on the unfurging seas,
 By some rough gust, which some ill star doth raise,
 Is driven back into the troubled main;
 Even so was I, that safely else had lain.

For this great king, whom thus I did reject,
 First seeks in court my father to disgrace,
 Thereby to give the people to suspect,
 To fault in something sitting near his place,
 Them by all means it urging to embrace;
 To which, if clearly he could find the way,
 He made no doubt but once to have a day.

And for his purpose to promote his hate,
 Into the plot he his court-devils drew,
 Cunning in all the stratagems of state,
 Which he suborn'd my father to pursue;
 By whose devices he soon overthrew
 That noble lord, which succour should have given
 To me, that then was from all refuge driven.

And not their clear and far-discerning sight,
 Into the quarrel that did thoroughly look,
 Nor our allies, that to their utmost might
 'Gainst his proceedings on our part that stuck,
 And at our need us never once forsook,
 Of the king's malice could th' effect prevent,
 But to exile my father must be sent.

Not all his service to his sovereign done,
 In war courageous, and in counsel sound,
 Which from King John compassion might have won
 To him, who faithful evermore was found :
 Ingratitude, how deeply dost thou wound !
 Sure, first devised to no other end,
 But to grieve those whom nothing could of-
 fend.

Forlorn and hopeless, left before my foe,
By my ill fortune basely thus betray'd,
Never poor maiden was besieged so,
And all depressed that should lend me aid;
Such weight the heaven upon my birth had laid!
But yet herself true virtue never loseth,
'Gainst her fair course, though hell it self opposeth.

Embark'd for France, his sad dejected eyes
Swol'n up with tears in most abundant store,
His ill luck threat'ned by the lowering skies,
Fear him behind, and sorrow him before;
He under sail, from sight of either shore,
Wasteth withal his sad laments in vain,
To the rude waters only to complain.

When like a deer before the hounds imboist,
When him his strength beginneth to forsake,
Leaves the smooth lawns, to which he trusted most,
And to the covert doth himself betake,
Doubling, and creeps from brake again to brake:
Thus still I shift me from the prince's face,
Who had me then continually in chace.

The coast thus clear'd, suspicion laid to rest,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
It with much pleasure quieted his breast,
That every thing so prosperously went;
And if the rest successively consent,
Of former aid I being quite forsaken,
He hopes the fort might in short time be taken.

A prince's arms are stretch'd from shore to shore;
Kings sleeping, see with eyes of other men.
Craft finds a key to open any door,
Little it boots my self in walls to pen;
The lamb was closed in the lion's den,
Whose watchful eyes too easily defery'd me,
And found me soon'ft, where sur'ft I thought to hide me.

My paths by spies he diligently noted;
O'er me he held so vigilant a watch,
And on my beauty he so fondly doated,
That at each look he enviously did catch,
And ready still attending at my latch
He had those, that continually did ward,
Treason my handmaid, falsehood was my guard.

And since with me it fell so crossly out,
That to my shifts so hardly he me drave,
For some new course I thought to cast about,
Where safer harbour happily to have:
For this was not sufficient me to save,
His power so spacious every way did lie,
That still I stood in his ambitious eye.

And fear, which taught me every mean to prove,
And with my self of many to debate,
Me at the last it pleas'd the pow'rs to move,
To take upon me a religious state,
(The holy cloister none might violate.)
Where after all these storms I did endure,
There I at last might hope to live secure,

Wherefore to Dunmow I my self convey'd,
Into an abbey, happily begun
By Juga, of our ancestry, a maid,
At whose sole charge that monast'ry was done,
Wherein she after did become a Nun,
And kept her order strictly with the rest,
Which in that place virginity profest.

Where I my self did secretly bestow
From the vain world, which I too long had try'd,
Me my affliction taught myself to know,
My youth and beauty gently that did chide;
And by instruction, as a skilful guide,
Printed withal such coldness in my blood,
That it might so perpetuate my good.

The king, who hear'd me safely thus to be
Set in my cloister, strongly discontent,
That me from thence he had not power to free,
Which his sad breast seem'd strongly to torment:
But since that I so wilfully was bent,
And he past hope then ever to enjoy me,
Resolv'd by some means lastly to destroy me.

And finding one most fit for such a fact,
To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
One, for his king, that any thing would act,
And for the purpose wanted not his art,
That had a strong hand and relentless heart,
On him the king (with me poor maid enrag'd)
Impos'd my death, and him thereto engag'd.

Who making haste the fatal deed to do,
Thither repairs, but not as from the king:
For well he knew what did belong thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring;
But as one sent upon some needful thing,
With a smooth count'nance and a settled brow,
Obtain'd to get in where I paid my vow.

Where I alone, and to his tale expos'd,
(As one to him a willing ear that lent)
Himself to me he but too soon disclos'd,
And who it was that thither had him sent,
From point to point relating his intent;
Who, whilst I stood struck dumb with this invasion,
He thus pursues me strongly with persuasion.

' Hear but (saith he) how blindly thou do'st err,
' Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,
' When as the king thee highly will prefer,
' Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection;
' So indiscreetly fort not thy election,
' To shut that in a melancholy cell,
' Which in a court ordained was to dwell.

' Yet further think, how dangerous is his offer,
' If thy neglect do carelessly abuse it:
' Art thou not mad, that thus do'st see a coffer
' Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuse it?
' So far, that thou want'st reason to excuse it,
' Thyself condemnin'g in thine own good hap,
' Spilling the treasure cast into thy lap.

Wrong not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive
Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,
'Twere pity thou by niggardise should'st thrive,
Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent;
For which, thou of the wisest shalt be shent,
' Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,
' Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

' What is this vain and idle reputation,
' Which to the shew you seemingly respect?
' Only the weakness of imagination,
' Which, in conclusion, worketh no effect,
' And lesser can the worshipers protect;
' That only standeth upon fading breath,
' And hath at once the being and the death,

' A fear that grew from doating superstition,
' To which your weak credulity is prone,
' And only since maintained by tradition,
' Into our ears impertinently blown,
' By folly gathered, as by error sown;
' Which us still threatening, hind'reth our
desires,
' Yet all it shews us be but painted fires.

' Persuade thyself this monast'ry to leave,
' Which youth and beauty justly may forsake;
' Do not thy prince of those high joys bereave,
' Which happy him, more happy thee may make,
' Who sends me else thy life away to take:
' For dead to him if needfully thou wilt prove,
' Die to thyself, be bury'd with his love.'

Rage, which resum'd the likeness of his face,
Whose eye seem'd as the basilisk to kill;
The horror of the solitary place,
Being so fit wherein to work his will,
And at the instant he my life to spill;
All seem'd at once my overthrow to further,
By fear dissuaded, menaced by murder.

In this so great and peremptory trial,
With strong temptations sundry ways afflicted,
With many a yielding, many a denial,
Oft-times acquitted, often-times convicted,
Terror before me lively stood depicted;
When as it was, that but a little breath
Gave me my life, or sent me to my death.

But soon my soul had gather'd up her pow'rs,
Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,
The resolution of so many hours,
Whereon herself she confidently stay'd
In her distress, whose helps together lay'd,
Making the state which she maintained good,
Expell'd the fear usurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally enlarge,
From those strict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my bosom to discharge,
And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd,
Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,
Most bravely there mine honour to maintain,
Checkt his presumption with a coy disdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,
And for my answer only did abide;
Having a poison murd'ring by the scent,
If to the organ of that sense apply'd,
Which for the same, when fittest time he spy'd,
Into my nostrils forcibly did strain,
Which in an instant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch my vail disorder'd then,
My face discovering, my delicious cheek
Tincted with crimson, faded soon again,
With such a sweetness as made death seem meek,
And was to him beholding it most like
A little spark extinguish'd to the eye,
That glows again e'er suddenly it dye.

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,
Wherein he then such excellency saw,
Ruining the spoil done by his fatal hand,
What naught before, him this at last could awe,
From his stern eyes as though it tears would draw,
Which wanting them, wax'd suddenly as dead,
Grieving for me that they had none to shed.

When life grown faint, hies lastly to my heart,
The only fort to which she had to take,
Feeling cold death to seize on every part,
A strong invasion instantly to make:
Yet e'er she should me utterly forsake,
To him who sadly stood me to behold,
Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold.

' Is this the gift the king on me bestows,
' Which in this sort he sends thee to present me?
' I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,
' If this in token of his love be sent me?
' But 'tis his will, and must not discontent me:
' Yet after, sure, a proverb this will prove,
' The gift King John bestow'd upon his love.

' When all that race in memory are set,
' And by their statues their achievements done,
' Which won abroad, and which at home did get,
' From son to sire, from sire again to son,
' Grac'd with the spoils that gloriously they
won:
' Oh! that of him it only should be said,
' This was King John, the murth'rer of a maid!

' Oh! keep it safely from the mouth of fame,
' That none do hear of his unhallowed deed;
' Be secret to him, and conceal his shame,
' Lest after-ages hap the same to read,
' And that the letters shewing it do bleed!
' Oh! let the grave mine innocence hold,
' Before of him this tyranny be told!

Thus having spoke, my sorrows to assuage,
The heavy burthen of my pensive breast,
The poison then that in my brain did rage,
His deadly vigour forcibly exprest,
Not suff'ring me to stand upon the rest,
Longer for him it was no time to stay;
And death call'd on, to hasten me away.

Thus in my closet being left alone,
Upon the floor uncomfortably lying,
The fact committed, and the murth'rer gone,
Arrived at the utmost point of dying,
Some of the sisters me by chance espying,
Call'd all the rest, that in most woful plight
Came to behold that miserable fight.

Thus like a rose by some unkindly blast,
'Mongst many buds that round about it grow,
The with'ring leaves improsp'rously doth cast,
Whilst all the rest their sovereign beauties shew :
Amidst this goodly sisterhood even so,
Nipt with cold death untimely did I fade,
Whilst they about me piteous wailing made.

And my sad soul upon her sudden flight,
So soon forsaken of each several sense,
With all the horror death could her affright,
Strongly disturbed at her parting hence,
All comfort fled her! for her last defence,
Doth to her spotless innocence betake her,
Which left her not, when all the rest forsake
her.

To shew our pleasures are but children's toys,
And as mere shadows, or like bubbles pass,
As years encrease, so waning are our joys,
Forgotten as our favours in a glass,
A very tale of that which never was :
Even so, death us and our delights can sever,
Virtue alone abandoneth us never.

My spirit thus from imprisonment enlarg'd,
Glad to have got out of her earthly room,
My debt to nature faithfully discharg'd,
And at the hour appointed on my tomb?
Such was the heaven's inevitable doom,
Mc Baynard's-castle to the world did bring,
Dunmow again my place of burying.

And scarcely was my breathless body cold,
But ev'ry where my tragedy was spread,
For tatling fame in ev'ry place had told

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My resolution, being lately dead,
Ruining my blood so prodigally shed ;
And to my father flies with this mischance,
That time remaining in the court of France,

His loss too great to be bewail'd with tears,
It was not words that could express his woe,
Grief had herself so settled in his ears,
No more might enter, nothing out might go ;
Scarce since man was, was man perplexed so :
Enough of sorrow is already shewn,
And telling his, were to renew mine own.

Let it suffice me, that I here relate,
And bear myself the burthen of my ill,
If to the life I have express'd my fate,
Its all I ask, and I obtain my will
For that true sorrow needs not others skill ;
Enough's that present bitterness we taste,
Without remembring of that which is past.

Some say, the king repentant for this deed,
When his remorse to think thereof him drave,
Poorly disguised in a pilgrim's weed,
Offered his tears on my untimely grave,
For which, no doubt, but heaven his sin forgave ;
And my blood calling for revenge appeas'd,
He from the sin, I from my labours eas'd.

Thus told my story, I my love devise
To you, dear madam, fitt'ft with you to rest,
Which all my virtues daily exercise,
That be imprinted on your patient breast,
By whom alone I rightliest am express'd ;
For whom my praise, it grieves me, is too scant ;
Whose happy name an epithet shall want.

Then, most sweet lady, for a maiden's sake,
To shed one tear if gently you but deign,
For all my wrongs it full amends shall make,
And be my pass to the Elysian plain.
In your chaste eyes such pow'r there doth remain,
As can th' afflicted prosp'rously deliver ;
Happy be they, who look upon them ever.

O

T H E
L E G E N D
O F
PIERCE GAVESTON.

From gloomy shadows of eternal night,
Shut up in darkness endlessly to dwell,
Oh! here behold me miserable wight,
A while releas'd, my tragedy to tell;
Let me have leave my sorrows to impart,
Somewhat to ease my sad afflicted heart.

Goddeſs of arms and arts, Pallas divine,
Let thy bright ſauchion lend me cypreſs boughs,
Be thou aſſiſting to this poet of mine,
With funeral wreaths ingarlanding his brows;
Pitying my woes, when none would hear me
weep,
That for my ſorrows lays his own to ſleep.

Thou mournfull'ſt maiden of the ſacred nine,
That baleful ſounds immoveably do'ſt breath,
With thy ſwol'n viſage and thy blubber'd eie,
Let me to thee my ſad complaints bequeath,
Ne'er to thyſelf canſt thou win greater glory,
Than in exactly ſetting forth my ſtory.

Tell how the fates my giddy courſe did guide,
Th' inconstant turns of ev'ry changing hour,
By many a low ebb, many a luſty tide,
Many a ſmooth calm, many a ſow'ring ſhow'r,
The height whereto I laſtly did aſcend,
Bend my beginning to my fatal end.

When our firſt Edward ſat on England's throne,
Longſhanks, who long victoriously did reign,
Firſt of that name, and ſecond yet to none,
In what to knighthood ever did pertain;
My life began. a life ſo full of bliſs,
Then in his days, thoſe happy days of his.

Virtue did then men's hearts ſo much inflame,
That no promotion could be got with gold:
For in his days he that deſired fame,
Bought it of him that it full dearly ſold;
Hateful exceſs did not ſo much devour,
Law had leſs force, and honeſty more pow'r.

And ſince ſwift Time ſo violently preys
Upon thoſe ages that even holieſt be;
Let me remember thoſe ſo happy days,
In theſe ſad hours which my vex'd eyes do ſee,
With greater grief to make me to deplore
Theſe, when I think of thoſe that were of yore.

Then Muſe, lo, I obſequiouſly appeal
To thee (my life ſince I intend to ſhew)
That thou of me wilt faithfully reveal
Even what the moſt inquiſitive would know,
Whilst here my ſoul embodied did abide
In this vain world, which pamper'd me with
pride.

By birth a Gascoigne, of a fair descent,
And of our house, the heir my father born,
In all his wars that with King Edward went,
To him his liegeman, and a soldier sworn,
And in our country left his whole estate,
To follow him, who seem'd to govern fate:

Whose trust that great king highly did employ,
And near his person had him for the same,
Who with myself, then but a little boy,
Into the court of famous England came,
Whereas the king, for service by him done,
Made me a page to the brave prince his son.

All men in shape I did so far excell,
(The parts in me such harmony did bear)
As in my model nature seem'd to tell,
That her perfection she had placed here,
As from each age reserving the rarest feature,
To make me up her excellentest creature.

My looks so powerful, adamant to love,
And had such virtue to attract the sight,
That they could fix it, or could make it move
As though it follow'd some celestial light;
That where my thoughts intended to surprise,
I at my pleasure conquer'd with mine eyes.

As if some great Apelles in his art [know,
Would that the world his master-piece should
Imagination doing then her part;
When he had done the utmost he could do,
For that rare picture to fit out a mind,
This one was I, the wonder of my kind.

This dainty bait I laid for Edward's love,
Which soon upon him got so sure a tie,
As no misfortune e'er could it remove,
When she the utmost of her force did try;
Nor death itself had after power to sunder;
O feld-seen friendship, in the world a wonder!

Love, on this earth the only mean thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heav'n,
And it is thou that only do'st impart
The good that to mortality is given.
O sacred bond, by time that art not broken!
O thing divine, by angels to be spoken!

Thus with young Edward bath'd in worldly bliss,
Whilst tutors care his wand'ring years did guide,
I liv'd, enjoying whatsoe'er was his,
Who ne'er my pleasure any thing deny'd:
Whose watchful eye so duly me attended,
As on my safety if his life depended.

But whether it my rare perfections were,
That won my youth such favour in his eye,
Or it pleas'd heav'n (to shew it held me dear)
To show'r on me this blessing from the sky,
I know not; but it rightly could direct,
That could produce so pow'rful an effect.

O thou dread book, where our fates are enroll'd,
Who hath so clear eyes as to look into thee?

What is that man, by whom thou art controul'd,
Or hath the key of reason to undo thee?
When none but heaven thy dark decrees can
know,
Whose depth we found not which dwell here
below.

The soul her liking eas'ly can espy
(By sympathy, to her by heav'n assign'd)
Through her clear windows, the well-seeing
eye,
Which doth convey the image to the mind
Without advisement, and can apprehend
That, whose true cause man's knowledge doth
transcend.

This Edward in the April of his age,
Whilst yet the crown sat on his father's head,
Like sportful Jove with his rapt Phrygian page,
Me with ambrosial delicacies fed:
He might command, who was the sov'reign's
But my direction only must be done. [son,

My will a law authentically past;
My Yea by him was never cross'd with No;
In his affection chain'd to me so fast,
That as my shadow still he seem'd to go;
To me this prince so pliant was in all,
Still as an echo answer'ing to my call.

My smiles, his life; so joy'd he in my sight,
That his delight was led by my desire,
From my clear eyes so borrowing all his light,
As pale-fac'd Cynthia from her brother's fire.
He made my cheek the pillow for his head,
My brow his book, my bosom was his bed.

Like fair Idalia, bent to amorous sport
With young Adonis in the pleasant shade,
Expressing their affections in that sort,
As though her utmost passion should persuade
The one of us the other still to move
To all the tender dalliances of love.

The table thus of our delight was lay'd,
Serv'd with what dainties pleasure could devise,
And many a Syren sweetly to us play'd,
But youth had not us therewith to suffice:
For we on that insatiately did feed,
Which our confusion afterwards did breed.

For still I spurr'd up his untam'd desire,
Then sitting in the chariot of the sun;
My blandishments were fuel to that fire
Wherein he fry'd: I for his flight begun
To wax his wings, and taught him art to fly,
Who on his back might bear me through the
sky

Whilst the vain world so cunningly could win
Us, her false flatteries who too long did trust,
Till having lost the clue which led us in,
We wander'd in the labyrinth of lust.
For when the soul is nuzled once in vice,
The sweet of sin makes hell a paradise.

Who to the full thy vileness, World, e'er told?
 What is in thee, that's not extremely ill?
 A loathsome shop, where poison's only sold,
 Whose very entrance instantly doth kill;
 Nothing in thee but villany doth dwell,
 And all thy ways lead headlong into hell.

The king, whose trust I lewdly had betray'd,
 His son, like Phaeton, vent'ring on the skies,
 Perceiv'd his course was per'lous to be stay'd,
 For he was grave, and wonderfully wise,
 And if with skill he curb'd not his desire,
 Edward might eas'ly set his throne on fire.

'This was a cor'sive to old Edward's days,
 And without ceasing fed upon his bones,
 That in the day bereav'd him of his ease,
 Breaking his sleep with continual moans;
 This more depress'd and sadder weigh'd him
 down,
 Than the care else belonging to the crown.

And though he had judicially descry'd
 The cause from whence this malady first grew,
 It was no cure, unless he could provide
 Means to prevent the danger to ensue;
 Wherefore he for his purpose made them way,
 Against my courses that had aught to say.

When those in court my opposites that were,
 This fair advantage and could finely take,
 And for my fall what did to them appear
 So fitly for their purposes to make,
 Thereon their forces instantly to ground,
 Me to the world perpetually to wound.

What thing so false, but taken was for truth,
 So that on me a scandal it might bring,
 By such as stuck not to accuse my youth,
 To sin in the unnaturalest thing,
 And all forepassed outrages awake,
 Me to mankind contemptible to make?

Wherefore the prince more straitly was bestow'd,
 In foreign realms and I adjudg'd to roam,
 And sharply censur'd to be held abroad,
 Who had betray'd my hopeful trust at home;
 Adjudg'd to die, were I by any found,
 After my set day, on the English ground.

That, as astounded with a mighty blow,
 I stood a while insensible of pain,
 Till somewhat waken'd by my colder woe,
 I felt the wound by which my joys were slain,
 By which I fainted hourly more and more,
 Nor could I think what cure could me restore.

But as a turtle for her loved make,
 Whose youth her dear virginity enjoy'd,
 Sits throw'd in some solitary brake,
 With melancholy pensiveness annoy'd:
 Thus without comfort sat I all alone,
 From the sweet presence of Prince Edward
 gone.

My beauty, that disdain'd the summer's light,
 Now foully beaten with bleak winter's storms;
 My limbs were put to travel day and night,
 So often hugg'd in Princely Edward's arms;
 Those eyes oft viewing pleasure in her pride,
 Saw fearful objects on their either side.

Whilst in these tempests I was strangely tost,
 Myself confining in my native France,
 By many a sad calamity still crost,
 Inseparables to my sore mischance;
 Others, that stem'd the current of the time,
 Whence I had fall'n, suddenly to climb.

Like the chamæleon, whilst Time turns the hue,
 And with false Proteus puts on sundry shapes,
 This change scarce gone, a second doth ensue,
 One fill'd, another for promotion gapes:
 Thus do they swarm like flies about the brim,
 Some drown'd, and some do with much danger
 swim.

And some, on whom the sun shone wond'rous fair,
 Yet of the season little seem'd to vaunt,
 For there were clouds hung in the troubled air,
 Threat'ning that they of their desires might want;
 Which made them flag, prepared else to fly,
 Whilst with their falls they fading honour buy.

When posting Time, that never turns again,
 Whose winged feet fly swiftly with the sun,
 By the fleet hours attending on his train,
 His revolution fatally begun,
 And in his course brought suddenly about
 That, which before the wiser sort did doubt.

For whilst King Edward wholly doth attend
 A happy voyage to the Holy Land,
 For which the laity mighty sums did lend,
 Even whilst this business hotly was in hand,
 See but to me what fortune there can fall,
 This conqueror's death hath quickly alter'd all!

Should I presume his praises to report,
 Thinking thereby to grace his so great name,
 My mean endeavours would fall far too short,
 And I too much should but impair his fame;
 I'll leave that to some sacred muse to tell,
 Upon whose life a poet's pen might dwell.

Scarce was his body lap'd up in the lead,
 Before his doleful obsequies were done,
 When England's crown was set on Edward's head,
 With whom too soon my joyful days begun,
 As the black night at the approaching day,
 My former sorrows vanished away.

Edward Carnarvon calls me from exile,
 Whom Edward Longshanks banish'd to his death;
 I, whom the father held most base and vile,
 Was to the son as precious as his breath:
 What th' old king writ, the young king forth
 did blot, [got.
 Th' alive's remembered, dead men's words for-

The fair wind wafts me to that wish'd-for place,
And sets me safely on that blessed shore,
From whence I seem'd but banish'd for a space,
That my return might honour'd be the more,
There to my lov'd lord happily to leave me,
Whose arms were cast wide open to receive me.

Who would have seen that noble Roman dame,
O'ercome with joy, give up her vital breath,
Her son returning founded in by fame,
When thankful Rome had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her personated right,
At my approach to my dear Edward's fight.

My Jove, now Lord of the ascendent is,
In an aspect to promise happy speed,
And such on me that influence of his,
As prais'd the course wherein we did proceed;
Yet most prodigious it to some appears,
Telling the troubles of ensuing years.

When, like to Midas, all I touch'd was gold,
Upon me showr'd, as into Danae's lap,
For I obtained any thing I would,
So well had fortune lotted out my hap:
For princes treasures like to oceans are,
To whom all rivers naturally repair.

The Isle of Man the first to me he gave,
He could not stay, until I would demand;
And to be sure to give e'er I could crave,
I next received from his bounteous hand
Fair Wallingford, which many years had been
The wealthy dow'r of Elenor the Queen.

Those sums his father had been levying long
By impositions for the war abroad,
Other his princely benefits among,
At once on me he liberally bestow'd,
When some that saw how much on me he cast,
Perceiv'd his wealth could not maintain his waste.

He gave me then his secretary's place,
Thereby to train me in affairs of state;
Me in those rooms, that I was in, to grace,
And Earl of Cornwal frankly did create;
Besides, in court more freely to partake me,
Of England he High Chamberlain did make me.

And to the royal blood me to ally,
(Which did but back my humour of ambition)
In bands of wedlock did to me affy
A lady of an excellent condition,
Which Joan of Arches his dear sister bare
To th' Earl of Glo'ster, that right noble Clare,

O blessed bounty giving all content!
The only fountains of all noble arts,
That lend'st success to every good intent,
A grace that rests in the most godlike hearts,
By heaven to none but happy souls infused,
Pity it is that e'er thou wast abused.

When those here first that my exile procur'd,
Which in my heart still hated did abide,
As they before by no means me endur'd,
So were they now impatient of my pride:
For emulation ever did attend
Upon the great, and shall so to the end.

To cross whom, into favour I wrought those,
That from mean places lifted up by me,
Being factious spirits, were fittest to oppose
Them, that perhaps too pow'rful else might be,
That against envy raised by my hand,
Must uphold me, to make themselves to stand.

Having my frame so cunningly contriv'd,
To bolster me in my ambitious ways,
I shew'd the king my hate to be deriv'd
From those high honours that he on me lays,
Drawing him on (my courses to partake)
Still to maintain what he himself did make.

Thus did my youth but exercise extremes,
My heed was rashness to forerun my fall,
My wit but folly, and my hopes but dreams,
My counsel serv'd myself but to inthrall,
Abusing me but with a vain illusion,
And altogether hastening my confusion.

When as King Edward hast'neth his repair,
T' espouse the Princess Isabel of France,
Daughter to Philip that was call'd the Fair,
By which he thought his strength much to advance;
And here at home to perfect my command,
He left me the protection of the land.

Giving me power so absolute withal,
That I drank pleasure in a plenteous cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands so freely render'd up,
That heav'n on me no greater bliss could bring,
Except to make me greater than my king.

Thus being got as high as I could climb,
With this abundance beyond measure blest,
I thought t' embrace the benefit of time,
Fully to take what freely I possess;
Holding for truth, that he is worse than mad,
Fondly to spare, a prince's wealth that had.

Their counsel then continually I cross,
As scorning their authority and blood,
And those things that concern'd their honours most,
In those against them evermore I stood,
And things for public, privately did spend
To feed my riot, that could find no end.

Until false fortune, like a treacherous foe,
Which had so long attended on my fall,
In the plain path wherein I was to go,
Lay'd many a bait to train me on withal,
Till by her skill she cunningly had brought me
Into the trap where she at pleasure caught me.

For when the barons hotly went in hand,
 With tilts and tourneys for the king's return,
 To shew the French the glory of the land,
 The fixed day I labour'd to adjourn,
 Till all their charge was lastly overthrown,
 Who could abide no glory but mine own.

Thus fought my fate me forward still to set,
 As though some engine seiz'd me with a flight :
 One mischief soon a second doth beget,
 The second brings a third but on too right,
 And every one itself employeth wholly
 In their just course to prosecute my folly.

For when the barons found me to retain
 'Th' ambitious course wherein I first began,
 And deeply felt, that under my disdain,
 Into contempt continually they ran,
 They took up arms to remedy their wrong,
 Which their cold spirits had suffer'd but too
 long.

Me boldly charging to abuse the king,
 A wasteful spender of his wealth and treasure,
 A secret thief of many a sacred thing,
 And that I led him to unlawful pleasure ;
 Who never did in any thing delight,
 But what might please my bestial appetite.

That like a sickness on the land was sent,
 Whose hateful courses the chief cause had been
 The commonwealth thus totter'd was and rent,
 And worse and worse yet every day foreseen.
 Thus was I scandal'd publicly of many,
 Who pitied none, nor pitied was of any.

And since I thus was match'd by men of might,
 The king, my danger that discreetly weigh'd,
 Seeing them to pursue me with such spight,
 Me into Ireland secretly convey'd,
 Till with my peers my peace he might procure,
 Or might my safety otherwise assure.

Like one, whose house remedilessly burning,
 Seeing his goods long heap'd together lost,
 The mischief no whit lessen'd by his mourning,
 Taketh some one thing that he loveth most,
 And to some sure place doth with that retire,
 Leaving the rest to th' mercy of the fire.

And he that nought too dear for me did deem,
 So it might serve to cover my disgrace,
 To make my absence otherwise to seem,
 And to the world to bear a fairer face,
 Lest my exile, suggested by their hate,
 In England here perhaps might wound my state :

By their wise counsel that were him about,
 Of Ireland he me deputy doth make,
 And caus'd it each where to be given out,
 My journey therefore thither I did take,
 To stop their mouths, that gladly would embrace
 The least thing that might sound to my disgrace.

Whereas he set me in that princely fort,
 As in my place might purchase me renown,

With no less bounty to maintain a court,
 Than hourly crav'd th' revenues of a crown,
 Thither his bounty so much did me bring,
 That though he reign'd, yet there was I a king.

There were few weeks, but some the Channel crost
 With sundry presents of a wond'rous price,
 Some jewel that him infinitely cost,
 Or some rich robe of excellent device,
 That they which saw what he upon me threw,
 Well might discern some change must needs
 ensue.

And since the flow me follow'd in this wise,
 The fulness I as amply entertain,
 It had been folly to have seem'd precise,
 To take that which fell on me like the rain,
 Such as before no age had ever seen,
 And since he was, I think, hath seldom been.

So that, when the bold barony had found
 The cunning us'd in covering of my flight,
 That shifted me but to a surer ground,
 On which they vainly had bestow'd their might,
 Perceiv'd far off that greater peril rose,
 Than they could find how fitly to dispose.

Like those that strive to stop some swelling source,
 (Whose plenty none can comprehend in bounds)
 Which climbs above th' opposers of his course,
 And that which should encircle it surrounds,
 That so innated in itself is blest,
 That 'tis the more, the more it is deprest.

For fearing much the force I had abroad,
 Who knew the way the Irish hearts to win,
 They thought me better here to be bestow'd,
 And for the state more safely far therein,
 Where though my spoil they hop'd not to
 prevent,
 Yet could they see the giddy course I went.

Of which they scarcely had conceiv'd the thought,
 And did thereto but seemingly descend,
 But that the king immediately it caught,
 Nor car'd he by it what they did intend,
 Plot what they could, so he thereby might gain
 me,
 Once in his court again to entertain me.

What is so hard, but majesty commands,
 Yea, and severely humbleth with the eye ?
 Whose very nod acts with a thousand hands,
 In it such virtue secretly doth lye,
 Having t' uphold it the high power of fate,
 It is imperious both o'er love and hate.

This king, who no occasion could neglect,
 That aught me to my happiness might win,
 Did with such care my bus'nesses effect,
 And ever was so fortunate therein,
 That he to pass in little time did bring,
 What most men thought to be a doubtful thing.

When posts away with their full packets went,
 Me out of Ireland instantly to call,

Allow'd of by the general consent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;
Yet 'twas sufficient that it freedom gave me,
But to be here where he desir'd to have me.

My proud sails swelling with a prosp'rous wind,
The boist'rous seas did homage to mine eyes,
And much above their usual course were kind,
All lowring clouds abandoning the skies,
Nothing discern'd in any star to fear me,
Fortune herself sat at the helm to steer me.

What time the king a progress needs would make
Into North Wales, his native place to see,
Which was indeed but only for my sake,
Who at West Chester knew to meet with me,
And there, with all the state he could devise,
To do me honour in the people's eyes.

Where for my landing long he did provide,
That nought might want to nourish my delight,
And at each lodging as along we ride,
He entertain'd me with some pleasing fight;
And that the realm our friendship might report,
We enter'd London in this royal fort.

Which prov'd sharp spurs to my untam'd desire,
Lending the reins to my lascivious will,
And put me forth upon my full career,
On places slippery, and my manage ill;
Small my foresight, and over much my haste,
Which me (alas!) unfortunately cast.

King Edward's ear when having at command,
Who aught would have, he must me entertain;
And yet before it pass'd to my gripple hand,
I share the great'st part to my private gain;
Ner car'd I what from any I could wring,
So I might coin into my coffers bring.

Then daily begg'd I great monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the crown,
Transporting all the best commodities
Useful to England, needed of her own,
And basely sold all offices, till then
The due reward of well-deserving men.

And being inconsiderately proud,
Held all things vile that suited not my vein;
Nothing might pass, but that which I allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gain,
Giving vile terms and nicknames of disgrace,
To men of great birth, and of greater place.

Whereby brake out that execrable rage,
Which long before had boiled in their blood,
Themselves by oath against me they engage,
Who thus had all authority withstood,
And in the quarrel up their arms do take,
Or to mar all, or better it to make.

'They durst affirm my mother was a witch,
And in the fire condemned burnt to be,
And I her son, so rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her forceries to me;

Urging it on, for a most certain thing,
That I by magic wrought upon the king.

And into France they charg'd me to convey
A goodly table of pure massy gold,
A relique kept in Windsor many a day,
Which to King Arthur did belong of old,
Upon whose margent, as they did surmise,
There were engraven Merlin's prophecies.

And by appealing to the see of Rome,
They soon procur'd a legate to the land,
With malediction by the church's doom,
Upon that man, which on my part should stand;
The king suspending, should he not consent,
To ratify the barony's intent.

Which they to purpose prosp'rously effect,
Then at full strength, to counterpoise his force;
Having withal the clergy to direct
Them the best way in their resistless course,
Till at the last King Edward they procure,
By solemn oath me ever to abjure.

Th' uncertain issue of each earthly thing,
Set out most lively in my star-cross'd state,
That doth remain in fortune's managing,
Appearing in my variable fate:
On me that frown'd and flatter'd me so oft,
Casting me down, then setting me aloft.

To Flanders then my present course I cast,
Which as the fair'st, so fittest for my ease:
That way is saf'st that soonest can be past,
All not my friends that were abroad at seas;
Such friends in France they daily did procure,
That there myself I doubted to secure.

Where, though I chang'd my habit and my name,
Hoping thereby to live unknown to any;
Yet swift report had so divulg'd my shame,
My hateful life was publish'd to too many,
That as I pass'd through every street along,
I was the tale of every common tongue.

From whence I found a secret means, to have
Intelligence with my kind lord the king,
Who fail'd no month, but he me notice gave
What the proud barons had in managing;
And labour'd thon, as he had done before,
Me into England safety to restore.

For which relying on my sovereign's love,
To whom as life I had been ever dear,
Which ne'er than now I had more need to prove,
Who strove t' obtain, if any mean there were,
A dispensation for his former oath,
In their despight that thereto seem'd most loth

Which long debating, we resolv'd at length,
Since I by marriage strongly was ally'd,
I at this pinch should stand upon my strength
And should for England, hap what could betide
And in a ship that for my passage lay,
Thither myself to secretly convey.

Where safely landed on the wished shore,
 With speed to court I closely me betook,
 Yet gave the king intelligence before,
 About what time he there for me should look,
 Who was devising, when I should arrive,
 The surest way my safety to contrive.

Which the lords finding, whilst their blood was
 hot,
 That to themselves then only were to trust;
 For what before was done, avail'd them not,
 And for my sake they found the king unjust,
 Bringing thereby, whilst trifling they do stand,
 Spoil on themselves, and peril on the land.

Who was so dull, that did not then distaste,
 That thus the king his nobles should neglect?
 And those in court we for our purpose plac'd,
 Gave us just cause their dealings to suspect,
 And they that view'd us with the pleas'd'st eye,
 Yet at our actions often look'd awry.

Which made King Edward presently provide
 A chosen convoy of his chiefest friends,
 To guard me safe to York, to be supply'd
 With foreign succours, and to Scotland sends
 To warlike Baliol, and to Wales, from whence
 He hop'd for power to frustrate their pretence.

But they his agents quickly intercept,
 Not then to seek in so well known a thing,
 And both the marches they so strictly kept,
 That none could enter to assist the king,
 Only to chastise my abhorred sin,
 Who had the cause of all these troubles been.

Thus like a ship, despoiled of her sails,
 Shov'd by the wind against the streamful tide,
 This way the one, that way the other hales,
 Now tow'rs this shore, and now tow'rs that
 doth ride,
 As that poor vessel's, such my brittle stay,
 The nearer land, the nearer cast away.

Thou kingdom's corsive, home-begotten hate,
 In any limits never that wast bounded,
 When didst thou yet seize upon any state,
 By thee that was not utterly confounded?
 How many empires be there that do rue thee?
 Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of all succour utterly bereft,
 Only some small force that we had at sea,
 For us to trust to, fortune had us left,
 On which our hopes upon this up-cast lay,
 Which we to hasten speedily do make,
 Our former courses forced to forsake.

Our present peril hap'ning to be so,
 That did for aid importunately call,
 Wherefore in York, as safest from the foe,
 He left me to the keeping of the wall,
 Till his return me further aid might give,
 When more and more he studied to relieve.

The barons then from Bedford setting on,
 Th' appointed rendy where they gath' red head,
 When they had notice that the king was gone,
 Tow'rs Yorkshire with celerity them sped,
 To seize my person purposed that were,
 Whose presence else might make them to for-
 bear.

When leaving York, to Scarborough I post,
 With that small force the city had to lend me,
 The strongest fort that stood upon the coast,
 And of all other likest to defend me,
 Which at the worst, from whence in their
 despight,
 The hills at hand might privilege my flight.

But they which kept the country round about,
 Upon each passage set so watchful spies,
 Of well-wall'd York that I was scarcely out,
 But on their light-horse after me they rise,
 And suddenly they in upon me came,
 E'er I had time to get into the same.

Thence with intent tow'rs Oxford to convey me
 When by the way, as birds do at the owl,
 Some wonder'd at me, some again did bay me,
 As hungry wolves at passengers do howl:
 Each one rejoycing that I thus was caught,
 Who on the land these miseries had brought,

Conducted thus to Dedington at last,
 Where th' Earl of Pembroke will'd me to be stay'd,
 To understand before they further past,
 What by the king could on my side be said
 About this business, and tow'rs Edward went,
 T' acquaint him with the general intent.

But th' Earl of Warwick (lying but too near)
 The dog of Arden that I us'd to call,
 Who mortal hatred did me ever bear,
 He whom I most suspected of them all,
 Thither repairing with his powerful band,
 Seiz'd upon me with a violent hand.

To Warwick castle carrying me along,
 (Where he had long desired me to get)
 With friends and tenants absolutely strong,
 Whom all the puissant barony abet,
 Which since occasion offer'd them such hold,
 Hasten my death by all the means they could.

North from the town, a mile or very near,
 A little hill in public view doth lye,
 That's called Blacklow of the dwellers there,
 Near to the ancient hermitage of Guy,
 To which the lords me as a traitor led,
 And on a scaffold took away my head.

My life and fortunes lively thus exprest,
 In the sad tenor of my tragic tale,
 Let me return to the fair fields of rest,
 Thither transported with a prosp'rous gale,
 And leave the world my destiny to view,
 Bidding it thus eternally adieu.

THE
L E G E N D
O F
T H O M A S C R O M W E L L,
E A R L O F E S S E X.

Awak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread
With the loud slander (by the impious time)
That of my actions every where is spread,
Through which to honour falsely I should climb:
From the sad dwelling of th' untimely dead,
To quit me of that execrable crime,
Cromwell appears, his wretched plight to shew,
Much that can tell, as one that much did
know.

Roughly not made up in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I should die,
What thing so strange of Cromwell is not told?
What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd
than I?
That with the world when I am waxed old,
Most 'twere unfit that Fame of me should lie,
With fables vain my history to fill,
Forcing my good, excusing of my ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice instantly bewray,
And for my sake your ill deserved blame
Upon my legend publicly shall lay,
Would you forbear to blast me with defame,
Might I so mean a privilege but pray,
He that three ages had endur'd your wrong,
Hear him a little, who hath heard you
long.

Since Rome's sad ruin here by me began,
Who her religion pluckt up by the root,
Of the false world such hate for which I wan,
Which still at me her poisoned'st darts doth
shoot;
That to excuse it, do the best I can,
Little, I fear, my labour me will boot:
Yet will I speak, my troubled heart to ease,
Much to the mind herself it is to please.

O powerful number, from whose stricter law
Heart-moving music did receive the ground,
Which man to fair civility did draw,
With the brute beast when lawless he was found :
O, if according to the wiser saw,
There be a high divinity in sound,
Be now abundant, prosp'rously to aid
The pen prepar'd my doubtful case to plead.

Putney the place made blessed by my birth,
Whose meanest cottage simply me did shrowd,
To me as dearest of the English earth ;
So of my bringing that poor village proud,
Though in a time when never less the dearth
Of happy wits, yet mine so well allow'd,
That with the best she boldly durst prefer
Me, that my breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming
woo'd,
Striking the wond'ring borderers with fear,
And the pale genius of that aged flood,
To my sick mother labouring did appear,
And with a countenance much distracted flood,
Threat'ning the fruit her pained womb should
bear :
My speedy birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to fore-tell that much I came to do.

Who was reserved for those worser days,
As the great ebb unto so long a flow,
When what those ages formerly did raise,
This, when I liv'd, did lastly overthrow,
And that great'st labour of the world did seize,
Only for which immedicable blow,
Due to that time, me dooming heaven or-
dain'd,
Wherein confusion absolutely reign'd,

Vainly yet noted this prodigious sign,
Often predictions of most fearful things,
As plagues, or war, or great men to decline,
Rising of commons, or the death of kings ;
But some strange news though ever it divine,
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
Until th' effects men afterward did learn,
To know that me it chiefly did concern.

Whilst yet my father by his painful trade,
Whose labour'd anvil only was his fee,
Whom my great tow'rdness strongly did persuade,
In knowledge to have educated me ;
But death did him unluckily invade,
E'er he the fruits of his desire could see,
Leaving me young, then little that did know,
How me the heavens had purpos'd to bestow.

Hopeless as helpless most might me suppose,
Whose meanness seem'd their abject breath to
draw :

Yet did my breast that glorious fire inclose,
Which their dull purblind ignorance not saw,
Which still is settled upon outward shows,
The vulgar's judgment ever is so raw,

Which the unworthiest sottishly do love,
In their own region properly that move.

Yet me my fortune so could not disguise,
But through this cloud were some that did me
know,
Which than the rest more happy, or more wise,
Me did relieve, when I was driven low,
Which, as the stairs by which I first did rise,
When to my height I afterward did grow,
Them to requite, my bounties were so high,
As made my name through every ear to flie.

That height and god-like purity of mind,
Resteth not still, where titles most adorn
With any, nor peculiarly confin'd
To names, and to be limited doth scorn :
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,
Richest and poorest both alike are born ;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man
That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
Which first by noble industry he wan,
His baser issue after should inhance,
And the rude slave not any good that can,
Such should thrust down by what is his by chance :
As had not he been first that him did raise,
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandfire's
praise.

How weak art thou, that makest it thy end
To heap such worldly dignities on thee,
When upon fortune only they depend,
And by her changes governed must be ?
Besides the dangers still that such attend,
Liveliest of all men pourtray'd out in me,
When that, for which I hated was of all,
Soon'ft from me fled, scarce tarrying for my
fall.

You that but boast your ancestors proud stile,
And the large stem whence your vain greatness
grew,
When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discover you,
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things,
Bafe I proclaim you, though deriv'd from kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainst the rude world to stand up in his right,
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Nor ceasing to pursue her with despight :
Yet when of all she is accounted base,
And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Least then dismay'd, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,
For her dear sake that offereth him to die,
For whom, when him the world doth disinherite,

Looketh upon it with a pleased eye,
What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudest menaces defy, [rate him,
More worth than life, howe'er the base world
Belov'd of heaven, although the earth doth
hate him.

Injurious time, unto the good unjust,
O! how may weak posterity suppose
Ever to have their merit from the dust,
'Gainst them thy partiality that knows?
To thy report, O who shall ever trust,
Triumphant arches building unto those,
Allow'd the longest memory to have,
That were the most unworthy of a grave?

But my clear metal had that powerful heat,
As it not turn'd with all that fortune could:
Nor when the world me terriblest did threat,
Could win that place, which my high thoughts
did hold,
That waxed still more prosperously great,
The more the world me strove to have controll'd,
On mine own columns constantly to stand,
Without the false help of another's hand.

My youthful course thus wisely did I steer,
T' avoid those rocks my wrack that else did threat;
Yet some fair hopes from far did still appear,
If that too much my wants did me not let:
Wherefore myself above myself to bear,
Still as I grew, I knowledge strove to get,
To perfect that which in the embryo was,
Whose birth, I found, time well might bring
to pass.

But when my means to fail me I did find,
Myself to travel presently I took:
For 'twas distasteful to my noble mind,
That the vile world into my wants should look,
Being besides industriously inclin'd,
To measure others actions with my book,
My judgment more to rectify thereby,
In matters that were difficult and high.

When lo it hapt, that fortune, as my guide,
Of me did with such providence dispose,
That th' English merchants then, who did reside
At Antwerp, me their secretary chose,
(As though in me to manifest her pride)
Whence to those principalities I rose,
To pluck me down, whom afterward she fear'd,
Beyond her power that almost she had rear'd.

When first the wealthy Netherlands me train'd,
In wise commerce most proper to that place,
And from my country carefully me wain'd,
As with the world it meant to win me grace,
Where great experience happily I gain'd;
Yet here I seem'd but tutor'd for a space,
For high employment otherwise ordain'd,
'Till which the time I idly entertain'd.

For Boston bus'ness hotly then in hand,
The charge thereof on chambers being laid,

Coming to Flanders, hapt to understand
Of me, whom he requested him to aid;
Of which, when I the benefit had scan'd,
Weighing what time at Antwerp I had stay'd,
Soon it me won fair Italy to try,
Under a cheerful and more lucky sky.

For what the meanest clearly makes to shine,
Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concur:
In every project, that so powerful trine,
By whose kind working bravely I did stir,
Which to each high and glorious design
(The time could offer) freely did me spur,
As forcing fate some new thing to prepare,
(Shewing success) t' attempt that could me
dare.

Where now my spirit got roomth itself to show,
To the fair'st pitch to make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
Where higher still it every day did grow;
And being in so excellent a plight,
Crav'd but occasion happily to prove,
How much it sat each vulgar spirit above.

The good success th' affairs of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been
made:
For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade,
Myself and through the straitest ways I wound.
So could I act, so well I could persuade,
As meerly jovial in myself was I,
Compos'd of freedom and alacrity.

Not long it was e'er Rome of me did ring,
(Hardly shall Rome so full days see again)
Of freemens catches to the Pope I sing,
Which wan much licence to my countrymen,
Thither the which I was the first did bring,
That were unknown to Italy till then:
Light humours them when judgment doth
direct,
Even of the wise win plausible respect.

And those, from whom that pensions were allow'd,
And there did for intelligence remain,
Under my power themselves were glad to shrowd,
Russell and Pace yea oftentimes were fain,
When as their names they durst not have avow'd,
Me into their society t' retain,
Rising before me, mighty as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me
there.

In foreign parts near friends I yet forsake,
That had before been deeply bound to me,
And would again I use of them should make,
But still my stars command I should be free,
And all those offers lightly from me shake,
Which to requite, I fetter'd else might be;
And though that oft great perils me oppugn,
And means were weak, my mind was ever
strong.

Yet those great wants fate to my youth did tie,
 Me from the pomp of those rich countries drive,
 Thereby enforc'd with painful industry,
 Against affliction manfully to strive,
 Under her burthen faintly not to lie :
 But since my good I hardly must derive,
 Into the same I thought to make my way,
 Through all the pow'r against me she could lay.

As a comedian and my life I led,
 For so a while my need did me constrain,
 With other my poor countrymen (that play'd)
 Thither that came in hope of better gain :
 Whereas when fortune seem'd me low to tread
 Under her feet, she set me up again,
 Until her use bade me her not to fear,
 Her good and ill that patiently could bear.

Till Charles the Fifth th' Imperial pow'r did bend
 'Gainst Rome, which Bourbon skilfully did guide,
 Which fast-declining Italy did rend;
 For th' right that him her holiness deny'd,
 Wholly herself enforced to defend
 'Gainst him that justly punished her pride,
 To which myself I lastly did partake,
 To see thereof what fortune meant to make.

And at the siege with that great gen'ral serv'd,
 When he first girt her stubborn waist with steel,
 Within her walls who well near being starv'd,
 And that with faintness she began to reel,
 Shewing herself a little as she swerv'd :
 First her then noting I began to feel,
 She, whose great pow'r so far abroad did roam,
 What in herself she truly was at home.

That the great school of the false world was then,
 Where her's their subtle practices did vie,
 Amongst that mighty confluence of men,
 French plots propt up by English policy,
 The German powers false shuffling, and again
 All countermin'd by skilful Italy ;
 Each one in possibility to win,
 Great rests were up, and mighty hands were in.

Here first to work my busy brain was set,
 (My inclination finding it to please,
 'This stirring world which strongly still did whet)
 To temper in so dangerous essays,
 Which did strange forms of policies beget;
 Besides in times so turbulent as these,
 Whereto my studies wholly I did bend
 To that, which then the wisest made their end.

And my experience happily me taught
 Into the secrets of those times to see,
 From whence to England afterward I brought
 Those flights of state deliver'd there to me,
 Int' which there then were very few that fought,
 Nor did with th' humour of that age agree,
 Which after did most fearful things effect,
 Whose secret working few did then suspect.

When though 'twere long, it happen'd yet at last
 Some hopes me homeward secretly allur'd,

When many perils strangely I had past,
 As many sad calamities endur'd :
 Beyond the moon when I began to cast,
 By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
 If they at home were to the mighty known,
 How they would seem compared with their own.

Of if that there the great should me neglect,
 As I the worst that vainly did not fear,
 To my experience how to gain respect,
 In other countries that do hold it dear,
 I no occasion vainly did reject,
 Whil'st still before me other rising were,
 And some themselves hath mounted to the sky,
 Little before unlike to thrive as I.

When now in England bigamy with blood,
 Lately begot by luxury and pride,
 In their great'st fulness peremptory stood ;
 Some that those courses diligently ey'd,
 Silly were fishing in that troubled flood,
 For future changes wisely to provide,
 Finding the world so rankly then to swell,
 That till it brake, it never could be well.

But floating long upon my first arrive,
 Whil'st many doubts me seemed to appall,
 Like to a bark that with the tide doth drive,
 Having nought left to fasten it withall,
 Thus with the time by suff'ring I do strive,
 Into what harbour doubtful yet to fall ;
 Until inforc'd to put it to the chance,
 Casting the fair'st, my fortune to advance.

Making myself to mighty Woolsey known,
 That Atlas, with the government up-stay'd,
 Who from mean place in little time was grown
 Up to him, which that wight upon him lay'd ;
 And being got the nearest to his throne,
 He the more eas'ly this great kingdom sway'd,
 Leaning thereon his wearied self to breath,
 Whil'st even the greatest sat him far beneath.

Where learned More and Gardiner I met,
 Men in those times immatchable for wit,
 Able that were the dullest spirit to whet,
 And did my humour excellently fit,
 Into their rank and worthily did get,
 There as their proud competitor to sit.
 One excellence to many is the mother,
 Wits do, as creatures, one beget another.

This founder of the palaces of Kings,
 Whose veins with more than usual spirit were
 fill'd,
 A man ordained to the mighti'st things,
 In Oxford then determining to build
 To Christ a college, and together brings
 All that thereof the great foundation wills,
 There me employs, whose industry he found
 Worthy to work upon the noblest ground.

Yet in the entrance wisely did he fear
 Coin might fall short, yet with this work on fire
 Wherefore such houses as religious were,

Whose being no necessity require,
But that the greater very well might bear,
From Rome the Card'nal cunningly did hire,
Winning withal his sovereign to consent,
It colouring with so holy an intent.

This like a symptom to a long disease,
Was the forerunner to this mighty fall,
And but too unadvisedly did seize
Upon the part that ruined all,
Which, had the work been of so many days,
And more again recover hardly shall :
But lo, it sunk, which time did long up-hold,
Where now it lies even leuell'd with the mold.

Thusthou, great Rome, here first wast overthrown,
Thy future harms that blindly couldst not see,
And in this work they only were thine own,
Whose knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the world before had they not shown,
Ne'er had those secrets been descry'd by me,
Nor by thy wealth so many from the plow.
Worn those high types wherein they flourish
now.

For my master Woolsey might and main,
Into such favour with the King me brought
Tow'rds whom myself so well I did demean,
As that I seem'd to exercise his thought,
And his great liking strongly did retain,
With what before that Card'nal had me taught,
From whose example, by those cells but small,
Sprang the subversion lastly of them all.

Yet many a let was cast into the way,
Wherein I ran so steadily and right,
And many a snare my adversaries lay, [their flight,
Much wrought they with their power, much with
Wisely perceiving that my smallest stay
Fully requir'd the utmost of their might,
To my ascendant hastling then to climb,
There as the first predomining the time.

Knowing what wealth me earnestly did woo,
Which I through Woolfely happen'd had to find,
And could the path most perfectly unto,
The King thereafter earnestly inclin'd,
Seeing besides what after I might do,
If so great power me fully were assign'd,
By all their means against me strongly wrought,
Lab'ring as fast to bring their church so nought

Whil'st to the King continually I sue,
And in this bus'ness faithfully did stir,
Strongly to prove my judgment to be true,
'Gainst those who most supposed me to err ;
Nor the least means, which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purposes perfer,
Did I omit, till I had won his ear [to hear,
Most that me mark'd, when least he seem'd

This wound to them thus violently given,
Envy at me her sharpest darts did rove,
Affecting the supremacy of heaven,

As the first giants warring against Jove,
Heap'd hills on hills, the gods till they had driven,
The meanest shapes of earthly things to prove :
So must I shift from them that 'gainst me rose,
Mortal their hate, as mighty were my foes.

But their great force against me wholly bent,
Prevail'd upon my purposes so far,
That I my ruin scarcely could prevent,
So momentary worldly favours are,
That till the utmost of their spight was spent,
Had not my spirit maintain'd, a manly war,
Risen they had, when I had lain full low,
Upon whose ruin after I did grow.

When the great King, the strange reports that
Who as pernicious as they potent were, [took,
And at the fair growth of my fortune strook,
Whose deadly malice blame me not to fear,
Me at the first so violently shook,
That they this frame were likely down to bear,
If resolution with a settled brow
Had not upheld my peremptory vow.

Yet these encounters thrust me not awry,
Nor could my courses force me to forsake,
After this shipwrack I again must try,
Some happier voyage hopeful still to make :
The plots that barren long we see do lie,
Some fitting season plentifully take :
One fruitful harvest frankly doth restore
What many winters hinder'd have before.

That to account I strictly call my wit,
How in it this while had managed my state,
My soul in counsel summoning to sit,
If possible to turn the course of fate ;
For ways there be the greatest things to hit,
If men could find the peremptory gate :
And since I once was got so near the brink,
More than before 'twould grieve me now to sink.

Ruffel, whose life (some said) that I had sav'd
In Italy, one that me favour'd most,
And reverend Hailes, who but occasion crav'd
To shew his love, no less that I had cost,
Who to the King perceiving me disgrac'd,
Whose favour I unluckily had lost,
Both with him great, a foot set in withall,
If not to stray, to qualify my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well-near quite sunk, recover me that could,
And once more get into fortune's lap,
Which well myself might teach me there to hold,
Escap'd out of so dangerous a trap,
Whose praise by me to ages shall be told,
As the two props by which I only rose,
When most supprest, most trod on by my foes.

This me to urge the premunire won,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and high,
In t' which the heedless prelaey were run
That back unto the papacy did flee

Sworn to that see, and what before was done,
Due to the King, dispensed were thereby,
In t' which first entering offer'd me the mean,
That to throw down, already that did lean.

This was to me that over-flowing source,
From whence his bounties plentifully spring,
Whose speedy current with unusual force
Bare me into the bosom of the King,
By putting him into that ready course,
Which soon to pass his purposes might bring,
Where those which late imperiously controll'd
me, [me.
Struck pale with fear, stood trembling to behold

When state to me those ceremonies show'd,
That to so great a favourite were due,
And fortune still with honours did me load,
As though no mean she in my rising knew,
Or heaven to me more than to a man had ow'd,
(What to the world unheard of was and new)
And was to other sparing of her store,
Till she could give, or I could ask no more.

Those high preferments he upon me lay'd,
To make the world me publicly to know,
Were such, in judgment rightly being weigh'd,
Seemed too great for me to undergo;
Nor could his hand from pouring on be stay'd,
Until I so abundantly did flow,
That looking down whence lately I was clomb,
Danger bad fear, if further I should roam.

For first from knighthood rising in degree,
The office of the jewel-house my lot,
After, the rolls he frankly gave to me,
From whence a privy counsellor I got,
Then of the garter; and then Earl to be
Of Essex: yet sufficient these were not,
But to the great vicegerency I grew,
Being a title as supreme as new.

So well did me these Dignities besit,
And honour so me every way became,
As more than man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriv'd the name:
Where was he found whose love I not requit,
Beyond his own imaginary aim,
Which had me succour'd, nearly being driven,
As things to me that idly were not given?

What tongue so slow, the tale shall not report
Of hospitable Friscobald and me,
And shew in how reciprocal a sort
My thanks did with his courtesy agree,
When as by means in Italy were short,
That me reliev'd? I, less that would not be,
When I of England was vicegerent made,
His former bounties lib'rally repay'd,

The manner briefly' gentler muse, relate,
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,
The sudden change of unavowed fate,

That famous merchant, reverend Friscobald;
Grew poor, and the small remnant of his state,
Was certain goods to England he had sold,
Which in the hands of creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet lesser means he had,

Hither his wants him forcibly constrain'd,
Though with long travel both by land and seas,
Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he lays;
And if he found that friendship here were feign'd,
Yet at the worst, it better should him please,
Far out of sight to perish here unknown,
Than unreliev'd be pitied of his own.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd Westminster did ride,
'Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,
An aged man I happily espy'd,
Whose outward looks much inward grief did show;
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, methought more precisely I should know
Revolving long, it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been so kind.

Was therewithall so joyed with his sight,
(With the dear sight of his so reverend face)
That I could scarcely keep me from t' alight,
And in mine arms him kindly to embrace:
Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,
He being a stranger, and the public place,
Checkt my affection, till some fitter hour
On him my love effectually might show'r.

'Never, quoth I, was fortune so unjust,
'As to do wrong to thy most noble heart:
'What man so wicked could betray the trust
'Of one so upright, of so good desert?
'And though obey necessity thou must,
'As when th' wast great'st, the same to me thou
'Let me alone the last be left of all, [art;
'That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall.'

And calling to a gentleman of mine,
Wife and discreet that well I knew to be,
Shew'd him that stranger, whose dejected eyne,
Fixt on the earth, ne'er once lookt up at me:
'Bid yonder man come home to me and dine,
'(Quoth I) bespeak him reverently you see;
'Scorn not his habit; little canst thou tell,
'How rich a mind in those mean rags doth
'dwell.'

He with my name that kindly did him greet,
Slowly cast up his deadly-moving eye,
That long time had been fixed on his feet,
To look no higher than his misery,
Thinking him more calamity did greet,
Or that I had supposed him some spy;
With a deep sigh that from his heart he drew,
Quoth he, "His will accomplisht be by you."

My man departed, and the message done,
He whose sad heart a strange impression struck,
To think upon this accident begun,

And on himself suspiciously to look;
 Into all doubts he fearfully doth run,
 Oft himself cheering, oft himself forsook:
 Strangely perplex'd, he to my house doth come,
 Not knowing why judg'd, nor dreading yet his
 doom.

My servants set his coming to attend,
 That were therein not common for their skill,
 Whose usage yet the former did amend:
 He hop'd not good, nor guilty was of ill;
 But as a man, whose thoughts were at an end,
 "Fortune, quoth he, then work on me thy will:
 "Wiser than man I think he were that knew
 "Whence this may come, or what will it ensue."

His honour'd presence so did me inflame,
 That being then in presence of my peers,
 I 'dained not to meet him as he came,
 (That very hardly could contain my tears)
 Kindly salute him, call him by his name,
 And oft together ask him how he chears:
 Which still along maintaining the extreme,
 The man thought sure he had been in a dream.

At length to wake him gently, I began
 With this demand, if once he did not know
 One Thomas Cromwell, a poor Englishman,
 By him reliev'd, when he was driven low?
 When I perceiv'd he my remembrance wan,
 Yet with his tears it silently did show,
 I wept for woe, to see mine host distress'd;
 But he for joy, to see his happy guest.

Him to the Lords I publish'd by my praise,
 And at my table carefully him set,
 Recounting them the many sundry ways
 I was to this good gentleman in debt;
 How great he was in Florence those days,
 With all that grace or reverence him might get:
 Which all the while yet silently he hears,
 Moisting among his viands with his tears

And to lend fulness lastly to his fate,
 Great sums I gave him, and what was his due.
 Made known, myself became his advocate,
 And at my charge his creditors I sue,
 Recovering him unto his former state:
 Thus he the world began by me anew,
 That shall to all posterity express
 His honour'd bounty, and my thankfulness.

But, Muse, recount before thou farther pass,
 How this great change so quickly came about,
 And what the cause of this sad downfall was,
 In every part the spacious realm throughout,
 Being effected in so little space;
 Leave not thereof posterity to doubt,
 That the world obscured else may be,
 If in this place revealed not by thee.

If the whole land did on the church rely,
 Having full pow'r Kings to account to call,
 That to the world read only policy,

Besides heaven's keys to stop or let in all,
 Let me but know from her supremacy
 How she should come so suddenly to fall:
 'Twas more than chance sure put a hand there-
 That had the power so great a thing to do. [to,

Or aught there were had bidding under sun,
 Who would have thought those edifices great,
 Which first religion holily begun,
 The church approv'd, and wisdom richly seat,
 Devotion nourish'd, faith allowance won,
 With what might make them any way complete,
 Should in their ruins lastly bury'd lie,
 But that begun and ended from the sky?

And the King, late obedient to her laws,
 Against the clerk of Germany had writ,
 As he the first that stirr'd in the church's cause,
 Against him greatli'st that oppugned it;
 And wan from her so grateful an applause,
 Then in her favour chiefly that did sit,
 That as the prop whereon she only stay'd,
 Him she instil'd Defender of the Faith.

But not their power, whose wisdoms them did
 In the first rank, the oracles of state, [place
 Who that opinion strongly did embrace,
 Which through the land received was of late,
 Then aught at all prevailed in this case.
 O powerful doom of unavoided fate,
 Whose depth not weak mortality can know!
 Who can uphold, what heaven will overthrow.

When time now universally did show
 The power to it peculiarly annex'd,
 With most abundance then when she did flow,
 Yet every hour still prosp'rously she wax'd,
 But the world poor did by loose riots grow
 Which served as an excellent pretext,
 And colour gave to pluck her from her pride,
 Whose only greatness suffer'd none beside,

Likewise to that, posterity did doubt
 Those at the first not rightly to adore,
 Their fathers that, too credulous devout,
 Had to the church contributed their store,
 And to recover only went about
 What their great zeal had lavished before,
 On her a strong hand violently lay'd,
 Preying on that they gave for to be pray'd.

Besides, the King set in a course so right,
 Which I for him laboriously had tract,
 (Who, till I learn'd him, had not known his
 might)

I still to prompt his power with me to act,
 Into those secrets got so deep a fight,
 That nothing lastly to his furtherance lackt
 And by example it to him was shown,
 How Rome might here be eas'ly overthrown.

In taking down yet of this goodly frame,
 He suddenly not brake off every band,
 But took the power first from the papal name,

After, a while let the religion stand,
When limb by limb he daily did it lame;
First, took a leg, and after took a hand,
Till the poor semblance of a body left,
But all should stay it utterly bereft.

For if some abby happen'd void to fall,
By death of him that the superior was
Gain, that did first church-liberty enthrall,
Only supreme promoted to the place,
'Mongst many bad, the worst most times of all
Under the colour of some other's grace,
That by the slander which from him should
spring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heaven when by a secret course
Diffension universally began,
(Prevailing as a planetary source)
I' th' church believing, as Mahumetan,
When Luther first did these opinions nurse,
Much from great Rome in little space that wan,
It to this change so aptly did dispose,
From whose sad ruin ours so great arose.

When here that fabric utterly did fail,
Which powerful fate had limited to time,
By whose strong law it naturally must quail,
From that proud height to which it long did
climb,
Letting 'gainst it the contrary prevail,
'Therein to punish some notorious crime,
For which at length just-dooming heaven de-
creed,
That on her buildings ruin here should feed.

'Th' authority upon her she did take,
And use thereof in every little thing,
Finding herself how oft she did forsake,
In her own bounds herself not limiting,
'That awful fear and due obedience brake,
Which her reputed holiness did bring,
From slight regard and brought her into hate,
With those that much dislik'd of her estate.

Seeing those parts she cunningly had play'd,
Belief to her great miracles to win,
To the wise world were every day bewray'd,
From which the doubt did of her pow'r begin,
Damnation yet to question what she said,
Made most suspect the faith they had been in,
When their salvation eas'ly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had
sought.

Whence those ill humours ripen'd to a head,
Bred by the rankness of the plenteous land,
And they not only strangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient liberty to stand,
But what their fathers gave her being dead,
The son's rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And those her buildings must of all abus'd,
That with the weight their fathers coffins
bruis'd.

The wisest and most provident but build
For time again but only to destroy,
The costly piles and monuments we gild,
Succeeding time shall reckon but a toy :
Vicissitude impartially will'd,
The goodliest things be subject to annoy,
And what one age did studiously maintain,
The next again accounteth vile and vain.

Yet time doth tell, in some things they did err,
That put their help her bravery to deface,
When as the wealth that taken was from her,
Others soon raised, that did them displace,
Their titles and their offices confer
On such before as were obscure and base,
Who would with her, they likewise down
should go,
And o'erthrew them that her did overthrow.

And th' Romish rites, that with a clearer sight
The wisest thought they justly did reject,
The after saw, that the received light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Mysterious things being not conceived right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect :
For in opinion something short doth fall,
Wants there have been, and shall be still in all,

But negligent security and ease,
Unbridled sensuality begat,
That only sought his appetite to please,
As it in midst of much abundance sat;
The church not willing others should her praise,
That she was lean, when as her lands were fat,
Herself to too much liberty did give, [live.
Which some perceiv'd that in those times did

Pierce the wise plowman, in his vision saw
Conscience sore hurt, yet forer was affraid
The seven great sins to hell him like to draw,
And to wise clergy mainly cry'd for aid;
Fal'n e'er he wist (whom peril much did awe)
On unclean priests whil'ft faintly he him staid,
Willing good clergy t' ease his wretched case,
Whom these strong giants hotly had in chase.

Clergy call'd friers, which near at hand did dwell,
And them requests to take in hand the cure,
But for their leechcraft that they could not well,
He list not their dressing to endure,
When in his ear need softly did him tell
(And of his knowledge more did him assure)
They came for gain, their end which they did
make,
For which on them the charge of souls they take.

And voluntary poverty profess,
By food of angels seeming as to live;
But yet with them th' accounted were the best,
That most to their fraternity did give,
And beyond number that they were increast.
' If so (quoth conscience) thee may I believe,
' Then 'tis in vain more on them to bestow,
' If beyond number like they be to grow.'

The Frier soon feeling conscience had him found,
 And hearing how hypocrisy did thrive,
 That many teachers every where did wound,
 For which contrition miserably did grieve :
 Now in deceit to shew himself profound,
 His former hopes yet lastly to revive,
 Gets the Pope's letters, whereof he doth shape
 Him a disguise from conscience to escape.

And so tow'rd's goodly unity he goes,
 A strong-built castle standing very high,
 Where conscience liv'd, to keep him from his foes,
 Whom, lest some watchful sentinel should spy,
 And him should to the garrison disclose,
 His cowl about him carefully doth tie,
 Creeps to the gate, and closely thereat beat,
 As one that entrance gladly would entreat.

Peace, the good porter, ready still at hand,
 It doth unpin, and prays him God to save,
 And after salving, kindly doth demand
 What was his will, or who he there would have?
 The Frier low lowting, crossing with his hand,
 'T' speak with contrition (quoth he) I would
 crave.
 " Father (quoth peace) your coming is in vain,
 " For him of late hypocrisy hath slain."

' God shield ! (quoth he, and turning up his eyes,)
 ' To former health I hope him to restore,
 ' For in my skill his sound recovery lies ;
 ' Doubt not thereof, if setting God before.'
 " Are you a surgeon ?" (peace again replies.)
 ' Yea (quoth the Frier,) and sent to heal his fore.'
 " Come near (quoth peace) and God your
 " coming speed,
 " Never of help contrition had more need."

And for more haste he haleth in the Frier,
 And his lord conscience quickly of him told,
 Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheer :
 ' O sir, (quoth he) entreat you that I could
 ' To lend your hand to my dear cousin here,
 ' Contrition, whom a sore disease doth hold,
 ' That wounded by hypocrisy of late,
 ' Now lieth in most desperate estate,

" Sir, (quoth the Frier) I hope him soon to cure,
 " Which to your comfort quickly you shall see,
 " Will be a while my dressing but endure."
 And to contrition therewith cometh he,
 And by fair speech himself on him assure,
 But first of all going thorough for his fee :
 Which done, quoth he, " If outwardly you show
 " Sound, 't not avails if inwardly or no."

But secretly affoiling of his sin,
 No other medicine will he to him lay,
 Saying, that heaven his silver him should win ;
 And to give Friars, was better than to pray ;
 So he were shriv'd, what need he care a pin ?
 Thus with his patient he so long did play,
 Until contrition had forgot to weep.
 This the wise plowman shew'd me from his
 sleep.

VOL. III,

He saw their faults that loosely lived then,
 Others again our weaknesses shall see :
 For this is sure, he bideth not with men,
 That shall know all to be what they should be :
 Yet let the faithful and industrious pen
 Have the due merit ; but return to me,
 Whose fall this while blind fortune did devise,
 To be as strange as strangely I did rise.

Those secret foes yet subt'ly to deceive,
 That me maligning, lifted at my state,
 The King to marry forward still I have,
 (His former wife being repudiate)
 With Ann the sister of the Duke of Cleve,
 The German princes to confederate, [lay,
 To back me still 'gainst those that against me
 Which as their own retain'd me here in pay.

Which my destruction principally wrought,
 When afterwards, abandoning her bed,
 Which to his will to pass could not be brought,
 So long as yet I bare about my head,
 The only man her safety that had fought,
 Of her again and only favoured,
 Which was the cause he hasted to my end.
 Upon whose fall hers likewise did depend.

For in his high distemp'rature of blood,
 Who was so great whose life he did regard ?
 Or what was it that his desires withstood,
 He not invested, were it ne'er so hard ?
 Nor held he me so absolutely good,
 That though I cross'd him, I could not be spar'd :
 But with those things I lastly was to go,
 Which he to ground did violently throw.

When Winchester, with all those enemies
 Whom by much power from audience had debar'd
 The longer time their mischiefs to devise,
 Feeling with me how lastly now it far'd,
 When I had done the King what did suffice,
 Lastly, thrust in against me to be heard,
 When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
 Making amain to th' shedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,
 And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
 Having his riot satisfy'd thereby,
 Seems not to know how I therein did sway,
 What late was truth, now turn'd to heresy :
 When he by me had purchased his prey,
 Himself to clear, and satisfy the sin,
 Leaves me but late his instrument therein.

Those laws I made myself alone to please,
 To give me power more freely to my will,
 Even to my equals hurtful sundry ways,
 (Forced to things that most do say were ill)
 Upon me now as violently seize,
 By which I lastly, perish'd by my skill,
 On mine own neck returning (as my due)
 That heavy yoke wherein by me they drew,

My greatness threaten'd by ill-boding eyes
 My actions strangely censured of all,
 Yet in my way, my giddiness not sees

P

The pit wherein I likely was to fall.
 O, were the sweets of man's felicities
 Often amongst not temper'd with some gall,
 He would forget by his o'erweening skill,
 Just heaven above doth censure good and ill!

Things over-rank do never kindly bear,
 As in the corn, the fluxure when we see
 Fills but the straw, when it should fill the ear;
 Rotting that time in ripening it should be,
 And being once down, itself can never rear:
 With us well doth this simile agree,
 (By the wise man) due to the great in all,
 By their own weight being broken in their fall.

Self-loving man what sooner doth abuse,
 And more than his prosperity doth wound?
 Into the deep but fall how can he choose,
 That over-strides whereon his foot to ground?
 Who sparingly prosperity doth use,
 And to himself doth after-ill propound,
 Unto his height who happily doth climb,
 Sits above fortune, and controlleth time.

Not choos'ing what us most delight doth bring,
 And most that by the general breath is freed,
 Wooing that suffrage but the virtuous thing,

Which in itself is excellent indeed,
 Of which the depth and perfect managing
 Amongst the most but few there be that heed,
 Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
 Seldom enduring, and as seldom good.

But whilst we strive too suddenly to rise,
 By flatt'ring princes with a servile tongue,
 And being soothers to their tyrannies,
 Work our much woes by what doth many wrong,
 And unto others tending injuries,
 Unto ourselves it hap'ning oft among,
 In our own snares unluckily are caught,
 Whilst our attempts fall instantly to naught.

The council-chamber place of my arrest,
 Where chief I was, when greatest was the store
 And had my speeches noted of the best,
 That did them as high oracles adore:
 A Parliament was lastly my inquest,
 That was myself a Parliament before,
 The Tower-hill scaffold last I did ascend:
 Thus the great'st man of England made his
 end.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA:

WHAT time the groves were clad in green,
The fields drest all in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were seen
To seek them summer bowers:

Forth rov'd I by the sliding rills,
To find where Cynthia sat,
Whose name so often from the hills
The echoes wonder'd at.

When me upon my quest to bring,
That pleasure might excell,
The birds strove which should sweetliest sing,
The flow'rs which should sweetest smell.

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,
'O whither's Cynthia gone?'
When soon the echo doth reply
To my last word,—"go on,"

At length upon a lofty fir
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her,
Was carv'd upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more spacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seal,
As though it should forbid
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal
What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,
Appeared to my view
More fresh and lovely than the rest,
That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the steps that stood
Of that delicious girl,
The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,
Drunk for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,
Untoucht yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly shew'd,
Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk
As my desires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With every thing I saw:

I ask'd some lilies, 'Why so white
'They from their fellows were?'
Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's sight
"Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet 'Why
'It sadly hung the head?'
It told me, "Cynthia late past by,
"Too soon from it that fled."

A bed of roses saw I there,
Bewitching with their grace;
Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place:

I of a shrub of those inquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with such virtue them inspir'd?
It answer'd (to my mind:)

'As the base hemlock were we such,
'The poysoned't weed that grows,
'Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,
'Transform'd us to the rose,

'Since when those frosts that winter brings
'Which candy every green,
'Renew us like the teeming springs,
'And we thus fresh are seen.'

At length I on a fountain light,
 Whose brim with pinks was platted;
 The bank with daffadillies dight,
 With grafs like fleece was matted :

When I demanded of that well,
 What pow'r frequented there;
 Desiring, it would please to tell
 What name it us'd to bear :

It told me, ' it was Cynthia's own,
 ' Within whose cheerful brims,
 ' That curious nymph had oft been known
 ' To bathe her snowy limbs;

' Since when that water had the pow'r
 ' Lost maidenhoods to restore,
 ' And make one twenty in an hour,
 ' Of Æson's age before,

And told me ' That the bottom clear,
 ' Now lay'd with many a fett
 ' Of seed pearl, e'er she bath'd her there,
 ' Was known as black as jet :

' As when she from the water came,
 ' Where first she touch'd the mould,
 ' In balls the people made the same,
 ' For pomander and fold.'

When chance me to an arbour led,
 Whereas I might behold;
 Two blest elysiums in one sted,
 The less the great infold;

The place which she had chosen out,
 Herself in to repose:
 Had they come down, the gods no doubt
 The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
 That sweet, nor dainty flower,
 That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
 Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
 Like friends did all embrace;
 And their large branches did display,
 To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear
 Upon a rosy bed;
 As lilies the soft pillows were,
 Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
 And with such bounties blest,
 No limb of her's but might have made
 A goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesht in her hair,
 By the bright radiance thrown
 From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
 They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,
 Her breath did so refine,
 That it with woodbine durst compare,
 And heard the Eglantine:

The dew which on the tender grafs
 The evening had distill'd,
 To pure rose-water turned was,
 The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were husht, no leaf so small
 At all was seen to stir;
 Whilst tuning to the waters fall,
 The small birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
 When I too plainly see
 A thousand cupids from her eyes
 Shoot all at once at me.

" Into these secret shades (quoth she)
 " How dar'st thou be so bold
 " To enter, consecrate to me,
 " Or touch this hallowed mould?

" Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce,
 " Which to that shape can bring
 " Thee, which that hunter had, who once
 " Saw Dian in the spring."

' Bright nymph, again I thus reply,
 ' This cannot me affright:
 ' I had rather in thy presence die,
 ' Than live out of thy sight.

' I first upon the mountains high
 ' Built altars to thy name,
 ' And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,
 ' To propagate thy fame.

' I taught the shepherds on the downs
 ' Of thee to form their lays:
 ' 'Twas I that fill'd the neighbouring towns
 ' With ditties of thy praise.

' Thy colours I devis'd with care,
 ' Which were unknown before:
 ' Which since that, in their braided hair
 ' The nymphs and sylvans wore.

' Transform me to what shape you can,
 ' I pass not what it be:
 ' Yea, what most hateful is to man,
 ' So I may follow thee.'

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
 I in her eyes might view.
 (Quoth she) " Most welcome to these woods,
 " Too mean for one so true.

" Here from the hateful world we'll live,
 " A den of mere despight:
 " To idiots only that doth give,
 " Which be for sole delight.

" To people the infernal pit,
 " That more and more doth strive;
 " Where only villany is wit,
 " And devils only thrive.

" Whose vileness us shall never awe:
 " But here our sports shall be,
 " Such as the golden world first saw,
 " Most innocent and free.

" Of simples in these groves that grow,
 " We'll learn the perfect skill;
 " The nature of each herb to know,
 " Which cures, and which can kill.

" The waxen palace of the bee,
 " We seeking will surprise,
 " The curious workmanship to see
 " Of her full-laden thighs.

" We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
 " And make the gods repine,
 " As they do feast in Jove's great room,
 " To see with what we dine.

" Yet when there haps a honey fall,
 " We'll lick the syrapt leaves;
 " And tell the bees, that their's is gall
 " To this upon the greaves.

" The nimble Squirrel noting here,
 " Her mossy dray that makes;
 " And laugh to see the dusty deer
 " Come bounding o'er the brakes.

" The spider's web to watch we'll stand,
 " And when it takes the bee,
 " We'll help out of the tyrant's hand
 " The innocent to free.

" Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
 " The freckled trout to take,
 " With filken worms and bait the hook,
 " Which him our prey shall make.

" Of meddling with such subtle tools,
 " Such dangers that enclose,
 " The moral is, that painted fools
 " Are caught with filken shews.

" And when the moon doth once appear,
 " We'll trace the lower grounds,
 " When fairies in their ringlets there
 " Do dance their nightly rounds.

" And have a flock of turtle doves,
 " A guard on us to keep,
 " As witness of our honest loves
 " To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
 To overspread my breast,
 As lent life to my chaste desires,
 And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
 On earth heaven's only pride;
 Let her be mine, and let who list
 Take all the world beside.

THE SHEPHERD'S SIRENA.

DORILUS, in sorrows deep,
Autumn waxing old and chill,
As he sat his flocks to keep,
Underneath an easy hill,
Chanc'd to cast his eye aside
On those fields, where he had seen
Bright Sirena, Nature's pride,
Sporting on the pleasant green :
To whose walks the shepherds oft
Came, her god-like foot to find ;
And in places that were soft,
Kist the print there left behind :
Where the path which she had trod,
Hath thereby more glory gain'd,
'Than in heav'n that milky road,
Which with nectar Hebe stain'd.
But bleak winter's boist'rous blasts
Now their fading pleasures chide,
And so fill'd them with his wastes,
That from sight her steps were hid.
Silly shepherd, sad the while
For his sweet Sirena gone,
All his pleasures in exile,
Laid on the cold earth alone :
Whilst his gamesome cut-tail'd curr
With his mirthless master plays,
Striving him with sport to stir,
As in his more youthful days.
Dorilus his dog doth chide,
Lays his well-tun'd bagpipe by,
And his sheep-hook casts aside,
There (quoth he) together lie.
When a letter forth he took,
Which to him Sirena writ,
With a deadly downcast look,
And thus fell to reading it.

‘ Dorilus, my dear, (quoth she)
‘ Kind companion of my woe,
‘ Though we thus divided be,
‘ Death cannot divorce us so :
‘ Thou whose bosom hath been still
‘ Th’ only closet of my care,
‘ And in all my good and ill
‘ Ever had thy equal share :
‘ Might I win thee from thy fold,
‘ Thou should'st come to visit me ;

‘ But the winter is so cold,
‘ That I fear to hazard thee.
‘ The wild waters are wax'd high,
‘ So they are both deaf and dumb ;
‘ Lov'd they thee so well as I,
‘ They would ebb when thou should'st come :
‘ Then my cott with light should shine
‘ Purer than the vestal fire ;
‘ Nothing here but should be thine,
‘ That thy heart can well desire :
‘ Where at large we will relate
‘ From what cause our friendship grew,
‘ And in that the varying fate,
‘ Since we first each other knew :
‘ Of my heavy passed plight,
‘ As of many a future fear,
‘ Which, except the silent night,
‘ None but only thou shalt hear.
‘ My sad heart it shall relieve,
‘ When my thoughts I shall disclose,
‘ For thou canst not chuse but grieve,
‘ When I shall recount my woes.
‘ There is nothing to that friend,
‘ To whose close uncranied breast
‘ We our secret thoughts may send,
‘ And there safely let 'hem rest :
‘ And thy faithful counsel may
‘ My distressed case assist ;
‘ Sad affliction else may sway
‘ Me, a woman, as it list.
‘ Hither I would have thee haste,
‘ Yet would gladly have thee stay,
‘ When those dangers I forecast,
‘ That may meet thee by the way.
‘ Do as thou shalt think it best,
‘ Let thy knowledge be thy guide ;
‘ Live thou in my constant breast,
‘ Whatsoever shall betide.’

He her letter having read,
Puts it in his scrip again,
Looking like a man half dead,
By her kindness strangely slain :
And as one who inly knew
Her distressed present state,
And to her had still been true,
Thus doth with himself dilate.

' I will not thy face admire,
 ' Admirable though it be,
 ' Nor thine eyes, whose subtle fire
 ' So much wonder win in me :
 ' But my marvel shall be now,
 ' (And of long it hath been so)
 ' Of all womankind that thou
 ' Wert ordain'd to taste of woe.
 ' To a beauty so divine,
 ' (Paradise in little done).
 ' O that fortune should assign
 ' Aught but what thou well might'st shun !
 ' But my counsels such must be,
 ' (Though as yet I them conceal)
 ' By their deadly wound in me,
 ' They thy hurt must only heal.
 ' Could I give what thou dost crave,
 ' To that pass thy state is grown,
 ' I thereby thy life may save,
 ' But am sure to lose mine own.
 ' To that joy thou do'st conceive,
 ' Through my heart the way doth lie,
 ' Which in two for three must cleave,
 ' Lest that thou should'st go awry.
 ' Thus my death must be a toy,
 ' Which my pensive breast must cover ;
 ' Thy beloved to enjoy,
 ' Must be taught thee by thy lover.
 ' Hard the choice I have to chuse ;
 ' To myself if friend I be,
 ' I must my Sirena lose ;
 ' If not so, she loseth me.'

Thus whilst he doth cast about
 What therein were best to do,
 Nor could yet resolve the doubt,
 Whether he should stay or go :
 In those fields not far away
 There was many a frolic swain,
 In fresh ruffets day by day,
 That kept revels on the plain.
 Nimble Tom, surnam'd the Tup,
 For his pipe without a peer,
 And could tickle *Trenchmore* up,
 As 'twould joy your heart to hear :
 Ralph, as much renown'd for skill,
 That the tabor touch'd so well :
 For his gittern little Gill,
 That all other did excel :
 Rock and Rollo every way,
 Who still led the rustic ging,
 And could troul a roundelay,
 That would make the fields to ring :
 Colin on his shalm so clear,
 Many a high-pitch'd note that had,
 And could make the echoes near
 Shout as they were waxen mad :
 Many a lusty swain beside,
 That for nought but pleasure car'd,
 Having Dorilus espy'd,
 And with him knew how it far'd,
 Thought from him they would remove
 This strong melancholy fit ;
 Or so, should it not behove,
 Quite to put him out of's wit :

Having learnt a song which he
 Sometime to Sirena sent,
 Full of jollity and glee,
 When the nymph liv'd near to Trent ;
 They behind him softly got,
 Lying on the earth along,
 And when he suspected not,
 Thus the jovial Shepherds song.

NEAR to the silver Trent
 Sirena dwelleth,
 She to whom nature lent
 All that excelleth ;
 By which the Muses late,
 And the neat Graces,
 Have for their greater state
 Taken their places ;
 Twisting an Anadem,
 Wherewith to crown her,
 As it belong'd to them
 Most to renown her.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
 Are to thee debtor,
 Nor for their gold to us
 Are they the better :
 Henceforth of all the rest,
 Be thou the river,
 Which as the daintiest,
 Puts them down ever.
 For as my precious one
 O'er thee doth travel,
 She to Pearl paragon
 Turneth thy gravel.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Our mournful Philomel,
 That rarest tuner,
 Henceforth in April
 Shall wake the sooner ;
 And to her shall complain
 From the thick cover,
 Redoubling every strain
 Over and over :
 For when my love too long
 Her chamber keepeth ;
 As though it suffered wrong,
 The morning weepeth.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Oft have I seen the Sun,
 To do her honour,
 Fix himself at his noon
 To look upon her,
 And hath gilt every grove,
 Every hill near her,
 With his flames from above,
 Striving to cheer her :
 And when she from his sight
 Hath herself turned,
 He, as it had been night,
 In clouds hath mourned.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

The verdant meads are seen,
 When she doth view them,
 In fresh and gallant green
 Strait to renew them;
 And every little grass
 Broad itself spreadeth,
 Proud that this bonny lass
 Upon it treadeth :
 Nor flower is so sweet
 In this large cincture,
 But it upon her feet
 Leaveth some tincture.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

The fishes in the flood
 When she doth angle,
 For the hook strive agood
 Them to entangle;
 And leaping on the land
 From the clear water,
 Their scales upon the sand
 Lavishly scatter;
 Therewith to pave the mold
 Whereon she passes,
 So herself to behold
 As in her glasses.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

When she looks out by night,
 The stars stand gazing,
 Like comets to our sight
 Fearfully blazing;
 As wond'ring at her eyes,
 With their much brightness,
 Which so amaze the skies,
 Dimming their lightness.
 The raging tempests are calm
 When she speaketh,

Such most delightful balm
 From her lips breaketh.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

In all our Brittany
 There's not a fairer,
 Nor can you fit any,
 Should you compare her.
 Angels her eye-lids keep,
 All hearts surprizing;
 Which look whilst she doth sleep
 Like the sun's rising :
 She alone of her kind
 Knoweth true measure,
 And her unmatched mind
 Is heaven's treasure.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
 Boast ye your beauties,
 To Trent your mistresses here
 Yet pay your duties.
 My love was higher born
 Tow'rd the full fountains,
 Yet she doth Moorland scorn,
 And the Peak mountains;
 Nor would she none should dream
 Where she abideth,
 Humble as is the stream,
 Which by her slideth.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

Yet my poor rustic Muse,
 Nothing can move her,
 Nor the means I can use,
 Though her true lover :
 Many a long winter's night
 Have I wak'd for her,
 Yet this my piteous plight
 Nothing can stir her.
 All thy sands, silver Trent,
 Down to the Humber,
 The sighs that I have spent
 Never can number.

*Cho. On thy bank,
 In a rank,
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.*

Taken with this suddain song,
 Least for mirth when he doth look,

His sad heart more deeply stung
Than the former care he took.
At their laughter and amaz'd,
For a while he sat aghast;
But a little having gaz'd,
Thus he them bespake at last.

' Is this time for mirth (quoth he)
' To a man with grief oppress'd?
' Sinful wretches as you be,
' May the sorrows in my breast
' Light upon you one by one;
' And as now you mock my woe,
' When your mirth is turn'd to moan,
' May your like then serve you so.'

When one swain among the rest
Thus him merrily bespake:
' Get thee up, thou arrant beast,
' Fits this season love to make?
' Take thy sheep-hook in thy hand,
' Clap thy cur and set him on;
' For our fields 'tis time to stand,
' Or they quickly will be gone,
' Roguish swineherds, that repine
' At our flocks, like beastly clowns,
' Swear that they will bring their swine,

' And will root up all our downs:
' They their holly whips have brac'd,
' And tough hazel goads have got;
' Soundly they your sides will baste,
' If their courage fail them not.
' Of their purpose if they speed,
' It is neither dröan nor reed,
' Shepherds, that will serve your turn.
' Angry Olcon sets them on,
' And against us part doth take,
' Ever since he was out-gone,
' Off'ring rhymes with us to make.
' Yet if so our sheep-hooks hold,
' Dearly shall our downs be bought;
' For it never shall be told,
' We our sheep-walks fold for naught.
' And we here have got us dogs,
' Best of all the Western breed,
' Which though whelps shall lug their hogs,
' Till they make their ears to bleed:
' Therefore, shepherd, come away.'
When as Dorilus arose,
Whistles cut-tail from his play,
And along with them he goes.

POLYOLBION.

PREFACE TO THE GENERAL READER.

[When Mr. Drayton published eighteen Songs only of this Poem.]

IN publishing this my poem, there is this great disadvantage against me, that it cometh out at this time, when verses are wholly deduced to chambers, and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age, but what is kept in cabinets, and must only pass by transcription. In such a season, when the idle humerous world must hear of nothing that either favours of antiquity, or may awake it to seek after more than dull and slothful ignorance may easily reach unto: these, I say, make much against me; and especially in a poem, from any example, either of ancient, or modern, that have proved in this kind; whose unusual tract may perhaps seem difficult to the female sex; yea, and I fear, to some that think themselves not meanly learned, being not rightly inspired by the Muses: such I mean, as had rather read the fantasies of foreign inventions, than to see the rarities and history of their own country delivered by a true native Muse. Then, whosoever thou be, possessed with such stupidity and dulness, that, rather than thou wilt take pains to search into ancient and noble things, choolest to remain in the thick fogs and mists of ignorance, as near the common lay-stall of a city; refusing to walk forth into the tempe and fields of the Muses; where, through most delightful groves, the angelic harmony of birds shall steal thee to the top of an easy hill, where in artificial caves, cut out of the most natural rock, thou shalt see the ancient people of this isle delivered thee in their

lively images; from whose height thou mayest behold both the old and later times, as in thy prospect, lying far under thee; then conveying thee down by a soul-pleasing descent through delicate embroidered meadows, often veined with gentle gliding brooks; in which thou mayest fully view the dainty nymphs in their simple naked beauties, bathing them in crystalline streams; which shall lead thee to most pleasant downs, where harmless shepherds are, some exercising their pipes, some singing roundelays to their gazing flocks. If, as I say, thou hadst rather (because it asks thy labour) remain where thou wert, than strain thyself to walk forth with the Muses, the fault proceeds from thy idleness, not from any want in my industry. And to any that shall demand wherefore, having promised this poem of the general island so many years, I now publish only this part of it; I plainly answer, that many times I had determined with myself to have left it off, and have neglected my papers sometimes two years together, finding the times since his Majesty's happy coming in, to fall so heavily upon my distressed fortunes, after my zealous soul had laboured so long in that, which, with the general happiness of the kingdom, seemed not then impossible somewhat also to have advanced me. But I instantly saw all my long-nourished hopes even buried alive before my face: so uncertain in this world be the ends of our clearest endeavours! And whatever is

herein that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confess to proceed from the continual bounty of my truly noble friend Sir Walter Aston; which hath given me the best of those hours, whose leisure hath effected this which I now publish. Sundry other songs I have also, though yet not so perfect that I dare commit them to public censure; and the rest I determine to go forward with, God enabling me, may I find means to assist my endeavour. Now, reader, for the farther understanding of my poem, thou hast two especial helps: First the argument, to direct thee still where thou art, and through what shires the muse makes her

journey, and what she chiefly handles in the song thereto belonging. Next hast thou the illustrations of this learned gentleman, my friend, to explain every hard matter of history, that, lying far from the way of common reading, may (without question) seem difficult unto thee. Thus wishing thee thy heart's desire, and committing my poem to thy charitable censure, I take my leave.

Thine, as thou art mine,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

TO MY FRIENDS THE CAMBRO-BRITONS.

To have you without difficulty understand, how in this my intended progress through these united kingdoms of Great Britain, I have placed your (and, I must confess, my) loved Wales, you shall perceive, that after the three first songs beginning with our French islands, Guernsey and Jersey, with the rest; and perfecting in those first three the survey of these six our most Western counties, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Hants, Wilts, and Somerset; I then make over Severn into Wales, not far from the midst of her broad-side that lieth against England. I term it her broad-side, because it lieth from Shrewsbury still along with Severn, till she lastly turn sea. And to explain two lines of mine (which you shall find in the fourth song of my poem, but it is the first of Wales), which are these:

*And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so high a
string,
Thy bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder whilst I
sing.*

Speaking of seven books, you shall understand that I continue Wales through so many; beginning in

the fourth song (where the nymphs of England and Wales contend for the isle of Lundy) and ending in the tenth; striving, as my much-loved the learned Humphry Floyd, in his description of Cambria to Abraham Ortelius, to uphold her ancient bounds, Severn and Dee, and therefore have included the parts of those three English shires of Gloucester, Worcester and Salop, that lie on the West of Severn, within their ancient mother Wales: in which, if I have not done her right, the want is in my ability, not in my love. And beside my natural inclination to love antiquity (which Wales may highly boast of) I confess, the free and gentle company of that true lover of his country (as of all ancient and noble things) Mr. John Williams, his Majesty's goldsmith, my dear and worthy friend, hath made me the more seek into the antiquities of your country. Thus wishing your favourable construction of these my faithful endeavours, I bid you farewell.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PERMIT me thus much of these notes to my friend. What the verse oft, with allusion, as supposing a full-knowing reader, lets slip; or in winding steps of personating fictions (as sometimes) so infolds, that sudden conceit cannot abstract a form of the clothed truth, I have, as I might, illustrated. Brevity and plainness (as the one endured the other) I have joined; purposely avoiding frequent commixture of different language; and whensoever it happens, either the page or margin (specially for gentlewomen's sake) summarily interprets it, except where interpretation aids not. Being not very prodigal of my historical faith, after explanation, I oft adventure on examination and censure. The author, in passages of first inhabitants, name, state, and monarchic succession in this isle, follows Geoffrey ap Arthur, Polychronicon, Matthew of Westminster, and such more. Of their traditions, for that one so much controverted, and by Cambro-Britons still maintained, touching the Trojan Brute, I have (but as an advocate for the Muse) argued; disclaiming it, if alleged for my own opinion. In most of the rest, upon weighing the reporters credit, comparison with more persuading authority, and synchronism (the best touch-stone in this kind of trial) I leave note of suspicion, or add conjectural amendment: as for particular examples, among other, in Brennus mistook by all writers of later time, following Justin's epitome of Trogus ill conceived; in Robert of Swapham's story of King Wulpher's murdering his children, in Rollo first Duke of Normandy his time; none of them yet rectified (although the first hath been adventured on) by any that I have seen; and such more. And indeed my jealousy hath oft vexed me with particular inquisition of whatsoever occurs, bearing not a mark of most apparent truth, ever since I found so intolerable antichronisms, incredible reports, and bardish impostures, as well from ignorance as assumed liberty of invention in some of our ancients; and read also such palpable falsities of our

nation, thrust into the world by later time. As (to give a taste) that of Randall Higden, affirming the beginning of wards in 6. Henry III. Polydore's assertion (upon mistaking of the statute 1. Henry VII.) that it was death by the English laws for any man to wear a vizard; with many like errors in his history, of our trials by twelve, sheriffs, coat of the kingdom, parliaments, and other like; Bartol's delivering the custom in this isle to be, (a) *quod primogenitos succedit in omnibus bonis*. The Greek Chalcondylas his slanderous description of our usual form of kind entertainment, to begin with the wives courteous admission to that most affected pleasure of lascivious fancy (he was deceived by misunderstanding the reports of our kissing (b) salutations, given and accepted amongst us with more freedom than in any part of the Southern world, erroneously thinking, perhaps, that every kiss must be thought seconded with that addition to the seven promised by Mercury in name of Venus to him that should find Psyche; or as wanton as Aristophanes his *Μανδαλατόν*;) and many untruths of like nature in others. Concerning the Arcadian deduction of our British monarchy; within that time, from Brute, supposed about 2850 of the world (Samuel then judge of Israel) unto some fifty-four before Christ, (about when Julius Cæsar visited the island) no relation was extant, which is now left to our use. How then are they, which pretend chronologies of that age without any fragment of authors before Gildas, Talieffin, and Nenius (the eldest of which was since 500 of Christ) to be credited? For my part, I believe as much in them as I do the finding of Hiero's ship mast in our (c) mountains, which is collected upon a corrupted place in Athenæus, cited out of Moschion; or that Ptolemy Philadelph sent to Reutha King of Scots some 1900 years since, for discovery of this country, which Claude Ptolemy afterward put in his geography: or that Julius Cæsar built Arthurs-hoffen in Stirling sheriffdom; or that Britons

(a) *Ad. C. de summ. Trinit. l. i. num. 42.*

(b) *Unum blandientis, ad pulsam linguæ longè mellitum.* Apuleius *de Aur. Asin.* 6. And you may remember (as like enough he did) that in *Plautus Curcul.* *Qui vult cubare pangit saltem suavium*; and such more in other wanton poets, with the opini-

on of *Baldus*, that a kiss in those Southern nations, is sufficient consent to imperfect espousals, nothing of that kind, but copulation, with us and our neighbouring Dutch being so.

(c) *Ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσι τῆς Βρετανίας, ἀντὶ τοῦ Βρεττανίης, quæ nempe verior videtur lectio.*

were at the rape of Hefione with Hercules, as our excellent wit, Joseph of Excester (published falsely under name of Cornelius Nepos) singeth : which are even equally warrantable, as Ariosto's narrations of persons and places in his Rowland's Spenser's Elfin Story, or Rablais's strange discoveries. Yet the capricious faction will (I know) never quit their belief of wrong, although some Elias or Delian diver should make open what is so inquired after. Briefly, until Polybius, who wrote near 1800 since (for Aristotle *πρὸ Κέρους* is clearly counterfeited in title) no Greek mentions the isle; until Lucretius (some hundred years later) no Roman hath expressed a thought of us; until Cæsar's commentaries, no piece of its description was known, that is now left to posterity. For time therefore preceding Cæsar, I dare trust none; but with others adhere to conjecture. In ancient matter since I rely on Tacitus and Dio especially, Vopiscus, Capitolin, Spartian (for so much as they have, and the rest of the Augustan story) afterward Gildas, Nennius, (but little is left of them, and that of the last very imperfect) Bede, Afferio, Ethelwerd (near of blood to King Alfred) William of Malmesbury, Marian, Florence of Worcester (that published under name of Florence hath the very syllables of most part of Marian the Scot's story, fraught with English antiquities; which will shew you how easily to answer Buchanan's objection against our historians about Athelstan's being king of all Albion, being deceived when he imagined that there was no other of Marian but the common printed chronicle, which is indeed but an epitome or defloration made by Robert of Lorraine bishop of Hereford under Henry I.) and the numerous rest of our Monkish and succeeding chronographers. In all, I believe him most, which, freest from affection and hate (causes of corruption) might best know and hath with most likely assertion delivered his report. Yet so, that, to explain the author, carrying himself in this part an historical, as in the other a chorographical poet, I insert oft, out of the British story what I importune you not to credit. Of that kind are those prophecies out of Merlin sometime interwoven. I discharge myself; nor impute you to me any serious respect of them. Inviting, not wrestling in occasion, I add sometime what is different from my task, but such as I guess would any where please an understanding reader. To aid you in course of times, I have in fit place drawn chronologies upon credit of the ancients, and for matter of the kind have admonished (to the fourth Canto) what as yet I never saw by any observed, for wary consideration of the Dionysian cycle and misinterpreted root of his Dominical year. Those old rhimes, which (some number) you often meet with, are offered the willinger, both for variety of your

mother-tongue, as also because the author of them (Robert of Glocester) never yet appeared in common light. He was, in time, an age before; but, in learning and wit, as most others, much behind our worthy Chaucer: whose name by the way occurring, and my work here being but to add plain song after Muses discanting, I cannot but digress to admonition of abuse, which this learned allusion in his Troilus, by ignorance hath endured.

I am till God me better mind send,

At (a) Dulcarnon, right at my wits end.

It is not Necham, or any else, that can make me entertain the least thought of the signification of *Dulcarnon* to be Pythagoras's sacrifices after his geometrical theorem in finding the squares of an orthogonal triangle's sides, or that it is a word of Latin deduction; but indeed by easier pronunciation it was made of (b) [zu 'l'kurnein], i. e. *two-borned*: which the Mahometan Arabians use for a *root* in calculation, meaning Alexander, as that great dictator of knowledge Joseph Scaliger (with some ancients) wills, but by warranted opinion of my learned friend Mr. Lydyat in his *Emendatio temporum*, it began in Seleucus Nicanor, twelve years after Alexander's death. The name was applied, either because after time that Alexander had persuaded himself to be Jupiter Hammon's son, whose statue was with rams horns, both his own and his successors coins were stamp'd with horned images: or else in respect of his two pillars erected in the east, as a (c) *nihil ultra* of his conquest; and some say, because he had in power the eastern and western world, signified in the two horns. But howsoever, it well fits the passage, either as if he had personated Creseide at the entrance of two ways, not knowing which to take; in like sense as that of Prodicus his Hercules, or Pythagoras his Y, or the Logicians Dilemma express; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a nonplus, as the interpretation in his next staff makes plain. How many of noble Chaucer's readers never so much as suspect this his short essay of knowledge, transcending the common road? And by his treatise of the Astrolabe (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of Messahalah) it is plain he was much acquainted with the mathematics, and amongst their authors had it. But I return to myself. From vain loading my margin with books, chapters, folios, or names of our historians I abstain; course of time as readily directs to them. But where the place might not so easily occur, (chiefly in matter of Philology) there only (for view of them which shall examine me) I have added assisting references. For most of what I use of Chorography, join with me in thanks to that most learned nourice of antiquity,

(a) Chaucer explained.

(b) Epocha Seleucidarum.

(c) Christman. Commentar. in Alfragan. c. II.

Lyfimachi Cornuum apud Cæsl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 20. c. 12. hic genuina interpretatio.

—(d) τὸν τις καὶ τηλόθι νάειον
Τιμῶ ἀνὴρ Ἀγαθός, —

my instructing friend Mr. Camden Clarencieux. From him and Girald of Cambria also comes most of my British; and then may Mercury and all the Muses deadly hate me, when, in permitting occasion, I profess not by whom I learn! let them vent judgment on me which understand. I justify all, but when of necessity I must. My thirst compelled me always to seek the fountains, and by that, if means grant it, judge the rivers nature. Nor can any conversant in letters be ignorant what error is oft-times fallen into, by trusting authorities at second hand, and rash collecting (as it were) from visual beams refracted through another's eye. In performance of this charge (undertaken at request of my kind friend the author) brevity of time (which was but little more than since the poem first went to the press) and that daily discontinued, both by my other most different studies seriously attended, and interrupting business, as enough can witness, might excuse great faults, especially of omission. But I take not thence advantage to desire more than common courtesy in censure, nor of this, nor of what else I heretofore have published, touching (e) historical deduction of our ancient laws, wherein I scape not without tax.

*Sunt quibus in verbis videorq; obscurior, hoc est,
Evandri cum matre loqui, Founisq; Numaq;
Nec secus ac si auctor Saliaris carminis essem.*

I have read in Cicero, Agellius, Lucian's Lexiphanes, and others, much against that form: but withal, this later age (wherein so industrious search is among admired ruins of old monuments) hath, in our greatest Latin critics Hans Douz, P. Merula, Lipsius, and such more, so revived that Saturnian language, that, to students in Philology, it is now grown familiar; and as (f) he saith) *Verba à vetustate repetita non solum magnos afferunt orationi majestatem aliquam, non sine delectatione.* Yet for antique terms, to the learned, I will not justify it without exception (disliking not that of Phavorin, *Vive moribus præteritis, loquere verbis præsentibus*; and as coin, so words, of a public and known stamp, are to be used) although so much as that way I offend, is warranted by example of such, of whom to en-

deavour imitation allows me more than the bare title of blameless. The purblind ignorant I salute with the English of that monitory epigram,

—(g) Ἐὶ δὲ γε πάμπαν
Νῆϊς ἔφου Μασίων, ῥίπον ἂ μὴ νοίεις.

reprehension of them, whose language and best learning is purchased from such volumes as Rablais reckons St. Victor's library, or barbarous glosses,

Quàm nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

or which are furnished in our old story, only out of the common Polychronicon, Caxton, Fabian, Stow, Grafton, Lanquet, Cooper, Holingshed (perhaps with gift of understanding) Polydore, and the rest of our later compilers; or, of any adventurous Thersites daring find fault even with the very Graces, in a strain

Cornua quod vincatque tubas —

I regard as metamorphosed, Lucius's looking out at window; I slight, scorn, and laugh at it. By Sections [§] in the verses you know what I meddle with in the illustrations; but so, that with latitude, the direction admonishes sometimes as well for explaining a following or preceding passage as its own.

Ingenuous readers, to you I wish your best desires; to the author I wish, (as an old Cosmographical poet did long since to himself)

—(h) Ἀλλὰ σοὶ θύμων
Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιός ἐστι ἀμειβήν.

To gentlewomen and their loves is consecrated all the wooing language, allusions to love-passions, and sweet embracements feigned by the Muse amongst hills and rivers. Whatsoever tastes of description, battle, story, abstruse antiquity, and (which my particular study caused me sometime remember) law of the kingdom, to the more severe reader. To the one, be contenting enjoyments of their auspicious desires; to the other, happy attendance of their chosen Muses.

FROM THE INNER TEMPLE,
MAY 9. 1612.

(d) Of whom even every ingenious stranger makes honourable mention. Comitem verò illum Palatinum R. Vitum Basingstochium (Cujus Historiæ magnam partem quasi Βεργαιζοντος Chorographica substructio pleraq; ad Antiquitatis amussim, ab Erudicissimo hoc suo populari accepta, ne dicam suppilata, est) adeò inhumanum fuisse miror, ut benè merentem non tam libenter agnoscat, quàm Clariss. Viri syllabis et inventis codicem suum

sæpius perquam ingratiè suffarcinet. Atque id ferè genus Plagiarios, rudes omninò, et Ἀμύους, et vernacules nimirum Nostrates jam nunc imponere sarcinam vides indignanter & ringor.

(e) Janus Anglorum. (f) Quintilian.

(g) If thou hast no taste in learning, meddle no more with what thou understandest not.

(h) That the godlike sort of men may worthily guerdon his labour.

P O L Y - O L B I O N ;

T H E F I R S T S O N G .

The Argument,

The sprightly Muse her wing displays,
And the French islands first surveys;
Bears up with Neptune, and in glory
Transcends proud Cornwall's promontory;
There crowns Mount-Michael, and describes
How all those riverets fall and rise;
Then takes in Tamer, as she bounds
The Cornish and Devonian grounds.
And whilst the Dev'nshire nymphs relate
Their loves, their fortunes, and estate,
Dert undertaketh to revive
Our Brute, and sings his first arrive:
Then northward to the verge she bends,
And her first song at Ax she ends.

Of Albion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I
write,
The fundry varying foils, the pleasures infinite,
(Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels
the heat,
The calms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly
great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night
doth wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter not too
long)

What help shall I invoke to aid my muse the
while?
Thou genius of the place (this most renowned
isle)
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-drown-
ing flood)
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gi-
gantic brood,
Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,
And in this wand'ring maze help to conduct me
out

Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to
 show [flow;
 Which way thy forests range, which way thy rivers
 Wise genius, by thy help that so I may descry
 How thy fair mountains stand, and how thy
 vallies lie;
 From those clear pearly cliffs which see the morn-
 ing's pride,
 And check the furly imps of Neptune when they
 chide,
 Unto the big-swoln waves in the (a) Iberian stream,
 Where Titan still unyokes his fiery-hoofed team,
 And oft his flaming locks luscious nectar steep,
 When from Olympus' top he plungeth in the deeps:
 That from (b) th' Armotie sands, on furling
 Neptune's leas,
 Through the Hibernic gulf (those rough Ver-
 givian seas)
 My verse with wings of skill may fly a lofty gait,
 §. As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate,
 Till through the sleepy main to (c) Thaly I have
 gone,
 And seen the frozen isles, the cold (d) Deucalidon,
 §. Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet re-
 mains, [chains.
 Bound in those gloomy caves with adamantine
 Ye sacred (e) bards, that to your harps melo-
 dious strings
 Sung th' ancient heroes deeds (the monuments
 of Kings)
 And in your dreadful verse ingrav'd the pro-
 phecies,
 The aged world's descents and genealogies;
 If, as those (f) Druids taught, which kept the
 British rites,
 And dwelt in darksome groves, there counselling
 with sprites
 (But their opinions fail'd, by error led awry,
 As since clear truth hath shew'd to their posterity)
 When these our souls by death our bodies do for-
 sake,
 §. They instantly again do other bodies take;
 I could have wish'd your spirits redoubled in my
 breast,
 To give my verse applause to time's eternal rest.
 Thus scarcely said the muse, but hovering
 while she hung
 Upon the (g) Celtic wastes, the sea-nymphs loudly
 sung:
 ' O ever-happy isles, your heads so high that bear,
 ' By nature strongly fenc'd, which never need to
 fear [wars,
 ' On Neptune's watry realms when Eolus raiseth
 And every billow bounds, as though to quench
 the stars:
 Fair Jersey first of these here scatter'd in the
 deep,
 ' Peculiarly that boasts thy double horned sheep:

(a) The western or Spanish ocean.

(b) Bretagny coasts.

(c) The farthest isle in the British ocean.

(d) The sea upon the north of Scotland.

(e) The old British poets.

(f) Priests of the ancient Britons.

(g) The French seas.

' Inferior nor to thee, thou Guernsey, bravely
 ' crown'd
 ' With rough-embattled rocks, whose venom-
 ' hating ground
 ' The hard'ned emeril hath, which thou abroad
 ' dost send:
 ' Thou Ligon her beloved, and Serk, that doth
 ' attend
 ' Her pleasure every hour; as Jethow, them at
 ' need,
 ' With pheasants, fallow deer, and conies that
 ' dost feed:
 ' Ye seven small sister isles, and sorlings, which to
 ' see [be,
 ' The half-funk sea-man joys; or whatsoe'er you
 ' From fruitful Aurney, near the ancient Celtic
 ' shore,
 To Ushant and the Seams, whereas those nuns
 ' of yore
 ' §. Gave answers from, their eaves, and took
 ' what shapes they please:
 ' Ye happy islands set within the British seas,
 ' With shrill and jocund shouts, th' unmeasur'd
 ' deeps awake,
 ' And let the Gods of sea their secret bow'rs
 ' forsake,
 ' Whilst our industrious muse Great Britain forth
 ' shall bring,
 ' Crown'd with those glorious wreaths that beau-
 ' tify the spring;
 ' And whilst green Thetis' nymphs, with many
 ' an amorous lay
 ' Sing our invention safe unto her long-wisht bay,
 Upon the utmost end of Cornwall's furrowing
 beake,
 Where (b) Bresan from the land the tilting waves
 doth break;
 The shore let her transcend, the (i) promont to
 descry,
 And view about the point th' unnumbered fowl
 that fly;
 Some rising like a storm from off the troubled
 sand, [land;
 Seem in their hov'ring flight to shadow all the
 Some sitting on the beach to prune their painted;
 breasts,
 As if both earth and air they only did possess;
 Whence climbing to the cliffs, herself she firmly
 sets [rivulets,
 The bourns, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the
 Exactly to derive; receiving in her way
 That streightned tongue of land, where at Nount-
 Michael's bay,
 Rude Neptune cutting in a cantle forth doth take
 And on the other side, Hayle's vaster mouth doth
 make
 A * chersonese thereof, the corner clipping in;
 Whereto th' industrious muse the mount doth thus
 begin: [shore,
 ' Before thou further pass, and leave this setting
 ' §. Whose towns unto the saints that lived here
 ' of yore

(b) A small island upon the very point of Cornwall.

(i) A hill lying out as an elbow of land into the sea

' (Their fasting, works and pray'rs, remaining to
 ' our shames
 ' Were rear'd, and justly call'd by their peculiar
 ' names, [' have,
 ' The builders honour still; this due and let them
 ' As deign to drop a tear upon each holy grave;
 ' Whose charity and zeal, instead of knowledge
 ' stood: [' good.
 ' For surely in themselves they were right simply
 ' If credulous too much, thereby th' offended
 ' heaven,
 ' In their devout intents yet betheir sins forgiven.
 Then from his rugged top the tears down trick-
 ling fell;
 And in his passion stirr'd, again began to tell
 Strange things that in his days time's course had
 brought to pass:
 That forty miles now sea, sometimes firm fore-
 land was;
 And that a forest then, which now with him is
 flood,
 §. Whereof he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in
 the wood;
 Relating then how long this soil had laid forlorn,
 As that her genius now had almost her forsworn,
 And of the ancient love did utterly repent,
 Sith to destroy herself that fatal tool she lent,
 To which th' insatiate slave her intrails out doth
 draw, [maw;
 That thrusts his gripple hand into her golden
 And for his part doth wish, that it were in his
 pow'r
 To let the ocean in, her wholly to devour.
 Which Hayle doth overhear, and much doth
 blame his rage,
 And told him (to his teeth) he doated with his
 age. [play,
 For Hayle (a lusty nymph, bent all to amorous
 And having quick recourse into the severn sea,
 With Neptune's pages oft disporting in the deep;
 One never touch'd with care, but how herself to
 keep
 In excellent estate) doth thus again intreat;
 ' § Muse, leave the wayward mount to his dis-
 ' per'd heat,
 ' Who nothing can produce but what doth taste
 ' of spight,
 ' I'll shew thee the things of ours most worthy
 ' thy delight.
 Behold our diamonds here, as in the quarrs they
 stand,
 ' By nature neatly cut, as by a skilful hand,
 ' Who varieth them in forms, both curiously and
 ' oft;
 ' Which for she (wanting power) produceth them
 ' too soft,
 ' That virtue which she could not liberally impart
 ' She striveth to amend by her own proper art.
 ' Besides the sea-helm here, that spreadeth all our
 ' shore,
 ' The sick-consuming man so powerful to restore,
 ' Whose root th' eringo is, the reins that doth
 ' inflame
 So strongly to perform the Cytheræan game,
 VOL. III.

' That generally approv'd both far and near is
 ' fought;
 ' § And our Main-Amber here, and Buriën
 ' trophy, thought
 ' Much wrong'd, nor yet prefer'd for wonders
 with the rest.
 But the laborious muse, upon her journey prest,
 Thus uttereth to herself; ' To guide my course
 ' aright, [fight
 ' What mound or steddý mere is offered to my
 ' Upon this out-stretch'd arm, whilst sailing here
 ' at ease,
 ' Betwixt the southern waste, and the Sabrinian
 ' seas,
 ' I view those wanton brooks, that waxing still
 ' do wane;
 ' That scarcely can conceive, but brought to bed
 ' again; [mother)
 ' Scarce rising from the spring (that is their natural
 ' To grow into a stream, but buried in another.
 When Chore doth call her on, that wholly doth
 betake
 Herself unto the Loo; transform'd into a lake,
 Through that impatient love she had to entertain
 The lustful Neptune oft; whom when his wracks
 restrain,
 Impatient of the wrong, impetuously he raves;
 And in his rageful flow, the furious King of waves
 Breaks foaming o'er the beach, whom nothing
 seems to cool,
 Till he have wrought his will on that capacious
 pool:
 Where Menedge, by his brooks, a (k) chersonese
 is cast,
 Widening the slender shore to ease it in the waste;
 A promont jutting out into the dropping south,
 That with his threat'ning cliffs in horrid Nep-
 tune's mouth,
 Derides him and his pow'r: nor cares how him
 he greets.
 Next Roseland (as his friend, the mightier Men-
 edge) meets
 Great Neptune when he swells, and rageth at the
 rocks [shocks
 (Set out into those seas) inforcing through his
 Those arms of sea that thrust into the tinny
 strand,
 By their meandred creeks indenting of that land,
 Whose fame by every tongue is for her minerals
 hurl'd,
 Near from the mid-day's point, throughout the
 western world.
 Here vale a lively flood, her nobler name that
 gives [lives,
 To (i) Falmouth; and by whom, it famous ever
 Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,
 Her haven angled so about her harb'rous sound,
 That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,
 Yet not the tallest mast be of the tallest descry'd;
 Her bravery to this nymph when neighbouring
 rivers told,
 Her mind to them again she briefly doth unfold;
 (k) A place almost surrounded by the sea.
 (i) The bravery of Falmouth haven.

' Let (*m*) Camel of her course and curious
 ' windings boast
 ' In that her greatness reigns sole mistress of that
 ' coast
 ' Twixt Tamer and that bay, where Hayle pours
 ' forth her pride;
 ' And let us (nobler nymphs) upon the mid-day
 side [all,
 ' Be frolic with the best. Thou Foy, before us
 ' By thine own named town made famous in thy
 ' fall,
 ' As low amongst us here, a most delicious brook,
 ' With all our sister nymphs, that to the noon-
 ' sted look,
 ' Which gliding from the hills upon the tinny ore,
 ' Betwixt your high rear'd banks, resort to this
 our shore;
 ' Lov'd streams, let us exult, and think ourselves
 ' no less
 ' Than those upon their side, the setting that
 ' possess.
 Which Camel over-heard: but what doth she
 respect [neglect?
 Their taunts, her proper course that loosely doth
 As frantic, ever since her British Arthur's blood,
 By Mordred's murderous hand was mingled with
 her flood.
 For as that river best might boast that conquer-
 or's breath,
 So sadly she bemoans his too untimely death;
 Who after twelve proud fields against the Saxon
 fought,
 Yet back unto her banks by fate was lastly brought:
 As though no other place on Britain's spacious
 earth [birth:
 Were worthy of his end, but where he had his
 And careless ever since how she her course doth
 steer, [there:
 ' This mutt'reth to herself, in wand'ring here and
 ' Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once
 ' did dwell,
 ' And nature (in the least) but seemed to excel,
 ' Time cannot make such waste, but something
 ' will appear,
 ' To shew some little tract of delicacy there,
 ' Or some religious work, in building many a
 ' day,
 ' That this penurious age hath suffer'd to decay;
 ' Some limb or model dragg'd out of the ruin-
 ' ous mass,
 ' The richness will declare in glory whilst it was:
 ' But time upon my waste committed hath such
 ' theft,
 ' That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left,
 The nine-ston'd trophy thus whilst she doth
 entertain,
 Proud Tamer swoops along with such a lusty train,
 As fits to brave a flood, two countries that di-
 vides: [sides
 So to increase her strength, she from her equal
 Receives their several rills; and of the Cornish
 kind,
 First taketh Atré in; and her not much behind

m) This is also called Alan.

Comes Kensley: after whom, clear Enjan in
 doth make,
 In Tamer's roomthier banks their rest that scarce-
 ly take.
 Then Lyner, though the while aloof she seem'd
 to keep,
 Her sovereign when she sees t' approach the
 surgeful deep,
 To beautify her fall, her plenteous tribute brings;
 This honours Tamer much, that she whose plen-
 teous springs
 Those proud aspiring hills, Bromwelly and his
 friend [mend,
 High Rowter, from their tops impartially com-
 And is by (*n*) Carew's muse the river most re-
 nown'd,
 Associate should her grace to the Devonian ground,
 Which in those other brooks doth emulation
 breed.
 Of which, first Car comes crown'd with ozier,
 segs and reed:
 Then Lid creeps on along, and taking Thrushel,
 throws [goes,
 Herself amongst the rocks; and so incavern'd
 That of the blessed light (from other floods) de-
 barr'd,
 To bellow underneath she only can be heard,
 As those that view her tract, seems strangely
 to affright:
 So Toovy straineth in; and Plym, that claims
 by right
 The christning of that bay, which bears her
 nobler name.
 Upon the British coast (*o*) what ship yet ever
 came,
 That not of Plymouth hears, where those brave
 navies lie,
 From cannons thund'ring throats that all the
 world defy?
 Which to invasive spoil, when th' English list
 to draw,
 Have check'd Iberia's pride, and held her oft
 in awe:
 Oft furnishing our dames with India's rar'st de-
 vices,
 And lent us gold, and pearl, rich filks and
 dainty spices.
 But Tamer takes the place, and all attend her
 here, [near
 A faithful bound to both; and two that be so
 For likeness of soil, and quantity they hold,
 Before the Roman came; whose people were
 of old
 §. Known by one general name, upon this
 point that dwell;
 All other of this isle in wrestling that excel:
 With collars be they yok'd, to prove the arm
 at length,
 Like bulls set head to head, with meer deliver
 strength;

(*n*) A worthy gentleman, who wrote the description of Cornwall.

(*o*) The praise of Plymouth.

Or by the girdles graspt, they practise with the
hip
The (p) forward, backward, falx, the mar, the
turn, the trip,
When stript into their shirts, each other they
invade
Within a spacious ring, by the beholders made,
According to the law. Or when the ball to
throw, [go:
And drive it to the goal, in squadrons forth they
And to avoid the troops their forces that fore-lay,
Through dikes and rivers make, in this robustious
play;
By which the toils of war most lively are exprest.
But muse, may I demand, Why these of all
the rest,
(As mighty Albion's eld'st) most active are and
strong?
From (q) Corin came it first, or from the use so
long?
§. Or that this fore-land lies farth'st out into
his sight,
Which spreads his vigorous flames on every
lesser light?
With th' virtue of his beams, this place that
doth inspire,
Whose pregnant womb prepar'd by his all-pow'r-
ful fire,
Being purely hot and moist, projects that fruit-
ful seed,
Which strongly doth beget, and doth as strong-
ly breed:
The well-disposed heaven here proving to the
earth [birth.
A husband furthering fruit, a midwife helping
But whilst th' industrious muse thus labours
to relate
Those rillets that attend proud Tamer and her
state,
A neighbourer of this nymph's, as high in for-
tune's grace,
And whence calm Tamer trips, clear Towridge in
that place
Is poured from her spring, and seems at first to
flow
That way which Tamer strains; but as she great
doth grow,
Rememb'reth to foresee what rivals she should
find
To interrupt her course; whose so unsettled mind
Ock coming in perceives, and thus doth her per-
swade:
' Now Neptune shield, bright nymph, thy beau-
' ty should be made
' The object of her scorn, which (for thou can'st
' not be
' Upon the southern side so absolute as she)
' Will awe thee in thy course. Wherefore, fair
' flood, recoil,
' And where thou may'st alone be sov'reign of
' the foil,

(p) Terms of art in wrestling.

(q) Our first great wrestler, arriving here with Brute.

' There exercise thy pow'r, thy braveries and dis-
' play: [sea,
' Turn Towridge, let us back to the Sabrinian
' Where Thetis' handmaids still in that recourseful
' deep,
' With those rough Gods of sea continual revels
' keep;
' There may'st thou live admir'd, the mistress of
' the lake.
Wife Ock she doth obey, returning, and doth
take
The Taw; which from her fount forc'd on with
amorous gales,
And eas'ly ambling down through the Devonian
dales,
Brings with her Moul and Bray, her banks that
gently bathe;
Which on her dainty breast, in many a silver
swathe,
She bears into that bay where Barstaple beholds
How her beloved Taw clear Towridge there un-
folds.
The confluence of these brooks divulg'd in
Dertmoor, bred
Distrust in her sad breast, that she so largely
spread,
And in their spacious shire the near'st the cen-
tre set [get
Of any place of note, that these should bravely
The praise from those that sprung out of her
pearly lap:
Which, nourish'd and bred up at her most plen-
teous pap,
No sooner taught to dade, but from their mother
trip, [strip.
And in their speedy course strive others to out-
The Yalm, the Awn, the Aum, by spacious Dert-
moor fed,
And in the southern sea b'ing likewise brought
to bed;
That these were not of power to publish her de-
sert,
Much griev'd the ancient moor; which under-
stood by Dert
(From all the other floods that only takes her
name, [fame)
And as her eld'st, in right the heir of all her
To shew her nobler spirit it greatly doth behove.
' Dear mother, from your breast this fear (quoth
she) remove;
' Defy their utmost force; there's not the proud-
' est flood.
' That falls betwixt the Mount and Exmore,
' shall make good
' Her royalty with mine, with me nor can com-
' pare:
' I challenge any one to answer me that dare;
' That was, before them all, predestinate to meet
' My Britain-founding Brute, when with his puif-
' sent fleet
' At Totness first he touch'd; which shall renown
' my stream
' §. Which now the envious world doth slander
' for a dream:)

- ' Whose fatal flight from Greece, his fortunate
 ' arrive
 ' In happy Albion here whilst strongly I revive,
 ' Dear Harburn, at thy hands this credit let
 ' me win,
 ' Quoth she, that as thou hast my faithful hand-
 ' maid been,
 ' So now, my only brook, assist me with thy
 ' spring, [sing.
 ' Whilst of the godlike Brute the story thus I
 ' When long-renowned Troy lay spent in
 ' hostile fire,
 ' And aged Priam's pomp did with her flames
 ' expire,
 ' Æneas (taking thence Ascanius, his young son,
 ' And his most rev'rend sire, the grave Anchises,
 ' won
 ' From shoals of slaughter'ing Greeks) set out
 ' from Simois' shores,
 ' And through the Tyrrhene sea, by strength of
 ' toiling oars,
 ' Raught Italy at last; where King Latinus lent
 ' Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tem-
 ' pests rent:
 ' When in the Latin court, Lavinia young and
 ' fair, [heir,
 ' Her father's only child, and kingdom's only
 ' Upon the Trojan Lord her liking strongly
 ' plac'd,
 ' And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast
 ' embrac'd
 ' But Turnus (at that time) the proud Rutulian
 ' king,
 ' A suitor to the maid, Æneas malicing,
 ' By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:
 ' But by the Teucrian power courageously sub-
 ' du'd,
 ' Bright Cytheræa's son the Latin crown ob-
 ' tain'd,
 ' And dying, in his stead his son Ascanius reign'd.
 ' §. Next Sylvius him succeeds, begetting Brute
 ' again:
 ' Who in his mother's womb whilst yet he did
 ' remain,
 ' The oracles gave out, that next-born Brute
 ' should be
 ' §. His parents only death: which soon they
 ' liv'd to see.
 ' For, in his painful birth his mother did depart,
 ' And ere his fifteenth year, in hunting of a hart,
 ' He with a luckless shaft his hapless father
 ' slew:
 ' For which, out of his throne their King the
 ' Latins threw.
 ' Who wand'ring in the world, to Greece at
 ' last doth get,
 ' Where whilst he liv'd unknown, and oft with
 ' want beset,
 ' He of the race of Troy a remnant hapt to find,
 ' There by the Grecians held; which having still
 ' in mind
 ' Their tedious ten years war, and famous heroes
 ' slain) [tain;
 ' In slavery with them still those Trojans did de-
- ' Which Pyrrhus thither brought, and (did with
 ' hate pursue, [ris flew)
 ' To wreak Achilles' death, at Troy whom Pa-
 ' There by Pandrasus kept in sad and servile awe:
 ' Who when they knew young Brute, and that
 ' brave shape they saw,
 ' They humbly him desire, that he a mean would
 ' be, [free.
 ' From those imperious Greeks his countrymen to
 ' He, finding out a rare and sprightly youth,
 ' to fit
 ' His humour every way, for courage, power,
 ' and wit,
 ' Assaracus, (who though that by his fire he were
 ' A Prince among the Greeks, yet held the Tro-
 ' jans dear;
 ' Descended of their stock upon the mother's
 ' side,
 ' For which he by the Greeks his birth-right was
 ' deny'd) [arose,
 ' Impatient of his wrongs, with him brave Brute
 ' And of the Trojan youth courageous captains
 ' chose,
 ' Rais'd earth-quakes with their drums, the ruf-
 ' fling ensigns rear,
 ' And gath'ring young and old that rightly Tro-
 ' jan were,
 ' Up to the mountains march, through straits and
 ' forests strong: [long
 ' Were taking-in the towns pretending to be-
 ' Unto that (r) Grecian Lord, some forces there
 ' they put:
 ' Within whose safer walls their wives and child-
 ' ren shut,
 ' Into the field they drew, for liberty to stand.
 ' Which when Pandrasus heard, he sent his
 ' strict command
 ' To levy all the power he presently could make:
 ' So to their strengths of war the Trojans them
 ' betake.
 ' But whilst the Grecian guides (not knowing
 ' how or where)
 The Teucrians were, entrench'd or what their
 ' forces were.
 ' In foul disorder'd troops yet straggled, as secure,
 ' This looseness to their spoil the Trojans did al-
 ' lure,
 ' Who fiercely them assail'd: where staunchless
 ' fury rap'd
 ' The Grecians in so fast, that scarcely one es-
 ' cap'd;
 ' Yea, Proud Pandrasus' flight himself could
 ' hardly free.
 ' Who, when he saw his force thus frustrated to
 ' be,
 ' And by his present loss his passed error found,
 ' As by a later war to cure a former wound,
 ' Doth reinforce his power, to make a second
 ' fight;
 ' When they, whose better wits had over-matcht
 ' his might,

(r) Assaracus:

' Loth what they got to lose, as politicly cast
 ' His armies to intrap, in getting to them fast
 ' Antigonus as friend, and Anaclet his peer
 ' (Surpriz'd in the last fight) by gifts who hired
 ' were
 ' Into the Grecian camp th' ensuing night to go,
 ' And feign they were stol'n forth, to their allies
 ' to show
 ' How they might have the spoil of all the Tro-
 ' jan pride;
 ' And gaining them belief, the credulous Gre-
 ' cians guide
 ' Into the ambushment near, that secretly was
 ' laid : [tray'd;
 ' So to the Trojans hands the Grecians were be-
 ' Pandrusus self surpriz'd; his crown who to re-
 ' deem
 ' (Which scarcely worth their wrong the Trojan
 ' race esteem)
 ' Their slavery long sustain'd did willingly re-
 ' lease;
 ' And (for a lasting league of amity and peace)
 ' Bright Innogen, his child, for wife to Brutus
 ' gave
 ' And furnisht them a fleet, with all things they
 ' could crave
 ' To set them out to sea. Who launching, at the
 ' last, [past,
 ' They on Lergesia light, an isle; and e'er they
 ' Unto a temple built to great Diana there,
 ' The noble Brutus went; wife [s] Trivia to en-
 ' quire,
 ' To shew them where the stock of ancient Troy
 ' to place.
 ' The Goddess, that both knew and lov'd the
 ' Trojan race,
 ' Reveal'd to him in dreams, that farthest to the
 ' West, [blest;
 ' §. He should descry the isle of Albion, highly
 ' With giants lately stor'd; their numbers now
 ' decay'd:
 ' By vanquishing the rest, his hopes should there
 ' be staid:
 ' Where from the stock of Troy, those puissant
 ' kings should rise,
 ' Whose conquests from the West, the world
 ' should scant suffice.
 ' Thus answer'd; great with hope, to sea
 ' they put again,
 ' And safely under sail, the hours do entertain
 ' With sights of sundry shores, which they from
 ' far descry:
 ' And viewing with delight th' Azarian moun-
 ' tains high,
 ' One walking on the deck, unto his friend
 ' would say
 ' (As I have heard some tell) so goodly Ida lay.
 ' Thus talking 'mongst themselves, they sun-
 ' burnt Afric keep
 ' Upon the leeward still, and (sulking up the
 ' deep)

[s] One of the titles of Diana.

' For Mauritania make: where putting-in, they
 ' find
 ' A remnant (yet reserv'd) of th' ancient Dardan
 ' kind,
 ' By brave Antenor brought from out the Greek-
 ' ish spoils
 ' (O long renowned Troy! of thee and of thy
 ' toils,
 ' What country had not heard?) which to their
 ' general then
 ' Great Corineus had, the strong'st of mortal
 ' men;
 ' To whom (with joyful hearts) Diana's will
 ' they show.
 ' Who eas'ly being won along with them to
 ' go,
 ' They all together put into the wat'ry plain:
 ' Oft times with pirates, oft with monsters of
 ' the main
 ' Distressed in their way; whom hope forbids
 ' to fear.
 ' Those pillars first they pass which Jove's great
 ' son did rear,
 ' And cussing those stern waves which like huge
 ' mountains roll,
 ' (Full joy in every part possessing every soul)
 ' In Aquitain at last the Ilion race arrive;
 ' Whom strongly to repulse when as those re-
 ' creants strive,
 ' They (anchoring there at first but to refresh
 ' their fleet,
 ' Yet saw those savage men so rudely them to
 ' greet)
 ' Unshipt their warlike youth, advancing to the
 ' shore.
 ' The dwellers, which perceiv'd such danger
 ' at the door,
 ' Their king Grossarius get to raise his powerful
 ' force:
 ' Who must'ring up an host of mingled foot
 ' and horse,
 ' Upon the Trojans set; when suddenly began
 ' A fierce and dangerous fight; where Corineus
 ' ran
 ' With slaughter through the thick-set squadrons
 ' of the foes,
 ' And with his armed ax laid on such deadly
 ' blows,
 ' That heaps of lifeless trunks each passage stopt
 ' up quite.
 ' Grossarius having lost the honour of the
 ' fight,
 ' Repairs his ruin'd pow'rs; not so to give
 ' them breath:
 ' When they, which must be freed by conquest
 ' or by death,
 ' And conquering them before, hop'd now to do
 ' no less,
 ' (The like in courage still) stand for the like
 ' success.
 ' Then stern and deadly war put on his horrid
 ' shape,
 ' And wounds appear'd so wide, as if the grave
 ' did gape

' To swallow both at once; which strove as both
 ' shall fall,
 ' When they with slaughter seem'd to be en-
 ' circled all:
 ' Where Turon (of the rest) Brute's sister's va-
 ' liant son
 ' (By whose approved deeds that day was chiefly
 ' won)
 ' Six hundred flew outright through his pecu-
 ' liar strength:
 ' By multitudes of men yet over-press'd at length,
 ' His nobler uncle there, to his immortal name,
 ' §. The city Turon built, and well endow'd the
 ' fame, [here,
 ' For Albion failing then, th' arriv'd quickly
 ' (O! never in this world men half so joyful
 ' were,
 ' With shouts heard up to heaven, when they be-
 ' held the land)
 ' And in this very place where Totness now
 ' doth stand,
 ' First set their Gods of Troy, kiss'd the blessed
 ' shore; [fore,
 ' Then foraging this isle, long promis'd them be-
 ' Amongst the ragged cliffs those monstrous giants
 ' fought,
 ' Who (of their dreadful kind) t'appall the Tro-
 ' jans, brought
 ' Great Gogmagog, an oak that by the roots
 ' could tear:
 ' So mighty were (that time) the man who lived
 ' there:
 ' But for the use of arms he did not understand
 ' Except some rock or tree, that coming next to
 ' hand
 ' He raz'd out of the earth to execute his rage)
 ' He challenge makes for strength, and offereth
 ' there his gage.
 ' Which Corin taketh up, to answer by and by,
 ' Upon this son of earth his utmost power to try.
 ' All doubtful to which part the victory would
 ' go, [Hoe,
 ' Upon that lofty place at Plimmouth call'd the
 ' Those mighty (t) wrestlers met; with many
 ' an ireful look
 ' Who threat'ned, as the one hold of the other
 ' took:
 ' But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their
 ' sparkling eyes.
 ' And whilst at length of arm one from the other
 ' lies:
 ' Their lusty sinews swell like cables, as they strive:
 ' Their feet such trampling make, as though they
 ' forc'd to drive
 ' A thunder out of earth, which stagger'd with
 ' the weight:
 ' Thus, either's utmost force urg'd to the great-
 ' est height,
 ' Whilst one upon his hip the other seeks to lift,
 ' And th' adverse (by a turn) doth from his cun-
 ' ning shift,

(t) Description of the wrestling betwixt Corineus and Gogmagog.

' Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow
 ' noise doth make
 ' Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth
 ' take [hold
 ' The giant twixt the grains; and voiding of his
 ' (Before his cumbrous feet he well recover
 ' could)
 ' Pitcht headlong from the hill; as when a man
 ' doth throw
 ' An axtree, that with slight-deliver'd from the
 ' toe [fall
 ' Roots up the yielding earth; so that his violent
 ' Strook Neptune with such strength, as should-
 ' er'd him withal;
 ' That where the monstrous waves like mountains
 ' late did stand,
 ' They leapt out of the place, and left the bared
 ' sand [gave.
 ' To gaze upon wide heaven: so great a blow it
 ' For which, the conquering Brute on Corineus
 ' brave
 ' This horn of land bestow'd and mark it with
 ' his name;
 ' §. Of Corin, Cronwal call'd, to his immortal
 ' fame.
 Clear Dert delivering thus the famous Brute's
 ' arrive [strive
 Inflam'd with her report, the straggling rivulets
 So highly her to raise, that Ting (whose banks
 ' were blest
 By her beloved nymph dear Leman) which ad-
 ' drest,
 And fully with herself determin'd before
 To sing the Danish spoils committed on her shore,
 When hither from the east they came in mighty
 ' swarms,
 Nor could their native earth contain their nume-
 ' rous arms,
 Their surcrease grew so great, as forced them at
 ' last
 To seek another soil, as bees do when they cast;
 And by their impious pride how hard she was
 ' bested,
 When all the country swam with blood of Sax-
 ' ons shed:
 This river, as I said, which had determin'd long
 The deluge of the Danes exactly to have song,
 It utterly neglects; and studying how to do
 The Dert those high respects belonging her unto,
 Inviteth goodly Ex, who from her full-fed spring
 Her little Barlee hath, and Dunbrook her to
 ' bring
 From Exmore; when she hath scarcely found
 ' her course,
 Than Creddey cometh in, and Forto, which in-
 ' force
 Her faster to her fall; as Ken her closely clips,
 And on her eastern side sweet Leman gently slips
 Into her widen'd banks, her sovereign to assist;
 As Columb wins for Ex clear Wever and the
 ' Clift,
 Contributing their streams their mistress' fame
 ' to raise.
 As all assist the Ex, so Ex consumeth these;

Like some unthrifty youth, depending on the
 court, [port;
 To win an idle name, that keeps a needless
 And raising his old rent, exacts his farmers store
 The landlord to enrich, the tenants wond'rous
 poor:
 Who having lent him theirs, he then consumes
 his own,
 That with most vain expense upon the Prince is
 thrown:
 So these, the lesser brooks unto the greater pay;
 The greater, they again spend all upon the sea:
 As, Otreu (that her name doth of the otters take
 Abounding in her banks) and Ax, their utmost
 make
 To aid stout Dert, that dar'd Brute's story to
 revive.
 For when the Saxon first the Britons forth did
 drive,

Some up into the hills themselves o'er Severn
 shut:
 Upon this point of land, for refuge, others put,
 To that brave race of Brute still fortunate. For
 where
 Great Brute first disembark'd his wand'ring
 Trojans, there
 §. His offspring (after long expulst the inner
 land,
 When they the Saxon power no longer could
 withstand)
 Found refuge in their flight; where Ax and
 Otreu first
 Gave these poor souls to drink, oppress'd with
 grievous thirst.
 Here I'll unyoke awhile, and turn my steeds
 to meat:
 The land grows large and wide; my teem begins
 to sweat.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

If in prose and religion it were as justifiable as in
 poetry and fiction, to invoke a local power (for
 anciently both Jews, Gentiles, and Christians have
 supposed to every country a singular (a) genius)
 I would therein join with the author. Howsoever,
 in this and all (b) *ἐκ διὸ ἀρχαῖα*; and so I begin
 to you.

As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate.

When Pope Clement VI. granted the fortunate
 isles to Lewis Earl of Clermont, by that general
 name (meaning only the seven Canaries, and pur-
 posing their Christian conversion) the English em-
 bassadors at Rome seriously doubted, (c) lest their
 own country had been comprised in the donation.
 They were Henry of Lancaster Earl of Derby,
 Hugh Spenser, Ralph Lord Stafford, the Bishop
 of Oxford, and others, agents there with the Pope,
 that he as a private friend, not as a judge or party
 interested, should determine of Edward the third's
 right to France: where you have this embassy

in Walsingham, (d) correct *regnum Angliæ*, and
 read *Francia*. Britain's excellence in earth and
 air (whence the Macares, (e) and particularly
 Crete among the Greeks, had their title) together
 with the Pope's exactions, in taxing, collating,
 and providing of benefices (an intolerable wrong
 to laymen's inheritances and the crown revenues)
 gave cause of this jealous conjecture; seconded in
 the conceit of them which derive Albion from (f)
ἄλβιος; whereto the author in his title and this
 verse alludes. But of Albion more presently.

Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains.

Fabulous Jupiter's ill dealing with his father
 Saturn is well known; and that after deposing
 him, and his privities cut off, he perpetually im-
 prisoned him: Homer joins (g) Japet with him,
 living in eternal night about the utmost ends of
 the earth: which well fits the more northern
 climate of these islands. Of them (dispersed in
 the Deucalidonian sea) in one most temperate, of

(a) Rabbin. ad. 10. Dan. Macrob. Saturnal. 3.
 c. 9. Symmach. epist. 40. l. 1. D. Th. 2. dist. 10.
 art. 3. alii.

(b) God afore.

(c) Rob. Avesburienf. ann. 17 Ed. 3. The for-
 tunate isles.

(d) Hypodigmatis Neustriæ locus emendatis,
 sub an. 1344.

(e) Pomp. Mel. l. 2. c. 7.

(f) Happy.

(g) Iliad. 1 & Hesiod. in Theogon,

gentle air, and fragrant with sweetest odours, lying towards the north-west, it is reported, (b) that Saturn lies bound in iron chains, kept by Briareus, attended by spirits continually dreaming of Jupiter's projects, whereby his ministers prognosticate the secrets of fate. Every thirty years, divers of the adjacent islanders, with solemnity for success of the undertaken voyage, and competent provision, enter the vast sea, and at last, in this (i) Saturnian isle (by this name the sea is called also) enjoy the happy quiet of the place; some in studies of nature and the mathematics which continue; others in sensuality, which after thirty years return perhaps to their first home. This fabulous relation might be, and in part is, by chymics as well interpreted for mysteries of their art, as the common tale of Dædalus's labyrinth, Jason and his Argonautics, and almost the whole chaos of mythic inventions. But neither geography (for I guess not where or what this isle should be, unless that *des* (k) *Mukraons* which Pantagruel discovered) nor the matter's self permits it less poetical (although a learned Greek father (l) out of some credulous historian seems to remember it) than the Elysian fields, which with this, are always laid by Homer about the (m) *νέστωρα πέριπα γαίης*; a place whereof too large liberty was given to feign, because of the difficult possibility in finding the truth. Only thus note seriously, that this revolution of thirty years (which with some latitude is Saturn's natural motion) is especially (n) noted for the longest period, or age also among our Druids; and that in a particular form, to be accounted yearly from the sixth moon, as their new years day; which circuit of time, divers of the ancients reckon for their generations in chronology; as store of (o) authors shew you.

They instantly again do other bodies take.

You cannot be without understanding of this Pythagorean opinion of transanimation (I have like liberty to naturalize that word, as Lipsius had to make it a Roman, by turning (p) *μετεμψύχωσις*) if ever you read any that speaks of Pythagoras (whom, for this particular, Epiphanius reckons among his heretics) or discourse largely of philosophical doctrine of the soul. But especially, if you affect it tempered with inviting pleasure, take Lucian's cock and his necromancy; if in serious discourse, Plato's Phædon, and

Phædrus with his followers. Lipsius doubts (q) whether Pythagoras received it from the Druids, or they from him, because in his travels he conversed as well with Gaulish as Indian Philosophers. Out of Cæsar and Lucan, inform yourself with full testimony of this their opinion, too ordinary among the heathen and Jews also, which thought our (r) Saviour to be Jeremy or Elias upon this error: irreligious indeed, yet such a one, as so strongly crested moving spirits, that they did never

—————(f) *red tunc parcere vitæ,*

but most willingly devote their whole selves to the public service: and this was in substance the politic envoys wherewith Pluto and Cicero concluded their commonwealths, as Macrobius hath observed. The author, with pity, imputes to them their being led away in blindness of the time and errors of their fancies; as all other the most divine philosophers (not lightened by the true word) have been, although (mere human sufficiencies only considered) some of them were sublimate far above earthly conceit: as especially Hermes, Orpheus, Pythagoras, (first learning the soul's immortality of (t) Pherecydes a Syrian) Seneca, Plato and Plutarch; which last two, in a Greek hymn of an eastern (u) bishop, are commended to Christ for such as came nearest to holiness of any untaught Gentiles. Of the Druids more large in fitter place.

Gave answer for their caves, and took what shapes they please.

In the Seam (an isle by the coast of the French Bretagne) nine virgins consecrate to perpetual chastity, were priests of a famous oracle, remembered by Mela. His printed books have *Gallicenes vocant*; where that great critic Turneb reads (x) *Gallizenas*, or *lenas vocant*. But White of Basingstoke will have it (y) *cenas*, as interpreting their profession and religion, which was in an arbitrary metamorphosing themselves, charming the winds (as of later times the witches of Lapland and Finland) skill in predictions, more than natural medicine and such like; their kindness being in all chiefly to (z) sailors. But finding that in the Syllies were also of both sexes such kind of pro-

(b) Plutarch. de facie in orbe Lunæ, & eld. defect. Oracui.

(i) Κρίσιον πᾶς οὐραν.

(k) Rablais.

(l) Clem. Alexandrin. Stromat. 5. Odyss. 8. Iliad. 6.

(m) Utmost ends of the earth. Upon affinity of this with the Cape de Finisterre, Goropius thinks the Elysian fields were by that promontory of Spain. Vide Strab. lib. 7.

(n) Plin. Hist. natur. 16. c. 44.

(o) Eustath. ad. Iliad. α. Herodot. lib. α. Suid. in γένεσιν. Cenforin. de die. nat. c. 17.

(p) A passing of souls from one to another.

(q) Physiolog. Stoic. l. 3. dissert. 12.

(r) Just. Mart. dialog.

(f) Spare in spending their lives, which they hoped to receive again.

(t) Cicer. Tusculan. 1.

(u) Joan. Euchaitenf. jampriden Etoniæ græcè editus.

(x) The Gauls call them Jupiter's priests or bawds.

(y) Vain.

(z) Solin. Polybist. c. 35.

fellors, that they were (a) Samnitæ, strangely superstitious in their Bacchanals, in an isle of this coast (as is delivered by Strabo) and that the Gauls, Britons, Indians ('twixt both whom and Pythagoras is found no small consent of doctrine) had their philosophers (under which name both priests and prophets of those times were included) called (b) Samanæi, and Semni, and (perhaps by corruption of some of these) Samothei, which, to make it Greek, might be turned into Semnothes. I doubted whether some relic of these words remained in that of Mela, if you read (c) Cenæs or Senas, as contracted from Samanæi; which by deduction from a root of some eastern tongue, might signify as much as what we call astrologers. But of this too much.

Whose towns unto the Saints that lived here of yore.

Not only to their own country Saints (whose names are there very frequent) but also to the Irish; a people anciently (according to the name of the (d) Holy Island given to Ireland) much devoted to, and by the English much respected for their holiness and learning. I omit their fabulous Cæsarea niece to Noah, (e) their Bartholan their Ruan, who, as they affirm, first planted religion before Christ among them: nor desire I your belief of this Rufas's age, which by their account (supposing him living 300 years after the flood, and christened by Saint Patrick) exceeded 1700 years, and so was elder than that impostor, (f) whose feigned continuance of life and restless travels, ever since the passion, lately offered to deceive the credulous. Only thus I note of venerable Bede, that in the Saxon times it was usual for the English and Gaulish to make Ireland as it were, both their university and monastery, for studies of learning and divine contemplation, as the life of (g) Gildas also, and other frequent testimonies discover.

From which he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood.

That the ocean (as in many other places of other countries) hath eaten up much of what was here once shore, is a common report, approved in the Cornish name of St. Michael's Mount; which is (b) *Carew Gorw in Glows*, i. e. the Hoar-rock in the wood.

And our Main-amber bere, and Aurien trophy—

Main-amber, i. e. Ambrose's stone (not far from Pensans) so great, that many men's united strength cannot remove it, yet with one finger you may wag it. The Burien trophy is 19 stones, circularly disposed, and, in the middle, one much exceeding the rest in greatness: by conjecture of most learned Camden, erected either under the Romans, or else by King Athelstan in his conquest of these parts.

Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth.

Near Camel about Camblan, was (i) Arthur slain by Mordred, and on the same shore, east from the river's mouth, born in Tintagel castle. Gorlois Prince of Cornwall, at Uther-Pendragon's coronation, solemnized in London, upon divers too kind passages and lascivious regards betwixt the king and his wife Igerne, grew very jealous, in a rage left the court, committed his wife's chastity to this castle's safeguard; and to prevent the wasting of his country, which upon this discontent was threatened, betook himself in other sorts to martial preparation. Uther (his blood still boiling in lust) upon advice of Ulfen Rhicaradoch, one of his knights, by Ambrose Merlin's magic personated like Garlois, and Ulfen like one Jordan, servant to Gorlois, made such successful use of their imposture, that (the Prince in the mean time slain) Arthur was the same night begotten, and verified that (k) *Νοθοι τε πολλοὶ γνησίαν ἀμείνονες*; although Merlin by the rule of Hermes, or astrological direction, justified, that he was conceived three hours after Gorlois' death; by this shift answering the dangerous imputation of bastardy to the heir of a crown. For Uther taking Igerne to wife, left Arthur his successor in the kingdom. Here have you a Jupiter, an Alcmena, an Amphitryo, a Sofias, and a Mercury; nor wants there scarce any thing, but that truth-passing reports of poetical bards have made the birth an Hercules.

Known by one general name upon this point that dwell.

The name Dumnonii, Damnonii, or Danmonii, in Solinus and Ptolemy, comprehended the people of Devonshire and Cornwall: whence the Lizard promontory is called Damnum in (l) Marcian Heracleotes; and William of Malmesbury, Florence

(a) Ἀμνίται Dionys. Afro in *περίηγ.* multis, n. pro arbitrio antiquorum S litera adest vel abest. v. Casaubon, ad a. Strab.

(b) Origen, κατὰ Κέλσ. lib. α. Clem. Alex. Strom. α & ε. Diog. Laert. lib. α.

(c) Conjecture upon Mela.

(d) Fest. Avieno insul. sacra dicta Hibernia.

(e) Giraldus Cambrenf. dist. 3. c. 2.

(f) Affuerus Cordonnier (dictus in hist. Gallicæ Victoris ante triennium ed. de la paix, &c.) cujus partes olim egisse videntur Josephus Charophylacius (referente episcopo Armeniaco apud

Matt. Paris in Henr. III.) & Joannes ille (Guidoni Bonato in astrologiâ sic indigitatus) Butta-deus.

(g) In biblioth. Floriacens. edit. per Joan à Bosco.

(b) Carew descrip. Corn. lib. 2.

(i) Dictus hinc in Merlini vaticinio, Aper Cornubia.

(k) Euripid. Andromach. Bastards are often times better than legitimates.

(l) Τὸ δάμνιον α κρον.

of Worcester, Roger of Hoveden and others, stile Devonshire by name of Domnonia, perhaps all from *Duffneint*. i. e. low valleys in British; wherein are most inhabitants of the country, as judicious Camden teaches me.

*Or that this foreland lies furth'st out into his sight,
Which spreads his vigorous flames—*

Fuller report of the excellence in wrestling and nimbleness of body, wherewith this western people have been and are famous, you may find in Carew's description of his country. But to give reason of the climate's nature for this prerogative in them, I think as difficult as to shew why about the Magellanic streights they are so white, about the Cape de Buon Speranza so black, (*m*) yet both under the same tropic; why the Abyssins are but tawny moors, when as in the East-Indian isles, Zeilan and Malabar, they are very black, both in the same parallel; or why we that live in this Northern latitude; compared with the southern, should not be like affected from like cause. I refer it no more to the sun, than the special horsemanship in our northern men, the nimble ability of the Irish, the fiery motions of the French, Italian jealousy, German liberty, Spanish puffed-up vanity, or those different and perpetual carriages of state government, haste and delay, which as (*n*) inbred qualities were remarkable in the two most martial people of Greece. The cause of Æthiopian blackness and curled hair was long since judiciously (*o*) fecht from the disposition of soil, air, water, and singular operations of the heavens: with confutation of those which attribute it to the sun's distance. And I am resolved that every land hath its so singular self nature and individual habitude with celestial influence, that human knowledge, consisting most of all in universality, is not yet furnished with what is requisite to so particular discovery. But for the learning of this point in a special treatise, Hippocrates, Ptolemy, Bodin, and others have copious disputes.

Which now the envious world doth slander for a dream.

I should the sooner have been of the author's opinion (in more than poetical form, standing for Brute) if in any Greek or Latin story authentic, speaking of Æneas and his planting in Latium, were mention made of any such like thing. To reckon the learned men which deny him, or at least permit him not in conjecture, were too long

a catalogue; and indeed, this critic age scarce any longer endures any nation their first supposed author's name; not Italus to the Italians; not Hispalus to the Spaniard, Bato to the Hollander, Brabo to the Brabantine, Francio to the French, Celtes to the Celt, Galathes to the Gaul, Scot to the Scot; no, nor scarce Romulus to his Rome, because of their unlikely and fictitious mixtures: especially this of Brute, supposed long before the beginning of the Olympiads (whence all time backward is justly called by (*p*) Varro, unknown or fabulous) some two thousand seven hundred and more years since, about Samuel's time, is most of all undoubted. But (reserving my censure) I thus maintain the author, although nor Greek nor Latin, nor our country stories of Bede and Malmesbury especially, nor that fragment yet remaining of Gildas speak of him; and that his name were not published until Geoffrey of Monmouth's edition of the British story, which grew and continues much suspected, in much rejected; yet observe that Taliesin a (*q*) great bard, more than a thousand years since, affirms it, Nennius (in some copies he is under name of Gildas) above eight hundred years past, and the gloss of Samuel Beaulan, or some other, crept into this text, mention both the common report and descent from Æneas; and withal (which I take to be Nennius his own) make his son to one Isicio or Hefichio (perhaps meaning Aschenaz, of whom more in the fourth song) continuing a pedigree to Adam, joining these words: (*r*) "This genealogy I found by tradition of the ancients, which were first inhabitants of Britain." In a manuscript epistle of Henry of Huntingdon (*s*) to one Warin, I read the Latin of this English; "You ask me Sir, why omitting the succeeding reigns from Brute to Julius Cæsar, I begin to my story at Cæsar? I answer you, That neither by word nor writing could I find any certainty of those times; although with diligent search I oft enquired it, yet this year in my journey towards Rome in the abbey of Beccensam, even with amazement, I found the story of Brute;" and in his own printed book he affirms, that what Bede had in this part omitted, was supplied to him by other authors; of which Girald seems to have had use. The British story of Monmouth was a translation (but with much liberty, and no exact faithfulness) of a Welsh book, delivered to Geoffrey by one Walter archdeacon of Oxford, and hath been followed (the translator being a man of some credit, and bishop of St. Asaph's under

(*m*) Ortellius theatro.

(*n*) Thucydid. *z.* & passim de Athen. & Lacedæm. & de Thæbis & Chalcide. v. Calumell. *i.* de re rustic. cap. 4.

(*o*) Onesicrit. apud Strabon. lib. *13.*

(*p*) Apud Censorin. de die natal. cap. 21. Christopher. Helvici chronologiam sequimur, nec, ut accuratius temporum subauctori hoc loco incumbamus, res postulat; verum & ille satis accurate,

qui Samuelis præfecturam Ann. 3850. hæc iniquo computo posuit.

(*q*) Jo. Prif. defens. hist. Brit.

(*r*) Ex vetust. & perpulechrè MS. Nennio sub titulo Gildæ.

(*s*) Lib. de summitatibus rerum qui 10. est historiarum in MS. Huntingdon began his history at Cæsar, but upon better inquisition added Brute, Librum illum, in quem ait se incidisse, Nennium fuisse obsignatis fermè tabulis sum potis adscrere,

King Stephen) by Ponticus Virunnius an Italian; most of our country historians of middle times and this age, speaking so certainly of him, that they blazon his coat (*t*) to you, *two lions combatant, and crowned Or, in a field gules*; others or a lion passant gules; and lastly by Dr. White of Basingstoke, lately living at Doway, a Count Palatine; according to the title bestowed by the (*u*) Imperials upon their professors. Arguments are there also drawn from some affinity of the Greek (*x*) tongue, and much of Trojan and Greek names with the British. These things are the more enforced by the Cambro-Britons, through that universal desire, bewitching our Europe to derive their blood from Trojans, which for them might as well be (*y*) by supposition of their ancestors marriages with the hither deduced Roman colonies, who by original were certainly Trojan, if their antiquities deceive not. You may add this weak conjecture; that in those large excursions of the Gauls, Cimmerians, and Celts (among them I doubt not but were many Britons, having with them community of nation, manners, climate, customs; and Brennus himself is affirmed a Briton) which under indistinct names when this western world was undiscovered, overran Italy, Greece, and part of Asia, it is (*z*) reported that they came to Troy for safeguard; presuming perhaps upon like kindness, as we read of betwixt the Trojans and Romans, in their wars with (*a*) Antiochus (which was loving respect through contingency of blood) upon like cause remembered to them by tradition. Briefly, seeing no rational story, except such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Cæsar, Tacitus, Procopius, Cantacuzen, the late Guicciardin, Commynes, Macchiavel, and their like, which were employed in the state of their times, can justify themselves but by tradition; and that many of the fathers and ecclesiastical (*b*) historians, especially the Jewish Rabbins (taking their highest learning of Cabala, but from antique and successive report) have inserted upon tradition many relations current enough, where holy writ crosses them not: you shall enough please Saturn and Mercury, presidents of antiquity and learning, if with the author you foster this belief. Where are the authorities (at least of the names) of Jannes and Jambres, (*c*) the writings of Enoch, and other such like, which we know by divine tradition were? The same question might be of that infinite loss of authors, whose names are so frequent in Stephen, Athe-

næus, Plutarch, Clemens, Polybius, Livy, others. And how dangerous it were to examine antiquities by a foreign writer (especially in those times) you may see by the stories of the Hebrews, delivered in Justin, Strabo, Tacitus, and such other discording and contrary (beside their infinite omissions) to Moses's infallible context. Nay he with his successor Joshua, is copious in the Israelites entering, conquering, and expelling the Gergesites, (*d*) Jebusites, and the rest out of the holy land; yet no witness have they of their transmigration and peopling of Afric, which by testimony of two pillars (*e*) erected and engraven at Tingis, hath been affirmed. But you blame me thus expatiating. Let me add for the author, that our most judicious antiquary of the last age, John (*f*) Leland, with reason and authority hath also for Brute argued strongly.

Next Sylvius him succeeds————

So goes the ordinary descent; but some make Sylvius son to Æneas, to whom the prophecy was given:

—————(*g*) *Serum Lavinia conjunx,
Educet sylvis regem regumque parentem;*

as you have it in Virgil.

His parents only death————

From these unfortunate accidents (*h*) one will have his name Brotus, as from the Greek *βροτός*, *i. e.* mortal; but rather (if it had pleased him) from *βροτός*, *i. e.* bloody.

He should descry the isle of Albion, highly blest.

His request to Diana in an hexastich, and her answer in an ogdoastich, hexameters and pentameters, discovered to him in a dream, with his sacrifice and ritual ceremonies, are in the British story: the verses are pure Latin, which clearly (as is written of (*i*) Apollo) was not in those times spoken by Diana, nor understood by Brute: therefore in charity believe it a translation; by Gildas a British poet, as Virunnius tells you. The author takes a justifiable liberty, making her call it Albion, which was the old name of this isle, and remembered in Pliny, Marcian, the book *περὶ κόσμου*, falsely attributed to Aristotle, Stephen, Apuleius, others. And our monk of (*k*) Bury calls Henry the Fifth,

(*t*) Harding. Nich. Upton. de re militar. 2.

(*u*) C. tit. de professorib. l. unica.

(*x*) Girald. descript. c. 15.

(*y*) Camden.

(*z*) Agesianax apud Strab. lib. 17.

(*a*) Trog. Pomp. lib. 31.

(*b*) Melchior Canus libr. 11. de aut. his hum. de his plurima.

(*c*) Origen. ad 35. Matth.

(*d*) See the sixth song.

(*e*) Procopius de bell. Vandilic. lib. 3.

(*f*) Ad Cyng. Cant.

(*g*) Æneid. 6. & ibid. Serv. Honoratus. After thy death Lavinia brings a king born in the woods, father of kings.

(*h*) Basingstoch. lib. 1.

(*i*) Cicero de divinat. l. 2.

(*k*) J. Lidgat. lib. de bello Trojan. 5. & alibi sæpius.

Protector of Brute's Albion.

often using that name for the island. From Albina, daughter to Dioclesian (l) King of Syria, some fetch the name; others from a lady of that name, one of the Danaids; affirming their (m) arrival here, copulation with spirits, and bringing forth giants, and all this above 200 years before Brute. But neither was there any such king in Syria, nor had Danaus (that can be found) any such daughter, nor travelled they for adventures, but by their father were newly (n) married, after slaughter of their husbands: briefly, nothing can be written more impudently fabulous. Others from King Albion, Neptune's son; from the Greek (o) ἄλβιος others, or from (I know not what) Olibus, a Celtish king, remembered by the false Manethon. Follow them rather which will it (p) *ab albis rupibus*, whereby it is specially conspicuous. So was an isle in the Indian sea called Leuca, *i. e.* white; and (q) another in Pontus, supposed also fortunate, and a receptacle of the souls of those great heroes, Pelcus and Achilles. Thus was a place by Tyber called (r) Albiona; and the very name of Albion was upon the Alps, which from like cause had their denomination; *Alpum* in the Sabin tongue (from the Greek ἄλφον) signifying *white*. Some much dislike this derivation, (s) because it comes from a tongue (suppose it either Greek or Latin) not anciently communicated to this isle. For my part, I think (clearly against the common opinion) that the name of Britain was known to strangers before Albion. I could vouch the (t) finding of one of the masts of Hero's ship, (u) *ἰν τοῖς ὄρεσι τοῦ Βρετανίας*, if judicious correction admonished me not rather to read *Βρεττανίας*, *i. e.* the lower Calabria in Italy, a place above all other, I remember, for store of ship-timber; commended (x) by Alcibiades to the Lacedemonians. But with better surety can I produce the express name of (y) *Βρεταννικῶν νήσων*, out of a writer that (z) lived and travelled in warfare with Scipio; before whose time Scylax (making a catalogue of twenty other isles) and Herodotus (to whom these western parts were by his confession unknown) never so much as speak of us by any name. After-

ward was Albion imposed upon the cause before touched, expressing the old British name (a) *Inisguin*: which argument moves me before all other, for that I see it usual in antiquity to have names among strangers, in their tongue just significant with the same in the language of the country to which they are applyed; as the red sea is (in Strabo, Curtius, Stephen, others) named from a king of that coast called Erythræus (for to speak of red sand, as some, or red hills, as an old (b) writer, were but refuges of shameful ignorance) which was surely the same with Esau, called in holy writ *Ædom*; (c) both signifying (the one in Greek, the other in Hebrew) red. So the river Nile, (d) in Hebrew and *Ægyptian* called שֵׁתִּי, *i. e.* black, is observed by that mighty prince of learning's state, Joseph Scaliger, to signify the same colour in the word *Αἰγυπτιος*, used for it by (e) Homer; which is enforced also by the black (f) statutes among the Greeks, erected in honour of Nile, named also expressly (g) *Melas*: so in proper names of men; Simon (b) Zelotes in Luke, is but Simon the Canaanite, and (i) Ὀδυσσεύς in Orpheus the same with Moses, Janus with Oenotrus: and in our times those authors, Melancthon, Magirus, Theocrenus, Pelargus, in their own language, but Swertearth, Cooke, Fountain de Dieu, Storke. Divers such other plain examples might illustrate the conceit; but these sufficient. Take largest etymological liberty, and you may have it from (i) *Ellan-ban*, *i. e.* the white isle, in Scottish, as they call their Albania; and to fit all together, the name of Britain from *Britannis*, *i. e.* the coloured isle in Welsh; betwixt which and the Greek (k) *Βρύτον* or *Βρύτιον* (used for a kind of drink nearly like our beer) I would with the French *Forcatulus* think affinity (as Italy was called *Oenotria*, from the name of wine) were it not for that *Βρύτον* may be had from an ordinary primitive, or else from *Βρίθυ*, *i. e.* sweet (as Solinus teaches, making *Britomart* signify as much as sweet virgin) in the Cretic tongue. But this is to play with syllables, and abuse precious time.

The city Turan Built

- (l) Chronic. S. Albani.
 (m) Hugo de Genes. apud Harding. c. 3.
 (n) Pausanias in Laconic.
 (o) Happy.
 (p) From white cliffs.
 (q) Παρά τὴν λευκὴν ἀκτὴν uti Euripides in Andromach. magis vellem, quàm ἔνικα οἱ τὰ παρὶς κινώπει τὰ λευκὰ τέτυκται quod canit Dionysius Afer.
 (r) Strab. lib. 8. & Sixtus Pompeius in *Alpum*.
 (s) H. Lbuid in Breviar.
 (t) Moschion apud Athen. dipnosoph. 1.
 (u) In the hills of Britany.
 (x) Thucyd. hist. 6.
 (y) British isles.
 (z) Polyb. hist. 7. qui Jul. Cæsarem ducentos ferme annos antevertit.
 (a) The white isle.

- (b) Uranius in Arabic. apud Steph. *πρὶ πωλ.* in *Ερυθρά*.
 (c) Gen. 36. Num. 20.
 (d) Isai. 23. Jerem. 2.
 (e) Odyss. 8. — *Αἰγυπτιος διήπειρος ποταμοῖο*.
 Fortè tamen fluvius *Ægypti*, ut Heb. מִצְרַיִם
 מִצְרַיִם Gen. 15. com. nat. 17.
 (f) Pausan. Arcadic. 1.
 (g) Festus in Alcedo.
 (h) Nebrissenf. in quinquag. cop. 40.
 (i) Camden.
 (k) Vocabulo *Βρύτον* usi sunt *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Hellanicus*, *Archilocus*, *Hecataeus* apud *Athenæum*. dipnosoph. 10. α τὶ τῷ κριθέντι ὄντι, ejusdem ferè naturæ cum *Scytho* & *Curmithe* apud *Dioscoridem* lib. 8. cap. 55. & 56. fortè *παρα τὸ βρύτιον*.

Understand Tours upon Loire in France, whose name and foundation the inhabitants (*l*) refer to Turnus (of the same time with Æneas, but whether the same which Virgil speaks of, they know not (his funeral monuments they yet shew, boast of, and from him idly derive the word Torneaments. The British story says Brute built it (so also Nennius) and from one I'uron, Brute's nephew there buried, gives it the name. Homer is cited for testimony: in his works extant it is not found. But because he had divers others (which wrongful time hath filcht from us) as appears in Herodotus and Suidas; you may in favour think it to be in some of those lost; yet I cannot in conscience offer to perswade you that he ever knew the continent of Gaul (now, in part, France) although a learned (*m*) German endeavours by force of wit and etymology, to carry Ulysses (which he makes of Elizsa in Genesis) into Spain, and others before (*n*) him (but falsely) into the northern parts of Scotland. But for Homer's knowledge, see the last note to the sixth song.

So mighty were that time the men that lived there.

If you trust our stories, you must believe the land then peopled with giants, of vast bodily composition. I have read of the Nephilim, the Rephaim, Anakim, Og, Goliath, and other in holy writ: of Mars, Tityus, Antæus, Turnus, and the Titans in Homer, Virgil, Ovid; and of Adam's stature (according to Jewish (*o*) fiction) equalling at first the world's diameter; yet seeing that nature (now as fertile as of old) hath in her effects determinate limits of quantity, that in Aristotle's (*p*) time (near two thousand years since) their beds were but six foot ordinarily (nor is the difference, betwixt ours and Greeks dimension, much) and that near the same length was our Saviour's sepulchre, as Adamnan informed (*q*) King Alfrid; I could think that there now are some as great statures, as for the most part have been, and that giants were but of a somewhat more than vulgar (*r*) excellence in body, and martial performance. If you object the finding of great bones, which, measured by proportion, largely exceed our times; I first answer, that in some singulars, as monsters rather than natural, such proof hath been; but withal, that both now and of ancient (*s*) time, the eye's judgment in such like hath been,

and is, subject to much imposture; mistaking bones of huge beasts for human. (*t*) Claudius brought over his elephants hither, and perhaps Julius Cæsar some, (for I have read (*u*) that he terribly affrighted the Britons with sight of one at Coway-stakes) and so may you be deceived. But this is no place to examine it.

Of Corin Cornwall call'd, to his immortal fame.

So, if you believe the tale of Corin and Gogmagog: but rather imagine the name of Cornwall from this promontory of the land's end, extending itself like a (*x*) horn, which in most tongues is *Corn*, or very near. Thus was a (*y*) promontory in Cyprus called Ceraustes, and in the now Candy or Crete, and Gazaria (the old Taurica Cherfoneus) another titled (*z*) Κρη μίτρωπον: and Brundisium in Italy had name from Brendon or (*a*) Bren-tion, i. e. a Hart's head, in the Messapian tongue, for similitude of horns. But (*b*) Malmesbury thus: "They are called Cornwallshmen, because " being seated in the western part of Britain, they " lie over against a horn (a promontory) of Gaul." The whole name is as if you should say Corn-wales; for hither in the Saxon conquest the British called Welsh (signifying the people rather than strangers, as the vulgar opinion wills) made transmigration: whereof an old (*c*) rhimer:

The verse that wer of hom bileved, as in Cornwaile and Wailis,

Brutons ner namore ycluped, at Waleys yrwis.

Such was the language of your fathers between three and four hundred years since: and of it more hereafter.

The deluge of the Dane exactly to have song.

In the fourth year of (*d*) Brithric, King of the West-Saxons, at Portland, and at this place (which makes the fiction proper) three ships of Danish pirates enter'd: the King's Lieutenant offering inquisition of their name, state, and cause of arrival, was the first Englishman, in this first Danish invasion, slain by their hand. Miserable losses and continual had the English, by their frequent irruptions, from this time till the Norman conquest; twixt which intercedes two hundred se-

(*l*) André au Chesne en les recherchez des villes 1. cap. 221.

(*m*) Goropius in Hispanio. 4. v. Strab. geograph. 7. & alias de Olyssippone.

(*n*) Solini polyhist. cap. 35.

(*o*) Rabbi Eleazar apud Riccium in epit. Talmud. cæterum in hac re all oriam v. apud D. Cyprian. ferm. de montibus Sina & Sion.

(*p*) Προβλημ. μνη. κτ.

(*q*) Bed. hist. Ecclesiast. 5. c. 17.

(*r*) Ευμυγίδες: και 'εσπιταμεινοι πόλεμον. Baruch. cap. 7. Consule, si placet, Scaliger. exercitation. Becan. becceselan. 2. August. Civ. Dei 15. c. 23.

Clem. Rom. recognit. 1. Lactant, &c.

(*s*) Sueton. in Octav. c. 72.

(*t*) Dio. Cass. lib. 5.

(*u*) Polyæn. stratagemat. 7. in Cæsare.

(*x*) Cornugallia dicta est H. Huntingdonio, aliis.

(*y*) Strabo lib. 7. & 1. Stephan. Melanct. Plin. geogr. passim.

(*z*) Ram's head.

(*a*) Seleucus apud Stephan. Βρεντηζ. & Suidas in Βρενδ.

(*b*) De gest. reg. 2. c. 6.

(*c*) Robertus Glocestrenf.

(*d*) Anno 787.

venty-nine years : and that less account of (e) two hundred and thirty, during which space this land endured their slaughters, according to some men's calculation, begins at King Ethelwulph; to whose time Henry of Huntingdon and Roger of Hoveden, refer the beginning of the Danish mischiefs, continuing so intolerable, that under King Ethelred was there begun a tribute insupportable (yearly afterward exacted from the subjects) to give their King Swain, and so prevent their insatiate rapine. It was between thirty and forty thousand (f) pounds (for I find no certainty of it, so variable are the reports) not instituted for pay of garrisons employed in service against them (as upon the misunderstanding of the Confessor's laws some ill affirm) but to satisfy the wasting enemy; but so that it ceased not, although their spoils ceased, but was collected to the use of the crown, until King Stephen promised to remit it. For indeed St. Edward, upon imagination of seeing a devil dancing about the whole sum of it lying in his treasury, moved in conscience, caused it to be repayed, and released the duty, as Ingulph abbot of Crowland tells you: yet observe him, and read Florence of Worcester, Marian the Scot, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger Hoveden, and you will confess that what I report thus from them is truth, and different much from what vulgarly is received. Of the Danish race were afterward three Kings, Cnut, Hardcnut, and Harold the first.

His offspring after long expulst the inner land.

(e) Audacter lege ducentos vice et trecentos in fol. 237. Hovedeni, cui prologum libro quinto H. Huntingdon. committas licet. Danegelt shewed against a common error both in remission & institution.

(f) Mariano Scoto 3600 libræ, & Florentio Wigorn.

(g) Chronologiam huc spectantem consulas in Illustrat. ad 4. Cant.

After some one thousand five hundred years from the (g) supposed arrival of the Trojans, their posterity were by encroachment of Saxons, Jutes, Angles, Danes (for among the Saxons that noble (b) Deuz wills that surely Danes were) Frisians (i) and Franks driven into those western parts of the now Wells and Cornwales. Our stories have this at large, and the Saxon heptarchy; which at last by public edict of King Ecbert was called *Engle-land*. But John, Bishop of (k) Chartres saith it had that name from the first coming of the Angles; others from the name of Hengist (l), (a matter probable enough) whose name, wars, policies, and government, being first invested by Vortigern in Kent, are above all the other Germans most notable in the British stories: and Harding.

*He called it Engestes land,
Which afterward was shorted, and called England.*

Herto accords that of one of our (m) country old Poets:

Engisti linguâ canit insula Bruti.

If I should add the idle conceits of Godfrey of Viterbo, drawing the name from I know not what Angri, the insertion of *l* for *r* by Pope Gregory, or the conjecture of unlimitable phantastic, I should unwillingly, yet with them impudently, err.

(b) Jan. Douz. annal. Holland. 1. & 6.

(i) Procopius in fragm. 8. lib. Gothic. ap, Camden. Name of England.

(k) Policratic. lib. 6. c. 17.

(l) Chronicon S. Albani. Hector. Boët. Scotorum hist. 7.

(m) J. Gower epigram. in confess amantis.

(n) Britain sings in Hengist's tongue.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SECOND SONG.

The Argument.

The Muse from Marshwood way commands
Along the shore through Chesil's sands;
Where, over-toil'd, her heat to cool,
She bathes her in the pleasant Pool:
Thence, over land again doth scow'r,
To fetch in Froom and bring down Stour;
Falls with New-Forest, as she sings
The wanton wood-nymphs revellings.
Whilst Itchin in her lofty lays
Chaunts Bevis of Southampton's praise,
She Southward with her active flight
Is wafted to the Isle of Wight,
To see the rout the sea-gods keep,
There swaggering in the Solent deep.
Thence Hampshire ward her way she bends;
And visiting her forest friends,
Near Sals'bury her rest doth take:
Which she her second pause doth make.

MARCH strongly forth, my muse, whilst yet the
temp'rate air
Invites us eas'ly on to hasten our repair.
Thou pow'rful God of flames (in verse divinely
great) [heat,
Touch my invention so with thy true genuine
That high and noble things I slightly may not tell,
Nor light and idle toys my lines may vainly swell;
But as my subject serves, so high or low to strain,
And to the varying earth so fute my varying vein,

That nature, in my work thou may'st thy pow'r
avow : [allow ;
That as thou first found'st art, and didst her rules
So I, to thine own self that gladly near would be,
May herein do the best, in imitating thee :
As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a
flood,
A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a
wood,

These things so in my song I naturally may show ;
Now, as the mountain high; then as the valley
low ;

Here, fruitful as the mead; there, as the heath
be bare;

Then, as the gloomy wood, I may be rough,
though rare.

Though the Dorsetian fields, that lie in open
view,

My progress I again must seriously pursue,
From Marshwood's fruitful vale my journey on
to make

(As Phœbus getting up out of the eastern lake,
Refresh'd with ease and sleep, is to his labour
prest;

Even so the labouring muse, here baited with
this rest.)

Whereas the little Lim along doth eas'ly creep,
And Car, that coming down unto the troubled
deep,

Brings on the neighb'ring bert, whose bat'ning
mellow'd bank,

From all the British soils, for hemp most hugely
rank

Doth bear away the best: to Bert-port, which
hath gain'd

That praise from every place, and worthily
obtain'd

Our cordage from her store (a), and cables should
be made,

Of any in that kind most fit for marine trade.

Not sever'd from the shore, aloft where Chesil
lifts

Her ridged snake-like sands, in wrecks and
smould'ring drifts,

Which by the south-wind rais'd, are heav'd on
little hills:

Whose vallies with his flows when foaming
Neptune fills:

Upon a thousand (b) swans the naked sea-nymphs
ride

Within the ouzy pools, replenish'd every tide:

Which running on, the isle of Portland pointeth
out;

Upon whose moisted skirt, with sea-weed fring'd
about,

The bastard coral breeds, that, drawn out of the
A brittle stalk becomes, from greenish turn'd to
black;

§ Which th' ancients for the love that they to Isis
(Their goddess most ador'd) have sacred for her
hair.

Of which the Naiads and the blue (c) Nereids
make

Them (d) taudries for their necks: when sport-
ing in the lake,

They to their secret bow'rs the sea-gods entertain.
Where Portland from her top doth over-peer
the main;

(a) By Act of Parliament in the 21st of Hen. VIII.

(b) The beauty of the many swans upon the Chesils,
noted in this poetical delicacy.

(c) Sea-nymphs.

(d) A kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Her rugged front empal'd (on every part) with
rocks,

Though indigent of wood, yet fraught with
woolly flocks;

Most famous for her folk excelling with the sling'
Of any other here this land inhabiting;

That therewith they in war offensively might
wound,

If yet the use of shot invention had not found.

Where from the neighb'ring hills her passage wey
doth path,

Whose haven, not our least that watch the mid-
day, hath

The glories that belong unto a complete port;
Though wey the least of all the Naiads that resort

To the Dorsetian sands from off the higher shore.

Then From (a nobler flood) the muses doth
implore

(bewail,
Her mother Blackmoor's state they sadly would
Whose big and lordly oaks once bore as brave a
fail,

As they themselves that thought the largest shades
to spread:

But man's devouring hand, with all the earth not
fed,

Hath hew'd her timber down: which wounded,
when it fell,

By the great noise it made, the workman seem'd
to tell

The loss that to the land would shortly come
thereby,

Where no man ever plants to our posterity:

That when sharp winter shoots her fleet and
harden'd hail,

Or sudden gusts from sea the harmless deer assail,
The shrubs are not of pow'r to shiel'd them from
the wind.

' Dear mother, quoth the Froom, too late (alas!)
we find

' The softness of thy sword, continued through
' thy soil,

' To be the only cause of unrecover'd spoil;

' When scarce the British ground a finer grass
' doth bear:

' And wish I could, quoth she, (if wishes helpful
' were)

' § Thou never by that name of white-hart
' hadst been known,

' But stiled Black-moor still, which rightly was
' thine own.

' For why? that change fortold the ruin of thy
' state:

' Lo, thus the world may see what 'tis to inno-
' vate!

By this, her own-nam'd (e) town the wan-
d'ring Froom had past,

And quitting in her course old Dorchester at last
Approaching near the Pool, at Wareham on her
way,

As eas'ly she doth fall into the peaceful bay,

Upon her nobler side, and to the southward near,
Fair Purbeck she beholds, which no where hath
her peer:

(e) Frampton.

So pleasantly in-ill'd on mighty Neptune's marge,
A forest-nymph, and one of chaste Diana's charge,
Employ'd in woods and laws her deer to feed and
kill :

§ On whom the watry God would oft have had
And often her hath woo'd, which never would
be won :

But Purbeck, as profest a Huntress and a Nun,
The wide and wealthy sea, nor all his power re-
spect;

Her marble-minded breast, impregnable, rejects
The ugly (*f*) orks, that for their Lord and Ocean
woo.

Whilst Froom was troubled thus, where nought
she hath to do,

The Piddle, that this while bestirr'd her nimble
feet,

In falling to the Pool her sister Froom to meet,
And having in her train two little slender rills
Besides her proper spring, wherewith her banks
she fills,

To whom since first the world this later name
her lent,

Who anciently was known to be instiled (*g*) Trent,
Her small assistant brooks her second name
have gain'd.

Whilst Piddle and the Froom each other enter-
tain'd,

Oft praising lovely Pool, their best-beloved bay,
Thus Piddle her bespake, to pass the time away :

' When (*b*) Pool (quoth she) was young, a lusty
sea-born lass,

' Great Albion to this nymph an earnest suitor
' was; [came,

' And bare himself so well, and so in favour
' That he in little time upon this lovely dame

' § Begot three maiden files, his darlings and de-
' light : [hight,

' The eldest, Brunksey call'd; the second, Fursy

' The youngest and the last, and lesser than the
' other,

' Saint Hellen's name doth bear, the dilling of
' her mother.

' And for the goodly Pool was one of Thetis'
' train,

' Who scorn'd a nymph of hers her virgin-band
should stain,

' Great Albion (that fore-thought the angry God-
' des would

' Both on the dam and brats take what revenge
' she could)

' I' th' bosom of the Pool his little children plac'd;
' First Brunksey, Fursy next, and little Hellen

' last : [about,

' Then with his mighty arms doth clip the Pool

' To keep the angry queen (fierce Amphitrite)
' out :

' Against whose lordly might she musters up her
' waves;

' And strongly thence repuls'd, with madness
' scolds and raves.

When now from Pool, the muse (up to her
pitch to get)

Herself in such a place from sight doth almost set,
As by the active power of her commanding wings,
She (falcon-like) from far doth fetch those plen-
teous springs.

Where (*i*) Stour receives her strength from six
clear fountains fed;

Which gathering to one stream from every several
head,

Her new-beginning bank her water scarcely
wields;

And fairly ent'reth first on the Dorsetian fields;

Where Gillingham with gifts that for a God were
meet,

(Enamell'd paths, rich wreaths, and every sov'-
reign's sweet

The earth and air can yield, with many a pleasure
mixt)

Receives her. Whilst there pass'd great kindness
them betwixt,

The forest her bespoke : ' How happy, floods,
are ye,

' From our predestin'd plagues that privileged be
' Which only with the fish which in your banks do

' breed,

' And daily there increase, man's gormandice
' can feed !

' But had this wretched age such uses to employ

' Your waters, as the woods we lately did enjoy,

' Your channels they would leave as barren by
' their spoil,

' As they of all our trees have lastly left our soil.

' Insatiable time thus all things doth devour :

' What ever saw the sun, that is not in time's
' power ? [day;

' Ye fleeting streams last long, out-living many a
' But on more stedfast things time makes the

strongest prey.
§ Now tow'rd's the Solent sea as Stour her way
doth ply,

On Shaftsbury (by chance) she cast her crystal eye,
From whose foundation first such strange reports
arise,

§ As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies;
Oft that so dreadful plague, which all great Britain
swept,

From that which highest flew, to that which
lowest crept,

Before the Saxon thence the Briton should expell,
And all that thereupon successively befell,

How then the bloody Dane subdu'd the Saxon
race; [place :

And, next, the Norman took possession of the
Those ages once expir'd, the fates to bring about,

The British line restor'd; the Norman lineage out.

§ Then, those prodigious signs to ponder she
began, [ran;

Which afterward again the Britons wrack fore-
How here the owl at noon in public streets was
seen, [been.

As though the peopled towns had wayless deserts

(*f*) Monsters of the sea, supposed Neptune's guard.

(*g*) The ancient name of Piddle.

(*b*) The story of Pool.

And whilst the loathly toad out of his hole doth
crawl,
And makes his fulsome stool amid the Prince's hall,
'The crystal fountain turn'd into a gory wound,
And bloody issues brake (like ulcers) from the
ground; [return,
The seas, against their course, with double tides
And oft were seen by night like boiling pitch to
burn.

Thus thinking, lively Stour bestirs her tow'rs
the main;
Which Lidden leadeth out; then Dulas bears
her train
From Blackmore, that at once their watry tribute
bring: [toning,
When, like some childish wench, she loosely wan-
With tricks and giddy turns seems to inisic the
shore. [scow'r
Betwixt her fishful banks then forward she doth
Until she lastly reach clear Alen in her race:
Which calmly cometh down from her dear moth-
er (k) chace, [see
Of Cranbourn that it call'd; who greatly joys to
A river born of her, for Stour's should reckon'd be,
Of that renowned flood a favourite highly grac'd.
Whilst Cranbourn, for her child so fortunately
plac'd,
With echoes every way applauds her Alen's state,
A sudden noise from (l) Holt seems to congratu-
late [stow'd,
With Cranbourn, for her brook so happily be-
Where, to her neighb'ring chace the courteous
forest shew'd
So just-conceived joy, that from each rising (m)
hust,
Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurst,
The Sylvans in their songs their mirthful meet-
ing tell;
And Satyrs, that in shades and gloomy dimbles
dwell, [hands.
Run whooting to the hills to clap their ruder
As Holt had done before, so Canford's goodly
launds [veins,
(Which lean upon the Pool) enrich'd with cop'ras
Rejoice to see them join'd. When down from
Sarum plains
Clear Avon coming in, her sister Stour doth call,
§ And at New-forest's foot into the sea do fall,
Which every day bewail that deed so full of
dread, [ested:
Whereby she (now so proud) became first for-
She now, who for her site ev'n boundless seem'd
to lie,
Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny,
Providing laws to keep those beasts here planted
then, [men;
Whose lawless will from hence before had driven
That where the hearth was warm'd with winter's
feasting fires,
The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and
briers:

(k) Cranbourn chace.

(l) Holt-forest.

(m) A wood in English.

The aged ranpick trunk, where plowmen cast
their seed,
And churches overwhelm'd with nettles, fern and
weed, [trade,
By Conq'ring William first cut off from every
That here the Norman still might enter to invade;
That on this vacant place, and unfrequented shore,
New forces still might land, to aid those here
before. [great,

But she, as by a King and Conqueror made so
By whom she was allow'd and limited her feat,
Into her own self-praise most insolently brake,
And her less fellow-nymphs New-forest thus be-
spake:

'Thou (n) Buckholt, bow to me; so let thy
sister (x) Bere;
'(n) Chute, kneel thou at my name on this side
'of the shire:
'Where, for their Goddes, me the (o) Dryads
'shall adore,
'With Waltham and the Bere, that on the sea-
'worn shore
'See at the southern isles the tide at tilt to run;
'And Wolmer, placed hence upon the rising sun,
'With Ashholt thine ally (my wood-nymphs)
'and with you,
'Proud Pamber tow'rs the north, ascribe me
'worship due.
'Before my Princely state let your poor great-
'ness fall;
'And vail your tops to me, the Sovereign of you
all. [fell.

Amongst the River, so, great discontent there
Th' efficient cause thereof (as loud report doth tell.)
Was, that the sprightly Test arising up in Chute,
To Itchin, her ally, great weakness should impute,
That she, to her own wrong, and every other's
grief,

Would needs be telling things exceeding all belief:
For she had giv'n it out, South-hampton should
not lose

§ Her famous Bevis so, were 't in her pow'r to
choose; [prefers,

§ And for great Arthur's seat, her Winchester
Whose old Round-table yet she vaunteth to be
hers;

And swore, the inglorious time should not bereave
her right;

But what it would obscure, she would reduce to
light.

For, from that wondrous (p) pond, whence she
derives her head,

And places by the way, by which she's honoured,
Old Winchester, that stands near in her middle
way,

(And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent sea)
She thinks in all the isle not any such as she,
And for a Demigod she would related be.

'Sweet sister mine (quoth Test) advise you
'what you do;

'Think this; for each of us, the forests here are
'two;

(n) The forests of Hampshire, with their situations.

(o) Nymphs that live and die with oaks.

(p) A pool near unto Alresford, yielding an unusual
abundance of water.

' Who, if you speak a thing whereof they hold
 ' can take,
 ' Be't little, or be't much, they double will it
 ' make. [flood,
 Whom Hamble helpeth out; a handsome proper
 In courtesy well skill'd and one that knew her
 good:
 ' Consider, quoth this nymph, the times be
 ' curious now,
 ' And nothing of that kind will any way allow.
 ' Besides, the Muse had next the British cause in
 ' hand, [stand.
 ' About things later done that now she cannot
 The more they her persuade, the more she
 doth persist;
 Let them say what they will, she will do what
 she list.
 She stiles herself their chief, and swears she will
 command;
 And, whatso'er she saith, for oracles must stand.
 Which when the Rivers heard, they farther
 speech forbear.
 And she (to please herself that only seem'd to care)
 To sing th' achievements great Bevis thus began:
 ' Redoubted Knight, quoth she, O most re-
 ' nowned man!
 ' Who, when thou wert but young, thy mother
 ' durst reprove
 ' (Most wickedly seduced by th' unlawful love
 ' Of Mordure, at that time the Almain Emper-
 or's son)
 ' That she thy fire to death disloyally had
 done.—
 Each circumstance whereof she largely did relate;
 Then in her song pursu'd his mother's deadly
 hate;
 And how (by Saber's hand) when she suppos'd
 him dead,
 Where long upon the downs a shepherd's life he
 led; [know
 Till, by the great recourse, he came at length to
 The country thereabout could hardly hold the
 shew [drew,
 His mother's marriage-feast to fair Southampton
 Being wedded to that Lord who late her husband
 slew: [deep,
 Into this noble breast which pierc'd so wond'rous
 That (in the poor attire he us'd to tend the sheep,
 And in his hand his hook) unto the town he went;
 As having in his heart a resolute intent
 Or manfully to die, or to revenge his wrong:
 Where pressing at the gate the multitude among,
 The porter to that place, his entrance that forbad,
 (Supposing him some swain, some boist'rous
 country lad)
 Upon the head he lent so violent a stroke,
 That the poor empty skull like some thin pot-
 sher'd broke,
 The brains and mingled blood were spirtled on
 the wall.
 Then hasting on, he came into the upper hall,
 Where murd'rous Mordure fate embraced by his
 bride:
 Who (guilty in himself) had he not Bevis spy'd,

His bones had with a blow been shatter'd; but
 by chance
 He shifting from the place, whilst Bevis did advance
 His hand, with greater strength his deadly foe to
 hit,
 And missing him, his chair he all to shivers split:
 Which struck his mother's breast with strange
 and sundry fears,
 That Bevis being then but of so tender years,
 Durst yet attempt a thing so full of death and
 doubt.
 And, once before deceiv'd, she newly cast about
 To rid him out of sight; and, with a mighty wage,
 Won such, themselves by oath as deeply durst
 engage,
 To execute her will: who shipping him away
 (And making forth their course into the midland
 sea)
 As they had got before, so now again for gold
 To an Armenian there that young Alcides sold:
 Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthiest
 thing,
 And fittest wherewithal to gratify his King)
 Presented that brave youth; the splendor of
 whose eye
 A wond'rous mixture shew'd of grace and majesty:
 Whose more than man-like shape, and matchless
 stature, took
 The King; that often us'd with great delight to
 look [bore
 Upon that English Earl. But though the love he
 To Bevis might be much, his daughter ten times
 more
 Admir'd the godlike man: who, from the hour
 that first
 His beauty she beheld, felt her soft bosom pierc'd
 With Cupid's deadliest shaft; that Josian, to her
 guest,
 Already had resign'd possession of her breast.
 Then sang she, in the fields how as he went to
 sport,
 And those damn'd Panims heard, who in de-
 spightful fort
 Derided Christ the Lord: for his Redeemer's sake
 He on those heathen hounds did there such slaugh-
 ter make,
 That whilst in their black mouths their blasphemies
 they drew
 They headlong went to hell. As also how he
 slew
 That cruel boar, whose tusks turn'd up whole
 fields of grain
 (And, rooting, raised hills upon the level plain;
 Digg'd caverns in the earth, so dark and won-
 d'rous deep,
 As that, into whose mouth the desperate (q)
 Roman leapt)
 And cutting off his head, a trophy thence to bear;
 The foresters, that came to intercept it there,
 How he there scalps and trunks in chips and pieces
 cleft, [left.
 And in the fields, like beasts, their mangled bodies

As to his farther praise, how for that dangerous fight
The great Armenian King made noble Bevis Knight :

And having raised power, Damascus to invade;
The General of his force this English hero made:
Then how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,
And Morglay his good sword, in many a valiant deed

Which manfully he try'd. Next, in a (r) bulkin'd strain,

Sung how himself he bore upon Damascus' plain,
That dreadful battle where with Brandanton he fought;

And with his sword and steed such earthly wonders wrought,

As even amongst his foes him admiration won;
Incount'ring in the throng with mighty Radison,
And lopping off his arms, th' imperial standard took.

At whose prodigious fall, the conquer'd foe for-
The field; where, in one day so many Peers they lost,

So brave commanders, and so absolute an host,
As to the humbled earth took proud Damascus down,

Then tributary made to the Armenian crown.
And how at his return the King (for service done,
The honour to his reign, and to Armenia won)
In marriage to this Earl the Princess Josian gave.

As into what distress him Fortune after drave,
To great Damascus sent ambassador again;
When, in revenge of theirs, before by Bevis slain,
(And now, at his return, for that he so despis'd
Those idols unto whom they daily sacrific'd,
Which he to pieces hew'd, and scatter'd in the dust)

They, rising, him by strength into a dungeon
In whose black bottom, two long serpents had remain'd

(Bred in the common sewer that all the city
Impoisoning with their smell; which seiz'd him their prey :

With whom in struggling long (besmear'd with blood and clay)

He rent their squalid chaps, and from the prison 'scap'd.

As how adult'rous Jour, the King of Mambrant, rap'd

Fair Josian his dear love, his noble sword and steed;

Which afterward by craft he in a palmer's weed
Recover'd, and with him from Mambrant bare away.

And with two lions how he held a desperate
Assaying him at once, that fiercely on him flew;
Which first he tam'd with wounds, then by the necks them drew,

And 'gainst the harden'd earth their jaws and shoulders burst;

And that Goliath-like great Ascupart inforc'd
To serve him for a slave, and by his horse to run.

At Colcin as again the glory that he won

(r) Lofty.

On that huge dragon, like the country to destroy,
Whose sting struck like a lance, whose venom did destroy

As doth a general plague: his scales like shields of brass;

His body, when he mov'd, like some unwieldy mass,

Ev'n bruise'd the solid earth. Which boldly having song,

With all the sundry turns that might thereto belong,

Whilst yet she shapes her course how he came back to shew,

What powers he got abroad, how them he did bestow;

In England here again, how he by dint of sword
Unto his ancient lands and titles was restor'd,
New-forest cry'd, "Enough; and Waltham with the Bere,

Both bade her hold her peace; for they no more would hear.

And for she was a flood, her fellows nought would say;

But slipping to their banks, slid silently away.

When as the pliant Muse, with fair and even flight,

Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the (s)
That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,

Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war;
Those pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,

Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,

And evermore had been the great'st in Britain's grace;

Not one of all her nymphs her Sovereign favour'd thus,

Imbraced in the arms of old Oceanus.

For none of her account so near her bosom stand,
Twixt (t) Penwith's farthest point and Goodwin's queachy sand,

Both for her feat and foil, that far before the other
Most justly my account great Britain for her mother.

A finer fleece than hers not Lemster's self can
Nor Newport, for her mart, o'er-macht by any coast,

To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,

Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft,

Besides, her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need;

And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towels
To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand;

And to the North, betwixt the fore-land and the firm,

She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent term;

(s) Isle of Wight.
(t) The Forelands of Cornwall and Kent.

Where those rough ireful tides, as in her streights
they meet,

With boist'rous shocks and roars each other
rudely greet :

Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make
retreat,

Upon the bulwark forts of (u) Hurst and Calshot
Then to South-hampton run: which by her
shores supply'd,

(As Portsmouth by her strength) doth vilify their
pride ;

Both roads, that with our best may boldly hold
their plea,

Nor Plymouth's self hath born more braver ships
than they,

That from their anchoring bays have travelled to
find

Large China's wealthy realms, and view'd the
either Ind.

The pearly rich Peru; and with as prosperous fate
Have born their full-spread sails upon the streams
of Plate :

Whose pleasant harbours oft the sea-man's hope
renew,

To rigg his late-craz'd bark, to spread a wanton
Were they with lusty sack, and mirthful sailors
songs.

Defy their passed storms, and laugh at Neptune's
The danger quite forgot wherein they were of late,
Who half so merry now as Master and his Mate ?

And victualling again, with brave and man-like
minds

To seaward cast their eyes, and pray for happy
But, partly by the floods sent thither from the
shore,

And islands that are set the bord'ring coast before;
As one among the rest, a brave and lusty dame
Call'd Portsey, whence that bay of Portsmouth
hath her name ;

By her, two little isles, her handmaids (which
compar'd

With those within the Pool, for destness not out-
dar'd

The greater Haling hight; and fairest though by
Yet Thorney very well, but somewhat rough in
touch :

Whose beauties far and near divulged by report,
And by the (x) Tritons told in mighty Neptune's
court,

Old (y) Proteus hath been known to leave his
finny herd,

And in their sight to sponge his foam-bespawled
beard.

The sea-gods, which about the watry kingdom
Have often for their sakes abandoned the deep ;

That Thetis many a time to Neptune hath com-
plain'd,

How for those wanton Nymphs her Ladies were
disdain'd :

And those arose such rut th' unruly rout among,
That soon the noise thereof through all the ocean
rung.

(u) Two cables in the sea.

(x) Trumpeters of Neptune.

(y) A sea-god, who changes himself into any shape.

§ When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her
might grow,

In that their mighty stirrs might be her overthrow,
She strongly streightneth in the entrance to her
bay ;

That, of their haunt debarr'd, and shut out to
the sea

(Each small conceived wrong helps on distemp-
er'd rage)

No counsel could be heard their choler to assuage;
When every one suspects the next that is in place
To be the only cause and means of his disgrace.

Some coming from the east, some from the set-
ting sun,

The liquid mountains still together mainly run ;
Wave woundeth wave again ; and billow, billow
goes ;

And topfy-turvy so fly tumbling to the shores.
From hence the Solent sea, as some men thought
might stand

Amongst those things which we call wonders of
our land

When towing up that (a) stream, so negligent
of fame,

As till this very day she yet conceals her name ;
By Bert and Waltham both that's equally em-
brac'd,

And lastly, at her fall, by Tichfield highly grac'd :
Whence, from old Windsor hill, and from the
aged (b) Stone,

The muse those countries sees, which call her to
be gone.

The forests took their leave : Bere, Chute, and
Buckholt, bid

Adieu : so Wolmer, and so Ashholt kindly did ;
And Pamber shook her head, as grieved at the
heart ;

When far upon her way, and ready to depart,
As now the wand'ring Muse so sadly went along,
To her last farewell, thus, the goody forests song.

' Dear Muse, to plead our right, whom time at
' last hath brought,

' Which else forlorn had lain, and banish'd every
' thought,

' When thou ascend'st the hills, and from their
rising shrouds

' Our sister shalt command, whose tops once toucht
' the clouds ;

' Old (c) Arden when thou meet'st, or dost fair
(d) Sherwood see,

' Till them, that as they waste, so every day do
' we :

' With them, we of our griefs may each other's
' Let them lament our fall, and we will mourn
' for theirs.

Then turning from the south, which lies in
public view,

The Muse an oblique course doth seriously pursue ;
And pointing to the plains, she thither take her
way ;

For which to gain her breath, she makes a little
stay,

For which to gain her breath, she makes a little
stay,

For which to gain her breath, she makes a little
stay,

For which to gain her breath, she makes a little
stay,

For which to gain her breath, she makes a little
stay,

For which to gain her breath, she makes a little
stay,

For which to gain her breath, she makes a little
stay,

(a) Tichfield river.

(b) Another little hill in Hampshire.

(c) A great and ancient forest in Warwickshire.

(d) A forest near Nottingham.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Muse, yet observing her began course of chorographical longitude, traces eastward the southern shore of the isle. In this second sings Dorset and Hampshire; fitly here joined, as they join themselves, both having their south limits washed by the British ocean.

Which th' ancients, for the love that they to Isis bare.

(a) Juba remembers a like coral by the Trogloditicque isles, as is here in this sea, and styles it (b) *Isidis plocamos*. True reason of the name is no more perhaps to be given, than why *Adiantum* is called *Capillus Veneris*, or Sengreen *Barba Jovis*. Only thus: You have in Plutarch and Apuleius such variety of Isis' titles, and, in Clemens of Alexandria, so large circuits of her travels, that it were no more wonder to hear of her name in this northern climate than in Egypt; especially we having three rivers of note (c) synonymies with her. Particularly to make her a sea-goddes, which the common story of her and Osiris her husband (son to Cham, and of whom Bale dares offer affirmance, that in his travelling over the world he first taught the Britons to make beer instead of wine) does not; (e) Isis Pelagia, after Pausanias's testimony, hath an (f) old coin. The special notice which antiquity took of her hair is not only shewed by her (g) attribute of (b) *λυσίκομος*, but also in that her hair was kept as a sacred relic in (i) Memphis, as Geryon's bones at Thebes, the boar's skin at Tegea, and such like elsewhere. And after this, to fit our coral just with her colour, (k) *Æthiopicis solibus Isis furva*, she is called by (l) Arnobius. Gentlewomen of black hair (no fault with brevity to turn to them) have no simple pattern of that part in this great goddes, whose name indeed comprehended whatsoever in the deity was feminine, and more too; nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of womens special ornament, (m) well-haired, thought of this, when he gave his painter direction to make her picture black-haired. But thus much out of the way.

Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst been known.

Very likely from the soil was the old name Blackmore. By report of this country, the change was from a white hart, reserved here from chase

by express will of Henry III. and afterwards killed by Thomas de la Lynd, a gentleman of these parts. For the offence, a mulct imposed on the possessors of Blackmore (called (n) White-hart silver) is to this day paid into the exchequer. The destruction of woods here bewailed by the Muse, is (upon occasion too often given) often seconded: but while the Muse bewails them, it is (o) Marfyas and his countrymen that most want them.

On whom the watry God would oft have had his will.

Purbeck (named, but indeed not, an isle, being joined to the firm land) stored with game of the forest.

Thence alluding to Diana's devotions the author well calls her an huntress and a nun. Nor doth the embracing force of the ocean (whereto she is adjacent) although very violent, prevail against her stony cliffs. To this purpose the Muse is here wanton with Neptune's wooing.

That in little time upon this lovely dame

Begat three maiden isles, his darlings and delight.

Albion (son of Neptune) from whom that first name of this Britain was supposed, is well fitted to the fruitful bed of this pool, thus personated as a sea-nymph. The plain truth (as words may certify your eyes, saving all impropriety of object) is, that in the Pool are seated three (p) isles, Brunksey, Furfey, and St. Helen's, in situation and magnitude as I name them. Nor is the fiction of begetting the isles improper; seeing Greek (q) antiquities tell us of divers in the Mediterranean and the Archipelagus, as Rhodes, Delos, Hiera, the Echinades, and others, which have been as it were brought forth out of the salt womb of Amphitrite.

*Put tow' rds the Solent sea, as Stour her way doth ply,
On Shaftsbury, &c.*

The streight betwixt the Wight and Hampshire is titled, in Bede's story, (r) *Pelagus latitudinis trium millium, quod vocatur Solente*; famous for the double, and thereby most violent floods of the ocean (as Scylla and Charybdis betwixt Sicily and Italy in Homer) expressed by the author towards the end of this song, and reckoned among our British wonders. Of it the author tells you more presently. Concerning Shaftsbury (which beside other names, from the (s) corps of St

(a) Apud Plin. hist. natur. l. 13, c. 15.

(b) Isis' hair.

(c) Ouse. Leland. ad Cygn. Cant.

(e) Isis of the sea.

(f) Goltz. thes. antiq.

(g) Loose-hair'd.

(b) Philostrat. in *εἰκ.*

(i) Lucian. in *εἰκ.*

(k) *Æthiopian* sun-burnt.

(l) Adv. gent. 1. Black-hair.

(m) *Καλλοπλέκαμος καλλίσφυρος*, i. e. well-

haired and pretty-footed; two special commendations, dispersed in Greek poets, joined in Lucilius.

(n) Camden.

(o) Destruction of woods.

(p) Isles newly out of the sea.

(q) Lucian. dialog. Pindar. Olymp. 7. Strab. Pausanias.

(r) A sea three miles over, called Solent. lib. 4. hist. eccles. cap. 16.

(s) Malmesb. l. 2. de Pontific. S. Edward. 979.

Edward, murdered in Corfe-castle, through procurement of the bloody hate of his step-mother Ælfrith, hither translated, and some three years lying buried, was once called St. Edward's) you shall hear a piece out of Harding :

(t) *Caire Paladoure, that now is Shafesbury
Where an angel spake sitting on the wall
While it was in working over all.*

Speaking of Rhudhudibras's fabulous building it. I recite it, both to mend it, (u) reading *aigle* for *angel*, and also that it might then, according to the British story, help me to explain the author in this,

As brought into her mind the eagle's prophecies.

This eagle (whose prophecies among the Britons, with the later of Merlin, have been of no less respect than those of Bacis were to the Greeks, or the Sybillines to the Romans) foretold of a reverting of the crown, after the Britons, Saxons, and Normans, to the first again, which in Henry the Seventh, grand-child to Owen Tyddour, hath been (x) observed, as fulfilled. This in particular is peremptorily affirmed by that Count Palatine of Basingstoke. (y) *Et aperte dixit, tempus aliquando fore, ut Britannium imperium denuo sit ad veteros Britannos post Saxonas & Normannos reditum*, are his words of the eagle. But this prophesy in manuscript I have seen; and without the help of Albertus's secret, Canace's ring in Chaucer, or reading over Aristophanes's comedy of birds; I understood the language; neither find I in it any such matter expressly. Indeed (as in Merlin) you have in him the white dragon, the red dragon, the black dragon for the Saxons, Britons, Normans; and the fertile tree, supposed for Brute, by one that of later time hath given his obscurities (z) interpretation; in which, not from the eagle's, but from an angelical voice, almost seven hundred years after Christ, given to Cadwallader (whom others call Cedwalla) that restitution of the crown to the Britons is promised, and grounded also upon some general and ambiguous words in the eagle's text, by the author here followed; which (provided your faith be strong) you must believe made more than two thousand five hundred years since. For a corollary, in this not unfit place, I will transcribe a piece of the gloss of an old copy, speaking thus upon a passage in the prophesy: (a) *henricus W.* (he means Henry III. who by the ancient account in regard of Henry, son to Henry Fite-lempres,

crowned in his father's life, is in Bracton and others called the fourth) *concessit omne jus & clameum, pro se & heredibus suis, quod habuit in ducatu Normannie imperpetuum. Tunc fractum fuit ejus sigillum & mutatum, nam prius tenebat in sceptro gladium, nunc tenet virgam, qui gladius fuit de conquestu ducis Willielmi bastardi; & ideo dicit aquila, separabitur gladius à sceptro.* Such good fortune have these predictions, that either by conceit (although strained) they are applied to accident, or else ever religiously expected; as (b) Buchanan of Merlin's,

Then those prodigious signs to pander she began.

I would not have you lay to the author's charge a justification of these signs at those times: but his liberty herein it is not hard to justify,

Obseditque frequens castrorum limina bubo:

and such like hath Silius Italicus before the Roman overthrow at Canna: and historians commonly affirm the like; therefore a poet may well guess the like.

And at New-forest' foot into the sea doth fall.

The fall of Stour and Avon into the ocean is the limit of the two shires; and here limits the author's description of the first, his Muse now entering New-forest in Hampshire.

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny.

New-forest (it is thought the newest in England, except that of Hampton-court, made by Henry VIII.) acknowledges William her maker, that is, the Norman Conqueror. His love to this kind of possession and pleasure was such, that he constituted loss (c) of eyes punishment for taking his venery: so affirm expressly Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, Walter Mapes, and others, although the author of *Distinctio Aquila*, with some of later time, falsely laid it to William Rufus's charge. To justify my truth, and for variety, see these rhimes, (d) even breathing antiquity:

*Game of boundes be lovede inou, and of wild best,
And (e) is forest and is wodes, and mest the niwe
forest,
That is in Southamtesseire, for thulke be lovede inou,
And astored well (f) mid bestes, and (g) lese mid
gret wou:*

(t) Camden takes this Cair for Bath.

(u) Harding amended.

(x) Twin. in Albion. 2. See the fifth song.

(y) He plainly said, that there would be a time of this reverting of the crown.

(z) *Distinct. Aquil. Sceptoniæ.* A prophesy of an angel to Cadwallader.

(a) A sceptre instead of a sword first in Henry the third's seal. But believe him not; the seals of those times give no warrant for it: and even

in King Arthur's, Leland says, there was a fleury sceptre; but that perhaps as feigned as this false.

(b) Hist. Scot. lib. 5. in Congallo.

(c) Matth. Puris. post. Henric. Hunting. And under Will. II. it was capital to steal deer.

(d) Rob. Glocestrenf.

(e) His.

(f) With.

(g) Pastures.

R üij

For he cast out of house and hom of men a great
route,
And (b) binom their loud thritti mile and more there-
about,
And made it all forese and lese the bests war to
fede,
Of pover men diserited be nom let el bede :
Theruoore therein well mony mischeuing,
And is sone was therein (i) issute William the red
king,
And (k) is o sone, that bet Richard, caght there is
deth also,
And Richard (k) is o neveu, brec there his neck
thereto,
As he rod an hunteth, and perauntre his horse spreng,
The unright ido to pover men to such mesfauntre trend.

But to quit you of this antique verse, I return to
the pleasanter Muse.

Her famous Bevis so were 't in her power to choofe.

About the Norman invasion was Bevis famous
with title of the Earl of Southampton; Dunston
in Wiltshire known for his residence. What cred-
it you are to give to the hyperbolies of Itchin in
her relation of Bevis, your own judgment, and the
author's censure in the admonition of the other ri-
vers here personated, I presume, will direct. And
it is wished that the poetical Monks in celebration

of him, Arthur, and other such worthies, had con-
tained themselves within bounds of likelihood; or
else that some judges, proportionate to those (l) of
the Grecian games, (who always by public autho-
rity pulled down the statutes erected, if they ex-
ceeded the symmetry of the victors) had given
such exorbitant fictions their desert. The sweet
grace of an enchanting poem (as unimitable (m)
Pindar affirms) often compels belief; but so far
have the indigested reports of barren and monkish
invention expatiated out of the lists of truth, that
from their intermixed and absurd falsities hath
proceeded doubt, and, in some, even denial of
what was truth. His sword is kept as a relic in
Arundel castle, not equalling in length (as it is
now worn) that of Edward III. at Westminster.

*And for great Arthur's seat her Winchester prefers,
Whose old round table yet, &c.*

For him, his table, order, knights, and places
of their celebration, look to the fourth song.

When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might grow.

Portsey, an island in a creek of the Solent, com-
ing in by Portsmouth, endures the forcible vio-
lence of that troublesome sea, as the verse tells
you in this fiction of wooing.

(b) Took.

(i) Shot by Walter Tirell.

(k) His own.

(l) Ελλαγοδίκαι. Lucian. περί ἐκόν.

(m) Olymp. α. & Nem. ζ. σοφία δὲ κλέπτει παρά-
γοισα μύθος.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE THIRD SONG.

The Argument.

In this third song great threat'nings are,
 And tending all to nymphish war.
 Old Wansdike uttereth words of hate,
 Depraving Stonendge's estate.
 Clear Avon and fair Willy strive,
 Each pleading her prerogative.
 The plain the forests doth disdain :
 The forests rail upon the plain.
 The Muse then seeks the shire's extremes,
 To find the fountain of great Thames ;
 Falls down with Avon, and descries
 Both Bath's and Bristol's braveries :
 Then views the Somersetian soil ;
 Through marshes, mines, and mores doth toil,
 To Avalon to Arthur's grave,
 Sadly bemoan'd of Ochy cave.
 Then with delight she bravely brings
 The princely Parret from her springs ;
 Preparing for the learned plea
 (The next in song) in the Severn sea.

UP with the jocund lark (too long we take our
 rest)
 Whilst yet the blushing dawn out of the cheer-
 ful East
 Is ushering forth the day to light the Muse along ;
 Whose most delightful touch, and sweetness of
 her song,
 Shall force the lusty swains out of the country
 towns,
 To lead the loving girls in dances to the downs.

The nymphs, in Selwood's shades and Braden's
 woods that be, [thee.
 Their oaken wreaths, o Muse, shall offer up to
 And when thou shap'st thy course tow'rd's where
 the soil is rank, [bank
 The Somersetian maids, by swelling Sabrin's
 Shall strew the way with flowers (where thou
 art coming on)
 Brought from marshy grounds by aged (a) A-
 valon,

From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence
 it stood
 By Avon to reside, her dearest-loved flood;
 Where her imperious (b) fane her former feat
 disdains,
 And proudly over-tops the spacious neighbour-
 ing plains.
 What pleasures hath this isle, of us esteem'd
 most dear,
 In any place, but poor unto the plenty here?
 The chalky (c) Chiltern fields, nor Kelmarsh
 self compares
 With (d) Everley, for store and swiftness of her
 hares:
 A horse of greater speed, nor yet a righter hound,
 Not any where 'twixt Kent and (e) Caledon
 is found.
 Nor yet the level South can shew a smother
 race,
 Whereas the (f) ballow nag outstrips the winds
 in chase;
 As famous in the West for matches yearly try'd,
 As (g) Garterly, posselt of all the Northern pride;
 And on his match as much the Western horse-
 man lays,
 As the rank-riding Scots upon their (h) Gallo-
 ways.
 And as the Western soil as found a horse
 doth breed,
 As doth the land that lies betwixt the Trent and
 Tweed:
 No hunter, so, but finds the (i) breeding of the
 West [best;
 The only kind of hounds for mouth and nostril
 That cold doth seldom fret, nor heat doth over-
 hail;
 As standing in the flight, as pleasant on the trail;
 Free hunting, eas'ly checkt, and loving every
 chase; [pace:
 Strait running, hard and tough, of reasonable
 Not heavy, as that hound which Lancashire doth
 breed;
 Nor as the Northern kind, so light and hot of
 speed,
 Upon the clearer chase, or on the foiled train,
 Doth make the sweetest cry, in woodland or
 on plain.
 Where she, of all the plains of Britain, that
 doth bear
 The name to be the first (renowned every where)
 Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonendge there
 should stand:
 She, first of plains; and (k) that, first wonder of
 the land.

- (a) Glasstonbury.
 (b) Salisbury church.
 (c) Two places famous for hares, the one in Bucking-
 hamshire, the other in Northamptonshire.
 (d) Everley warren of hares.
 (e) The farthest part of Scotland.
 (f) Gant.
 (g) The best kind of Scottish nags.
 (h) A famous Yorkshire horse-race.
 (i) The Western hounds generally the best.
 (k) Stonendge, the greatest wonder of England.

She Wansdike also wins, by whom she is em-
 brac'd, [waist;
 That in his aged arms doth gird her ampler
 Who (for a mighty mound fith long he did re-
 main
 § Betwixt the Mercians rule, and the West-
 Saxons reign,
 And therefore of his place himself he proudly
 bare) [compare;
 Had very oft been heard with Stonendge to
 Whom for a paltry ditch, when Stonendge
 pleas'd t' upbraid,
 The old man taking heart, thus to that trophy
 said:
 ' Dull heap, that thus thy head above the rest
 ' dost rear,
 ' Precisely yet not know'st who first did place
 ' thee there;
 ' But traytor basely turn'd, to Merlin's skill
 ' dost fly,
 ' And with his magicks dost thy maker's truth
 ' bely:
 ' Conspirator with time, now grown so mean
 ' and poor,
 ' Comparing these his spirits with those that
 ' went before;
 ' Yet rather art content thy builder's praise to
 ' lose,
 ' Than pass'd greatness should thy present
 ' wants disclose.
 ' Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with
 ' their story,
 ' That hast forgot their names, who rear'd thee
 ' for their glory:
 ' For all their wond'rous cost, thou that has serv'd
 ' them so,
 ' What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee we eas'ly
 ' know.'
 In these invectives thus whilst Wansdike
 doth complain,
 He interrupted is by that imperious (l) Plain,
 § To hear two crystal floods to court her, that
 apply
 Themselves, which should be seen most gracious
 in her eye.
 First, Willy boasts herself more worthy than
 the other,
 And better far deriv'd: as having to her mother
 Fair (m) Selwood, and to bring up (n) Diver in
 her train;
 Which, when the envious soil would from her
 course restrain,
 A mile creeps under earth, as flying all resort:
 And how clear Nader waits attendance in her
 court;
 And therefore claims of right the Plain should
 hold her dear,
 Which gives that town the name; which like-
 wise names the (o) shire.

- (l) Salisbury Plain.
 (m) A forest betwixt Wiltshire and Sommerfetshire.
 (n) Of diving under the earth.
 (o) Wilton of Willy, and Wiltshire of Wilton.

The Eastern Avon vaunts, and doth upon
 her take
 To be the only child of shadeful (p) Savernake,
 As Ambray's ancient flood; herself and to en-
 stile
 The Stonendge's best-lov'd, first wonder of
 the isle;
 And what (in her behoof) might any want supply,
 She vaunts the goodly seat of famous Sal'sbury;
 Where meeting pretty Bourne, with many a
 kind embrace,
 Betwixt their crystal arms they clip that loved
 place.
 Report, as lately rais'd, unto these rivers came,
 § That Bath's clear Avon (waxt imperious
 through her fame)
 Their dalliance should deride; and that by her
 disdain,
 Some other smaller brooks, belonging to the
 Plain,
 A question seem'd to make, whereas the shire
 sent forth
 Two Avons, which should be the flood of great-
 est worth;
 This stream, which to the South the (q) Celtick
 sea doth get,
 Or that which from the North saluteth Somerset.
 This when these rivers heard, that even but
 lately strove
 Which best did love the Plain, or had the Plain's
 best love,
 They straight themselves combine: for Willy
 wisely weigh'd,
 That should her Avon lose the day for want of
 aid,
 If one so great and near were overprest with
 power,
 The foe (she being less) would quickly her
 devour.
 As two contentious kings, that on each little jar,
 Defiances fend forth, proclaiming open war,
 Unto some other realm, that on their frontiers
 lies,
 Be hazarded again by other enemies,
 Do then betwixt themselves to composition fall,
 To countercheck that sword, else like to con-
 quer all:
 So falls it with these floods, that deadly hate do
 bear.
 And whilst on either part strong preparations
 were,
 It greatly was suppos'd strange strife would there
 have been,
 Had not the goodly Plain (plac'd equally be-
 tween)
 Fore-warn'd them to desist, and of their pur-
 pose brake;
 When in behalf of plains thus gloriously she
 spake:

(p) A forest in Wiltshire.
 (q) The French sea.

(r) Away ye barb'rous woods; how ever ye
 be plac'd
 ' On mountains, or on dales, or happily be
 grac'd
 ' With floods, or marshy (s) fells, with pasture,
 ' or with earth
 ' By nature made to till, that by the yearly birth
 ' The large-bay'd barn doth fill, yea though the
 ' fruitfull'st ground.
 ' For, in respect of Plains, what pleasure can be
 ' found
 ' In dark and sleepy shades? where mists and
 ' rotten fogs
 ' Hang in the gloomy thicks, and make unsted-
 ' fast bogs,
 ' By dropping from the boughs, the o'er-grown
 ' trees among,
 ' With caterpillars kells, and dusky cobwebs
 ' hong.
 ' The deadly screech-owl fits, in gloomy co-
 ' vert hid:
 ' Whereas the smooth-brow'd Plain, as liberally
 ' doth bid:
 ' The lark to leave her bow'r, and on her trem-
 ' ling wing
 ' In climbing up tow'rd heaven, her high-pitch'd
 ' hymns to sing
 ' Unto the springing day; when 'gainst the Sun's
 ' arise
 ' The early dawning strews the goodly eastern skies
 ' With roses every where: who scarcely lifts
 ' his head
 ' To view this upper world, but he his beams
 ' doth spread
 ' Upon the goodly Plains; yet at his noonsted's
 ' height,
 ' Doth scarcely pierce the brake with his far-
 ' shooting sight.
 ' The gentle shepherds here survey their gent-
 ' ler sheep:
 ' Amongst the bushy woods luxurious Satyrs
 ' keep.
 ' To these brave sports of field, who with desire
 ' is won,
 ' To see his grey-hound course, his horse (in
 ' diet) run,
 ' His deep-mouth'd hound to hunt, his long-
 ' wing'd hawk to fly,
 ' To these most noble sports his mind who doth
 ' apply,
 ' Reforts unto the plains. And not a foughten
 ' Where kingdoms rights have lain upon the
 ' spear and shield,
 ' But plains have been the place; and all those
 ' trophies high,
 ' That ancient times have rear'd to noble me-
 ' mory: [flain.
 ' As, Stonendge, that to tell the British Princes
 ' By those false Saxons fraud, here ever shall re-
 ' main.

(r) The Plain of Salisbury's speech in defence of all
 plains.
 (s) Boggy places. A word frequent in Lancashire.

' It was upon the Plain of Mamre (to the same
 ' Of me and all our kind) whereas the Angels
 ' came
 ' To Abraham in his tent, and there with him
 ' did feed;
 ' To Sara his dear wife then promising the seed,
 ' By whom all nations should so highly honour'd be.
 ' In which the Son of God they in the flesh
 ' should see.
 ' But Forests, to your plague there soon will
 ' come an age,
 ' In which all damned sins most vehemently
 ' shall rage
 ' An age! what have I said? nay ages there shall
 ' rise,
 ' So senseless of the good of their posterities,
 ' That of your greatest groves they scarce shall
 ' leave a tree
 ' (By which the harmless deer may after shelter'd
 ' be)
 ' Their luxury and pride but only to maintain,
 ' And for your long excess shall turn ye all to
 ' pain.'

Thus ending; though some hills themselves
 that do apply
 To please the goodly Plain, still standing in her
 eye,
 Did much applaud her speech (as (t) Haradon,
 whose head
 Old Ambry still doth awe, and Bagden from his
 sted,
 Surveying of the flies, whose likings do allure
 Both Ouldbry and Saint Ann; and they again
 procure
 Mount Marting-fall: and he those hills that
 stand aloof,
 Those brothers Barbury and Badbury, whose
 proof
 Adds much unto her praise) yet in most high
 disdain
 The Forests take her words, and swear the prat-
 ing Plain
 Grown old, began to doat: and Savernake so
 much
 Is galled with her taunts (whom they so nearly
 touch)
 That she in spiteful terms defies her to her face:
 And Alburn with the rest, though being but a
 Chase,
 At worse than nought her sets: but Bradon
 all afloat
 When it was told to her, set open such a throat,
 That all the country rang. She calls her barren
 jade,
 Base quean, and rivel'd witch, and wish'd she
 could be made
 But worthy of her hate (which most of all her
 grieves)
 The basest beggar's bawd, a harbourer of thieves.
 Then Peusham, and with her old Blackmore
 (not behind)
 Do wish that from the seas some sultry Southern
 wind,

(t) Divers hills near and about Salisbury Plain.

The foul infectious damps and poison'd airs
 would sweep,
 And pour them on the Plain, to rot her and her
 sheep.

But whilst the sportive Muse delights her with
 these things,
 She strangely taken is with those delicious springs
 Of Kennet rising here, and of the nobler stream
 Of Isis, setting forth upon her way to Tame,
 § By Greeklade; whose great name yet vaunts
 that learned tongue,
 Where to great Britain first the sacred Muses
 song;
 Which first were seated here, at Isis' bounteous
 head,
 As telling that her fame should through the world
 be spread;
 And tempted by this flood, to Oxford after
 came,
 There likewise to delight her bridegroom, lovely
 Tame:
 Whose beauty when they saw, so much they
 did adore,
 That Greeklade they forsook, and would go back
 no more.

Then Bradon gently brings forth Avon from
 her source:
 Which Southward making soon in her most
 quiet course,
 Receives the gentle Calne: when on her rising
 side,
 First Blackmoor crowns her bank, as Peusham
 with her pride
 Sets out her murmuring sholes, till (turning to
 the West)
 Her, Somerset receives, with all the bounties
 blest
 That nature can produce in that Bathonian spring,
 Which from the sulph'ry mines her med'cinal
 force doth bring;
 As physic hath found out by colour, taste, and
 smell, [well;
 Which taught the world at first the virtue of that
 What quickliest it could cure: which men of
 knowledge drew
 From that first mineral cause: but some that
 little knew
 (Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)
 § Ascrib'd it to that skill, which Bladud hither
 brought,
 As by that learned king the Baths should be be-
 gun; [Sun
 ' Not from the quick'ned mine by the begetting
 Giving that natural pow'r, which by the vig'rous
 sweat,
 Doth lend the lively springs their perdurable heat
 In passing through the veins, where matter doth
 not need;
 Which in that mineros earth inseparably doth
 breed:
 So nature hath purvey'd, that during all her reign
 The Baths their native power for ever shall retain:
 Where time that city built, which to her greater
 fame,
 Preserving of that spring, participates her name;

The tutelage whereof (as those past worlds did please)

Some to (u) Minerva gave, and some to Hercules:
Proud Phœbus' loved spring, in whose diurnal course,

§ When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force,

By his so strong approach, provokes her to desire,
Stung with the kindly rage of love's impatient fire:

Which boiling in her womb, projects (as to a birth)
Such matter as she takes from the gross humourous earth;

Till purg'd of dregs and slime, and her complexion clear,

She smileth on the light, and looks with mirthful cheer.

Then came the lusty Froom, the first of floods that met

Fair Avon ent'ring into fruitful Somerset,

With her attending brooks; and her to Bath doth bring,

Much honour'd by that place, Minerva's sacred spring.

To noble Avon, next, clear Chute as kindly came,

To (x) Bristol her to bear, the fairest seat of fame:

To entertain this flood, as great a mind that hath,
And striving in that kind far to excel the Bath.

As when some wealthy Lord prepares to entertain
A man of high account, and feast his gallant train;

Of him that did the like, doth seriously inquire
His diet, his device, his service, his attire;

That varying every thing (exampled by his store)
He every way may pass what th' other did before:

Even so this city doth; the prospect of which place

To her fair building adds an admirable grace;
Well fashion'd as the best, and with a double wall,

As brave as any town; but yet excelling all
For easement, that to health is requisite and meet;

Her piled shores, to keep her delicate and sweet:
Hereto, she hath her tides; that when she is oppress'd

With heat or drought, still pour their floods upon her breast.

To Mendip then the Muse upon the South inclines,

Which is the only store and coffer of her mines;
Elsewhere the fields and meads their sundry trafficks suit;

The forests yield her wood, the orchards give her fruit.

As in some rich man's house his several charges lie,

There stands his wardrobe, here remains his treasury;

His large provision there, of fish, of fowl, and neat,

His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meat;

There banquet-houses, walks for pleasure; here again

Cribs, grainers, stables, barns, the other to maintain:

So this rich country hath itself what may suffice,
Or that which through exchange a smaller want supplies,

Yet Ochy's dreadful (y) hole still held herself disgrac'd,

§ With th' wonders of this isle that she should not be plac'd;

But that which vext her most, was, that the (z) Peakish cave

Before her darksome self such dignity should have;

And (a) th' Wyches for their salts such state on them should take;

Or Cheshire should prefer her sad (b) death-boding-lake;

And Stonendge in the world should get such high respect,

Which imitating art but idly did erect:

And that among the rest, the vain inconstant (c) Dee,

By changing of his fords, for one should reckon'd be;

As of another sort, wood turn'd to (d) stone; among

Th' anatomized (e) fish, and fowls from (f) planchers sprung:

And on the Cambrian side those strange and wond'rous (g) springs

Our (h) beasts that seldom drink; a thousand other things

Which Ochy inly vext, that they to fame should mount,

And greatly griev'd her friends for her so small account;

That there was scarcely rock or river, marsh or That held not Ochy's wrongs (for all held Ochy dear)

§ In great and high disdain: and Froom for her disgrace

Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalstreak from her face;

But (melancholy grown) to Avon gets a path,
Through sickness forc'd to seek for cure unto the Bath:

§ And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could not wreak,

Gush'd forth so forceful streams, that he was like to break

(u) Minerva and Hercules, the protectors of these fountains.

(x) The delicacies of Bristol.

(y) A catalogue of the many wonders of this land.

(z) The Devil's arse.

(a) The salt wells in Cheshire.

(b) Bruerton's pond.

(c) A river by Westchester.

(d) By sundry foils of Britain.

(e) Our Pikes ript and sow'd up, live.

(f) Barnacles, a bird breeding upon old ships.

(g) Wondrous springs in Wales.

(h) Sheep.

The greater banks of Ax, as from his mother's
cave,
He wander'd towards the sea; for madness who
doth rave
At his dread mother's wrong; but who so woe
begun
For Ochy, as the isle of antient Avalon?
Who having in herself as inward cause of grief,
Neglecteth yet her own, to give her friend re-
lief;
The other so again for her doth sorrow make,
And in the isle's behalf the dreadful cavern spake:
' O three times famous isle, where is that
' place that might
' Be with thyself compar'd for glory and delight,
' Whilst Glastenbury flood? exalted to that
' pride,
' Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride:
' O who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not
' fill
With our great fathers pomp, devotion and
' their skill?
' Thou more than mortal power (this judgment
' rightly weigh'd)
' Then present to assist, at that foundation
' lay'd;
' On whom for this sad waste, should justice lay
' the crime?
' Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to
' time?
' Or was their error such, that thou could'st
' not protect
' Those buildings which thy hand did with their
' zeal erect?
' To whom didst thou commit that monument
' to keep,
' That suffereth with the dead their memory to
' sleep?
' § When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy
' (i) Joseph's grave,
' From sacrilege had power their sacred bones
' to save;
' He who that God in man to his sepulchre
' brought,
' Or he which for the faith twelve famous
' battles fought.
' What! did so many kings do honour to that
' place,
' For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
' For reverence, to that feat which had ascribed
' been,
' (k) Trees yet in winter bloom, and bear their
' summer's green.
This said, she many a sigh from her full
stomach cast,
Which issued through her breast in many a
boist'rous blast;
And with such floods of tears her sorrows doth
condole,
As into rivers turn within that darksome hole.

(i) Joseph of Arimathea.

(k) The wondrous tree at Glastenbury.

Like sorrow for herself, this goodly isle doth
try;
§ Embrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the
lovely Bry,
On whom the fates bestow'd (when he conceiv-
ed was)
He should be much helov'd of many a dainty
lafs;
Who gives all leave to like, yet of them liketh
none,
But his affection sets on beauteous Avalon;
Though many a plump-thigh'd moor, and full-
flank'd marsh do prove
To force his chaste desires, so dainty of his love.
First (l) Sedgmore shews this flood, her bosom
all unbrac'd,
And casts her wanton arms about his slender
waist:
Her lover to obtain, so amorous Audry seeks:
And Gedney softly steals sweet kisses from his
cheeks.
One takes him by the hand, intreating him to
stay;
[away:
Another plucks him back, when he would fain
But, having caught at length, whom long he
did pursue,
Is so intranc'd with love, her goodly parts to
view,
That alt'ring quite his shape, to her he doth
appear,
And casts his crystal self into an ample meer;
But for his greater growth when needs he must
depart,
And forc'd to leave his love (though with a
heavy heart)
As he his back doth turn, and is departing out,
The batt'ning marshy Brent environs him about;
But loathing her embrace, away in haste he flings,
And in the Severn sea surrounds his plenteous
springs.
But, dallying in this place so long, why dost
thou dwell,
So many sundry things here having yet to tell?
Occasion calls the Muse her pinions to prepare,
Which (striking with the wind the vast and
open air)
Now in the fenny heaths, then in the champains
roves,
Now measures out this plain, and then surveys
those groves;
The batful pastures fenc'd, and most with quick-
set mound,
The sundry forts of soil, diversity of ground;
Where plow-men cleanse the earth of rubbish,
weed and filth,
And give the fallow lands their seasons and their
tilth;
Where best for breeding horse, where cattle fit't
to keep,
Which good for bearing corn, which pasturing
for sheep:

(l) Fruitful moors upon the banks of the Bry.

The lean and hungry earth, the fat and marly
mould,
Where sands be always hot, and where the clays
be cold;
Where plenty where they waste, some others
tought with want;
Here set, and there they sow; here prune and
there they plant
As Wiltshire is a place best pleas'd with that
resort,
Which spend away the time continually in sport;
So Somerset herself to profit doth apply,
As given all to gain, and thriving housewifery.
For, whereas in a land one doth consume and
waste,
'Tis fit another be to gather in as fast:
This liketh moory plots, delights in sedgy bow-
ers, [flowers
The grassy garlands loves, and oft attir'd with
Of rank and mellow glebe; a sward as soft as
wool, [full.
With her complexion strong, her belly plump and
Thus whilst the active Muse strains out these
various things,
Clear Parret makes approach, with all those
plenteous springs
Her fruitful banks that bless; by whose monarch-
al sway
She fortifies herself against that mighty day,
Wherein her utmost power she should be forc'd
to try:
For, from the Druids time there was a prophecy,
That there should come a day (which now was
near at hand
By all fore-running signs) that on the Eastern
strand,
If (m) Parret stood not fast upon the English side,
They all should be suppress'd: and by the British
pride
In cunning over-come; for why, impartial Fate
(Yet constant always to the Britons crazed
state)
Forbad they yet should fall; by whom she meant
to shew
How much the present age, and after-times
should owe
Unto the line of Brute. Clear Parret therefore
prest
Her tributary streams, and wholly her address
Against the antient foe; first, calling to her aid
Two rivers of one (n) name, which seem as though
they stay'd
Their empress as she went, her either hand that
take:
The first upon the right, as from her source,
doth make
Large Muchelney an isle, and unto Ivel lends
Her hardly-rendred name: That on her left de-
scends
From Neroch's neighbouring woods; which of
that forest born,
Her rival's profer'd grace opprobriously doth
scorn.

(m) A supposed prophecy upon Parret.

(n) Ivel; from which the town Ivel is denominated.

She by her wand'ring course doth Athelney in-
isle,
And for the greater state, herself she doth instile
§ The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's
ancient seat,
Which made the Britons name through all the
world so great.
Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table
round,
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
From whence all knightly deeds, and brave at-
chievements sprong,
As some soft-sliding rill, which from a lesser
head
(Yet in his going forth, by many a fountain fed)
Extends itself at length unto a goodly stream:
So, almost through the world his fame flew from
this realm;
That justly I may charge those ancient Bards of
wrong,
So idly to neglect his glory in their song:
For some abundant brain, oh there had been a
story
Beyond the (o) blind-man's might to have in-
hanc'd our glory.
Tow'rs the Sabrinian sea then Parrat setting
on, [Tone,
To her attendance next comes in the beauteous
Crown'd with embroider'd banks, and gorgeously
array'd, [mead:
With all the enamell'd flowers of many a goodly
In orchards richly clad, whose proud aspiring
boughs
Even of the tallest woods do scorn a jot to lose,
Though Selwood's mighty self and Neroch stand-
ing by;
The sweetncss of her *foil through every coast
doth fly.
What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the
sound
Of Taunton's fruitful (p) Dean? not match'd by
any ground:
By (q) Athelney ador'd, a neighbourer to her
land:
Whereas those higher hills to view fair Tone
that stand,
Her coadjuting springs with much content be-
hold,
Where seaward Quantock stands, as Neptune he
control'd, [mound,
And black down inland born, a mountain and a
As though he stood to look about the country
round:
But Parret as a prince, attended here the while,
Inrich'd with every moor, and every inland isle,
Upon her taketh state, well forward tow'rs her
fall:
Whom lastly yet to grace, and not the least of all,
Comes in the lively Carr, a nymph most lovely
clear, [shire:
From Somerton sent down, the sovereign of the

(o) Homer.

(p) One of the fruitful places of this land.

(q) Interpreted the noble isle.

Which makes our Parret proud. And wallowing
in excess,
Whilst like a Prince she vaunts amid the watry
press,

The breathless Muse a while her wearied wings
shall ease,
To get her strength to stem the rough Sabrinian
seas.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DISCONTINUING her first course, the Muse returns to Somerset and Wiltshire, which lie betwixt the Severn and Hantshire; as the song here joins them :

*From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence it
stood.*

Old Salisbury seated North-east from the now famous Salisbury some miles distant, about Richard Cœur de Lion's time had her name and inhabitants hither translated, upon the meeting of Avon and Aderborn; where not long after she enjoy'd, among others that glorious title of admiration for her sumptuous church-buildings. Of that, one of my authors thus :

† *In the year of grace
Twelf hundred and to and twenti, in the vaire place
Of the noble munfire of Salesburi bi leide the beiste
stone,
That me not in Christindom vairore work non.
Ther was Pandulf the Legat, and as beyt of echon,
He leide vive the versle stones : as wor the Pope put
on,
The other vorore (a) yonge king, the thridde as
me seye
Bor the gode Erle of Salisburi, William (b) the
Longespei,
The verth bor the Contesse, the wiste he leide the
Bor the (c) Biskop of Salesburi, and he ne leide na
mo.*

This work then began, was by Robert of Bingham, next succeeding bishop to that excellency, prosecuted.

*Hath worthily obtain'd that stonebenge there should
stand.*

Upon Salisbury plain, stones of huge weight and greatness, some in the earth pitcht, and in form erected, as it were circular; others lying cross over them, as if their own poise did no less than their supporters give them that proper place, have this name of Stone-henge;

*But so confus'd, that neither any eye
Can count them just, nor reason reason try,
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.*

As the noble (d) Sidney of them.

No man knows, saith (e) Huntingdon (making them the first wonder of this land, as the author doth) how, or why they came here. The cause thus take from the British story : Hengist under colour of a friendly treaty with Vortigern at Amesbury, his falsehood's watchword to his Saxons (provided there privily with long knives) being (f) *Nimew your sexes*, there traiterously slew cd. ix. noble Britons, and kept the king prisoner. Some thirty years after K. Ambrose (to honour with one monument the name of so many murder'd worthies) by help of Uterpendragon's forces and Merlin's magick, got them transported from off a plain (others say a hill) near (g) Naas in Kildare in Ireland, hither, to remain as a trophy, not of victory, but of wronged innocency. This Merlin persuaded the King that they were medicinal, and first brought out of the utmost parts of Afrique by giants, which thence came to inhabit Ireland. (h) *Non est ibi lapis qui medicamento caret*, as in Merlin's person Geoffrey of Monmouth speaks; whose authority in this treacherous slaughter of the Britons, I respect not so much as Nennius, Malmesbury, Sigebert, Matthew of Westminster, and others, who report it as I deliver. Whether they be

† Rob. Glocestrenf.

(a) Hen. III.

(b) Willielm de Longa spatha.

(c) Richard Poor.

(d) In his Sonnets.

(e) Hister. lib. i.

(f) i. e. Take your swords.

(g) Girald. Combrensis Topograph. Hib. dist. 2. cap. 18. Chorea gigantum.

(h) Not one of the stones but is good for somewhat in physick.

naturally solid, or with cement artificially compos'd, I will not dispute. Although the last be of easier credit; yet I would, with our late historian White, believe the first sooner, than that Ulysses's ship was by Neptune turn'd into one stone, as it is in the *Odyssæy*, and that the Egyptian King Amasis had a house cut out in one marble (which, by Herodotus's description, could not after the workmanship have less content than cix. cix. ccc. xciv. solid cubits, if my geometry fail me not) or that which the Jews (*i*) are not ashamed to affirm of a stone, with which King Og at one throw from his head purposed to have crush'd all the Israelites, had not a lapwing strangely peckt such a hole through it, that it fell on his shoulders, and by miracle his upper teeth suddenly extended, kept it there fast from motion. It is possible they may be of some such earthly dust as that of Puzzolo, and by *Ætna*, which cast into the water turns stony, as Pliny after Strabo of them and other like remembers. And for certain I find it reported, (*k*) that in Caernarvon upon Snowdon hills is a stone (which miraculously, somewhat more than sixty years since, rais'd itself out of a lake at the hill's foot) equalling a large house in greatness, and suppos'd not moveable by a thousand yoke of oxen. For the form of bringing them, your opinion may take freedom. That great one which Hercules (*l*) is wonder'd at for the carriage was but (*m*) a cartload, which he left for a monument in Otranto of Italy: and except Geoffrey of Monmouth, with some which follow him, scarce any affirm or speak of it, nor Nennius, nor Malmesbury; the first living somewhat near the suppos'd time.

Betwixt the Mercian rule and the West-Saxons reign.

So thinks our antiquary and light of this kingdom; that, to be a limit of those two ancient states, sometime divided by Avon, which falls into Severn, Wansdike crossing the shire westward over the plain was first cast up. Wodensdike, the old name, is suppos'd from Woden; of no less (if not greater) esteem to the Saxons, than Asfaxes, Pelops, Cadmus, and other such to their posterity; but so, that, I guess, it went but for their greatest God Mercury (he is called rather Wonden from Win, that is, gain, by (*n*) Lipsius) as the German and English antiquities discover. And very likely, when this limit was made, that in honour of him, being by name president of ways, and by his office of heraldship Pacifex, *i. e.* Peacemaker, as an old stamp titles him, they call'd it Wodensdike; as not only the Greeks (*o*)

had their Εἰρημαὶ εἰσὸς αἰσὶν ἀγλαῖαι (statues erect-ed) for limits and direction of ways, and the Latins their Terminus, but the ancient Jews also, as upon interpretation of כֶּסֶף נֶסֶח (*p*) in the Proverbs, *i. e.* into an heap of Mercury (in the vulgar) for a heap of stones in that sense, Goropius in his hieroglyphics affirms, somewhat boldly deriving Mercury from *Merc*, which signifies a limit in his and our tongue, and so fits this place in name and nature. Stonehenge and it not improperly contend, being several works of two several nations anciently hateful to each other; Britons and Saxons.

To bear two crystal floods to court her, which apply.

Williborne (by the old name the author calls her Willy) derived from near Selwood by Warminster, with her creekly passage crossing to Wilton, naming both that town and the shire, and on the other side Avon taking her course out of Savernak by Marlborough through the shire southward, washing Ambresbury and the Salisburies (new Salisbury being her episcopal city) both watering the plain, and furnished with these reasons, are fitly thus personated, striving to endear themselves in her love: and prosecuting this fiction, the Muse thus adds:

How that Bath's Avon wax'd imperious through her fame.

Divers rivers of that name have we; but two of eminent note in Wiltshire: one is next before shew'd you, which falls through Dorset into the ocean; the other here mentioned hath her head in the edge of Gloucester: and with her snaky course visiting Malmesbury, Chippenham, Bradford, and divers towns of slight note, turns into Somerset, passes Bath, and casts herself into the Severn at Bristol. This compendious contention (whose proportionate example is a special elegance for the expressing of diversity, as in the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil) is aptly concluded with that point of ancient politic (*q*) observation, that "Outward common fear is the surest band of friendship."

To Grecklade, whose great name yet vaunts that learned tongue.

The history of Oxford in the proctors book, and certain old verses, (*q*) kept somewhere in this tract, affirm, that with Brute came hither certain Greek philosophers, from whose name and profession here it was thus called, and as an univer-

(*i*) Apud Munster. ad Deuter. 3. If among them there be a whetstone, let the Jew have it.

(*k*) Powel ad lib. 2. cap. 9. Girald. itinerarij.

(*l*) Aristot. *περί θαυμ. ακουσμ.*

(*m*) *Ἀμαζαῖος.*

(*n*) Ad Germ. Tacit. Woden or Wonden.

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(*o*) *Irmunfull.* Sax. Mercury. Adam Bremenf. cap. 5. And hence Irmingstreate. Pausan. *scapius*, & Theocrit. *ιδ. κτ.*

(*p*) Proverb. 26. v. 8.

(*q*) In Thucyd. & Liv.

(*q*) Leland. ad cyg. cant. in *Isle*.

sity afterward translated to Oxford (upon like notation a company retiring to (r) Lechlade in this shire, gave that its title, as J. Rous adds in his story to Henry VII.) But Godwin and a very old Anonymus cited by Br. Twine, refer it to Theodore of Tarsus in Cilicia (made archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian under Egbert king of Kent) very skilful in both tongues, and an extraordinary restorer of learning to the English Saxons. That he had (among other) Greek schools, is certain by Pede's affirmation, that some of his scholars understood both Greek and Latin as their mother language. Richard of the Vies (s) will that Penda, king of Mercland, first deduced a colony of Cambridge men hither, and calls it Crekelade, as other Kirkclade with variety of names; but I suspect all; as well for omission of it in the best authorities, as also that the name is so different in itself. Grecolade was never honoured with Greek schools, as the ignorant multitude think, faith (t) Leland, affirming it should be rather Creclade, Lechelade, or Lathlade. Nor methinks (of all) stands it with the British story, making the tongue then a kind of Greek (a matter, that way reasonable enough, seeing it is questionless that colonies anciently derived out of the western Asia, Peloponnesus, Hellas, and those continents into the coast whence Brute came, transported the Greek with them) that profession of Grecians should make this so particular a name.

Ascrib'd to that high skill which learned Bladud brought.

You are now in Somersetshire. I doubt not but the true cause is that, which is ordinary of other hot springs; not the sun's heat (saving the author's opinion, which hath warrant enough in others) or agitation of wind. as some will; but either passage through metallic, bituminous, and sulphurous veins, or rather a real subterranean fire, as (u) Empedocles first thought, and with most witty arguments (according to the poetical conceit of Typhon (x), buried in Prochyta; whereto Strabo refers the best baths in Italy (my learned and kind friend Mr. Lydiat, that accurate chronologer, in his ingenious philosophy, hath lately disputed. But, as the author tells you, some British vanity imputes it to Bladud's art, which in a very ancient fragment of rhimes (y) I found exprest: and if you can endure the language and fiction, you may read it, and then laugh at it.

*Two tunne there beth of bras,
And other two imaked of glas.
Seve seats there buth igne.
And other thing imaked with giune:
Quick brimston in them also,
With wild ber maked thereto:
Sal gemmæ, and sal petræ,
Sal armonack there is eke,
Sal albrod and sal alkinæ,
Sal gemmæ is minged with him.
Sal comin and sal almetre bricht,
That borneth both day and night.
All this is in the tonne ido,
And other things many mo,
And borneth both night and day,
That never quench it ne may.
(1) In our wel springs the tonnes liggeth,
As the philosophers us siggeth,
The hete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot al about.
The two wel springs earneth mere,
And the other two beth inner clere.
There is maked full iwis
That kings bath iclupid is.
The rich King Bladud
The king's son Lud,
And when he maked that bath bot,
And if him failed ought,
Of that that should thereto,
Derkeneth what he would do,
From Bath to London he would flee:
And thulke day selfe againe bee,
And fetch that thereto bivel.
He was quicke and swift fell
Tho the master was ded
And is soule mind to the dued,
For God ne was not yet ybore,
For deth suffred him bivore.*

I will as soon believe all this, as that St. (x) Devi or Julius (a) Cæsar (who never came near it) was author of it, or that he made Knights of the Bath. They are not wanting which have durst say so.

When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force.

From eight in the morning till three (within which time the sun beams make their strongest angles of incidence) it purges itself (as boiling) of unclean excrements, nor then do any enter it; which the Muse here expresses in a fervent sympathy of love betwixt the water and the sun, and the more properly, because it had the name of (b) *Aqua Solis*.

(r) i. e. The Physicians lake.

(s) Apud Cai de antiq. Cantabrig. lib. 2. & Cod. Nig. Cantabr. apud aut. assert. antiq. Oxon.

(t) Ad Cyg. Capt. in Iside & Isid. vad. Curvius Græcus sermo Britannicus. Galfred. Monument. lib. 1.

(u) Senec. Natural. quæst. lib. 3. cap. 24.

(x) Pyndar. Pyth. a.

(y) Ex antiq. scbed.

(1) See the author's eighth song.

(z) Bal. cert. 1.

(a) Malmesbury, lib. 2. Pontific.

(b) Antoninus in itinerario.

With th' wonders of the Isle that she should not be plac'd.

(c) Wockey-hole (so called in my conceit, from *phoczd*, which is the same with *pic*, signifying a hollow or creek passage) in Mendip hills by Wells, for her spacious vaults, stony walls, creeping labyrinths, unimaginable cause of posture in the earth, and her neighbours report (all which almost equal her to that Grotta de la (e) Sibylla in the Apennine of Marca Anconitana, and the Dutch song of little Daniel) might well wonder she had not place among her country wonders. One that seems to increase Samuel Beaulan upon Nennius, reckons thirteen by that name, but with vain and false reports (as that of the Bath to be both hot and cold, according to the desire of him that washes) and in some the author of Polychronicon follows him; neither speaking of this. But the last, and Henry of Huntingdon, reckon only four remarkable; the Peake, Stonehenge, Chedder-hole, and a hill out of which it rains. That wonder of human excellence, Sir Philip Sidney, to fit his sonnet, makes six; and to fit that number, conceitedly adds a froward, but chaste lady, for the seventh. And the author here tells you the chiefest.

*— that Froom, for her disgrace,
Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalstreak from her face.*

Out of Mendip hills Froom springeth, and through the coal pits after a short course eastward turns upward to Bath's Avon. The fiction of her besmear'd face happens the better, in that Froom, after our old mother language, signifies fair, as that paradoxal Becanus (f), in exposition of the Egyptian Pyromis in Herodotus, (g) would by notation teach us.

And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could not wreak.

Near Axbridge, Chedder-cliffs, rocky and vaulted, by continual distilling, is the fountain of a forcible stream (driving twelve mills within a mile's quarter of its head) which runs into Ax derived out of Wockey.

When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave.

Henry the second in his expedition towards Ireland entertained by the way in Wales with Bardish songs, wherein he heard it affirmed that in Glastenbury (made almost an isle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars, gave commandment to Henry of Blois then abbot, to make search for the corps: which

was found in a wooden coffin (Girald saith oaken, Leland thinks alder) some sixteen foot deep; but after they had digged nine foot, they (b) found a stone on whose lower side was fixt a leaden cross (crosses fixt upon the tombs of old christians were in all places ordinary) with his name inscribed, and the letter side of it turned to the stone. He was then honoured with a sumptuous monument, and afterward the skulls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as separate relics and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor. Of this, Girald, Leland, Prise, divers others (although Polydore make flight of it) have more copious testimony. The Bards songs suppose, that after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, where traiterous Mordred was slain, and Arthur wounded, Morgan le Fay, a great Elfin lady (supposed his near kinswoman) conveyed the body hither to cure it; which done, Arthur is to return (yet expected) to the rule of his country. Read these attributed to the best (i) of the Bards, expressing as much:

*— Morgain suscepit honore,
Inque suis thalamis posuit super aurea regem
Fulcra, manumque sibi detexit vulnus honesta
Inspexitque diu: tandemque redire salutem
Posse sibi dixit, si secum tempore longo
Effet, & ipse vellet medicamine fungere.*

Englified in metre for me thus by the author:

*— Morgain with honour took,
And in a chair of state doth cause him to repose;
Then with a modest hand his wounds she doth uncloze:
And having search'd them well, she bade him not to doubt,
He should in time be cur'd, if he would stay it out,
And would the medicine take that she to him would give.*

The same also in effect, an excellent (k) poet of his time thus singing it:

*He is a king crowned in Fairie,
With scepter and sword and with his regally
Shall resort as lord and soveraigne
But of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine:
And repaire again (l) the Round Table.
My prophecy Merlin set the date,
Among princes king incomparable,
His seat againe to Carolin to translate,
The Parchasfustren sponne so his fate,*

(c) Or, Ochy.

(d) Beat. Rhenan. lib. 2. rer. Germanic.

(e) Ortelius theat. mundi.

(f) Herma then. lib. 5.

(g) Euterpe,

(b) Chronicon. Glasconiens.

(i) Taliesin. ap. Pris. defens. hist. Brit.

(k) Dan Lidgat. lib. 8. vers. Boccat. cap. 24.

(l) Nænas ad has refert Alanus de Insulis illud Merlini vaticinium. Exitus ejus dubius erit.

*His (m) epitaph recordeth so certaine
Here lieth K. Arthur that shall raigne againe.*

Worthily famous was the Abbey also from Joseph of Arimathea (that (n) *Ευαγγελιστής* *βυζαντινός*, as S. Mark calls him) here buried, which gives proof of Christiauity in the isle before our Lucius. Hence in a charter of liberties by Hen. II. to the Abbey (made in presence of Heraclius Patriarch of Jerusalem, and others) I read, (o) *Olim à quibusdam mater sanctorum dicta est, aliis tumulis sanctorum, quam ab ipsis discipulis Domini edificatam, & ab ipso Domino dedicatam primò fuisse, venerabilis habet antiquorum autoritas.* It goes for current truth that a hawthorn thereby on Christmas-day always blossometh: which the author tells you in that, *Trees yet in winter, &c.* You may cast this into the account of your greatest wonders.

Embrac' by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely Bry.

Selwood sends forth Bry, which after a winding course from Bruton, (so called of the river)

through part of Sedgemore, and Andremore, comes to Glastenbury, and almost inisles it; thence to Gedney-moor, and out of Brent-marsh into Severn.

The nearest neighbouring floods to Arthur's ancient seat.

By South-cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and betwixt every of them an earthen wall; the content of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and reliques of old buildings. Among Roman coins there found, and other works of antiquity, Stow speaks of a silver horse-shoe there digged up in the memory of our fathers: (q) *Dii boni* (saith Leland) *quot hic profundissimarum fossarum? quot hic egestæ terræ valla? quæ demùm præcipitia? atque ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem esse & Artus & Naturæ miraculum.* Anique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table, as the Muse here sings. But of this more in the next canto.

(m) *Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam Rexque futurus.*

(n) Noble Counsellor.

(o) It was called the mother and tomb of the saints.

(p) The workmanship of the ditches, walls, and strange steepness of them, makes it seem a wonder of art and nature.

P O L Y - O L B I O N .

THE FOURTH SONG.

The Argument.

England and Wales strive, in this song,
To whether Lundy doth belong :
When either's nymphs, to clear the doubt,
By music mean to try it out.
Of mighty Neptune leave they ask :
Each one betakes her to her task.
The Britons, with the harp and crowd :
The English, both with still and loud.
The Britons chaunt king Arthur's glory ;
The English sing their Saxons story.
The hills of Wales their weapons take,
And are an uproar like to make,
To keep the English part in awe.
There's heave and shove, and hold and draw ;
That Severn can them scarce divide,
Till judgment may the cause decide.

THIS while in Sabrin's court strong factions
strangely grew,
Since Cornwall for her own, and as her proper due,
Claim'd Lundy, which was said to Cambria to
belong,
Who oft had sought redress for that her ancient
wrong :
But her inveterate foe, born-out by England's
might,
O'erflows her weaker pow'r; that (now in
either's right)

As Severn finds no flood so great, nor poorly
mean, [maintain]
But that the natural spring (her force which doth
(a) From this or that she takes; so from this
faction free
(Begun about this ille) not one was like to be,
This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd ;
And, all on pleasure set, doth wholly give her
mind

(a) From England or Wales.

To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,
 § And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.
 Of traffic or return she never taketh care;
 Not provident of pelf, as many islands are:
 A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad
 and high,
 That often had bewitcht the sea-gods with her eye.
 Of all the inland isles her sovereign Severn keeps,
 That bathe their amorous breasts within her
 secret deeps
 (To love (b) her Barry much and Scilly though
 she seem,
 The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to es-
 teem)
 This noblest British (c) nymph yet likes her
 Lundy best, [rest.
 And to great Neptune's grace prefers before the
 Thus, (d) Cambria to her right that would
 herself restore,
 And rather than to lose (e) Loëgia, looks for
 more.
 The nymphs of either part, whom passion doth
 invade,
 To trial straight will go, though Neptune should
 dissuade:
 But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleen,
 And only wanting strength to wreck their angry
 teen,
 For skill their challenge make which every one
 profess,
 And in the learned arts (of knowledges the best,
 And to th' heroic spirit most pleasing under sky)
 Sweet Music, rightly matcht with heavenly
 Poësy,
 In which they all exceed: and in this kind alone
 They conquerors vow to be, or lastly overthrown.
 Which when fair Sabrin saw (as she is won-
 d'rous wife)
 And that it were in vain them better to advise,
 Sith this contention sprang from countries like
 ally'd [side,
 That she would not be found t'incline to either
 To mighty Neptune sues to have his free con-
 sent.
 Due trial they might make; when he incontinent
 His Tritons sendeth out the challenge to pro-
 claim.
 No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadful
 name,
 But such a shout was sent from every neigh-
 b'ring spring,
 That the report was heard through all his court
 to ring:
 And from the largest stream unto the lesser
 brook,
 Them to this wond'roustask they seriously betook.
 They curl their ivory fronts; and not the smal-
 lest beck
 But with white pebbles makes her tawdries for
 her neck;

b Certain little isles lying within Severn.

c Severn.

d Wales.

e England.

Lay forth their amorous breasts unto the public
 view, [blue;
 Enameling the white with veins that were as
 Each moor, each marsh, each mead, preparing
 rich array
 To set their rivers forth against this general day.
 'Mongst forests, hills, and floods, was ne'er such
 heave and shove
 Since (f) Albion wielded arms against the son
 of Jove.
 When as the English part, their courage to
 declare,
 Them to th' appointed place immediately pre-
 pare.
 A troop of stately nymphs proud Avon with her
 brings
 (As she that hath the charge of wife (g) Miner-
 va's springs)
 From Mendip tripping down, about the tinny
 mine.
 And † Ax, no less employ'd about this great de-
 sign,
 Leads forth a lusty rout; when † Bry, with all
 her throng [long)
 (With very madness swoln, that she had staid so
 Comes from the boggy meads and queachy fens
 below:
 That † Parret (highly pleas'd to see the gallant
 show)
 Set out with such a train as bore so great a sway,
 The foil but scarcely serves to give her hugeness
 way.
 Then the Devonian Taw, from Dertmore
 deckt with pearl, [girl
 Unto the conflict comes: with her that gallant
 § Clear Towridge, whom they fear'd would
 have estrang'd her fall: [all
 Whose coming, lastly, bred such courage in them
 As drew down many a nymph from the Cornu-
 bian shore,
 That paints their goodly breasts with sundry sorts
 of ore.
 The British, that this while had stood a view
 to take
 What to her utmost pow'r the public foe could
 make,
 But slightly weigh their strength; for, by her
 natural kind,
 As still the Briton bears a brave and noble mind;
 So, trusting to their skill, and goodness of their
 cause,
 For speedy trial call, and for indifferent laws.
 At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue
 grew;
 To make a likely choice of some most expert
 crew,
 Whose number coming near unto the other's
 dow'r,
 The English should not urge they were o'erborn
 by pow'r.

f Albion, Neptune's son, warred with Hercules.

g The bathes.

† All these rivers you may see in the 3d song.

§ Yet hardly upon Powfe they dare their hopes
to lay,
For that ſhe hath commerce with England every
day :
§ Nor Roſs; for that too much ſhe aliens doth
reſpect :
And following them, foregoes her ancient dialect.
The (b) Venedotian floods, that ancient Britons
were
The mountains kept them back, and ſhut them
in the rear :
But Brecknock, long time known a country of
much worth,
Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains
forth :
For almoſt not a brook of (i) Morgany, nor
Gwent,
But from her fruitful womb doth fetch their high
deſcent,
For Brecan, was a prince once fortunate and
great
(Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler
feat)
With (k) twice twelve daughters bleſt, by one
and only wife :
Who for their beauties rare, and ſanctity of life,
To rivers were transform'd; whoſe pureneſs
doth declare
How excellent they were, by being what they
are :
Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,
To tell their former love to the unmarried ſtate,
To Severn ſhape their courſe, which now their
form doth bear ;
E'er ſhe was made a flood, a virgin as they were.
And from the ſeas with fear they ſtill do fly :
So much they yet delight in maiden company.
Then moſt renowned Wales, thou famous an-
cient place,
Which ſtill haſt been the nurſe of all the Britiſh
race,
Since nature thee denies that purple-cluster'd
vine,
Which others temples chafes with fragrant ſpark-
ling wine ;
And being now in hand to write thy glorious
praiſe, [raiſe :
Fill me a bowl of Meath, my working ſpirit to
And e'er ſeven books have end, I'll ſtrike ſo high
a ſtring,
Thy Bards ſhall ſtand amaz'd with wonder,
whiſt I ſing;
§ That Talieſſen, once which made the rivers
dance,
And in his rapture rais'd the mountains from
their trance,
Shall tremble at my verſe, rebounding from the
ſkies ;
Which like an earthquake ſhakes the tomb where-
in he lies.

(b) Floods of North Wales.

(i) Glamorgan and Monmouthſhires.

(k) A ſuppoſed metamorphoſis of Brecan's daughters.

First our triumphing Muſe of ſprightly Uſk
ſhall tell,
And what to every nymph attending her, beſell :
Which Cray and Camlas firſt for pages doth re-
tain;
With whom the next in place comes in the trip-
ping Brean,
With Iſker; and with her comes Hodny fine and
clear, [ſhire :
Of Brecknock beſt belov'd, the ſovereign of the
And Grony, at an inch, waits on her miſtreſs'
heels:
But entring (at the laſt) the Monumethian fields,
Small Fidan, with Cledaugh, increaſe her goodly
Menie, [geny.
Short Kebby, and the brook that chriſtneth Aber-
With all her watry train, when now at laſt ſhe
came [name,
Unto that happy town which bears her (l) only
Bright Birthin; with her friend fair Olwy, kindly
meet her;
Which for her preſent haſte, have ſcarcely time
to greet her; [gone:
But earneſt on her way, ſhe needſly will be
So much ſhe longs to ſee the ancient Caerlon.
When Avon cometh in, than which amongſt
them all
A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall.
Then Ebwith, and with her ſlides Srowy; which
forelay [ſea.
Her progreſs, and for Uſk keep entrance to the
When Munno, all this while, that (for her own
behoof) [aloof,
From this their great recourſe had ſtrangely ſtood
More proud by Monmouth's name appointed
her by fate,
Of all the reſt herein obſerved ſpecial ſtate.
For once the bards foretold ſhe ſhould produce
a (m) king
Which everlaſting praiſe to her great name
ſhould bring,
Who by his conquering ſword ſhould all the land
ſurpriſe,
Which 'twixt the (n) Penmenmaur and the
(a) Pyreni lies
She therefore is allow'd her leiſure; and by her
They win the goodly Wye, whom ſtrongly ſhe
doth ſtir [deny'd,
Her powerful help to lend, which elſe ſhe had
Be cauſe herſelf ſo oft to England ſhe ally'd
But b'ing by Munno made for Wales, away ſhe
goes. [throws
Which when as Throggy ſees, herſelf ſhe headlong
Into the watry throng, with many another rill,
Repairing to the Welch, their number up to fill,
That Remny, when ſhe ſaw theſe gallant nymphs
of Gwent,
On this appointed match were all ſo hotly bent,
Where ſhe of ancient time had parted, as a mound,
The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian
ground;

(l) Monmouth.

(m) Henry V. ſtyled of Monmouth.

(n) A hill in Caernarvonſhire.

(a) Hills dividing Spain and France.

Intreats the Taff along, as gray as any glafs;
With whom clear Cunno comes, a lusty Cam-
brian lass:

Then Elwy, and with her Eweny holds her way,
And Ogmore, that would yet be there as soon as
they,

By Avon called in; when nimbler Neath anon
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare
beauties known; [hath

Besides her double head, to help her stream that
Her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hepsey, and
Tragath)

From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas
and Cledaugh,

By (p) Morgany do drive her through her watry
(q) faugh;

With Tawy, taking part t'assist the Cambrian
power:

§ Then Lhu and Logor, given to strengthen
them by Gower.

'Mongst whom, some bards there were, that in
their sacred rage

Recorded the descents, and acts of every age.
Some with their nimbler joints that struck the
warbling string;

In fingering some unskill'd, but only us'd to sing
Unto the others harp; of which you both might
find

Great plenty, and of both excelling in their kind,
§ That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's
praise,

Had won the silver harp, and worn Apollo's bays;
Whose verses they deduc'd from those first golden
times,

Of sundry sorts of feet, and sundry suits of rhymes.

¶ (r) Englins some there were, that on their
subject strain;

Some makers that again affect the loftier vein,
Rehearse their high conceits in Cowiths; other-
some

In Owdells theirs express, as matters haps to come;
So varying still their moods, observing yet in all
Their quantities, their rests, their ceasures me-
trical;

For to that sacred skill they most themselves apply;
Addicted from their births so much to poësy,

That in the mountains those who scarce have seen
a book,

Most skilfully will (s) make, as though from art
they took.

And as Loëgria spares not any thing of worth,
That any way might set her goodly rivers forth;
As stones by nature cut from the Cornubian
strand:

Her Dertmore sends them pearl; Rock-vincent,
diamond:

So Cambria, of her nymphs especial care will have;
For Conway sends them pearl to make them
wond'rous brave:

The sacred (t) Virgin's well, her moss most
sweet and rare,

Against infectious damps for pomander to wear:
And (u) Goldcliff of his ore in plenteous sort al-
lows, [brows.

To spangle their attires, and deck their amorous
And lastly, holy Dee, (whose pray'rs were high-
ly priz'd,

As one in heavenly things devoutly exercis'd;
Who, (v) changing of his fords, by divination
had

Fore-told the neighbouring folk of fortune good
or bad) [ceed,

In their intended course sith needs they will pro-
His benediction sends in way of happy speed.

And though there were such haste unto this long-
look'd hour,

Yet let them not to call upon th' eternal pow'r.
For, who will have his work his wished end to
win,

Let him with hearty pray'r religiously begin.
Wherefore the English part, with full devout in-
tent,

In meet and godly sort to Glastenbury sent,
Beseeching of the saints in Avalon that were,
There off'ring at their tombs for every one a
tear,

§ And humbly to St. George their country's pa-
tron pray,

To prosper their design now in this mighty day.
The Britons, like devout, their messengers direct
To David, that he would their ancient right
protect.

'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds
are crown'd,

The valley (w) Ewias lies, immur'd so deep and
round,

As they below that see the mountains rise so high,
Might think the straggling herds were grazing
in the sky:

Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As nature at the first appointed it for pray'r:
Wherein an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the sun hath ever shone,
That reverend British saint in zealous ages past,
To contemplation liv'd; and did so truly fast,
As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.
In memory of whom, in the revolving year

The Welchman on his day that sacred herb do
wear:

Where, of that holy man as humbly they do crave,
That in their just defence they might his furth'-
rance have.

Thus either, well prepar'd the other's power
before,

Conveniently b'ing plac'd upon their equal shore;
The Britons, to whose lot the onset doth belong,
Give signal to the foe for silence to their song.

(p) Glamorgan.

(q) A kind of trench.

(r) Englins, Enithy, and La'ells, British forms or verses.
See the Illustrations.

(s) A word, used by the ancients, signifying to verify.

(t) Saint Winifrid's well.

(u) A glitt'ring rock in Monmouthshire.

(v) See the eighth song.

(w) In Monmouthshire.

To tell each various strain and turning of their rhimes,
 How this in compass falls, or that in sharpness climbs
 (As where they rest and rise, how take it one from one,
 As every several chord hath a peculiar tone)
 Even memory herself, though striving, would come short:
 But the material things, Muse, help me to report.
 As first, t'affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons right, [Knight;
 With Arthur they begin, their most renowned
 The richness of the arms their well-made (*) worthy wore,
 The temper of his sword (the try'd Escalabour)
 The bigness and the length of Rone, his noble spear:
 With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear;
 His Baudrick how adorn'd with stones of wondrous price,
 § The sacred virgin's shape he bore for his device;
 These monuments of worth, the ancient Britons song.
 Now, doubting lest these things might hold them but too long,
 His wars they took to task; the land then overlaid
 With those proud German pow'rs; when, calling to his aid [less,
 His kinsman Howell, brought from Britany the
 Their armies they unite, both swearing to suppress
 The Saxon, here that fought through conquest all to gain,
 On whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln; where the plain
 Each-where from side to side lay scatter'd with the dead.
 And when the conquer'd foe, that from the conflict fled, [there
 Betook them to the woods, he never left them
 Until the British earth he forc'd them to forswear.
 And as his actions rose, so raise they still their vein
 In words, whose weight best suit a sublimated strain.
 § They sung how he, himself at Badon bore that day,
 When at the glorious goale his British sceptre lay:
 Two days together how the battle strongly stood;
 (y) Pendragon's worthy son, who waded there in blood,
 Three hundred Saxon's flew with his own valiant hand.
 And (after call'd, the Pict and Irish to withstand)
 How he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,
 Pursuing of the Pict beyond mount Caledon:
 There strongly shut them up whom stoutly he subdu'd.
 How Gillamore again to Ireland he pursu'd,

(*) Arthur, one of the nine worthies.

(y) King Arthur.

So oft as he presum'd the envious Pict to aid:
 And having slain the king, the country waste he laid. [forth
 To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh
 With his so prosp'rous pow'rs into the farthest north: [got.
 Where, Iseland first he won, and Orkney after
 To Norway sailing next with his dear nephew Lot,
 By deadly dint of sword did Ricoll there defeat;
 And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian seat,
 How this courageous king did Denmark then controul;
 That scarcely there was found a country to the pole
 That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell. [befell
 And after these, in France th' adventures him
 At Paris, in the lists where he with Flollio fought;
 The Emperor Leon's pow'r to raise his siege that brought.
 Then bravely set they forth, in combat how these knights
 On horseback and on foot perform'd their several fights:
 As with what marv'lous force each other they assail'd,
 How mighty Flollio first, how Arthur then prevail'd; [grounds,
 For best advantage how they traversed their
 The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
 Until the tribune, tir'd, sank under Arthur's sword. [board;
 Then sing they how he first ordain'd the circled
 The knights whose martial deeds far fam'd that table-round;
 Which, truest in their loves; which, most in arms renown'd:
 The laws, which long up-held that Order, they report;
 § The Pentecosts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
 That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,
 Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves;
 Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer:
 Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.
 The feasts that under-ground the Faëry did him make,
 And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.
 Then told they, how himself great Arthur did advance,
 To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in France, [ere
 By Lucius thither led; those armies that while-Affrighted all the world, by him struck dead with fear:
 Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
 In that most famous field he with the emperor wan:
 As how great Rythons self he slew in his repair,
 Who ravish'd Howell's niece, young Hellenas the fair;

And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely
chaunted they

The several twelve pitch'd fields he with the Sax-
ons fought :

The certain day and place to memory they brought.
Then by false Mordred's hand how last he chanc'd
to fall,

The hour of his decease, his place of burial.

When out the English cry'd, to interrupt their
song :

But they, which knew to this more matter must
belong,

Not out at all for that, nor any whit dismay'd,
But to their well-tun'd harps their fingers closely
laid :

'Twixt every one of which they plac'd their
country's croud,

And with courageous spirits thus boldly sang
aloud ;

How Merlin by his skill, and magic's wondrous
might,

From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a
night ;

§ And for Carmarden's sake, would fain have
brought to pass,

About it to have built a wall of solid brass ;

And set his friends to work upon the mighty
frame ;

Some to the anvil : some, that still inforc'd the
flame ;

But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf
(For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by
himself.

For, walking with his Fay, her to the rock he
brought,

In which he oft before his nicromancies wrought ;
And going in thereat his magics to have shown,

She stopt the cavern's mouth with an enchanted
stone :

Whose cunning strongly cross'd, amaz'd whilst he
did stand,

She captive him convey'd unto the Fairy land.

Then, how the lab'ring spirits, to rocks by fet-
ters bound,

With bellows rumbling groans, and hammers
thund'ring sound,

A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep.

Their master to awake, suppos'd by them asleep ;

As at their work how still the grieved spirits re-
pine,

Tormented in the fire, and tired at the mine.

When now the British side scarce finished
their song,

But th' English that repin'd to be delay'd so long,
All quickly at the hint, as with one free consent,

Struck up at once, and sung each to the instrument ;
(Of sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes)

On which the practis'd hand with perfect'st fin-
g'ring strikes,

Whereby their height of skill might liveliest
be exprest.

The trembling lute some touch, some strain the
viol best,

In sets which there were seen, the music won-
d'rous choice :

Some likewise there affect the gamba with the
To shew that England could variety afford.

Some that delight to touch the sterner wierychord,
The (z) cythron, the pandore, and the theor-
bo strike :

The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers like.
So were there some again, in this their learn-
ed strife,

Loud instruments that lov'd ; the cornet and
the fife,

The hoboy, fagbut deep, recorder, and the flute :
Even from the shrillest shaum unto the cornamute.

Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the coun-
try round :

The taber and the pipe, some take delight to found.

Of Germany they sung the long and ancient fame,
From whence their noble fires the valiant Sax-
ons came,

Who fought by sea and land adventures far and
And seizing at the last upon the Britons here, [near ;
Surpriz'd the spacious isle, which still for theirs
they hold :

As in that country's praise how in those times
of old, [brought

§ Tuisco, Gomer's son, from (a) unbuilt Babel
His people to that place, with most high know-
ledge fraught,

And under wholesome laws establish'd their abode ;
Whom his Tudecki since have honour'd as a God :

Whose clear creation made them absolute in all,
Retaining till this time their pure original.

And as they boast themselves the nation most
unmixt,

Their language as at first, their ancient customs fixt,
The people of the world most hardy, wise and

strong ;

So gloriously they show, that all the rest among
The Saxons, of her sorts the very noblest were :

And of those crooked skains they us'd in war
to bear,

Which in their thund'ring tongue, the Germans
handseax name,

§ They Saxons first were called : whose far-ex-
tended fame

For hardiness in war, whom danger never fray'd,
Allur'd the Britons here to call them to their aid :

From whom they after rest Loëgria as their own,
Brute's offspring then too weak to keep it be-
ing grown.

This told : the nymphs again, in nimbler strains
of wit,

Next nearly come about, the Englishmen to quit
Of that inglorious blot by Bastard William brought

Upon this conquer'd isle : than which fate never
wrought

A fitter mean (say they) great Germany to grace ;
To graft again in one, two remnants of her race :

Upon their several ways, two several times that
went [the sent

To forage for themselves. The first of which

(z) The sundry musick of England,

(a) Gen, xi. 8. 2,

§ To get their seat in Gaul: which on Nuef-
tria light,
And (in a famous war the Frenchmen put to flight)
Possess that fruitful place, where only from their
name
§ Call'd (b) North-men (from the North of Ger-
many that came,
Who thence expell'd the Gauls, and did their
rooms supply)
This, first Neustria nam'd, was then call'd (c) Nor-
mandy.
That by this means, the less (in conquering of
the great)
Being drawn from their late home unto this am-
pler seat,
Residing here, resign'd what they before had won:
§ That as the conquerors blood did to the con-
quer'd run;
So kindly being mixt, and up together grown,
As severed, they were hers; united, still her own.
But these mysterious things desisting now to show
(The secret works of heaven) to long descents
they go?
How Egelred (the sire of Edward the last king
Of th' English-Saxon line) by nobly marrying
With hardy Richard's heir, the Norman Emma,
bred [one head
Alliance in their bloods. Like brooks that from
Bear several ways (as though to sundry seas to haste)
But by the varying soil, int' one again are cast:
So chanced it in this the nearness of their blood.
For when as England's right in question after stood,
Proud Harold, Goodwin's heir, the scepter ha-
ving won
From Edgar Etheling young, the outlaw'd Ed-
ward's son;
The valiant Bastard this his only colour made,
With his brave Norman powers this kingdom to
invade.
Which leaving, they proceed to pedigrees again,
Their after-kings to fetch from that old Saxon
strain;
From Margarit that was made the Scottish Mal-
colm's bride,
Who to her grandfire had courageous Ironside:
Which outlaw'd Edward left; whose wife to him
did bring
This Margarit queen of Scots, and Edgar Etheling:
That Margarit brought forth Maud; which gra-
cious Malcolm gave [have)
To Henry Beauclerk's bed (so fate it pleas'd to
§ Who him a daughter brought; which heaven
did strangely spare:
And for the special love he to the mother bare,
Her Maud again he nam'd, to th' Almain Em-
peror wed: [Cæsar dead)
Whose dowager whilst she liv'd (her puissant

(b) The Normans and the Saxons of one blood.

(c) The Normans lost that name and became English.

She th' Earl of Anjou next to husband doth prefer.
The second Henry then by him begot of her,
Into the Saxon line the scepter thus doth bring.

Then presently again prepare themselves to sing
The sundry foreign fields the Englishmen had fought,
Which when the mountains saw (and not in vain)
they thought

That if they still went on as thus they had begon,
Then from the Cambrian nymphs (sure) Lundy
would be won.

And therefore from their first they challeng'd
them to fly;

And (idly running on with vain prolixity)

A larger subject took than it was fit they should.

But, whilst those would proceed, these threat-
ning them to hold,

(d) Black-mountain for the love he to his coun-
try bare,

As to the beauteous Uske, his joy and only care
(In whose defence t' appear more stern and full
of dread)

Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.

Mouchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:

Which quickly all the rest by their example draw.

As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will
stand.

To these three mountains, first of the Brekin-
nian band,

The Monumethian hills, like insolent and stout,

On lofty tip-toes then began to look about;

That Skeridvaur at last (a mountain much in might,

In hunting that had set his absolute delight)

Caught up his (e) country hook; nor cares for
future harms,

But irefully enrag'd would needs to open arms:

Which quickly put (f) Penvayl in such outrage-
ous heat,

That whilst for very teen his hairless scalp doth
sweat,

The Blorench looketh big upon his bared crown:

And tall Tomberlow seems so terribly to frown,

That where it was suppos'd with small ado or none

Th' event of this debate would eas'ly have been
known,

Such strange tumultuous stir upon this strife ensue,
As where all griefs should end, old sorrows still
renew:

That Severn thus forewarn'd to look into the worst
(And finds the latter ill more dang'rous than
the first)

The doom she should pronounce, yet for a while
delay'd,

Till these rebellious routs by justice might be stay'd;

A period that doth put to my discourse so long,

To finish this debate the next ensuing song.

(d) These rest following, the most famous hills in
Brecknock, Giamorgan, and Monmouth.

(e) Welchbrook.

(f) So named of his bald head.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

OVER Severn (but visiting Lundy, a little isle betwixt Hartland and Gouen point) you are transported into Wales. Your travels with the Muse are most of all in Monmouth, Glamorgan, and the south maritime shires.

And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.

Walter Baker, a canon of Osney (interpreter of Thomas de la Moor's life of Edward the Second) affirms, that it commonly breeds conies, pigeons, & *frusconas*, quos vocat *Alexander Nechamus* (so you must read, (a) not *Nechristum*, as the Francfort print senselessly mistook with *Conday* for *Lundey*) *Ganymedis aves*. What he means by his birds of Ganymede, out of the name, unless eagles or ostriches (as the common fiction of the Catamites ravishment, and this French-Latin word of the translator would) I collect not. But rather read also *Palamedis aves*, i. e. cranes, of which (b) *Necham* indeed hath a whole chapter: what the other should be, or whence reason of the name comes, I confess I am ignorant.

Clear Towridge whom they fear'd would have estrang'd her fall.

For she rising near Hartland, wantonly runs to Hatherlay in Devon, as if she would to the Southern Ocean; but returning, there at last is discharged into the Severn sea.

Yet bardily upon Powise they dare their hopes to lay.

Wales had (c) her three parts, North-Wales, South-Wales, and Powis. The last, as the middle betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to Shropshire; and on the English side from Chester to Hereford (being the portion of Anarawd, son to the great Roderique) bears this accusation, because it comprehends, for the most part, both nations and both tongues. But see for this division to the seventh song.

Nor Rofs, for that too much she aliens doth respect.

Under Henry the first, a colony of Flemings driven out of their country by inundation, and kindly received here in respect of that alliance which the king had with their earl (for his mother Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was daughter, to Baldwin earl of Flanders) afterward upon difference betwixt the king and earl Robert were out of divers parts, but especially Northumberland, where they most of all (as it seems by Hoveden) had residence, constrained into Rofs (d) in Penbroke, which retains yet in name and tongue expresse notes of being aliens to the Cambro-Britons. See the author in his next song.

That Talieffen, once which made the rivers dance.

Talieffin (not Telefin, as Bale calls him) a learned Bard, stiled (e) *Ben Beirdb*. i. e. the chiefest of the Bards, master to Merlin Sylvester lived about Arthur's reign, whose acts his Muse hath celebrated.

With Lbu and Lhogor given, to strengthen them by Gower.

Betwixt Neth and Lhogor in Glamorgan is this Gower, a little province, extended into the sea as a chersonese; out of it on the west, rise these two rivers meant by the author.

That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praise.

Understand this Stethva to be the meeting of the British Poets and Minstrels, for trial (f) of their poems and music sufficiencies, where the best had his reward, a silver harp. Some example is of it under Rees ap. Griffith, prince of South Wales, in the year 1170. c. LXX. VI. A custom so good, that, had it been judiciously observed, truth of story had not been so uncertain: for there was, by suppose, a correction of what was faulty in

(a) Tho. de la Moor emendatus.

(b) De rerum natur. lib. I.

(c) Girald. descript. cap. 2. & Powel ad Caradoc. Lancharvan.

(d) So called perhaps because it is almost in-ised within the sea and Lhogor, as Rosay in Scotland,

expressing almost an isle. Buchanan. hist. 5. in Eugenio 4.

(e) Prif. in descript. Walliæ.

(f) Antiquis hujusmodi certamina fuisse docemur à scholiast. Aristoph. & D. Cypriano serm. de Aleator.

form or matter, or at least a censure of the hearers upon what was recited. As (according to the Roman use, it is (g) noted, that Girald of Cambria, when he had written his topography of Ireland, made at three several days several recitals of his three distinctions in Oxford; of which course some have wished a recontinuance, that either amendment of opinion or change of purpose in publishing, might prevent blazoned errors. The sorts of these Poets and Minstrels out of Doctor Powel's inserted annotations upon Caradoc Lhancarvon, I note to you; first Beirdhs, otherwise Prydvids (called in Athenæus, Lucan and others, Bards) who somewhat like the *ᾠδοὶ* among the Greeks, *b fortia virorum illustrum facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyra modulis* (i) *cantitarunt*, which was the chiefest form of the ancientest music among the Gentiles, as (k) Zarlino hath fully collected. Their charge also as heralds, was to describe and preserve pedigrees, wherein their line ascendent went from the Petruccius to B. M. thence to Sylvius and Ascanius, from them to Adam. Thus Girald reporting, hath his B. M. in some copies by (l) transcription of ignorant Monks (forgetting their tenant of perpetual virginity, and (m) that relation of Theodosius) turned into (n) *catam Mariam*, whereas it stands for *Belinum Magnum* (that was Heli in their writers, father to Lud and Cabilin) to whom their genealogies had always reference. The second are, which play on the *ḡ* Harp and Croud; their music for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffith ap Conan prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time. This Gruffith reformed the abuses of those minstrels by a particular statute, extant to this day. The third are called *Atcanaid*; they sing to instruments played on by others. For the *Englyns*, *Cycudhs*, and *Moudhs*; the first are couplets interchanged of sixteen and fourteen feet and called *Paladivies*, *Pensels*, the second of equal tetrameters, the third of variety in both rhyme and quantity. Subdivision of them, and better information may be had in the elaborate institutions of the Cumreg language by David ap Rees. Of their music anciently, out of an old writer read this: *Non uniformiter, ut alibi, sed multipliciter multisque modis & modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turba canentium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, discriminaque vocum varia, in unam denique, sub B. mollis dulcedine blandi, consonantiam & organicam convenientia melodiam.* A good musician will better understand it, than I that transcribe it. But by it you

see they especially affected the mind composing Doric (which is shewed in that of an old (o) author, affirming that (p) *Ἡμετέρας χάριν*, the western people of the world constituted use of music in their assemblies, though the (q) Irish (from whence they learned) were wholly for the sprightly Phrygian. See the next canto.

And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray.

Our author (a judgment day thus appointed betwixt the Water-nymphs) seems to allude to the course used of old with us, that those which were to end their cause by combat, were sent to several saints for invocation, as in our (r) law annals appears. For (s) St. George, that he is patron to the English, as St. Dennis, St. James, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. Anthony, St. Mark, to the French, Spanish, Irish Scottish, Italian, Venetian, scarce any is that knows not. Who he was, and when the English took him, is not so manifest. The old martyrologies give, with us, to the honour of his birth the twenty-third of April. His passion is supposed in Diocletian's persecution; his country Cappadoce. His acts are divers and strange, reported by his servant Pasocrates, Simeon Metaphrastes, and lately collected by Surius. As for his knightly form, and the dragon under him, as he is pictured in Beryth a city of Cyprus, with a young maid kneeling to him, an unwarrantable report goes, that it was for his martial delivery of the king's daughter from the dragon, as Hefione and Andromeda were from the whales by Hercules and Perseus. Your more neat judgments, finding no such matter in true antiquity, rather make it symbolical than truly proper. So that some account him an allegory of our Saviour Christ; and our admired (t) Spenser hath made him an emblem of religion. So Chaucer to the knights of that order;

—But for God's pleasure
And his mother, and in signifiante
That ye ben of St. George's livery,
Doeth him service and knightly obeisance;
For Christ's cause is his, well known yet.

Others interpret that picture of him as some country or city (signified by the virgin) imploring his aid against the devil, charactered in the dragon. Of him you may particularly see, especially in Usuard's martyrology, and Baronius his annotations upon the Roman calendar, with Erhard

(g) Cambd. in Epist. Fulconi Grevil. ad edit. Anglic. Norm. &c.

(b) Did sing the valiant deeds of famous men to the sweet melody of the harp.

(i) Ammian. Mercein. hist. 15.

(k) Parte seconda cap. 4. & 5.

(l) Dav. Powel. ad Girald. descript. cap. 3.

(m) Suid. in Ins.

(n) St. Mary. For the *ḡ* harp and other music

instruments, their form and antiquity, see to the sixth song.

(o) Marcan. Heracleot. in *περίηγισσι*.

(p) To make them gentle natured.

(q) Girald. Topog. dist. 3. cap. 11.

(r) 30 Ed. 3. fol. 20.

(s) Tropelophorus dictus in menologio Græce apud Baronium, forte *Ῥοπαλοφόρος* sive *Ῥοπαλοφόρος*, quid n. Tropelophorus?

(t) Fairy Q. lib. 1.

Celly his description of Frederick Duke of Wittenberg's installation in the garter, by favour of our present sovereign. But what is delivered of him in the legend, even the church of Rome (*u*) hath disallowed in these words; *That not so much as any scandal may rise in the holy Roman Church, the passions of St. George, and such like, supposed to be written by heretics, are not read in it.* But you may better believe the legend, than that he was a Coventry man born, with his Caleb lady of the woods, or that he descended from the Saxon race, and such like; which some English fictions deliver. His name (as generally (*x*) also St. Maurice and St. Sebastian) was anciently called on by Christians as an advocate of victory (when in the church that kind of doctrine was) so that our particular right to him (although they say (*y*) king Arthur bare him in one of his banners) appears not until Edward the third consecrated to St. George the knightly order of the Garter, (*z*) soon after the victory at Calais against the French, in which his invocation was *To St. Edward, To St. George.* Some authority (*a*) refers this to Richard *Cœur de Lion*, who supposed himself comforted by St. George in his wars against the Turks and Hagarens. But howsoever, since that he hath been a patron among others, as in that of Frederick the third's institution (*b*) of the quadripartit society of St. George's shield, and more of that nature, you find. And under Henry the eighth, it was enacted, (*c*) that the Irish should leave their *Cramabou* and *Suterrabou*, words of unlawful patronage, and name themselves as under St. George, and the king of England. More proper is St. Dewy (we call him St. David) to the Welsh. Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur (Bale and others say, gotten upon Melaria a nun, by Xantus prince of Cardigan) and successor to Dubrice archbishop of Caerleon upon Ulk (whereto (*d*) a long time the British bishoprics, as to their metropolitane see were subject) and thence translated with his nephew's consent the primacy to Menevia, which is now St. David's in Pembroke. He was a strong opposer of the Pelagian heresy. To him our country calendars give the first of March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembered: yet I read that (*e*) Calixtus the second, first canonized him. See him in the next canto.

The sacred Virgin's shape be bare for his device?

Arthur's (*f*) shield Pridwen (or his banner) had in it the picture of our lady, and his helm an engraven dragon. From the like form was his father Uter-pen-dragon. To have terrible crests or engraven beasts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms from the Carians) hath been from inmost antiquity continued; as appears in that epithet of *Ταργαλόφας*, proper to Minerva, but applied to others in Aristophanes, and also (*g*) in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the English dragon now as a supporter, and usually pitch in fields by the Saxon, English, and Norman kings for their standard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus) or from the Romans, who after the Minotaur, Horse, Eagle, and other their antique ensigns, took this beast; or else imagine that our kings joined in that general consent, whereby so many nations bear it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critic, you may find it affirmed of the Assyrians, Indians, Scythians, Persians, Dacians, Romans; and of the Greeks too for their shields, and otherwise: wherein (*h*) Lipsius unjustly finds fault with Isidore, but forgets that in a number of Greek (*i*) authors is copious witness of as much.

They sing how himself be at Badon bare the day.

That is Baunfedown in Somerset (not Blackmore in Yorkshire, as Polydore mistakes) as is expressly proved out of a manuscript Gildas (*k*), different from that published by Josselin.

That scarcely there was found a country to the pole.

Some, too hyperbolic, stories make him a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the Muse recites: and his seal, which Leland says he saw in Westminster-Abbey, of red wax pictured with a mound, bearing a cross in his left hand (which was first (*l*) Justinian's device; and surely, in later time, with the seal counterfeited and applied to Arthur: no king of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest (*m*) ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and cross,

(*u*) C. Sancta Rom. eccles. 3. dist. 15. Gelasius PP.

(*x*) Ord. Rom. de divin. officiis apud Baronium in martyrolog.

(*y*) Harding cap. 72.

(*z*) Th. de Walsing. A. M. cccl. & 24. Edw. 3. Fabian puts it before this year, but erroneously.

(*a*) Ex antiq. M. S. ap Camd. in Berkseir.

(*b*) cic. cd. xxviii. *Die geselch aft. S. Georgen schilts.* Martin. Crof. annal. Suevic part. 3. lib. 9.

(*c*) 10 Hen. 8. in statutis Hibernicis.

(*d*) Polychronic. lib. 1. cap. 52.

(*e*) Bal. cent. 1.

(*f*) Nennius histor. Galfred. lib. 6. cap. 2. & lib. 7. cap. 2.

(*g*) Æschyl. *ιστ. ἐπὶ θηρ.* Euripid in Phœniss.

(*h*) Lips. com. ad Polyb. 4. dissert. 5.

(*i*) Pindar, Pythionic, *εἰδ. η.* Homer. Iliad. λ. Suid. Epaminon. Hesiod. *Ἄσπ. Πρακλ.* Plutarch. Lyfand. Euripid. in *Ιφίγ. ἡ ἐν Ἀυλίδ.*

(*k*) Camden.

(*l*) Suid. in Justinian.

(*m*) Ingulphus.

ses) and a sceptre fleury in his right, calls him (n) *Britannia, Gallia, Germania, Dacia Imperator*. The Bards songs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute so loaden him, that you can hardly guess what is true of him. Such indulgence to false report hath wronged many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious suppositions (like Stichus (o) his geography, (laying Pontus in Arabia) as Strabo often complains; and some idle Monk of middle time is so impudent to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inscribed with Latin and Greek verses, as notes of his victory; of them you shall taste in these two:

*Anglicus & Scotus Britonum superque caterva
Irlandus, Flander, Cornwallis, & quoque Norguey.*

Only but that Alexander and his followers were no good Latinists (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum) I should censure my lubberly versifier to no less punishment than Marfyas his excoriation. But for Arthur, you shall best know him in this eulogy. 'This is that Arthur of whom the Britons even on this day speak so idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not false tales, seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen;' as the Monk of Malmesbury of him:

The Pentecost prepar'd at Caer-leon in his court.

At Caer-leon in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitfontide, whither were invited divers kings and princes of the neighbouring coasts; he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies keeping those solemnities in their several conclaves (§). For so the British story makes it according to the Trojan custom, that in festival solemnities, both sexes should not sit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it: but among the Greeks one Sphyromachus (p) first instituted it. Tournaments and jousts were their exercises, nor vouchsafed any lady to bestow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crowned with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whose customs and the British were near the same) had their orbicular table: to avoid controversy of pre-

cedency (a form much commended by a late (q) writer for the like distance of all from the salt, being centre, first, and last of the furniture) and at them every knight attended by his esquire († *ἐπαλοφῶντες*; Athenæus (r) calls them) holding his shield. Of the like in Henry III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's at Kelingworth, under Edward I. and that of Windsor, celebrated by Edward III. Walsingham speaks. Of the Arthurian our histories have scarce mention. But Havillan's Archibrenius, Robert of Gloucester, John Lidgat Monk of Bury, and English rhimes in divers hands, sing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volateran, Philip of Bergamo, Lily, Aubert Mirce, others, but very diversely. White of Basingstoke defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel kings of Armoric Britain, of six of each of their worthiest Peers to be always assistant in counsel. The antiquity of the earldom of (s) Mansfield in old Saxony is hence affirmed, because Heger earl thereof was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places of name for residence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Winchester (where his table is yet supposed to be, but that seems of later date) and Camelot in Somersetshire. Some put his number XII. I have seen them anciently pictured XXIV, in a poetical story of him; and in Denbighshire, Stow tells us, in the parish of Lanfannan, on the side of a stony hill is a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with some XXIV seats unequal, which they call Arthur's Round Table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights, blazoned; but I think with as good warrant as (t) Rablais can justify, that Sir Lancelot du Lac flays horses in hell, and that (u) *Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde estoient pauvres gaigne deniers, tirans la rame pur passer les rivières de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, & Lethe, quand messieurs les diables se veulent esbatre sur l'eau, comme font les basseliers de Lyon et gondoliers de Venise. Mais pour chacune passade ils n'ont qu'un nazarde, & sur le soir quelque morceau de pain chaumeny*. Of them, their number, exploits, and prodigious performances, you may read Caxton's published volume, digested by him into twenty-one books, out of divers French and Italian fables. From such I abstain, as I may.

And for Caermardbin's sake——

(n) Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Denmark; for so they falsely turned Dacia.

(o) Plaut. in Stichus.

(§) Knights and ladies sat in several rooms.

(p) Scholiast. ad. Aristophan. *ἐκκλησιαζῶντες*. & Suidas.

(q) Gemof. halograph. lib. 3. cap. 9.

(†) Armigeri, which is express'd in the word Schilpors in Paul Warnfred. lib. 2. de gest. Longobard c. 28.

(r) Dipnosoph. lib. 2.

(s) Hoppenrod. & spangberb. apud Ortelium in Mansfield. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks, honoured with Arthur's name. Prif. defens. hist. Brit. & *Cadair Arthur*, i. e. Arthur's Chair in Bracknock. Girald. Itin. Camb. c. 2. & *Arthur's Oven* in Stirling of Scotland.

(t) Livre 2. cap. 30.

(u) The knights of the Round Table use to ferry spirits over Styx, Acheron, and other rivers, and for their fare have a fillip on the nose and a piece of mouldy bread.

Two (w) Merlins have our stories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylvester, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other Ambrosius (of whom before) born of a nun (daughter to the king of South Wales) in Caermardhin, not naming the place (for names in British his name is Merdhem) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridonium) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an Incubus. For his burial (in supposition as uncertain as his birth, actions, and all of those too fabulously mixt stories) and his Lady of the Lake, it is by liberty of profession laid in France by that Italian (x) Ariosto: which perhaps is as credible as some more of his attributes, seeing no persuading authority, in any of them, rectifies the uncertainty. But for his birth are the next song, and, to it, more.

Tuifco Gomer's son from unbuilt Babel brought.

According to the (y) text, the Jews affirm that all the sons of Noah were dispersed through the earth, and every one's name left to the land he possessed. Upon this tradition, and false Berofus's testimony, it is affirmed that Tuifco (son of Noah gotten with others after the (z) flood upon his wife Arezia) took to his part the coast about Rhine, and that thence came the name of Teutschland and Teutsch, which we call Dutch, through Germany. (a) Some make him the same with Gomer, eldest son to Japhet (by whom these parts of Europe were peopled) out of notation of his name, deriving Tuifcon or Tuifton (for so Tacitus calls him) from *the boodt-son*, i. e. *the eldest son*. Others (as the author here) suppose him son to Gomer, and take (b) him for Aschenaz (remembered by Moses as first son to Gomer, and from whom the Hebrews call the Germans (c) Aschenazim) whose relics probably indeed seem to be in Tuifco, which hath been made of Aschen either by the Dutch prepositive article *tie* or *lie*, as our *the* (according to Derceto for (d) Atergatis, which should be Adardasa in Ctesias; and Danubius for Adubenus in Festus, perhaps therein corrupted, as Joseph Scaliger observes; as Theudibald for Ildibald in Procopius, and Dicencus for Ceneus among the Getes) or through mistaking of N or D or P in the Hebrew, as in Rhodanim for (e) being Dodanim, and in Chalibes and Alybes for Thalybas, from Tubal, by taking P or N for

N; for in ruder manuscripts by an imperfect reader, the first mistaking might be as soon as the rest. I conjecture it the rather, for that in most histories diversity with affinity betwixt the same-meant proper names (especially eastern as this was) is ordinary; as Megabyzus in Ctesias is Bacabazus in Justin, who calls Aaron Aruas, and Herodotus his Smerdis, Mergidis; Asarhadon, Coras and Esther in the scriptures are thus, Sardanapalus, Cyrus, and Amestris in the Greek stories; Eporedorix, Ambiorix, Ariminus, in Caesar and Sueton, supposed to have been Frederick, Henry, Herman: divers like examples occur; and in comparison of Arrion with Q. Curtius very many; like as also in the life of St. John the evangelist, anciently (f) written in Arabic, you have Asubasianuusu, Thithimse, Damthianuusu, for Vespasian, Titus, Domitian; and in our stories Androgeus for Caesar's Mandubratius. From Tuifco is our name of Tuesday; and in that too, taking the place of Mars (the most fiery star, and observe withal that against the vulgar opinion the planetary account of days is very (g) ancient) discovers affinity with Aschenas, in whose notation (as some (h) body observes) WO signifies fire,

They Saxons first were call'd ———

So a Latin rhyme in (i) Engelhuse also;

*Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur,
Unde sibi Saxo nomen traxisse putatur.*

Although from the Sacans, or Sagans, a populous nation in Asia (which were also Scythians, and of whom an old (k) poet, as most others in their epithets and passages of the Scythians,

§ Τόξα Σακαι φορόντες ἄ μνηστis ἄλλος ἐλέγχοι
Τόξουτῆς, ἔ γάρ σφι βέμης ἀνεμώλια βάλλειν.

A faculty for which the English have had no small honour in their later wars with the French) both Goropius with long argument in his Becceselana, our judicious Camden, and others, will have them, as it were, Sacai's sons. According hereto is that name of (l) Sacasena, which a colony of them, gave to part of Armenia and the (m) Sasones in Scythia on this side of Imaus. However, the author's conceit thus chosen is very apt, nor disagreeing to this other, in that some

(w) Gical, Itiner. Camb. 2. cap. 8.
(x) Orland. Parios. cant. 3. See Spenser's Faery Q. lib. 3. cant. 3.
(y) Gen. 10.
(z) Munster. Cosm. l. 3.
(a) Goropius in Ind scythic.
(b) Jodoc. Willich. comm. ad Tacit. Germaniam. & Pantaleon. lib. 1. prosopogr.
(c) Elias Levit. in Thib. Arias Mont, in Peleg.
(d) Strab. lib. 2. 16. & 17. de alias quæ hic. congerimus.

(e) Broughton in concent præf.
(f) Pet. Kirstenius Grammaticæ Arabicæ subjunxit.
(g) Scalig. in prolegom. ad emendat. temp.
(h) Melancthon ap. Becan. in Indoscyth.
(i) Ap Camdenu.
(k) Dionys. Afer. in περιπη.
§ The shooting Sacæ none can teach them art.
For what they looked at, never escapes their dart.
(l) Strabo l. 12.
(m) Ptolem. geograph. lib. 6. cap. 12.

community was betwixt the name of Sacæ or Sagæ, and a certain sharp weapon called Sagaris, used by the Amazons, Sacans, and Persians, as the Greek (*n*) stories informs us.

The Britons here allur'd to call them to their aid.

Most suppose them sent to by the Britons, much subject to the irruptions of Picts and Scots, and so invited hither for aid: but the stories of Gildas and Nenius have no such thing, but only that there landed of them (as banished their country, which Geffrey of Monmouth expresses also) three long boats in Kent with Horsa and Hengist, captains. They afterward were most willingly requested to multiply their number by sending for more of their countrymen to help King Vortigern; and under that colour, and by Ronix (daughter to Hengist, and wife to Vortigern) her womanish subtilty, in greater number were here planted. Of this, more large in every common story. But to believe their first arrival rather for new place of habitation, than upon embassy of the Britons, I am persuaded by this, that (*o*) among the Cambrians, Gauls, Goths, Dacians, Scythians, and especially the Sacans (if Strabo deceive not, from whom our Saxons) with other northern people, it was a custom upon numerous abundance to transplant colonies: from which use the Parthians (sent out of Scythia, as the Romans did their (*p*) *Ver Sacrum*) retain that name, signifying banished (says Trogus;) not unlikely, from the Hebrew Paratz (*q*), which is to separate, and also to multiply in this kind of propagation, as it is used in the promise to Abraham, and in Isaiah's consolation to the church. Here being the main change of the British name and state, a word or two of the time and year is not untimely. Most put it under CD.XL.IX. (according to Bede's copies and their followers) or CD.L. of Christ; whereas indeed by apparent proof it was in CD.XXVIII. and the fourth of Valentinian the Emperqr. So Prise and Camden (out of an old fragment annexed to Nennius) and, before them, the author of *Fasciculus Temporum* have placed it. The error I imagine to be from restoring of worn-out times in Bede and others, by those which fell into the same error with Florence of Worcester and Marian the Scot, who begin the received Christian account but twelve years before the passion, thereby omitting twenty-two. For although Marian's published chronicle (which is but (*r*) a defloration by Robert of Lorrain, bishop of Hereford under Henry the first, and an epitome of Marian) goes near from the ordinary time of incarnation under Augustus, yet

he lays it also, according to the Roman abbot Dionysius, in the twenty-third year following, which was rather by taking advantage of Dionysius's error, than following his opinion. For when he (about Justinian's time) made his period of D.XXXII years of the golden number and cycle of the sun multiplied, it fell out so in his computation, that the fifteenth moon following the Jews passover, the dominical letter, Friday, and other concurrents according to ecclesiastical tradition supposed for the passion, could not be but in the (*s*) twelfth year after his birth (a lapse by himself much repented) and then supposing Christ lived thirty-four years, twenty-two must needs be omitted; a collection directly against his meaning; having only forgotten to fit those concurrents. This account (in itself, and by the abbot's purpose, as our vulgar is now, but with some little difference) erroneously followed, I conjecture, made them, which too much desired correction, add the supposed evangelical XXII. years to such times as were before true; and so came CCCC.XXVIII. to be CCCC.XL.IX. and CCCC.L. which White of Basingstoke (although aiming to be accurate) unjustly follows. Subtraction of this number, and, in some, addition (of addition you shall have perhaps example in amendment of the C.L.VI. year for king Lucius's letters to Pope Eleutherius) will rectify many gross absurdities in our chronologies, which are by transcribing, interpolation, misprinting, and creeping in of antichronisms now and then, strangely disordered.

To get their seat in Gaul, which on Neustria light.

And a little after,

Call'd Northern, from the north of Germany that came.

What is now Normandy is, in some, stiled Neustria and Nuestria corruptly, as most think, for Westria, that is *West-rieb*, i. e. the West kingdom (confined anciently betwixt the Meuse and Loire) in respect of *Austrich* or *Doftrich*, i. e. the East Kingdom, now Lorrain, upon such reason as the archdukedom hath his name at this day. (*t*) Rollo son of a Danish potentate, accompanied with divers Danes, Norwegians, Scythians, Goths, and a supplement of English, which he had of king Athelstan, about the year D.CCC. made transmigration into France, and there, after some martial discords, honoured in holy tincture of Christianity with the name of Robert, received (*u*) of Charles the Simple with his daughter (or sister) Gilla this tract as her dower, containing

(*n*) Herodot. Polyhmn. Xenoph. *ανακτορ. δ.* Strabo lib. 10. See the VIII Song.

(*o*) Justin. lib. 24. & 41. Herodot. Clio. Wasingh. Hypodig. Neust. Gemetiscens. lib. 1. cap. 4. Sabinis & Græcis morem hunc fuisse nemini legisse me apud Varronem & Columellam.

(*p*) Festus in end. & Mamertinis.

(*q*) *שָׁמַיִם* Gen. 28. 14. Isai 54. 3.

(*r*) Maches. lib. 4. de Pontificib.

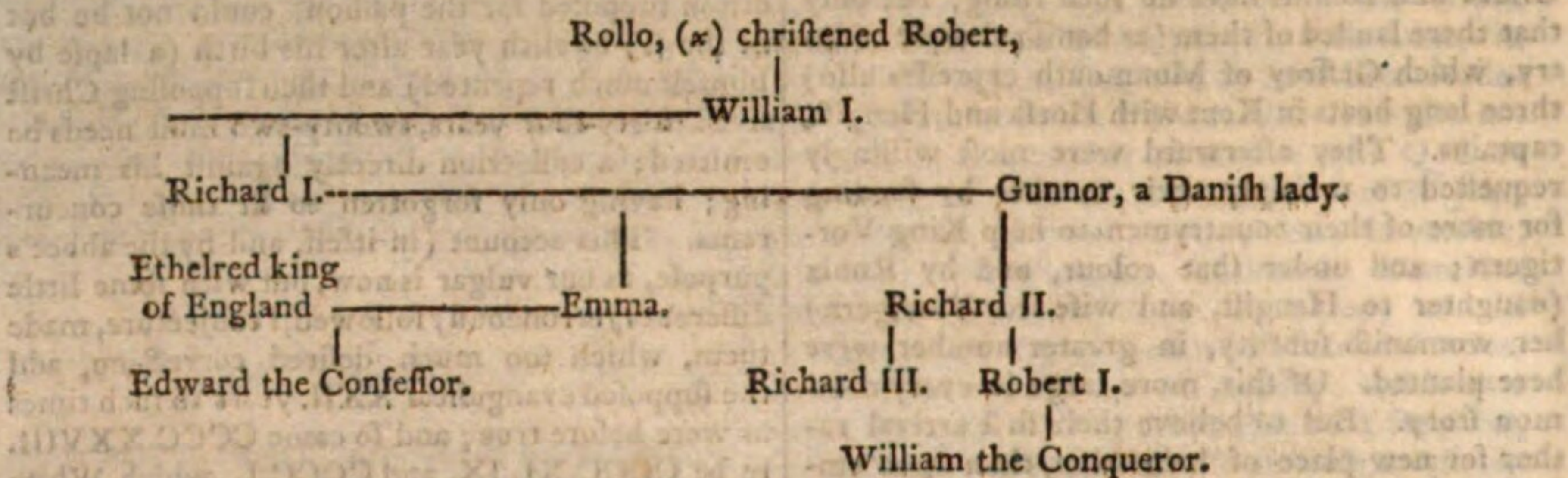
(*s*) Paul. de Midleburgo part. 2. lib. 5.

(*t*) See Song XIII.

(*u*) Paul. *Æm.* hist. Franc. 3.

(as before) more than Normandy. It is (v) reported, that when the bishops at this donation required him to kiss the king's foot for homage, after scornful refusal, he commanded one of his knights to do it; the knight took up the king's leg, and in straining it to his mouth, overturned him; yet nothing but honourable respect followed on either part.

That as the conquerors bloud did to the conquer'd run.



Object not that Duke Robert got the Conqueror upon Arletta (from whom perhaps came our name of harlot) his concubine, nor that (y) *Confanguinitatis & agnationis jura à patre tantum & legitimis nuptiis oriuntur*, as the civil law, and upon the matter the English also defines; but rather allow it by law of nature and nobility, which justifies the bastard's bearing of his father's coat, distinguished with a bend sinister, Nicolas Upton calls it (z) *Fissura, eò quod finditur à patriâ hereditate*; which is but his conceit: and read Heuter's tract *de liberâ hominis natiuitate*, where you shall find a kind of legitimation of that now disgraceful name Bastard; which in more antique times was, as a proud title, inserted in the style of great and most honourable princes. Pretending this consanguinity, St. Edward's adoption, and King Harold's oath, added by successful arms, the Norman acquired the English crown; although Wil-

Our author makes the Norman invasion a reuniting of several kindred, rather than a conquest by a mere stranger, taking argument as well from identity of countryship (being all Germans by original, and the people of (w) the Cimbrica Chersonesus, now Denmark, anciently called Saxons) as from contingency of blood betwixt the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Norman dukes, thus expressed:

Who him a daughter brought, which heaven did strangely spare.

After composition of French troubles, Henry the first returning into England, the ship wherein his sons William and Richard were, betwixt Barbeffieu and Southampton was cast away, so that heaven only spared him this issue Maud the Empress, married, at last, to Geoffrey Plantagenet Earl of Anjou, from whom in a continued race through Henry the second (son to this Maud) until Richard the third, that most noble surname possessed the royal throne of England.

- (v) Guil. Gemiticenf. lib. 2. cap. 17.
 (w) Marcan. Heracleot. *περιπλ.* 6.
 (x) Gemiticenf. lib. 7. cap. 36. & lib. 3. cap. 18.
 (y) ff. Unde cognati l. 4. spurius. & tit. de grad. affin. lib. 4. non facile. § 8. Sciendum. Right of

blood and kindred comes only by lawful marriage.

(z) A division, because he is separated from his father's inheritance. *cic. l. x. vi.*

(a) Hister. Cadomenf.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE FIFTH SONG.

The Argument.

In this song, Severn gives the doom
What of her Lundy should become.
And whilst the nimble Cambrian rills
Dance hy-day-gies amongst the hills,
The muse them to Camarden brings ;
Where Merlin's wond'rous birth she sings.
From thence to Penbrook she doth make,
To see how Milford state doth take :
The scattered islands there doth tell :
And, visiting Saint David's cell,
Doth sport her all the shores along,
Preparing the ensuing song.

Now Sabrina, as a queen, miraculously fair
Is absolutely plac'd in her imperial chair
Of crystal richly wrought, that gloriously did
shine,
Her grace becoming well, a creature so divine :
And as her godlike self, so glorious was her
throne, [known ;
In which himself to sit great Neptune had been
Whereon there were ingrav'd those nymphs the
god had woo'd,
And every several shape wherein for love he su'd ;
Each daughter, her estate and beauty, every son ;
What nations he had rul'd, what countries he had
won.

No fish in this wide waste, but with exceeding cost
Was there in antique work most curiously imboft.

She, in a watchet weed, with many a curious
wave,
Which as a princely gift great Amphitrite gave ;
Whose skirts were to the knee, with coral fring'd
below,
To grace her goodly steps. And where she
meant to go,
The path was strewed with pearl ; which though
they orient were,
Yet scarce known from her feet, they were so
wondrous clear ; [may see
To whom the mermaids hold her glaſs, that she
Before all other floods how far her beauties be ;
Who was by Nereus taught, the most profoundly
wife,
That learned her the skill of hidden prophecies.

By Thetis' special care; as (a) Chiron erst had
 done
 To that proud bane of Troy, her god-resembling
 son.
 For her wise censure now, whilst every list'ning
 flood
 (When Reason somewhat cool'd their late di-
 stemper'd mood)
 Inclosed Severn in; before this mighty rout,
 She sitting well prepar'd, with countenance grave
 and stout, [cause,
 Like some great learned judge, to end a weighty
 Well furnish't with the force of argument and
 laws,
 And every special proof that justly may be
 brought;
 Now with a constant brow, a firm and settled
 thought,
 And at the point to give the last and final doom:
 The people crowding near within the pester'd
 room,
 A flow, soft murmuring moves amongst the
 wondring throng,
 At though with open ears they would devour his
 tongue;
 So Severn bare herself, and silence so she wan
 When to th' assembly thus she seriously began:
 ' My near and loved nymphs, good hap ye
 ' both betide;
 ' Well Britons have ye sung; you English, well
 ' reply'd;
 ' Which to succeeding times shall memorise your
 ' stories
 ' To either country's praise, as both your endless
 ' glories.
 ' And from your listning ears, fith vain it were to
 ' hold
 ' What all-appointing heaven will plainly shall be
 ' told,
 ' Both gladly be you pleas'd; for thus the powers
 ' reveal,
 ' That when the Norman line in strength shall
 ' lastly fail
 ' (Fate limiting the time) th' ancient Briton race
 ' Shall come again to sit upon the sovereign place.
 ' A branch sprung out of Brute, th' imperial top
 ' shall get,
 ' Which grafted in the stock of great Plantagenet,
 ' The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk
 ' doth wither;
 ' That power which bare it thence, again shall
 ' bring it thither
 ' By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain
 ' driven,
 ' § To whom the goodly bay of Milford shall be
 ' given;
 ' As thy wise prophets, Wales, fore-told his wish't
 ' arrive,
 ' § And how Lewellin's line in him should doubly
 ' thrive.
 ' For from his issue sent to Albany before,
 ' Where his neglected blood, his virtue did re-
 ' store,

(a) Chiron brought up Achilles, son to Thetis.

' He first unto himself in fair succession gain'd
 ' The Steward's nobler name; and afterwards at-
 ' tain'd
 ' The royal Scottish wreath, upholding it in state.
 ' This stem, to (b) Tudor's join'd (which thing
 ' all-powerful Fate
 ' So happily produc'd out of that prosperous bed.
 ' Whose marriages conjoin'd the white-rose and
 ' the red)
 ' Suppressing every plant, shall spread itself so
 ' wide,
 ' As in his arms shall clip the life on every side.
 ' By whom three sever'd realms in one shall firm-
 ' ly stand,
 ' As Britain-founding Brute first monarchiz'd the
 ' land:
 ' And Cornwall, for that thou no longer shalt con-
 ' tend,
 ' But to old Cambria cleave, as to thy ancient
 ' friend,
 ' Acknowledge thou thy brood of Brute's high
 ' blood to be;
 ' And what hath hapt to her, the like t'have
 ' chanc'd to thee;
 ' The Britons to receive, when heaven on them
 did lowre,
 ' Loegria forc'd to leave; who from the Saxons
 power
 ' Themselves in deserts, creeks, and mount'nous
 ' wastes bestow'd,
 ' Or where the fruitless rocks could promise them
 ' abode: [' shall
 ' Why strive ye then for that, in little time that
 ' (As you are all made one) be one unto you all?
 ' Then take my final doom pronounced lastly,
 ' this;
 ' That Lundy like ally'd to Wales and England is.
 Each part most highly pleas'd, then up the ses-
 sion brake;
 When to the learned maids again invention spake;
 ' O ye Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things.
 ' Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs,
 ' That on Pierus born, and named of the place,
 ' The Thracian Pimpla love, and Pindus often
 ' grace;
 ' In Aganippa's fount, and in Castalia's brims,
 ' That often have been known to bathe your
 ' crystal limbs,
 ' Conduct me through these brooks, and with a
 ' fasten'd clue,
 ' Direct me in my course, to take a perfect view
 ' Of all the wandring streams, in whose entrancing
 ' gyres,
 ' Wife nature oft herself her workmanship ad-
 ' mires
 ' (So manifold they are, with such meanders
 ' wound,
 ' As may with wonder seem invention to con-
 ' found)
 ' That to those British names, untaught the ear to
 ' please,
 ' Such relish I may give in my delicious lays,

(b) James IV. surnamed Steward, married Margaret, eldest daughter to Henry VII. king of England;

‘ That all the armed orks of Neptune’s grisly band,
 ‘ With music of my verse, amaz’d may listning
 ‘ stand; [call,
 ‘ As when his Tritons trumps do them to battle
 ‘ Within his furling lists to combat with the
 ‘ whale.

Thus have we overgone the Glamorganian
 Gowr,
 Whose promontory (plac’d to check the ocean’s
 pow’r)

Kept Severn yet herself, till being grown too
 great, [feat;
 She with extended arms unbounds her ancient
 And turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main
 What sovereignty herself but lately did retain,
 Next, Logher leads the way, who with a lusty
 crew

(Her wild and wand’ring steps that ceaselessly
 pursue)

Still forward is inforc’d; as Amond thrusts her on,
 And Morlas (as a maid she much relies upon)
 Intreats her present speed; assuring her withall,
 Her best-beloved isle, Bachannis, for her fall
 Stands specially prepar’d, of every thing supply’d.

When Guendra with such grace deliberately
 doth glide,

As Tovy doth entice; who setteth out prepar’d
 At all points like a prince, attended with a
 guard; [kin

Of which, as by her name, the near’st to her of
 Is Toothy, tripping down from Verwin’s rushy
 (c) lin, [meat

Through Rescob running out, with Pescover to
 Those rills that forest loves; and doth so kindly
 greet,

As to intreat their stay she gladly would prevail.
 Then Tranant nicely treads upon the watry trail;
 The lively skipping Brane, along with Gwethrick
 goes,

In Tovy’s wandring banks themselves that scarcely
 lose,

But Mudny, with Cledaugh, and Sawthy, soon
 resort,

Which at Langaddoc grace their sovereign’s
 watry court. [espies,

As when the servile world some gathering man
 Whose thriving fortune shows he to much wealth
 may rise,

And through his prince’s grace his followers may
 prefer,

Or by revenue left by some dead ancestor;
 All lowting low to him, him humbly they ob-
 serve,

And happy is that man his nod that may deserve;
 To Tovy so they stoop, to them upon the way
 Which thus displays the spring within their view
 that lay.

Near Denevoir, the seat of the (d) Demetian
 king

‘ Whilst Cambria was herself, full, strong, and
 ‘ flourishing,

‘ There is a pleasant spring, (e) that constant doth
 ‘ abide

‘ Hard by these winding shores wherein we nim-
 ‘ bly slide;

‘ Long of the ocean lov’d, since his victorious
 ‘ hand

‘ First proudly did insult upon the conquer’d land.

‘ And though a hundred nymphs in fair Demetia
 ‘ be,

‘ Whose features might allure the sea-gods more
 ‘ than she,

‘ His fancy takes her form, and her he only likes;

‘ (Who e’er knew half the shafts wherewith blind
 Cupid strikes?)

‘ Which great and constant faith, shew’d by the
 ‘ god of sea, [pay

‘ This clear and lovely nymph so kindly doth re-

‘ As suff’ring for his sake what love to lover owes;

‘ With him she sadly ebbs, with him she proudly
 ‘ flows;

‘ To him her secret vows perpetually doth keep,

‘ Observing every law and custom of the deep.

Now Tovy tow’rd her fall (Langaddoc over-
 gone)

Her Dulas forward drives; and Cothy coming on
 The train to over-take, the nearest way doth cast
 Ere she Caermarden get; where Gwilly, making
 haste,

Bright Tovy entertains at that most famous town
 Which her great prophet (f) bred, who Wales doth
 so renown;

And taking her a harp, and tuning well the
 strings,

To princely Tovy thus she of the prophet sings:

‘ Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not
 ‘ hear?

‘ The world shall still be full of Merlin every
 ‘ where. [run,

‘ A thousand lingering years his prophecies have

‘ And scarcely shall have end till time itself be
 ‘ done:

‘ Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she
 ‘ play’d [maid;

‘ With a seducing spirit, which won the godly

‘ (As all Demetia through, there was not found
 ‘ her peer)

‘ Who be’ing so much renown’d for beauty far
 ‘ and near,

‘ Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain
 ‘ they prov’d; [lov’d;

‘ § That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only

‘ Which taking human shape, of such perfection
 ‘ seem’d,

‘ As (all her suiters scorn’d) she only him esteem’d.

‘ Who, feigning for her sake that he was come
 ‘ from far,

‘ And richly could endow (a lusty batchelor)

‘ On her that prophet got, which from his mo-
 ther’s womb

‘ Of things to come foretold until the general
 ‘ doom.

(c) A pool or watry moor;

(d) Of Southwales,

(e) Ebbing and flowing with the sea.

(f) Merlin, born in Caermarden.

But, of his feigned birth in sporting idly thus,
 Suspect me not, that I this dreamed Incubus
 By strange opinions should licentiously subsist;
 Or, self-conceited, play the humorous Platonist,
 Which boldly dares affirm, that spirits themselves
 supply
 With bodies, to commix with frail mortality,
 And here allow them place, beneath this lower
 sphere
 Of the unconstant moon; to tempt us daily here.
 Some, earthly mixture take; as others, which
 aspire, [fire,
 Them subt'ler shapes resume, of water, air, and
 Being those immortals long before the heaven,
 that fell,
 Whose deprivation thence, determined their hell:
 And losing through their pride that place to them
 assign'd,
 Predestined that was to man's regenerate kind,
 They, for th' inveterate hate to his election, still
 Desist not him to tempt to every damned ill:
 And to seduce the spirit, oft prompt the frailer
 blood,
 Inveigling it with tastes of counterfeited good,
 And teach it all the flights the soul that may ex-
 cite
 To yield up all power unto the appetite.
 And to those curious wits if we ourselves apply,
 Which search the gloomy shades of deep philoso-
 phy,
 They reason so will cloathe, as well the mind can
 show,
 That contrary effects, from contraries may grow;
 And that the soul a shape so strongly may con-
 ceit,
 As to herself the-while may seem it to create;
 By which th' abused sense more easily oft is led
 To think that it enjoys the thing imagined.
 But, toil'd in these dark tracts with sundry
 doubts repleat,
 Calm shades, and cooler streams must quench this
 furious heat;
 Which seeking, soon we find, where Cowen in
 her course
 Tow'rd the Sabrinian shores, as sweeping from
 her source,
 Takes Towa, calling then Carkenny by the way,
 Her through the wayless woods of Cardiff to
 convey;
 A forest, with her floods environ'd so about
 That hardly she restrains th' unruly watry rout,
 When swelling, they would seem her empire to
 invade:
 And oft the lustful fawns and satyrs from her
 shade
 Were by the streams entie'd^d abode with them to
 make.
 Then Morlas meeting Taw, her kindly in doth
 take:
 Cair coming with the rest, their watry tracts
 tread,
 Increase the Cowen all; that as their general head
 Their largess doth receive, to bear out his expence;
 Who to vast Neptune leads this courtly confluence.

To the Pembrokian parts the muse her still
 doth keep,
 Upon that utmost point to the Iberian deep,
 By Cowdra coming in; where clear delightful
 air, [pair;
 (That forests most affect) doth welcome her re-
 The Heliconian maids in pleasure groves delight;
 (Floods cannot still content their wanton appe-
 tite)
 And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring
 hills below,
 With wise Apollo meet (who with his ivory bow
 Once in the paler shades the serpent Python flew)
 And hunting oft with him, the heartless deer
 pursue;
 Those beams then laid aside he us'd in heaven
 to wear.
 Another forest-nymph is Narber, standing near,
 That with her curled top her neighbour would
 astound,
 Whose groves once bravely grac'd the fair Pen-
 brokian ground,
 When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
 Amongst his well-grown woods, the shag-hair'd
 fatyrs stand
 (The Sylvans chief resort) the shores then sitting
 high,
 Which under water now so many fathoms lie:
 And wallowing porpice sport and lord it in the
 flood,
 Where once the portlike oak, and large-limb'd
 poplar stood:
 Of all the forest's kind these two now only left.
 But time, as guilty since to man's insatiate theft,
 Transfer'd the English names of towns and hous-
 holds hither, [gether.
 With the industrious Dutch since sojourning to-
 When wrathful heaven the clouds so lib'ral-
 ly bestow'd,
 The seas (then wanting roomth to lay their
 boist'rous load)
 Upon the Belgian marsh their pamper'd sto-
 machs cast,
 That peopled cities sank into the mighty waste.
 The Flemings were forc'd to take them to
 their oars,
 To try the setting main to find out firmer shores;
 When as this spacious isle them entrance did allow,
 To plant the Belgian stock upon this goodly
 brow: [ly affect,
 These (g) nations, that their tongues did natural-
 Both generally forsook the British dialect:
 As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
 That ancient Rome should stoop from her impe-
 rious state,
 With nations from the north then altogether
 fraught,
 Which to her civil bounds their barbarous cus-
 toms brought,
 Of all her ancient spoils and lastly be forlorn,
 From Tyber's hallowed banks to old (b) Bizan-
 tium born:

(g) The colony of Flemings here planted, See to the fourth song.

(b) Now Constantinople.

Th' abundant Latines then old Latium lastly left,
Both of her proper form and elegance rest;
Before her smoothest tongue, their speech that
did prefer,

And in her tables fixt their ill-shap'd character.

A divination strange the Dutch-made English
have, [it gave)

Appropriate to that place (as though some power
§ By th' shoulder of a ram from off the right
side par'd, [bar'd:

Which usually they boil, the spade-bone being
Which then the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,
Things long to come fore-shows, as things done
long ago;

'Scapes secretly at home, as those abroad, and far;
Murthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war,
The reigns and death of kings they take on them
to know:

Which only to their skill the shoulder-blade
doth show.

You goodly sister floods, how happy is your state!
Or should I more commend your features, or
your fate,

That Milford, which this isle her greatest port
doth call

Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall?
Where was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
Whence Penbrook yet hath heard of haven like
her own?

She bids Dungleddy dare (i) Iberia's proudest road,
And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
Along the coast of France, to prove if any be
Her Milford that dare match: so absolute is she.
And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her
fire

(A hill that thrusts his head into th' etherial fire)
Her sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as
much: [touch,

And Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth
Said he would bear her out; and that they all
should know. [to show

And therewithal he struts, as though he scorn'd
His head below the heaven, when he of Milford
spake:

But there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
No haven hath ought good, in her that is not found:
Whereas the swelling surge, that with his foamy
head

The gentler-looking land with fury menaced,
With his encountring wave no longer there
contents;

But sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
Unmov'd of any wind which way so e'er it blow,
And rather seem to smile, than knit an angry
brow.

The ships with shatter'd ribs scarce creeping from
the seas,

On her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
As all her passed storms she holds but mean and
base, [place,

So she may reach at length this most delightful

(i) Spain.

By nature with proud cliffs invironed about,
§ To crown the godly road: where builds the
falcon stout,

Which we the gentil call; whose fleet and active
wings, [on kings:

It seems that nature made when most she thought
Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant
flight,

The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem
to hover,

And by the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover;
That those proud eyries, bred whereas the scorch-
ing sky

Doth singe the sandy wilds of spiceful Barbary;
Or underneath our pole, where Norway's (k) fo-
rests wide [do hide,

Their high cloud-touching heads in winter snows
Out-brave not this our kind in mettall, nor exceed
The falcon which sometimes the British cliffs do
breed:

Which prey upon the isles in the Vergivian waste,
That from the British shores by Neptune are
embrac'd;

Which stem his furious tides when wildest they
do rave, [t'rous wave:

And break the big-swoln bulk of many a boif-
As, calm when he becomes, then likewise in
their glory

Do cast their amorous eyes at many a promontory
That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling
south; [mouth,

As Rat and Sheepy, set to keep calm Milford's
Expos'd to Neptune's power. So (l) Gresholm
far doth stand:

Scalm, Stockholm, with Saint Bride, and Gatholm,
nearer land

(Which with their veiny breasts intice the gods
of sea,

That with the lusty isles do revel every day)
As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward
bends, [sends;

From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia
Since, holy David's seat; which of especial grace
Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.
Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous
fanies, [hold,

This saint before the rest their patron still they
§ Whose birth their ancient bards to Cambria
long foretold,

And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore;
Selected by himself, that far from all resort

With contemplation seem'd most fitly to comport;
That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and
dry, [eye:

No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wand'ring,
Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that
order'd stand

Upon the farthest point of David's ancient land,

(k) The places from whence the highest flying hawks are
brought.

(l) Islands upon the point of Pembrookshire.

Do raise their rugged heads (the sea-man's noted marks) Call'd, of their mitred tops, the bishop and his clerks; Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores: Whose grim and horrid face doth pleased heaven neglect, And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect:	Yet Gwin and Nevern near, two fine and fishful brooks, [looks; Do never stay their course, how stern so e'er he Which with his shipping once should seem to have commerst, [first. Where Fiscard as her floods doth only grace the To Newport falls the next: there we a while will rest; [drest. Our next ensuing song to wond'rous things ad-
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

If you ever read of, or vulgarly understand, the form of the ocean, and affinity betwixt it and rivers, you cannot but conceive this poetical description of Severn; wherein Amphitrite is supposed to have given her a precious robe: very proper in the matter's self, and imitating that (a) father of the muses who derives Agamemnon's sceptre to him by descent joined with gift from Jupiter; Achilles's, armour from Vulcan's bounty, Helen's Nepenthe from the Egyptian Polydamma, and such like, honouring the possessors with the giver's judgment, as much as with the gift possess.

To whom the goodly bay of Milford should be given.

At Milford haven arrived Henry Earl of Richmond, aided with some forces and sums of money by the French Charles VIII. but so entertained and strengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Richard III. that, beyond expectation, at Bosworth in Leicester, the day and crown was soon his. Every chronicle tells you more largely.

And how Llewelin's line in him should doubly thrive.

Turn to the Eagle's prophecies in the second song, where the first part of this relation is more manifested. For the rest, thus: about our confessor's time, Macbeth (b) king of Scotland (moved by predictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the posterity of Banquo a noble thane of Loquabry should attain and continue the Scottish reign) and jealous of others hoped-for greatness, murdered Banquo, but missed his design; for, one of the same posterity, Fleance son to Banquo, pri-

vily fled to Griffith *ay* Llewelin then Prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Nesta the prince's daughter was issue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted, and through stout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high steward of Scotland; out of whose loins Robert II. was derived: since whom the royal name hath long continued, descending to our mighty sovereign, and in him is joined with the commixt kingly blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. These two were united, with the (c) white and red roses, in those auspicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the lady Margaret their eldest daughter, married to James the IV. his Majesty's descent and spacious empire observed, easily shews you what the muse here plays withal. The rest alludes to that; '*Cambria shall be glad, Cornwall shall flourish, and the isle shall be filled with Brute's name, and the name of strangers shall perish*:' as it is in Merlin's prophecies.

That Spirit to her unknown this Virgin only lov'd.

So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I should slip into discourse of spirits faculties in this kind. For my own part, unless there be some creatures of such middle nature, as the Rabinnic (d) conceit upon the creation supposes; and the same with Hesiod's nymphs, or Paracelsus his Non-adams, I shall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by swiftness of motion in conveying of stolen seed some unclean spirit might arrogate the improper name of generation. Those

(a) Iliad. β. & α. Odyss. δ.

(b) Hector Boet. lib. 12. & Buchanan. in reg. 85. & 86. lib. 7. qui eisdem avo ceteriori Stuartos ait dictos, quos olim Thanos nuncupabant. Thani verò quæstores erant regij per interpretationem, uti Boetius. Certè in charta illa quâ jure clientelari se Henrico II. obstrinxit Willielmus Scotorum Rex, leguntur inter testes Willielmus de Curcy Seneschallus, Willielmus filius Aldelmi Seneschal-

lus, Aluredus de Sancto Martino Seneschallus, Gilbertus Malet Seneschallus; unde honorarium fuisse hoc nomen paret. Horum bini defuncti apud Hovedenum; verum ex vetustiss. anonymo M. S. excerpti.

(c) York and Lancaster.

(d) Rabbi Abraham in Zerror Hammor ap. Munst. ad. 2. Genes.

which St. Augustine (e) calls (f) Dufii, in Gaul, altogether addicted to such filthiness, Fauns, Satyrs and Sylvans, have had as much attributed to them. But learn of this, from divines upon the Beni-haelohim (g) in holy writ, passages of the fathers upon this point, and the later authors of disquisitions in magic and sorcery, as Bodin, Wier, Martin del Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather Merdhin, as you see to the fourth song, his true name being Ambrose) his own answer to Vortigen was, that his father was a Roman (b) Consul (so Nennius informs me) as perhaps it might be, and the fact palliated under name of a spirit; as in that of Ilia supposing, to save her credit, the name of Mars for Romulus his father. But to interlace the polite muse with what is more harsh, yet even therein perhaps not displeasing, I offer you this antique passage of him.

—————*the messagers to Kermerdin come,*
And you children bivoire the yate pleyde bii toke gome,
Tbo sede on to another, Merlin wat is the,
Tbou faderlese (i) sſrewe, my misdoſſou me,
For isham of kinges icome, and thou nart nought worth
a fille,
For thou naddest nevere nanne fader, therevore hold the
ſille.
Tbo the messagers burde this bii aſtante there,
And effie at men aboute wat the child were.
Me sede that be ne had never fader that me might un-
derſtand,
And is moder au king's daughter was of thulke lond,
And woned at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

His mother, (a nun, daughter to Pubidius king of Mathraual, and called Matilda, as by (k) poetical authority I find justifiable) and he being brought to the king, she colours it in these words:

—————*wbanneich ofte was.*
In chambre mid mine fellowes, there came to me bi cas,
A ſuith vair man mid alle, and bi clupt me well ſofte,
And ſemblance made vaire ynou, and cuſt me well ofte.

And tells on the story which should follow so kind a preface. But enough of this.

By th' ſhoulder of a Ram from off the right ſide par'd.

Take this as a taste of their art in old time. Under Henry II. one William Mengunel, (l) a gentleman of those parts, finding by his skill of

prediction that his wife had played false with him, and conceived by his own nephew, formally dresses the shoulder-bone of one of his own rams; and sitting at dinner (pretending it to be taken out of his neighbour's flock) requests his wife (equaling him in these divinations) to give her judgment; she curiously observes, and at last with great laughter casts it from her. The gentleman, importuning her reason of so vehement an affection, receives answer of her, that, his wife, out of whose flock the ram was taken, had by incestuous copulation with her husband's nephew fraughted herself with a young one. Lay all together, and judge, gentlewomen, the sequel of this cross accident. But why she could not as well divine of whose flock it was, as the other secret, when I have more skill in Osteomanty, I will tell it you. Nor was their report less in knowing things to come, than past; so that jealous Panurge, in his doubt (m) *de la Coquage*, might have had other manner of resolution than Rundibilis, Hippothade, Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itself, were able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to explain my author, I insert this example.

To crown the goodly road, where built that falcon ſhout.

In the rocks of this maritime coast of Pembroke are eyries of excellent falcons. Henry II. here passing into Ireland, cast off a Norway goſs-hawk at one of these: but the goſs-hawk taken at the source by the falcon, soon fell down at the king's foot, which performance in this rammage, made him yearly afterward send hither for eyesses, as Girald is author. Whether these here are the Haggarts (which they call Peregrins) or Falcon-gentles, I am no such falconer to argue; but thus I know, that the reason of the name of Peregrins is given, for that they came from remote (n) and unknown places, and therefore hardly fits these: but also I read in no less than imperial (o) authority, that Peregrins never bred in less latitude than beyond the seventh climate, *Dia Riphaeos*, which permits them this place; and that, of true falcons-gentle an cyry is never found but in a more southern and hotter parallel: which (if it be true) excludes the name of gentle from ours, breeding near the ninth *Per Roſtoebium*. And the same authority makes them (against common opinion) both of one kind, differing rather in local and outward accidents, than in self-nature.

(e) Lib. 15. de Civ. Dei cap. 23.

(f) Forte Drusi (quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap. 7. dæmonoman.) quasi Sylvani, aut Dryades.

(g) Gen. 6. 2.

(b) Illustres sæpius viros indigetant historici nostri Consules, unde & Ætium & in repudloquuntur Saxones Cos, quem tametsi Consulem fuisse haut asserent Fasti, illustriss. tn. blicâ nobilissimum Procopij aliorumque historiarum Gothicarum produnt.

(i) Shrew, now a word applied to the shrewish

sex; but in Chaucer, Lidgate, and Gower, to the quieter also.

(k) Spenser's Faery Q. lib. 3. cant. 3.

(l) Girald. Itin. 1. cap. 11. — Quæ te dementia cepit, Querere sollicitè quod reperire times? Th. Mor. Epig.

(m) Of Cuckoldry. Rablais.

(n) Albert. de Animal. 23. cap. 8.

(o) Frederic. II. lib. 2. de arte Venand. cap. 4.

*Whose birth the ancient Bards to Cambrea long fore-
told.*

Of St. Dewy and his bishopric you have more
to the fourth song. He was prognosticated (p)
above thirty years before his birth; which with
other attributed miracles (after the fashion of
of that credulous age) caused him be almost pa-
raleled in monkish zeal with that holy John,
which, unborn, sprang at presence of the incar-
nate author of our redemption. The translation

of the archbishopric was also (q) foretold in that
of Merlin: *Menevia shall put on the pall of Caer-
leon; and the preacher of Ireland shall wax dumb by
an infant growing in the womb.* That was perform-
ed when St. Patrick, at presence of Melaria then
with child, suddenly lost use of his speech; but
recovering it after some time, made prediction of
Dewy's holiness, joined with greatness, which is
so celebrated. Upon my author's credit only be-
lieve me.

(p) Monumeth. lib. 8. cap. 8. Girald. Nin. 2.
cap. 1. Balcont. 1. Vita S. Dewy.

(q) Alan. de inful. 1. ad Prophet. Merlini.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SIXTH SONG.

The Argument.

With Cardigan the Muse proceeds,
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds :
Next, proud Plynillimon she plys ;
Where Severn, Wy and Rydoll rise,
With Severn she along doth go,
Her metamorphosis to shew ;
And makes the wand'ring Wy declaim
In honour of the British name :
Then musters all the watry train
That those two Rivers entertain :
And viewing how those Rillets creep
From shore to the Vergivian deep,
By Radnor and Mountgomery, then
To Severn turns her course agen :
And bringing all their Riverets in.
There ends ; a new Song to begin.

SITH I must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet be-
fore [shore,
The muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian
She of thy source will sing in all the Cambrian coast ;
Which of thy castors once, but now canst only boast
The salmons, of all floods most plentiful in thee.
Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there
be ; [kind
Then Naiads, or ye nymphs of their like watry
(Unto whose only care great Neptune hath assign'd
The guidance of those brooks wherein he takes
delight) [cite,
Assist her ; and whilst she your dwelling shall re-

Be present in her work : let her your graces view,
That to succeeding times them lively she may shew ;
As when great Albion's sons, which him a sea-
nymph brought
Amongst the grisly rocks, where with your beau-
ties caught
(Whose only love surpris'd those of the (a) Phle-
grian size, [rise)
The Titanois, that once against high heaven durst
When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did
hide, [glide ;
And cover'd every vale through which you gently

(a) Giants,

Even for those inly heats which through your
loves they felt,

That oft in kindly tears did in your bosoms melt,
To view your secret bowers, such favour let her
win. [lin,

Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious
'Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids, that
do stay

Their mistress, as in state she goes upon her way.

Which when Lanbeder sees, her wondrously she
likes: [strikes,

Whose untam'd bosom so the beauteous Tivy
As that the forest fain would have her there abide.

But she (so pure a stream) transported with her
pride, [shade

The offer idly scorns; though with her flattering

The Sylvan her entice with all that may persuade
A water-nymph; yea, though great Thetis self she
were. [there.

But nothing might prevail, nor all the pleasures
Her mind could ever move one minute's stay to
make. [take:

Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy over-
Which instantly again by Dittor is supply'd.

Then, Keach and Kerry help: 'twixt which on
either side, [shire.

To Cardigan she comes, the sovereign of the
Now, Tivy, let us tell thy sundry glories here.

When as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to
find [kind,

(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his
As he in season grows) and stems the watry tract,

Where Tivy falling down doth make a (b) cataract,
Forc'd by the rising rocks that their her course
oppose,

As though within their bounds they meant her
to inclose;

Here, when the labouring fish doth at the foot
arrive, [strive,

And finds that by this strength but vainly he doth
His tail takes in his teeth; and bending like a bow,

That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth
throw: [wand,

Then springing at his height, as doth a little
That bended end to end, and flirtd from the hand,

Far off itself doth cast; so doth the salmon vault.

And if at first he fail, his second (c) summersault

He instantly essays; and from his nimble ring,

Still yerking, never leaves, until himself he fling

Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.

More famous long ago, than for the salmon's

leap,

For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that
bred,

Which else no other brook of Britain nourished:
Where nature, in the shape of this now-perish'd

beast [prest;

His property did seem t' have wondrously ex-
Being body'd like a boat, with such a mighty tail

As serv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,

When kind did him command the architect to
play, [clay:

That his strong castle built of branched twigs and

(b) Or water-fall.

(c) The word in tumbling, when one casteth himself over
and over.

Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,

He easily could remove as it he pleas'd to steer

To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,

His stuff wherewith to build, first being to prepare,

A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh,

And with his teeth cuts down his timber: which

laid by,

He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,

When with what he hath got, the other do him

load,

Till lastly by the weight, his burden he hath found.

Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having

bound [grip'd

As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he

Some stronger stick: from which the lesser

branches stript,

He takes it in the midst; at both the ends, the rest

Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour

prest,

Going backward, tow'rds home their loaded car-

riage led,

From whom, those first here born, were taught

the useful sled. [fights;

Then builded he his fort for strong and several

His passages contrived with such unusual sleights,

That from the hunter oft he issu'd undiscern'd,

As if men from this beast to fortify had learn'd;

§ Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle un-

known.

Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.

But here why spend I time these trifles to areed?

Now, with thy former task, my muse, again pro-

ceed, [shore

To shew the other floods from the (d) Ceretic

To the Vergivian sea contributing their store:

With Bidder first begin, that bendeth all her force

The Arron to assist, Arth holding on her course

The way the other went, with Werry which doth

win

Fair Istwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,

Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and prince-

ly maid,

Plynillimon's dear child, deliciously array'd,

As fits a nymph so near to Severn and her queen.

Then come the sister Salks, as they before had seen

Those delicater dames so trippingly to tread:

Then Kerry; Cletur next, and Kinver making

head [by her.

With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings

Plynillimon's high praise no longer, muse, defer;

What once the Druids told, how great those floods

should be,

That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves

from thee.

The bard with fury rapt, the British youth among,

§ Unto the charming harp thy future honour sung

In brave and lofty strains; that in excess of joy,

The beldam and the girl, the grandfire and the boy,

With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air

did load [god

(As when with crown'd cups unto the (e) Elian

Those priests high orgies held; or when the old

world saw

Full Phoebe's face eclips'd, and thinking her to daw,

(d) Of Cardigan. (e) Bacchus.

Whom they supposed fall'n in some enchanted
 ffound, [found
 Of beaten tinkling brags still ply'd her with the
 That all the Cambrian hills, which high't their
 heads do bear
 With most obsequious shews of low subjected fear,
 Should to thy greatness stoop: and all the brooks
 that be
 Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee:
 To princely Severn first; next to her sister Wye,
 Which to her elders court her coursedoth still apply.
 But Rydoll, young'st, and least, and for the others
 pride
 Not finding fitting roomth upon the rising side,
 Alone unto the west directly takes her way.
 So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
 For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top so
 high,
 As scorning all that come in compass of his eye,
 Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace
 Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his
 face, [were
 His love to Severn shews as though his own she
 Thus comforting the flood; (f) "O ever-during
 heir
 Of Sabrina, Lochrine's child (who of her life bereft,
 Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)
 Brute's first-begotten son, which Gwendolin did
 wed;
 But soon th' inconstant lord abandoned her bed
 (Through his unchaste desire) for beauteous El-
 stred's love,
 Now, that which most of all her mighty heart
 did move,
 Her father, Cornwall's duke, great Corineus dead,
 Was by the lustful king unjustly banished.
 When she, who to that time still with a smoothed
 brow [vow,
 Had seem'd to bear the breach of Lochrine's former
 Perceiving still her wrongs insufferable were;
 Grown big with the revenge which her full
 breast did bear,
 And aided to the birth with every little breath
 (Alone she being left the spoil of love and death,
 In labour of her grief outrageously distract,
 The utmost of her spleen on her false lord to act)
 She first implores their aid to hate him whom she
 found; [found
 Whose hearts unto the depth she had not left to
 To Cornwall then she sends (her country) for
 supplies:
 Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arise.
 Then with her warlike power her husband she
 pursu'd,
 Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.

The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all
 remorse, [force,
 As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her
 Him suddenly surpriz'd; and from her ireful heart
 All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
 The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;
 Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,

(f) The story of Severn,

Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd
 shore.
 Then crowning Madan king, whom she to Loc-
 rine bore, [brought;
 And those which serv'd his fire to his obedience
 Not so with blood suffic'd, immediately she sought
 The mother and the child: whose beauty when
 she saw,
 Had not her heart been flint, had had the power
 to draw [pearl,
 A spring of pitying tears; when, dropping liquid
 Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
 Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for
 thee [see,
 Fair Elstred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabrina
 As she should thee behold the prey to her stern
 rage [assuage:
 Whom kingly Lochrine's death suffic'd not to
 Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mo-
 ther cast
 Into thy christen'd flood, the whilst the rocks a-
 ghaft [dream
 Resounded with your shrieks; till in a deadly
 Your courses were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,
 Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still
 appear [were:
 The same in water now, that once in locks they
 And, as you wont to clip each others necks before,
 Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring
 shore."

But leave we Severn here, a little to pursue
 The often-wand'ring Wye (her passages to view),
 As wantonly she strains in her lascivious course
 And muster every flood that from her bounteous
 source [bound
 Attends upon her stream, whilst (as the famous
 'Twixt the Brecknokian earth, and the Radnorian
 ground
 She every book receives. First, Clarwen cometh in,
 With Clarwy: which to them their comfort Eland
 win
 To aid their goodly Wye, which Ithon gets again:
 She Dulas draws along: and in her watry train
 Clowedock hath recourse, and Comran; which
 she brings
 Unto the wand'ring flood, from the Radnorian
 springs:
 As Edwy her attends, and Matchway forward
 heaves [perceives
 Her mistress. When, at last the goodly Wye
 She now was in that part of Wales, of all the rest
 Which (as her very waste) in breadth from east
 to west, [way,
 In length from north to south, her midst is every
 From Severn's bord'ring banks unto the either sea,
 Which she might term the heart. The ancient
 Britons here [were
 The river calls to mind, and what those British
 Whilst Britain was herself, the queen of all the
 west. [address,
 To whose old nation's praise whilst she herself
 From the Brecknodian bound when Irvon com-
 ing in, doth win,
 Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wevery tha:

Persuading her for them good matter to provide.
 The wood-nymphs so again, from the Radnorian
 side, [call
 As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckles forests,
 To Wye, and bade her now bestir them for them
 all :
 For, if she stuck not close in their distressed case,
 The Britons were in doubt to undergo disgrace,
 That strongly thus provok'd, she for the Britons
 says ;
 † ' What spirit can lift you up, to that immortal
 praise
 § You worthily deserve? by whom first Gaul
 was taught
 Her knowledge : and for her, what nation ever
 wrought
 The conquest you achiev'd? And, as you were
 most dread,
 So ye (before the rest) in so great reverence had
 Your bards which sung your deeds, that when
 stern hosts have stood
 With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed
 blood)
 § One bard but coming in, their murd'rous swords
 hath staid ;
 In her most dreadful voice as thundring heaven
 had said,
 Stay, Britons; when he spake, his words so
 pow'rful were. [here,
 So to her native priests, the dreadless Druids
 The nearest neighbouring Gaul, that wisely
 could discern
 Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their
 good to learn,
 Her apt and pregnant youth sent hither year by
 year,
 Instructed in our rites with most religious fear.
 And afterward again, when as our ancient seat
 Her surcrease could not keep, grown for her soil
 too great
 (But like to casting bees, so rising up in swarms)
 § Our Cymbry with the Gauls, that their com-
 mixed arms
 Join'd with the German powers (those nations
 of the north
 Which overspread the world) together issued forth :
 § Where, with our brazen swords, we stoutly
 fought, and long ;
 And after conquests got, residing them among,
 First planted in those parts our brave courageous
 brood : [blood,
 Whose natures so adher'd unto their ancient
 As from them sprang those priests, whose praise
 so far did found,
 Through whom that spacious Gaul was after so
 renown'd,
 Nor could the Saxons swords (which many a
 ling'ring year
 Them sadly did afflict, and shut us Britons here
 'Twixt Severn and this sea) our mighty minds
 deject ;
 But that even they which fain'd our weakness
 would detect,

† Wye's speech in behalf of the Britons,

Were forced to confess, our wildest beasts that
 breed [feed,
 Upon our mighty wastes, or on our mountains
 Were far more sooner tam'd, than here our
 Welchmen were :
 Resides, in all the world no nation is so dear
 As they unto their own; that here within this
 isle,
 Or else in foreign parts, yea forced to exile,
 The noble Briton still his countryman relieves ;
 A patriot, and so true, that it to death him
 grieves
 To hear his Wales disgrac'd; and on the Saxons
 swords
 Oft hazardeth his life, ere with reproachful words
 His language or his leek he'll stand to hear a-
 bus'd.
 Besides, the Briton is so naturally infus'd
 With true poetical rage, that in their (g) measures,
 art [part
 Doth rather seem precise, than comely; in each
 Their metre most exact, in verse of th' hardest
 kind.
 And some to rhiming be so wondrously inclin'd,
 Those numbers they will hit, out of their genuine
 vain,
 Which many wise and learn'd can hardly e'er at-
 tain.
 O memorable bards, of unmixed blood, which still
 Posterity shall praise for your so wondrous skill,
 That in your noble songs, the long descents have
 kept
 Of your great heroes, else in Lethe that had slept,
 With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours
 have disdain'd;
 How much from time, and them, how bravely
 have you gain'd !
 Musician, herald, bard, thrice may'st thou be re-
 nown'd, [crown'd;
 And with three several wreaths immortally be
 Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the En-
 glish king, [sing,
 And to thy powerful harp commanded there to
 Of famous Arthur told'st, and where he was in-
 terr'd;
 In which, those restless times had long and
 blindly err'd,
 And ignorance had brought the world to such a
 pass [was.
 As now, which scarce believes that Arthur ever
 But when King (b) sent th' reported place to
 view,
 He found that man of men : and what thou said'st
 was true.
 Here then I cannot choose but bitterly exclaim
 Against those fools that all antiquity defame,
 Because they have found out, some credulous
 ages laid
 Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth on ru-
 mour staid ; [gleet
 And that one forward time (perceiving the ne-
 A former of her had) so purchase her respect,

(g) See the fourth song.

(b) Henry II.

With toys then trim'd her up, the drowsy world
 t'allure, [cure
 And lent her what it thought might appetite pro-
 To man, whose mind doth still variety pursue;
 And therefore to those things whose grounds were
 very true, [tent
 Though naked yet and bare (nor having to con-
 The wayward curious ear) gave fictive ornament;
 And fitter thought, the truth they should in
 question all, [all.
 Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go and
 And surely I suppose, that which this froward
 time

Doth scandalise her with to be her heinous crime,
 That her most preserv'd; for still where wit hath
 found [ground,
 A thing most clearly true, it made that, fiction's
 Which she suppos'd might give sure colour to
 them both:

From which, as from a root, this wond'ring error
 grow'th,

At which our critics gird, whose judgments are
 so strict,

And he the bravest man who most can contradict
 That which decrepit age (which forced is to lean
 Upon tradition) tells; esteeming it so mean,
 As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing
 (Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away
 will fling. [be,

These men (for all the world) like our precisians
 Who for some cross or saint they in the window
 see

Will pluck down all the church: soul-blinded
 fots that creep

In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deep.
 Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly serv'd are
 they [stay)

§ That to the Roman trust (on his report that
 Our truth for him to learn, as ignorant of ours
 As we were then of his; except t'were of his
 powers:

Who our wise Druids here unmercifully slew;
 Like whom, great nature's depths no men yet
 ever knew,

Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet in-
 spir'd; [fir'd,

Who at their proud arrive th'ambitious Romans
 When first they heard them preach the soul's im-
 mortal state: [fate,

And even in Rome's despight, and in contempt of
 Graspt hands with horrid death: which out of
 hate and pride

They slew, who through the world were reve-
 renced beside.

To understand our state, no marvail then
 though we

Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see
 What anciently we were; when in our infant
 war,

Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,
 He nothing had of ours which our great bards did
 sing, [bring

Except some few poor words; and those again to
 Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they us'd,
 By their most filed speech, our British most abus'd.

But of our former state, beginning, our descent,
 The wars we had at home, the conquests where
 we went,

He never understood. And though the Romans
 here

So noble trophies left, as very worthy were
 A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
 Long rear'd ere they arriv'd. And where they
 do object,

The ruins and records we show, be very small
 To prove ourselves so great; even this the most
 of all

('Gainst their objection) seems miraculous to me,
 That yet those should be found so general as they
 be: [Dane,

The Roman, next the Piet, the Saxon, then the
 All landing in the isle, each like a horrid rain
 Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack
 Of many a noble book, as impious hands should
 sack

The centre, to extirp all knowledge, and exile
 All brave and ancient things, for ever from this
 isle:"

Expressing wondrous grief, thus wandering Wye
 did sing.

But back, industrious muse; obsequiously to
 bring

Clear Severn from her source, and tell how she
 doth strain

Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly
 train, [to make

Brought forth the first of all by Bragan; which
 Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take,
 Moylvadian his much love to Severn then to show.
 Upon his southern side sends likewise (in a row)
 Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow
 flood;

Next, Dungum; Bacho then is busily employ'd,
 Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the
 Rue, [due.

In Severn's sovereign banks, that give attendance
 Thus as she sweeps along, with all that goodly
 train,

Upon her other bank by Newtown; so again
 § Comes Dulas of whose name so many bevers be,
 As of none others is) with Mule, prepar'd to see
 The confluence to their queen, as on her course
 she makes: [takes;

Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in the
 Where little Fledding falls into her broader bank;
 Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot;
 growing rank,

She plies her towards the Pool, from the Gome-
 rian fields; [yields

Than which in all our Wales, there is no country
 An excellenter horse, so full of natural fire,
 As one of Phœbus' steeds had been that stallion's
 fire [kind,

Which first their race begun; or of th' Austurian
 § Which some have held to be begotten by the
 wind, [ceives,

Upon the mountain mare; which strongly it re-
 And in a little time her pregnant part upheaves.
 But, leave we this to such as after wonders long:
 The Muse prepares herself unto another song.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER Penbroke in the former song, succeeds here Cardigan; both washed by the Irish seas. But, for intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of situation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock are partly infolded.

Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.

That these rivers were in Tivy frequent, anciently is testified by Sylvester Girald (*a*) describing the particulars, which the author tells you, both of this, and the Salmons; but that here are no Bevers now, as good authority of the present (*b*) time informs you.

Unto the charming harp thy future honour sing.

Of the Bards, their finging, heraldship, and more of that nature, see the fourth song. (*c*) Ireland (saith one) uses the harp and pipe, which he calls Tympanum: Scotland the Harp, Tympan, and Chorus; Wales the Harp, Pipe, and Chorus. Although Tympanum and Chorus have other significations, yet, this Girald (from whom I vouch it) using these words as received, I imagine, of St. Hierome's epistle to Dardanus, according to whom, for explanation, finding them pictured in Ottomar Luscinius his Musurgy, as several kinds of pipes, the first dividing itself into two at the the end, the other spread in the middle, as two segments of a circle, but one at both ends, I guess them intended near the same. But I refer myself to those that are more acquainted with these kind of British fashions. For the harp his word is Cithara, which (if it be the same with Lyra, as some think, although urging reason and authority are to the contrary) makes the Bards music, like that exprest in the (*d*) lyric:

bibam
Sonante mistum tibijs carmen lyrâ,
Hâc Dorium, illis Barbarum.

Apply it to the former notes, and observe with them, that (*e*) the Pythagoreans used, with music of the harp (which in those times, if it were Apollo's, was certainly but of (*f*) seven strings) when they went to sleep, to charm (as the old Scots were wont to do, and do yet in their isles, as Buchanan (*g*) affirms) and compose their troubled affections. Which I cite to this purpose, that in comparing it with the British music, and the attributes thereof before remembered out of Heracleotes and Girald, you may see conveniency of use in both, and worth of antiquity in ours; and as well in Pipes as Harp; if you remember the poetic story of Marsyas. And withal forget not that in one of the oldest coins that have been made in this kingdom, the picture of the reverse, is Apollo having his harp encircled with Cunobelin's name, then chief king of the Britons; and for Belin and Apollo, see the eighth song.

By whom first Gaul was taught her knowledge.

Understand the knowledge of those great philosophers, priests, and lawyers called Druids (of whom to the tenth song largely). Their discipline was first found out in this isle, and afterwards transferred into Gaul; whence their youth were sent hither as to an university for instruction in their learned professions: (*b*) Cæsar himself is author of as much. Although, in particular law learning, it might seem that Britain was requited, if the satyrist (*i*) deceive not in that;

(*k*) *Gallia caufidicos docuit sacunda Britannos.*

(*a*) Topograph. Hib. dist. 1. cap. 21. Itin. cap. 3. Cam. 2.

(*b*) Powel & Camden.

(*c*) Girald. Topograph. 3. dist. cap. 11.

(*d*) Horat. Epod. ix.

(*e*) Plutarch. de Isid. & Osiride.

(*f*) Horat. Carm. 3. od. 11. Homer in Hymn. ad Ep̄m. Serv. Honorat. ad 4. Æneid. (ubi testudinem primò trium Chordarum, quam à Mercurio

Caducei precio emisse Apollinem septemque discrimina vocum addidisse legimus, & videndus Diodor. Sicul. lib. α.) unde 'Επιγλωσσος, 'Επιλάφθογγος, &c. dicitur Græcis.

(*g*) Hist. Scot. 4. in Fethelmacho.

(*h*) Comment. 6.

(*i*) Juvenal. Satyr. 15.

(*k*) Eloquent Gaul taught the British Lawyers.

Which, with excellent Lipsius (*l*), I rather apply to the dispersion of the Latin tongue through Gaul into this province, than to any other language or matter. For also in Agricola's time somewhat before, it appears that matter of good literature was here in a far higher degree than there, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus hath our isle been as mistress to Gaul twice. First in the institution of their now famous university of Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through the aid and industry of our learned Alcuin (he is called also Albin, and was sent ambassador to the Emperor by Offa king of Mercland) seconded by the Scots, (*m*) John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and Raban Maurus. But I know the great men permit it not; nor can I see any very ancient authority for it, but infinite of later times, so that it goes as a received opinion; therefore without more examination in this no more fit passage, I commit it to my reader.

*One Bard but coming in their murd'rous swords bath
flaid.*

Such strange assertion find I in story of these Bards powerful enchantments, that with the amazing sweetness of their delicious (*n*) harmonies, not their own only, but withal their enemies armies have suddenly desisted from fierce encounters; so, as my author says, *did Mars reverence the Muses*. This exactly continues all fitness with what is before affirmed of that kind of music; betwixt which (and all other by authentic affirmation) and the mind's affections there are certain (*o*) † *Μιμήμαζα*, as in this particular example is apparent. But how agreeth this with that in Tacitus which calls a musical incentive to war among the Germans, Barditus? Great critics would there (*p*) read Barrhitis, which in Vegetius and Ammian especially, is a peculiar name for those stirring up alarms before the battle used in Roman assaults (equal in proportion to the Greeks *αλαλαγμοι*, the Irish Kerns *Pharroob*, and that Roland's song of the Normans, which hath had his like also, in most nations). But, seeing Barrhitis (in this sense) is a word of later time, and scarce yet, without remembrance of his naturalization, allowed in the Latin; and, (*q*) that this use was notable in those Northerns and Gauls, until wars with whom, it seems Rome had not a proper word for it (which appears by Festus Pompeius, affirming that the cry of the army was called Barbaricum) I should think somewhat confidently, that Barrhitis

(as the common copies are) is the truest & reading; yet so, that Barditus formed by an unknown pronunciation is, and, by original, was the self same. For, that Lipsius mending the place, will have it from *Baren* in Dutch, which signifies, to cry out, or from *Hār Har* (which is as *Harōn* in the Norman customs and elsewhere) or from the word *Bæare*, for imitation of the beast's cry, I much wonder, seeing Tacitus makes express mention of verses harmonically celebrating valiant performers, the recital whereof hath that name Barditus, which to interpret we might well call singing. But to enjoin this fiery office with that quenching power, of the Bards, spoken of by the author, I imagine that they had also for this martial purpose skill in that kind of music, which they call Phrygian, being (as Aristotle says) *Οργιαστικὴ Παθητικὴ καὶ Ενθουσιαστικὴ* as it were, madding the mind with sprightly motion. For so we see that those which sing the tempering and mollifying (*r*) Pæans to Apollo, the *Γηνιλλα & Εαλλίνια*; after victory, did among the Greeks in another strain move with their Pæans to Mars, their *Ορθια*, and provoking charms before the encounter; and so meets this in our Bards, dispersed doubtless (as the Druids) through Britain, Gaul, and part of Germany, which three had especially in warfare much community.

Our Gimbri with the Gauls ———

National transmigrations touched to the fourth song give light hither. The name of Gimbri (which most of the learned in this later time have made the same with Cimmerians, Cumerians, Cambrians, all coming from Gomer (*s*) Japhet's son, to whom with his posterity was this north-western part of the world divided) expressing the Welsh, calling themselves also *Kumry*. The author alludes here to that British army, which in our story is conducted under Brennus and Belinus (sons to Molmutius) through Gaul, and thence prosecuted, what in the eighth song and my notes there more plainly.

Where, with our brazen swords ———

The author thus teaches you to know, that, among the ancients, brass, not iron, was the metal of most use. In their little scithes, wherewith they (*t*) cut their herbs for enchantments, their priests rasours, plow-shares for describing the content of plotted cities, their music instruments,

(*l*) De pronuntiat. rect. Lat. ling. cap. 3. v. Virgilium ad Justin. tit. Instit. quid non est permitt. fac. test. Circa DCC. XC. University of Paris instituted.

(*m*) Balæus cent. 1.

(*n*) Diodor. Sicul. de gest. fabulos. antiq. lib. 6.

(*o*) Aristot. Polit. 7. cap. 5.

† Imitations.

(*p*) Lips. ad Polyh. 4. Dialog. 11.

(*q*) Locus Taciti in de morib. Germ.

§ Locus Gallicé & Britannicé Cantor. Fest. & vide Bodin. meth. hist. cap. 9. qui Robartum Degobartum & similia vocabula hinc (male verò) deducit.

(*r*) Suid. in Παιαν.

(*s*) Genes. 1.

(*t*) Sophocles, Carminius, Virgil. ap. Macrobi-um Saturnal. lib. 5. cap. 19. Pausan. in Laconic. 7. & Arcadic 7. Samuel. lib. 1. cap. 17.

and such like, how special this metal was, it is with good warrant delivered; nor with less, how frequent in the making of swords, spears, and armour in the heroic times, as among other authorities that in the encounter of Diomedes and Hector (*u*) manifesteth:

§ — πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκὸς χαλκός.

Which seems in them to have proceeded from a willingness of avoiding instruments too deadly in wounding; far from a styptic faculty in this, more than in iron, the cure of what it hurts is affirmed more easy, and the metal itself, (*x*) *Φαρμακώδης*, as (*y*) Aristotle expresses it. But that our Britons used it also, it hath been out of old monuments by our most (*z*) learned antiquary observed.

That to the Roman trust (on his report that slay)

For indeed many are, which the author here impugns, that dare believe nothing of our story, or antiquities of more ancient times; but only Julius Caesar, and others about or since him. And surely his ignorance of this isle was great, time forbidding him language or conversation with the British. Nor was any before him of his country, that knew or meddled in relation of us. The first of them that once to letters committed any word deduced from Britain's name was a philosophical (*a*) poet (flourishing some fifty years before Caesar) in these verses:

*Nam quid Britannum calum differre putamus,
Et quod in Ægypto est, quæ mundi claudicat axis?*

In the somewhat later poets that lived about Augustus, as Catullus, Virgil, and Horace, some passages of the name have you, but nothing that discovers any monument of this island proper to her inhabitants. I would not reckon (*c*) Cornelius Nepos among them, to whose name is attributed, in print, that polite poem (in whose composition Apollo seems to have given personal aid) of the Trojan war, according to Dares the Phrygian's story; where, by poetical liberty the Britons are supposed to have been with Hercules at the rape of Hesione: I should so, besides error, wrong my country, to whose glory the true author's name of that book will among the worthies of the muses ever live. Read but these of his verses, and then judge if he were a Roman.

— *Sine remigis usu*
Non nosset Memphis Romam, non Indus Hiberum,
Non Scythæ Cecropidem, non Nostra Britannia
Gallum.

And in the same book to Baldwin archbishop of Canterbury:

At tu dissimulus longè cui fronte serenâ
Sanguinis egregij lucrum, pacemque litatâ
Emptam animâ Pater ille pius, summumque cacumen
In curam venisse velit, cui cederet ipse
Prorsus, vel proprias latus sociaret habenas.

Of him a little before:

— *quo præside floret*
(d) Cantia, & in præscas respirat libera leges!

Briefly thus: the author was Joseph of Excester (afterwards archbishop of Bourdeaux) famous in this and other kinds of good learning, under Henry II. and Richard I. speaking among those verses in this form:

Te sacra assument acies divinaque bella.
Tunc dignum majore tuba, tunc pectore toto
Nitar, & immensum mecum spargere per orbem.

Which must (as I think) be intended of Baldwin, whose undertaking of the cross and voyage with *Cœur de Lion* into the holy land, and death there, is in our (*e*) stories; out of which you may have large declaration of this holy father (so he calls Thomas Becket) that bought peace with price of his life; being murdered in his house of Canterbury, through the urging grievances intolerable to the king and laity, his diminution of common law liberties, and endeavoured derogation, for maintenance of Romish usurped supremacy. For these liberties, see Matthew Paris before all other, and the epistles of (*f*) John of Salisbury, but lately published; and, if you please, my *Janus Anglorum*, where they are restored from senseless corruption, and are indeed more themselves than in any other whatsoever in print. But thus too much of this false Cornelius. Compare with these notes what is to the first song of Britain and Albion; and you shall see that in Greek writers mention of our land is long before any in the Latin: for Polybius, that is the first which mentions it, was more than a hundred years before Lucretius. The author's plainness in the rest of

(*u*) *Iliad*. 1.

§ Brass rebound from brass.

(*x*) Of remedial power.

(*y*) *Problem*. 2. *Sect.* 21.

(*z*) *Camd.* in *Cornub.* See for this more in the tenth song.

(*a*) *Lucret.* de *Res. Nat.* 6.

(*c*) Cornelius Nepos challenged to an English wit.

(*d*) Ita. n. legendum, non Tania aut Pontia, uti ineptiunt qui Josepho nostro merenti suam inviderunt coronam in Codice Typis excusi.

(*e*) *Chronicis* adde & *Giraldi. Itin. Camb.* 2. cap. 14.

(*f*) *Salisburyens. Epist.* 159. 210. 220. & 268.

Wye's song to this purpose discharges my further labour.

Comes Dulas, of whose name so many rivers be.

As in England the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some other; so in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermardhin, and elsewhere.

Which some have held to be begotten of the wind.

In those western parts of Spain, Galicia, Portugal, and Austria, many classic testimonies, both poets, as Virgil, Silius Italicus, naturalists, historians and geonics, as Varro, Calumel, Pliny, Trogius and Solinus have remembered these mares, which conceive through fervent lust of nature, by the west wind, without copulation with the male (in such sort as the *Ova subventanea* (g) are bred in hens) but so that the foals live not over some three years. I refer it as an allegory (b) to the

expressing only of their fertile breed and swiftness in course; which is elegantly to this purpose, framed by him that was the father (i) of this conceit to his admiring posterity, in these lines speaking of Xanthus and Balius, two of Achilles's horses:

(k) τὰ ἀμαρτυροῦσι πετρίσθην
Τῆς ἑταρὸς Ζεφύρου ἀνέμου Ἀρπυρία Ποδάργη
Βοσκομένη λιμῶνι παρὰ φόνι Οἰανόιο.

Whence withal you may note, that Homer had at least heard of these coasts of Spain, according as upon the conjectures on the name of Lisbon, the Elysians, and other such you have in (l) Strabo. But for Lisbon, which many will have from Ulysses, and call it Ulixbon, being commonly written Oleippo or Uliippo in the ancients, you shall have better etymology, if you hence derive and make it Ὀλῆος Ἰσπανίαν, as it were, that the whole tract is a seminary of horses, as a most learned man hath delivered.

(g) ἐπηνέμια, windy eggs, bred without a cock.

(b) Justin. hist. lib. 44.

(i) Iliad. π.

(k) These did fly like the wind, which swift Podarga foaled to their sire Zephyrus, feeding in a

meadow by the ocean.

(l) Geograph. α. Ὀλῆος Ἰσπανίαν Ptolem. Iota sublato vera restat lectio Paull. Merul. cosmog. part. 2. lib. 2. cap. 26.

U ij

P O L Y O L B I O N :

THE SEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muse from Cambria comes again,
To view the forest of fair Dean ;
Sees Severn ; when the Higre takes her,
How fever-like the sickness shakes her ;
Makes mighty Malvern speak his mind
In honour of the mountain kind ;
Thence wafted with a merry gale,
Sees Lemster, and the Golden Vale ;
Sports with the nymphs, themselves that ply
At th' wedding of the Lug and Wy ;
Viewing the Herefordian pride
Along on Severn's setting side,
That small Wigornian part surveys :
Where for a while herself she stays.

High matters call our muse, inviting her to see
As well the lower lands, as those where lately she
The Cambrian mountains clomb, and (looking
from aloft)
Survey'd coy Severn's course : but now to shores
more soft [song
She shapes her prosperous sail ; and in this lofty
The Herefordian floods invites with her along,
§ That fraught from plenteous Powse, with their
superfluous waste,
Manure the batful March, until they be embrac'd
In Sabrin's soveraign arms : with whose tumult-
uous waves [ly raves ;
§ Shut up in narrower bounds, the Higre wild-

And frights the straggling flocks, the neighbour-
ing shores to fly, (a)
Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth
bring, [doth fling ;
The billows 'gainst the banks when fiercely it
Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly
brood [flood ;
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the
O'erturns the toiling barge, whose steersman
doth not lanch, panch :
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful

(a) A simile expressing the boar or higre.

As when we haply see a sickly woman fall
 Into a fit of that which we the mother call,
 When from the grieved womb she feels the pain
 arise,
 Breaks into grievous sighs, with intermixed crys,
 Bereaved of her sense; and struggling still with
 those [oppose,
 That 'gainst her rising pain their utmost strength
 Starts, tosses, tumbles, strikes, turns, touses, spurns,
 and sprauls,
 Casting with furious limbs her holders to the walls;
 But that the horrid pangs torment the grieved so,
 One well might muse from whence this sudden
 strength should grow.

Here (queen of forests all, that west of Se-
 vern ly) [high,
 Her broad and bushy top Dean holdeth up so
 The lesser are not seen, she is so tall and large.
 And standing in such state upon the winding
 marge,
 § Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did
 wonne
 In gloomy secret shades, not pierc'd with sum-
 mers sun,
 Under a false pretence the nymphs to entertain,
 Oft ravished the choice of Sabrin's watry train;
 And from their mistress banks them taking as a
 prey,
 Unto their woody caves have carried them away:
 Then from her inner groves for succour when
 they cry'd,
 She retchless of their wrongs (her satyrs 'scapes
 to hide)
 Unto their just complaint not once her ear inclines:
 So fruitful in her woods, and wealthy in her mines,
 That Leden which her way doth through the de-
 sert make, [fake
 Though near to Dean ally'd, determin'd to for-
 Her course, and her clear limbs amongst the bush-
 es hide,
 Left by the Sylvans (should she chance to be espy'd)
 She might unmaiden'd go unto her sovereign flood:
 So many were the rapes done on the watry brood,
 That Sabine to her sire (great Neptune) forc'd
 to sue,
 The riots to repress of this outrageous crue,
 His armed Orks he sent her milder stream to keep,
 To drive them back to Dean that troubled all
 the deep.

§ Whilst Malvern (king of hills) fair Severn
 overlooks ~
 (Attended on in state with tributary brooks)
 And how the fertil fields of Hereford do ly,
 And from his many heads, with many an amo-
 rous eye,
 Beholds his goodly site, how towards the plea-
 sant rise,
 Abounding in excess, the Vale of Eufham lies,
 The mountains every way about him that do stand,
 Of whom he's daily seen, and seeing doth com-
 mand;

On tiptoes set aloft, this proudly uttereth he:
 'Olympus, fair'st of hills, that heaven art said
 to be,

'I envy not thy state, nor less myself do make;
 'Nor to possess thy name, mine own would I for-
 fake:
 'Nor would I, as thou do'st, ambitiously aspire
 'To thrust my forked top into th' etherial fire.
 'For, didst thou take the sweets that on my face
 do breath, [neath:
 'Above thou wouldst not seek what I enjoy be-
 'Besides, the sundry soils I every way survey,
 'Make me, if better not, thy equal every way.
 'And more, in our defence, to answer those, with
 spight [light;
 'That terms us barren, rude, and void of all de-
 'We mountains, to the land, like wars or wens to
 be, [see;
 'By which, fair'st living things disfigur'd oft they
 'This strongly to perform, a well-stuff'd brain
 would need.
 'And many hills there be, if they this cause
 would heed,
 'Having their rising tops familiar with the sky
 '(From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were
 than I
 'The task to undertake. As not a man that sees
 'Mounchdenny, Blorinch hill, with Breedon, and
 the Clees, [they,
 'And many more as great, and nearer me than
 'But thinks, in our defence they far much more
 could say.
 'Yet, falling to my lot, this stoutly I maintain
 'Gainst forests, vallies, fields, groves, rivers, pa-
 sture, plain,
 'And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely
 'Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)
 'The mountain is the king: and he it is alone
 'Above the other soils that nature doth enthrone,
 'For mountains be like men of brave heroic mind,
 'With eyes erect to heaven, of whence themselves
 they find,
 'Whereas the lowly vale, as earthly, like itself,
 'Doth never further look than how to purchase self.
 'And of their batful fites, the vales that boast them
 thus, [us:
 'Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for
 'For, from the rising banks that strongly mound
 them in,
 'The valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin:
 'And almost not a brook, if she her banks do fill,
 'But hath her plenteous spring from mountain or
 from hill, [take,
 'If mead, or lower shade, grieve at the room we
 'Know that the snow or rain, descending oft, doth
 make [glide,
 'The fruitful valley fat, with what from us doth
 'Who with our winter's waste maintain their
 summer's pride:
 'And to you lower lands, if terrible we seem,
 'And cover'd oft with clouds; it is your foggy
 steam
 'The powerful sun exhales, that in the cooler day
 'Unto this region come, about our tops doth stay
 'And, what's the grove, so much that thinks her
 to be grac'd,
 'If not above the rest upon the mountain plac'd,

' Where she her curled head unto the eye may
 'shew ?
 ' For in the easy vale if she set below,
 ' What is she but obscure ? and her more dampy
 'shade
 ' And covert, but a den for beasts of raven made ?
 ' Besides, we are the marks, which looking from
 'on high,
 ' The traveller beholds ; and with a cheerful eye
 ' Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly doth
 'pursue [view.
 ' The way, which long before lay tedious in his
 'What forest, flood, or field, that standeth not
 'in awe
 ' Of Sina, or shall see the fight that mountain saw ?
 ' To none but to a hill such grace was ever given :
 ' As on his back, 'tis said, great Atlas bears up
 'heaven. [nown'd ;
 ' So Latmus by his wife (b) Endymion is re-
 ' That hill, on whose high top he was the first
 ' that found [sphere,
 ' Pale Phœbe's wand'ring course ; so skillful in her
 ' As some stick not to say that he enjoy'd her there.
 ' And those chaste maids, begot on memory by
 Jove,
 ' Not Tempe only love delighting in their grove ;
 ' Nor Helicon their brook, in whose delicious
 'brims,
 ' They oft are us'd to bathe their clear and crystal
 'limbs ;
 ' But high Parnassus have, their mountain, where-
 'on they
 ' Upon their golden lutes continually do play.
 ' Of these I more could tell, to prove the place
 'our own, [shewn.
 ' Than by his spacious maps are by Ortelius
 For mountains this suffice. Which scarcely had
 'he told ; [hold
 Along the fertile fields, when Malvern might be-
 The Herefordian floods, far distant though they be :
 For great men, as we find, a great way off can see.
 First, Frome with forehead clear, by Bromyard
 that doth glide ; [guide,
 And taking Loden in, their mixed streams do
 To meet their sovereign Lug, from the Radnorian
 plain
 At Prestain coming in ; where he doth entertain
 The Wadel, as along he under Derfold goes :
 Her full and lusty side to whom the forest shews,
 As to allure fair Lug, abode with her to make.
 Lug little Oney first, then Arro in doth take,
 At Lemster, for her wool whose staple doth excel,
 And seems to over-match the golden Phrygian fell.
 Had this our Colchos been unto the ancients
 known,
 When honour was herself, and in her glory shewn,
 He then that did command the infantry of Greece,
 Had only to our isle adventur'd for this fleece.
 Where lives the man so dull, on Britain's far-
 thest shore,
 To whom did never sound the name of (c) Lem-
 ster ore ?

(b) Endymion found out the course of the moon.

(c) The excellency of Lemster wool.

That with the silk-worms web for smallness doth
 compare :
 Wherein, the winder shews his workmanship so rare
 As doth the fleece excel, and mocks her looser
 clew ;
 As neatly bottom'd up as nature forth it drew ;
 Of each in high account, and reckoned here as
 fine, [tine.
 § As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Taren-
 From thence his lovely self for Wye he doth dis-
 pose, [goes ;
 To view the goodly flocks on each hand as he
 And makes his journey short, with strange and
 fundry tales
 Of all their wond'rous things ; and, not the least,
 of Wales ; [past)
 Of that prodigious spring (him neighbouring as he
 That little fishes bones continually doth cast.
 Whose reason whilst he seeks industriously to
 know, [shew
 A great way he hath gone, and Hereford doth
 Her rising spires aloft ; when as the princely Wye,
 Him from his muse to wake, arrests him by and by.
 Whose meeting to behold, with how well-order'd
 grace
 Each other entertains, how kindly they embrace ;
 For joy, so great a shout the bordering city sent,
 That with the sound thereof, which thorough
 Haywood went, [won ;
 The wood-nymphs did awake that in the forest
 To know the sudden cause, and presently they
 run [to see
 With locks uncomb'd, for haste the lovely Wye
 (The flood that grac'd her most) this day should
 married be
 To that more lovely Lug ; a river of much fame,
 That in her wandering banks should lose his glo-
 rious name.
 For Hereford, although her Wye she hold so dear,
 Yet Lug (whose longer course doth grace the
 goodly shire, [doth bring)
 And with his plenteous stream so many brooks
 Of all hers that be north is absolutely king.
 But Marceley, griev'd that he (the nearest of
 the rest, [guest
 And of the mountain kind) not bidden was a
 Unto this nuptial feast, so hardly it doth take,
 As (meaning for the same his station to forsake)
 § Enrag'd and mad with grief, himself in two did
 rive ; [drive ;
 The trees and hedges near, before him up doth
 And dropping headlong down, three days toge-
 ther fall : [appal,
 Which, bellowing as he went, the rocks did so
 That they him passage made, who coats and chap-
 pels crush :
 So violently he into his valley rush.
 But Wye (from her dear Lug whom nothing
 can restrain,
 In many a pleasant shade, her joy to entertain)
 To Ross her course directs ; and right her (d)
 name to shew,
 Oft windeth in her way, as back she meant to go.

(d) Wye or Gwy, so called (in the British) of her sinuo-
 us course.

Meander, who is said so intricate to be, [she.
 Hath not so many turns, nor cranking nooks as
 The Herefordian fields when well near having
 past,
 As she is going forth, two sister brooks at last
 That foil her kindly fends, to guide her on her
 way; [lay
 Neat Gamar, that gets in swift Garran : which do
 Their waters in one bank, augmenting of her
 train, [Dean.
 To grace the goodly Wye, as she doth pass by
 Beyond whose equal spring unto the west doth
 ly [do fly
 The goodly Golden Vale, whose luscious scents
 More free than Hybla's sweets; and 'twixt her
 bord'ring hills,
 The air with such delights and delicacy fills,
 As makes it loth to stir, or thence those smells to
 bear. [there :
 Th' Hesperides scarce had such pleasures as be
 Which sometime to attain, that mighty son of
 Jove [strove,
 One of his labours made, and with the dragon
 That never clos'd his eyes, the golden fruit to
 guard; [spar'd :
 As if t' enrich this place, from others, nature
 Banks crown'd with curled groves, from cold to
 keep the plain, [maintain ;
 Fields batful, flow'ry meads, in state them to
 Floods, to make fat those meads, from marble
 veins that spout, [without.
 To shew, the wealth within doth answer that
 So brave a nymph she is, in every thing so rare,
 As to sit down by her, she thinks there's none
 should dare.
 And forth she sends the Doire, upon the Wye
 to wait, [treat
 Whom Munno by the way more kindly doth in-
 (For Eskle, her most lov'd, and Olcon's only sake)
 With her to go along, till Wye she overtake.
 To whom she condescends, from danger her to
 shield [fordian field.
 That th' Monumethian parts from th' Here-
 Which manly Malvern sees from furthest of
 the shire,
 On tye Wigornian waste when northward look-
 ing near,
 On Corfwood casts his eye, and on his (c) home-
 born chace,
 Then constantly beholds, with an unusual pace,
 Team with her tribute come unto the (f) Cam-
 brian queen, [seen,
 Near whom in all this place a river's scarcely
 That dare avouch her name; Team scorning any
 spring, [bring,
 But what with her along from Shropshire she doth
 Except one nameless stream that Malvern sends
 her in,
 And Laughern though but small : when they such
 grace that win, [bank.
 There thrust in with the brooks inclosed in her
 Team lastly thither com'n with water is so rank,

(c) Malvern chace,

(f) Severn.

As though she would contend with Sabrina, and
 doth crave
 Of place (by her desert) precedence to have :
 Till chancing to behold the other's godlike grace,
 So strongly is surpris'd with beauties in her face
 By no means she could hold, but needfully she must
 shew
 Her liking; and herself doth into Sabrina throw.
 Not far from him again when Malvern doth
 perceive
 Two hills, which though their heads so high they
 do not heave,
 Yet duly to observe great Malvern, and afford
 Him reverence: who again, as fits a gracious lord,
 Upon his subjects looks, and equal praise doth give
 That Woodberry so nigh and neighbourly doth live
 With Abberley his friend, deserving well such fame
 That Saxton in his maps forgot them not to name :
 Which, though in their mean types small matter
 doth appear,
 Yet both of good account were reckoned in the shire,
 And highly grac'd of Team in his proud passing by.
 When soon the goodly Wyre, that wonted was
 so high
 Her stately top to rear, ashamed to behold
 Her straight and goodly woods unto the furnace
 fold
 (And looking on herself, by her decay doth see
 The misery wherein her sister forasts be)
 Of Erichthon's (g) end begins her to bethink,
 And of his cruel plagues doth wish they all might
 drink [despight ;
 That thus have them dispoil'd : then of her own
 That she, in whom her town, fair Beudly took
 delight,
 And from her goodly seat conceiv'd so great a pride,
 In Severn on her east, Wyre on the setting side,
 So naked left of woods, of pleasure, and forlorn,
 As she that lov'd her most, her now the most
 doth scorn ;
 With endless grief perplexed, her stubborn breast
 she strake,
 And to the deafen'd air thus passionately spake ;
 ' You Dryads, that are said with oaks to live
 ' and die, [fly :
 ' Wherefore in our distress do you our dwellings
 ' Upon this monstrous age and not revenge our
 ' wrong ?
 ' For cutting down an oak that justly did belong
 ' To one of Ceres' nymphs, in Thessaly that grew
 ' In the Dodonian grove (O nymphs !) you could
 ' pursue
 ' The son of Perops then, and did the goddess stir
 ' That villainy to wreak the tyrant did to her :
 ' Who, with a dreadful frown did blast the grow-
 ' ing grain : [maintain,
 ' And having from him rest what should his life
 ' She unto Scythia sent, for hunger him to gnaw,
 ' And thrust her down his throat, into his stanch-
 ' less maw :
 ' Who, when nor sea nor land for him sufficient
 ' were, [tear,
 ' With his devouring teeth his wretched flesh did

(g) A fable in Ovid's metam.

' This did you for one tree : but of whole forests
 ' they [decay
 ' That in these impious times have been the vile
 ' (Whom I may justly call their country's deadly
 ' foes)
 ' 'Gainst them you move no power, their spoil
 ' unpunisht goes, [starve,
 ' How many grieved souls in future time shall
 ' For that which they have rapt their beastly lust
 ' to serve, [were,
 ' We, sometime that the state of famous Britain
 ' For whom she was renown'd in kingdoms far
 ' and near, [ground,
 ' Are ransackt ; and our trees so hackt about the
 ' That where their lofty tops their neighbouring
 ' countries crown'd,

' Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and
 ' naked stand, [hand ;
 ' As for revenge to heav'n each held a wither'd
 ' And where the goodly herds of high-palm'd
 ' hearts did gaze [graze
 ' Upon the passer by, thereby now doth only
 ' The gall'd-back carion jade, and hurtful swine
 ' do spoil
 ' Once to the sylvan powers our consecrated soil.
 ' This uttered she with grief : and more she
 ' would have spoke, [broke,
 When the Salopian floods her of her purpose
 And silence did enjoin ; a list'ning ear to lend
 To Severn, which (was thought) did mighty
 things intend.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The muse yet hovers over Wales, and here sings the inner territories, with part of the Severn story, and her English neighbours.

*That fraught from plenteous Powise with their superfluous waste
Manure the balful March——*

Wales (as is before touched) is divided into three parts, North Wales, South Wales, and Powise ; this last is here meant, comprising part of Brecknock, Radnor and Montgomery. The division hath its beginning attributed to the three sons of (a) Roderick the Great, Mervin, Cadelh, and Anarawt, who possess them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old book of Welsh laws, David Powel affirms those tripartite titles more ancient. I know that the division and gift is different in Caradoc Lhancarvan from that of Girald ; but no great consequence of admitting either here those three Princes were called in British (b) *Striteuyfor Tactblar*, because (c) every one of them wore upon his bonnet or helmet, a coronet of gold, being a broad lace or headband, indented upwards, set

and wrought with precious stones, which in British or Welsh is called (d) *Tataeth*, which name nurses give to the upper band on a child's head. Of this form (I mean of a band or wreath) were the ancientest of crowns, as appears in the description of the Cidaris, and Tiara of the Persians in Ctesias, Q. Curtius, and Xenophon, the crowns of Oak, Grass, Parsly, Olives, Myrtle, and such among the Greeks and Romans, and in that express name of Diadema, signifying a Band, of which, whether it have in our tongue community with that Banda, derived of the (e) Carian into Italian, expressing victory, and so, for ominous good works, is translated to ensigns and standards (as in oriental stories the words *Banda* and *Bandopos* often shew) I must not here inquire. Moltutius (f) first used a golden crown among the British, and as it seems by the same authority, Athelstan among the Saxon. But I digress. By the March understand those limits between England and Wales ; which continuing from north to south, join the Welsh shires to Hereford, Shropshire and the English part, and were divers baronies, divided from any shire until (g) Henry VIII. by act of parliament annexed some to Wales,

(a) Girald. Camb. descript. cap. 2. DCCC. LXX. VI.

(b) The three crowned Princes.

(c) D. Powel. ad Caradoc. Lhancarvan.

(d) Crowns, Diadems, Band.

(e) Stephan. *επεὶ πολ. λάβαντα*. v. Gorap. Bec-

ceselan. 2. & Pet. Pirhæl adversar. 2. c. 20. de Bandâ, cui & Andatem apud Dionem conferas, & videtis in altero alterius reliquæ.

(f) Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1. & 9.

(g) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 26. v. 28. Ed. 3. cap. 2.

others to England. The barons that lived in them were called Lord Marchers, and by the name of (b) Marchiones, i. e. Marqueffes. For fo Roger of (i) Mortimer, James of Audeleg, Roger of Clifford, Roger of Leiburn, Haimo I. e. strange, Hugh of Turbervil, which by sword adventured the ranfom of Henry III. out of Simon of Montfort his treacherous imprifonment, after the battle of Lewes) are called (k) Marchiones Walliæ; and Edward III. created Roger of Mortimer Earl of March, as if you fhould fay, of the Limits (l) betwixt Wales and England, *Mare*, or *Mere*, fignifying a bound or limit: as to the III. fong more largely. And hence is fupposed the original of that honorary title of Marquefs, which is as much as a lord of the frontiers, or fuch like; although I know divers others are derivations which the (m) Feudifts have imagined. Thefe Marchers had their laws in their Baronies, and for matter of fuit, if it had been betwixt tenants holding of them, then was it commenced in their own courts and determined; if for the barony itfelf, then in the king's courts at Weftminfter, by writ, directed to the fheriff of the next Englifh fhire adjoining, as Gloucefter, Hereford, and fome others. For the king's (n) writ did not run in Wales as in England; until by ftatute the principality was incorporated with the crown; as appears in an old (o) report where one was committed for efloigning a ward into Wales, *extra potestatem Regis* under Henry III. Afterward (p) Edward I. made fome fhires in it, and altered the customs, conforming them in fome fort to the Englifh, as in the ftatute of Ruthland you have it largely; and under Edward II. to a (q) Parliament at York were fummoned twenty-four out of North Wales, and as many out of South Wales. But notwithstanding all this, the Marches continued as diftinct; and in them were, for the moft part, thofe controverted titles, which in our law-annals are referred to Wales. For the divided fhires were, as it feems, or fhould have been fubject to the Englifh form; but the particulars hereof are unfit for this room: if you are at all converfant in our law, I fend you to my (r) margin; if not, it fcarce concerns you.

— the Higre wildly raves.

This violence, of the water's madnefs, declared by the author, is fo expreff in an old (s) monk, which about four hundred years fince, fays it was called the Higre in Englifh. To make more description of it, were but to refolve the author's poem.

Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did won.

By the Satyrs ravifhing the fea-nymphs into this maratime foreft of Dean (lying between Wye and Severn in Gloucefter) with Severn's fuit to Neptune, and his provision of remedy, you have, poetically defcribed the rapines which were committed along that fhore, by fuch as lurked in thefe fhady receptacles, which he properly titles Satyrs; that name coming from an Eastern (t) root, fignifying to hide, or lie hid, as that (u) all knowing Ifaac Cafaubon hath at large (among other his unmeafurable benefits to the ftate of learning) taught us. The Englifh were alfo ill treated by the Welch in their paffages here, until by act of Parliament remedy was given; as you may fee in the (x) ftatute's preamble, which fatisfies the action.

Whilst Mulverne king of bills fair Severn overlooks.

Hereford and Worcester are by thefe hills feven miles in length confined; and rather, in refpect of the adjacent vales, than the hills felf underftand the attribute of excellency. Upon thefe is the fupposed vifion of Piers Plowman, done, as is thought, by Robert (y) Langland, a Shropfhire man, in a kind of Englifh metre: which for difcovery of the infecting corruptions of thofe times, I prefer before many more feemingly ferious invectives, as well for invention as judgment. But I have read that the author's name was John Mulverne, a fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who finished it 16 Edward III.

(b) Lib. Rub. Seaccar.

(i) Matth. Westmonast. lib. 2.

(k) Marquefs or lord Marcher of Wales.

(l) For the limits fee to the next fong.

(m) Ad Const. Feud. 2, tit. quis dicatur Dux, & Jurifconfulti fæpius.

(n) But fee to the ninth fong more particularly.

(o) 13 Hen. 3. tit. Guard. 147.

(p) Stat. Ruthland. 12. Ed. 1.

(q) 14 Ed. 2. dors. clauf. mem. 13.

(r) V. 18. Ed. 2. tit. Affife 382. 13. Ed. 3. jurisdiction. 23. 6. Hen. 5. ib. 34. 1. Ed. 3. f. 14. & fæpius in annalibus Jura nostri.

(s) Guil. Malmesbur. lib. 4. digest. Pontificum.

(t) $\kappa\rho\rho\iota$.

(u) Πανσπεριστημων. lib. de Satyra. Merito indigetatur hoc Epitheto longe dictissimus à doctissimo Dan. Heinsio in annot. ad Horatium.

(x) Stat. 9. Hen. 6. cap. 5.

(y) About the time of Edward III.

As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.

In Apuglia and the upper Calabria of Italy, the wool hath been ever famous for (z) finest excellence: in so much that for preserving it from the injury of earth, bushes, and weather, the shepherds used to cloath their sheep with skins, and indeed it was so chargeable in these and other

kind of pains about it, that it scarce requir'd cost.

—himself in two did rive.

Alluding to a prodigious division of Marcy hill, in an earthquake of late (a) time; which most of all was in these parts of the island.

(z) Varr. de re rustic. 2. cap. 2. Columell. lib. 9. cap. 4.

(a) 1575.

POLYOLBION:

THE EIGHTH SONG.

The Argument.

The goodly Severn bravely sings
 The noblest of her British kings;
 At Cæsar's landing what we were,
 And of the Roman conquest here:
 Then shews, to her dear Britain's fame,
 How quickly christen'd they became,
 And of their constancy doth boast,
 In sundry fortunes strangely tost:
 Then doth the Saxons landing tell,
 And how by them the Britons fell;
 Cheers the Salopian mountains high,
 That on the west of Severn lie;
 Calls down each riveret from her spring,
 Their queen upon her way to bring;
 Whom down to Brug the muse attends:
 Where, leaving her, this song she ends.

To Salop when herself clear Sabrina comes to
 shew
 And wisely her bethinks the way she had to go,
 South-westward cast her course; and with an
 amorous eye
 Those countries whence she came surveyeth (pas-
 sing by)
 Those lands in ancient times old Cambria claim'd
 her due,
 For refuge when to her th' oppressed Britons flew;
 By England now usurp'd, who (past the wonted
 meers, [shires,
 Her sure and sovereign banks) had taken sundry

Which she her marches made: whereby those
 hills of fame [shame,
 And rivers stood disgrac'd; accounting it their
 § That all without that mound which Mercian
 Offa cast
 To run from north to south, athwart the Cam-
 brian waste,
 Could England not suffice, but that the struggling
 Wye, [lye,
 Which in the heart of Wales was sometime said to
 Now only for her bound proud England did pre-
 fer. [fer'd her,
 That Severn, when she sees the wrong thus of-

Though by injurious time deprived of that place
Which anciently she held; yet loth that her disgrace
Should on the Britons light, the hills and rivers
Austerely to her calls, commanding them to hear
In her dear childrens right (their ancestors of yore,
Now thrust betwixt herself, and the Vergivian
shore,
§ Who drave the giants hence that of the earth
were bred,
And of the spacious isle became the sovereign head)
What from authentic books she liberally could say.
Of which whilst she bethought her; westward
every way,
The mountains, floods, and meers, to silence them
betake: [spake;
When Severn lowting low, thus gravely them be-
‘ How mighty was that man, and honoured
‘ still to be,
‘ That gave this isle his name, and to his chil-
‘ dren three,
‘ Three kingdoms in the same? which, time doth
‘ now deny,
‘ With his arrival here, and primer monarchy.
‘ (a) Loëgria, though thou canst thy Loocrine
‘ easily lose,
‘ Yet (b) Cambria, him, whom fate her ancient
‘ founder chose,
‘ In no wise will forego; nay, should (c) Albania
‘ leave [cleave.
‘ § Her Albanact for aid, and to the Scythian
‘ And though remorseless Rome, which first did
‘ us enthral, [call;
‘ As barbarous but esteem’d, and stickt not so to
‘ The ancient Britons yet a sceptred king obey’d
‘ § Three hundred years before Rome’s great
‘ foundation laid;
‘ And had a thousand years an empire strongly
‘ stood, [flood,
‘ E’er Cæsar to her shores here stem’d the circling
‘ § And long before, borne arms against the bar-
‘ barous Hun,
‘ Here landing with intent the isle to over-run:
‘ And following them in flight, their general
‘ Humberd drown’d
‘ In that great arm of sea, by his great name re-
‘ nown’d?
‘ And her great builders had, her cities who did
‘ rear [where.
‘ With fanes unto her gods, and (d) flamins every
‘ Nor Troynovant alone a city long did stand;
‘ But after, soon again by Ebrank’s powerful hand
‘ York lifts her towers aloft; which scarcely fi-
‘ nish was,
‘ But as they, by those kings, so by Rudhudibras,
‘ Kent’s first and famous (e) town, with Win-
‘ chester, arose:
And others, others built, as they fit places chose.
‘ So Britain to her praise, of all conditions
‘ brings; [kings,
‘ The warlike, as the wife. Of her courageous

(a) England.

(b) Wales.

(c) Scotland.

(d) Priests among idolatrous Gentiles.

(e) Canterbury.

‘ Brute Greenshield: to whose name we provi-
‘ dence impute, [Brute.
‘ Divinely to revive the land’s first conqueror,
‘ So had she those were learn’d, endu’d with
‘ nobler parts:
‘ As, he from learned Greece, that (by the libe-
‘ ral arts)
‘ § To Stamford, in this isle, seem’d Athens to
‘ transfer;
‘ Wife Bladud, of her kings that great philosopher;
‘ Who found our boiling baths; and his know-
‘ ledge high,
‘ Disdaining human paths, here practis’d to fly.
‘ Of justly vexed Leire, and those who last did
‘ tug
‘ In worse than civil war, the (f) sons of Gorbodug
‘ (By whose unnatural strife the land so long was
‘ tost)
‘ I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my Britain boast;
‘ But, of that man which did her monarchy re-
‘ store, [wore,
‘ Her first imperial crown of gold that ever
‘ And that most glorious type of sovereignty re-
‘ gain’d, [tain’d
‘ Mulmutius: who this land in such estate main-
‘ As his great bellfire Brute from Albion’s heirs it
‘ won.
‘ § This grand-child, great as he, those four
‘ proud streets begun
‘ That each way cross this isle, and bounds did
‘ them allow.
‘ Like privilege he lent the temple and the plow:
‘ So studious was this prince in his most forward
‘ zeal
‘ To the celestial power, and to the public weal.
‘ (g) Bellinus he begot, who Dacia proud sub-
‘ du’d; [fu’d,
‘ And Brennus, who abroad a worthier war pur-
‘ Asham’d of civil strife; at home here leaving
‘ all: [Gaul
‘ And with such goodly youth, in Germany and
‘ As he had gather’d up, the Alpin mountains
‘ past,
‘ And bravely on the banks of fatal Allia chas’d
‘ The Romans (that her stream distained with
‘ their gore)
‘ And through proud Rome, display’d his British
‘ ensign bore:
‘ § There, balancing his sword against her baser
‘ gold,
‘ The senators for slaves he in her forum fold.
‘ At last, by power expell’d, yet proud of late
‘ success,
‘ His forces then for Greece did instantly address;
‘ And marching with his men upon her fruitful
‘ face, [Thrace;
‘ Made Macedon first stoop; then Thessaly, and
‘ His soldiers there enrich with all Peonia’s spoil;
‘ And where to Greece he gave the last and
‘ deadliest foil,
‘ In that most dreadful fight, on that more dis-
‘ mal day, [pylæ;
‘ O’erthrew their utmost prowess at sad Thermo-
‘ (f) Ferrex and Porrex. (g) Bellinus and Brennus.

And daring of her gods, adventur'd to have taen
Those sacred things enshrined in wife Apol-
lo's fane :

To whom when thund'ring heaven pronounc'd
her fearfull'st word,

§ Against the Delphian power he shak'd his
ireful sword.

As of the British blood, the native Cambri
here [were

(So of my Cambria call'd) those valiant Cymbri

(When Britain with her brood so peopled had
her seat,

The soil could not suffice, it daily grew so great)

Of Denmark who themselves did anciently possess,

And to that straitned point, that utmost cher-
soneffe,

§ My country's name bequeath'd; whence Cym-
brica it took :

Yet long were not compriz'd within that little
nook,

But with those Almain powers this people issued
forth : [north,

And like some boisterous wind arising from the

Came that unwieldy host; that, which way it
did move, [shove,

The very burthenous earth before it seem'd to

And only meant to claim the universe its own.

In this terrestrial globe, as though some world
unknown,

By pamp'ring nature's store too prodigally fed

(And surfeiting therewith) her surcease vomited;

These roaming up and down to seek some set-
tling room,

First like a deluge fell upon Illyricum,

And with his Roman powers Papyrius over-
threw;

Then, by great (b) Belus brought against those
legions, flew [led;

Their forces which in France Aurelius Scaurus

And afterward again, as bravely vanquished

The consuls Cæpio, and stout Menlius on the
plain, [slain.

Where Rhodanus was red with blood of Latins

In greatness next succeeds Belinus' worthy son,

Gurgustus : who soon left what his great father
won,

To Guynteline his heir : whose (i) queen, be-
yond her kind,

In her great husband's peace, to shew her up-
right mind,

§ To wife Mulmutius' laws, her Martian first
did frame :

From which we ours derive, to her eternal fame.

So Britain forth with these, that valiant bas-
tard brought,

Morindus, Danius' son, which with that (k)
monster fought [again.

His subjects that devour'd; to shew himself

Their martyr, who by them selected was to
reign.

So Britain likewise boasts her Elidure the just,

Who with his people was of such especial trust,

(b) A great general of those northern nations.

(i) Martian.

(k) A certain monster often issuing from the sea, de-
voured divers of the British people.

That (Archigallo fall'n into their general hate,
And by their powerful hand depriv'd of kingly
state)

Unto the regal chair they Elidure advanc'd :

But long he had not reign'd e'er happily it
chanc'd,

In hunting of a hart, that in the forest wild,

The late deposed king, himself who had exil'd

From all resort of men, just Elidure did meet;

Who much unlike himself, at Elidurus' feet

Him prostrating with tears, his tender breast so
strook,

That he (the British rule who lately on him took

At th' earnest peoples pray'rs) him calling to
the court,

There Archigallo's wrongs so lively did report,

Relating (in his right) his lamentable case,

With so effectual speech imploring their high
grace,

That him they reinthron'd; in peace who spent
his days.

Then Elidure again, crown'd with applausive
praise,

As ha a brother rais'd, by brothers was depos'd.

And put into the tower; where miserably in-
clos'd,

Outliving yet their hate. and the usurpers dead,

Thrice had the British crown set on his reverend
head.

When more than thirty kings in fair succession
came

Unto that mighty Lud, in whose eternal name

§ Great London still shall live (by him rebuild-
ed) while

To cities she remains the sovereign of this isle.

And when commanding Rome to Cæsar gave
the charge,

Her empire (but too great) still farther to en-
large

With all beyond the Alps; the aids he found to
pass

From these parts into Gaul, shew'd here some
nation was

Undaunted that remain'd with Rome's so dread-
ful name,

That durst presume to aid those she decreed to
tame.

Wherefore that matchless man, whose high am-
bition wrought

Beyond her empire's bounds, by shipping wisely
fought

(Here prowling on the shores) this island to
descry,

What people her possess'd, how fashion'd she did
lie :

Where scarce a stranger's foot defil'd her virgin
breast,

Since her first conqueror Brute here put his
powers to rest;

Only some little boats, from Gaul that did her
feed

With trifles, which she took for niteness more
than need :

But as another world, with all abundance blest,

And satisfy'd with what she in herself possess'd ;

' Through her excessive wealth (at length) till
 ' wanton grown,
 ' Some kings (with others lands that would en-
 ' large their own)
 ' By innovating arms an open passage made
 ' For him that gap't for all (the Roman) to in-
 ' vade.
 ' Yet with grim-visag'd war when he her shores
 ' did greet,
 ' And terriblest did threat with his amazing
 ' fleet,
 ' Those British bloods he found, his force that
 ' durst assail,
 ' And poured from the cliffs their shafts like
 ' showers of hail
 ' Upon his helmed head; to tell him as he came,
 ' That they (from all the world) yet feared not
 ' his name:
 ' Which, their undaunted spirits made that con-
 ' queror feel,
 ' Oft vent'ring their bare breast 'gainst his oft-
 ' bloody'd steel;
 ' And in their chariots charg'd: which they with
 ' wondrous skill
 ' Could turn in their swift'st course upon the
 ' steepest hill,
 ' And wheel about his troops for vantage of the
 ' ground,
 ' Or else disfrank his force where entrance might
 ' be found;
 ' And from their armed seats their thrilling darts
 ' could throw;
 ' Or nimbly leaping down, their valiant swords
 ' bestow,
 ' And with an active skip remount themselves
 ' again,
 ' Leaving the Roman horse behind them on the
 ' plain,
 ' And beat him back to Gaul his forces to supply;
 ' As they the gods of Rome and Cæsar did defy.
 ' Cassibelan renown'd, the Britons faithful
 ' guide,
 ' Who when th' Italian pow'rs could no way be
 ' deny'd,
 ' But would this isle subdue; their forces to fore-
 ' lay,
 ' Thy forests thou didst sell, their speedy course
 ' to stay:
 ' § Those armed stakes in Thames that stuck'st,
 ' their horse to gore,
 ' Which boldly durst attempt to forage on thy
 ' shore: [low,
 ' Thou such hard entrance here to Cæsar didst al-
 ' To whom (thyself except) the western world
 ' did bow.
 ' § And more than Cæsar got, three emperors
 ' could not win,
 ' Till the courageous sons of our Cunobelin
 ' Sunk under Plautius' sword, sent hither to dis-
 ' cuss [us
 ' The former Roman right, by arms again, with
 ' Nor with that consul join'd, Vespasian could pre-
 ' vail
 ' In thirty several fights, nor make them stoop
 ' their fail.

' Yea, had not his brave son, young Titus, past
 ' their hopes,
 ' His forward father fetcht out of the British
 ' troops,
 ' And quit him wondrous well when he was
 ' strongly charg'd,
 ' His father (by his hands so valiantly enlarg'd)
 ' Had never more seen Rome; nor had he ever
 ' spilt
 ' The temple that wise son of faithful David built,
 ' Subverted those high walls, and lay'd that city
 ' waste, [grac'd,
 ' Which God, in human flesh, above all other,
 ' No marvel then though Rome so great her
 ' conquest thought,
 ' In that the isle of Wight she to subjection
 ' brought, [west)
 ' Our (b) Belgæ and subdu'd (a people of the
 ' That latest came to us, our least of all the rest;
 ' When Claudius, who at that time her wreath
 ' imperial wore,
 ' Though scarce he shewed himself upon our
 ' southern shore,
 ' It scorn'd not in his style; but, due to that his
 ' praise,
 ' Triumphal arches claim'd, and to have yearly
 ' plays;
 ' The noblest naval crown, upon his palace pitcht;
 ' As with the ocean's spoil his Rome who had en-
 ' richt.
 ' Her Caradock (with cause) so Britain may
 ' prefer;
 ' Than whom, a braver spirit was ne'r brought,
 ' forth by her: [head,
 ' For whilst here in the west the Britons gather'd
 ' This general of the rest, his stout (c) Silures led,
 ' Against Ostorius, sent by Cæsar to this place
 ' With Rome's high fortune (then the high'st in
 ' fortune's grace)
 ' A long and doubtful war with whom he did
 ' maintain,
 ' Until that hour wherein his valiant Britons slain,
 ' He grievously beheld (o'erprest with Roman
 ' power)
 ' Himself well near the last their wrath did not
 ' devour. [most,
 ' When (for revenge, not fear) he fled (as trusting
 ' Another day might win, what this had lately lost)
 ' To Cartimandua, queen of (d) Brigants, for her
 ' aid,
 ' He to his foes, by her, most falsely was betray'd.
 ' Who, as a spoil of war, t' adorn the triumph sent
 ' To great Ostorius due, when through proud
 ' Rome he went,
 ' That had herself prepar'd (as she had all been,
 ' eyes) [guise,
 ' Our Caradock to view; who in his country's
 ' § Came with his body nak'd, his hair down to
 ' his waist,
 ' Girt with a chain of steel; his manly breast in-
 ' chas'd

(b) A people then inhabiting Hamp. Dorset. Wilt. and
Somerfetshires.

(c) Those of Monmouth, and the adjacent shires.

(d) Those of Yorkshire, and thereby.

' With sundry shapes of beasts. And when this
 ' Briton saw
 ' His wife and children bound as slaves, it could
 ' not awe
 ' His manliness at all : but with a settled grace,
 ' Undaunted with her pride, he lookt her in the
 ' face :
 ' And with a speech so grave as well a prince be-
 ' came,
 ' Himself and his redeem'd, to our eternal fame.
 ' Then Rome's great (l) tyrant next, the last's
 ' adopted heir,
 ' That brave Suetonius sent, the British coasts to
 ' clear ;
 ' The utter spoil of (m) Mon who strongly did
 ' pursue
 ' (Unto whose gloomy strengths, th' revolted Bri-
 ' tons flew)
 ' There entring, he beheld what struck him
 ' pale with dread ;
 ' The frantick British foes, their hair dishevelled,
 ' With fire-brands ran about, like to their furious
 ' eyes :
 ' And from the hollow woods the fearless Druids ;
 ' Who with their direful threats, and execrable
 ' vows, [brows.
 ' Enforc'd the troubled heaven to knit her angry
 ' And as here in the west the Romans bravely
 ' wan,
 ' So all upon the east the Britons overran :
 ' § The colony long kept at Mauldon, overthrown,
 ' Which by prodigious signs was many times fore-
 ' shewn, [when
 ' And often had dismay'd the Roman soldiers :
 ' Brave Voadicia made with her resolved 'st men
 ' To (n) Virolim ; whose siege with fire and sword
 ' she ply'd, [hy'd,
 ' Till level'd with the earth. To London as she
 ' The consul coming in with his auspicious aid,
 ' The queen (to quit her yoke no longer that de-
 ' lay'd [try,
 ' Him dar'd by dint of sword, it hers or his to
 ' With words that courage shew'd, and with a
 ' voice as high
 ' (In her right hand her lance, and in her left her
 ' shield,
 ' As both the battles stood prepared in the field)
 ' Encouraging her men : which resolute, as strong,
 ' Upon the Roman rush'd ; and she, the rest among,
 ' Wades in that doubtful war : till lastly, when she
 ' saw
 ' The fortune of the day unto the Roman draw,
 ' The queen (t' outlive her friends who highly did
 ' disdain,
 ' And lastly, for proud Rome a triumph to remain)
 ' § By poison ends her days, unto that end pre-
 ' par'd,
 ' As lavishly to spend what Suetonius spar'd.
 ' Him scarcely Rome recall'd, such glory having
 ' won,
 ' But bravely to proceed, as erst she had begun,

' Agricola here made her great lieutenant then :
 ' Who having settled Mon, that man of all her men,
 ' Appointed by the powers apparently to see
 ' The wearied Britons sink, and eas'ly in degree
 ' Beneath his fatal sword the (o) Ordovics to fall
 ' Inhabiting the west, those people last of all
 ' Which stoutl'est him withstood, renown'd for
 ' martial worth.
 ' Thence leading on his powers unto the utmost
 ' north,
 ' When all the towns that lay betwixt our Trent
 ' and Tweed, [feed,
 ' Suffic'd not (by the way) his wasteful fires to
 ' He there some Britons found, who (to rebate
 ' their spleen, [seen)
 ' As yet with grieved eyes our spoils not having
 ' Him at (p) Mount Grampus next : which from
 ' his height beheld
 ' Them lavish of their lives ; who could not be
 ' compell'd [guide
 ' The Roman yoke to bear : and Galgacus their
 ' Amongst his murdered troops there resolutely
 ' dy'd.
 ' Eight Roman emperors reign'd since first that
 ' war began ;
 ' Great Julius Cæsar first, the last Domitian.
 ' A hundred thirty years the northern Britons still,
 ' That would in no wise stoop to Rome's impe-
 ' rious will,
 ' Into the strait'n'd land with theirs retired far,
 ' In laws and manners since from us that differ-
 ' ent are ; [drew
 ' And with the Irish Pict, which to their aid they
 ' (On them oft breaking in, who long did them
 ' pursue)
 ' § A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred,
 ' Than Rome, with much expence that us had
 ' conquered.
 ' And when that we great Rome's so much in
 ' time were grown,
 ' That she her charge durst leave to princes of
 ' our own,
 ' Such as, within ourselves, our suffrage should
 ' elect [test ;
 ' § Arviragus, born ours, here first she did pro-
 ' Who faithfully and long, of labour did her ease.
 ' Then he, our Flamins seats who turn'd to bi-
 ' shops sees ;
 ' Great Lucius, that good king : to whom we
 ' chiefly owe [know.
 ' § This happiness we have. Christ crucify'd to
 ' As Britain to her praise receiv'd the christian
 ' faith, [death
 ' After (that word-made man) our dear redeemer's
 ' Within two hundred years ; and his disciples
 ' here,
 ' By their great master sent to preach him every
 ' where,
 ' Most reverently receiv'd, their doctrine and pre-
 ' ser'd ; [ter'd.
 ' Interring him, (q) who erst the son of God in-

(l) Nero.

(m) Anglesey, the chief place of residence of the Druids.

(n) By Saint Albans.

(o) North Wales men.

(p) In the midst of Scotland.

(q) Joseph of Arimathea.

' So Britons was she born, though Italy her
 ' crown'd, [renown'd,
 ' Of all the Christian world that empress molt
 ' § Constantius' worthy wife; who scorning
 ' worldly loss,
 ' Herself in person went to seek that sacred cross,
 ' Whereon our Saviour dy'd: which found, as it
 ' was sought, [brought.
 ' From (r) Salem unto Rome triumphantly she
 ' As when the primer church her councils
 ' pleas'd to call,
 ' Great Britain's bishops there were not the least
 ' of all,
 ' § Against the Arian sect at Arles having room,
 ' At Sardica again, and at Ariminum.
 ' Now, when with various fate five hundred
 ' years had past,
 ' And Rome of her great charge grew weary here
 ' at last;
 ' The Vandals, Goths, and Huns, that with a
 ' powerful head
 ' All Italy and France had well-near overspread,
 ' To much endanger'd Rome sufficient warning
 ' gave, [have.
 ' Those forces that she held, within herself to
 ' The Roman rule from us then utterly remov'd.
 ' Whilst we, in sundry fields, our sundry for-
 ' tunes prov'd [war.
 ' With the remorseless Pict, still wasting us with
 ' And 'twixt the froward fire, licentious Vortiger,
 ' And his too forward son, young Vortimer, arose
 ' Much strife within ourselves, whilst here they
 ' interpose
 ' By turns each other's reigns: whereby, we
 ' weak'ned grew.
 ' The warlike Saxon then into the land we drew;
 ' A nation nurs'd in spoil, and fitt'ft to undergo
 ' Our cause against the Pict, our most inveterate
 ' foe.
 ' When they, which we had hir'd for soldiers to
 ' the shore,
 ' Perceiv'd the wealthy isle to wallow in her store,
 ' And subt'ly had found out how we infeebl'd
 ' were;
 ' They, under false pretence of amity and cheer,
 ' The British peers invite, the German healths
 ' to view [slew.
 ' At Stonehenge; where they them unmercifully
 ' Then, those of Brute's great blood, of Armo-
 ' rick posselt, [trest,
 ' Extremely griev'd to see their kinsmen so dis-
 ' Us offer'd to relieve, or else with us to dy:
 ' We, after, to requite their noble courtesy,
 ' § Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends
 ' again, [strain;
 ' In wedlock to be linkt with them of Brute's high
 ' That none with Brute's great blood, but Bri-
 ' tons might be mixt:
 ' Such friendship ever was the stock of Troy be-
 ' twixt.
 ' Out of whose ancient race, that warlike Ar-
 ' thur sprong;
 ' Whose most renowned acts shall founded be
 ' as long

(r) Jerusalem.

' As Britain's name is known: which spread them-
 ' selves so wide,
 ' As scarcely hath for fame left any roomth beside.
 ' My Wales, then hold thine own, and let thy
 ' Britons stand
 ' Upon their right, to be the noblest of the land.
 ' Think how much berter 'tis, for thee, and those
 ' of thine, [line,
 ' From gods, and heroes old to draw your famous
 ' § Than from the Scythian poor; whence they
 ' themselves derive,
 ' Whose multitudes did first you to the moun-
 ' tains drive.
 Nor let the spacious mound of that great Mer-
 ' cian king
 ' Into a lesser roomth thy burliness to bring)
 ' Include thee; when myself, and my dear bro-
 ' ther (s) Dee,
 ' By nature were the bounds first limited to thee.
 ' Scarce ended she her speech, but those great
 ' mountains near,
 Upon the Cambrian part that all for Brutus were,
 With her high truths inflam'd, look'd every one
 ' about
 To find their several springs; and bade them get
 ' them out,
 And in their fulness wait upon their sovereign flood,
 In Britons ancient right so bravely that had stood.
 ' When first the furious Team, that on the Cam-
 ' brian side
 Doth Shropshire as a mear from Hereford divide,
 As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth crave
 That of those lesser brooks the leading she might
 ' have;
 The first of which is Clun, that to her mistress
 ' came: [name,
 Which of a (t) forest born that bears her proper
 Unto the Golden Vale and anciently ally'd,
 Of every thing of both sufficiently supply'd,
 The longer that she grows, the more renown doth
 ' win: [in,
 And for her greater state, next Bradfield bringeth
 Which to her wider banks resigns a weaker stream.
 ' When fiercely making forth, the strong and
 ' lusty Team [embrace,
 A friendly forest-nymph (nam'd Mocktry) doth
 Herself that bravely bears; 'twixt whom and
 ' Bringwood chase,
 Her banks with many a wreath are curiously be-
 ' deckt, [protect.
 And in their safer shades they long time her
 ' Then takes she Oney in, and forth from them
 ' doth fling: [bring
 When to her further aid, next Bow, and Warren,
 Clear Quenny; by the way, which Stradbrook up
 ' doth take:
 By whose united powers, their Team they migh-
 ' tier make;
 Which in her lively course to Ludlow comes at last,
 Where Corve into her stream herself doth head-
 ' long cast.
 With due attendance next, come Ledwich and the
 ' Rhea. [sea,
 ' Then speeding her, as though sent post unto the

(s) The ancient bounds of Wales.

(t) Clun Forest.

Her native Shropshire leaves, and bids those towns
adieu,

Her only sovereign queen, proud Severn to pursue.

When at her going out, those mountains of
command

(The Clees, like loving twins, and Stitterston
that stand)

Trans-severned, behold fair England tow'rds the
rise,

And on their setting side, how ancient Cambria

Then Stipperton a hill, though not of such re-
nown

As many that are set here tow'rds the going
To those his own allies, that stood not far away,

Thus in behalf of Wales directly seem'd to say ;

' Dear Corndon, my delight, as thou art lov'd

' of me,

' And Breeden, as thou hop'st a Briton thought

' To Cortock strongly cleave, as to our ancient

' friend,

' And all our utmost strength to Cambria let us

' For though that envious time injuriously have

' wrung

' From us, those proper names did first to us be-

' Yet for our country still, stout mountains let us

' stand.'

Here, every neighbouring hill held up a willing
As freely to applaud what Stipperton decreed :

And Hockstow, when she heard the mountains
thus proceed,

With echoes from her woods, her inward joys ex-
prest,

To hear that hill she lov'd, which likewise lov'd
her best,

Should in the right of Wales, his neighbouring
mountains stir,

So to advance that place which might them both
That she from open shouts could scarce herself re-
frain.

When soon those other rills to Severn which re-
And tended not on Team, thus of themselves do
show

The service that to her they absolutely owe.

First Camlet cometh in, a Montgomerian maid,

Her source in Severn's banks that safely having
laid,

Mele, her great mistress next at Shrewsbury doth
meet,

To see with what a grace she that fair town doth

Into what sundry gyres her wondered self she
throws,

And oft inisles the shore, as wantonly she flows ;

Of it oft taking leave, oft turns, it to embrace ;

As though she only were enamour'd of that place,

Her fore-intended course determined to leave,

And to that most-lov'd town eternally to cleave :

With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,

Her journey towards the sea doth seriously pursue.

Where, as along the shores she prosperously doth
sweep,

Small Marbrook maketh in, to her enticing deep.

And as she lends her eye to (u) Bruge's lofty sight,

That forest-nymph Mildmorff doth kindly her in-
vite

To see within her shade what pastime she could

Where she, of Shropshire ; I my leave of Severn
take.

(u) Bruge-north.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

STILL are you in the Welsh march, and the Cho-
rography of this song includes itself, for the most,
within Shropshire's part over Severn.

That all without the mound that Mercian Offa cast.

Of the Marches in general you have to the
next before. The (a) particular bounds have
been certain parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and
Offa's dike. The ancientest is Severn, but a later
is observed in a right line from (b) Strigoil castle
upon Wye, to Chester upon Dee, which was so
naturally a mere between these two countries

Wales and England, that by apparent change of
its channel towards either side superstitious judg-
ment was used to be given of success in the fol-
lowing years battles of both nations ; whence per-
haps came it to be called Holy Dee, as the author
also often uses. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and
Wye in this line (almost an hundred miles long)
was that Offa's dike cast, after such time as he had
besides his before-possess Mercland, acquired by
conquest even almost what is now England. King
Harold (c) made a law, that whatsoever Welsh
transcended this dike with any kind of weapon,
should have, upon apprehension, his right hand

(a) Caradoc Llancarvan in Conan Tindaethwy.
Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 11. & Descript. cap. 19.

(b) By Chepstow in Monmouth. *Claudeb-Offa.*

See to the tenth song for Die. An. D, CC, LXXX.

(c) Higden. in Polychronic. 1. cap. 43.

cut off; Athelstan after the conquest of Howel Dha king of Wales made Wye limit of North Wales, as in regard of his chief territory of West Saxony (so affirms Malmesbury) which well understood impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere instituted by him, and withal shews you how to mend the monk's published text, where you read (*d*) *Ludwalum regem omnium Wallensum, & Constantinum regem Scotorum cedere regnis compulit*. For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howel Dha, in other chronicles called Huwal) in Athelstan's life time was not king of all Wales, but only of the South and Western parts with Powis, his cousin Edwal Voel then having North Wales; twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to distinguish. Therefore either read *Occidentalium Wallensum* (for in Florence of Worcester and Roger of Hoveden that passage is with *Occidentalium Britonnum*) or else believe that Malmesbury mistook Howel to be in Athelstan's time, as he was after his death, sole prince of all Wales. In this conjecture I had aid from Lhancarvan's history, which in the same page (as learned Lhuïd's edition in English is) says, that Athelstan made the river (*g*) Cambia the frontier towards Cornwall: but there, in requital, I correct him, and read Tambda, i. e. Tamar, dividing Devonshire and Cornwall; as Malmesbury hath it expressly, and the matter self enough persuades.

Who drave the Giants hence, that of the earth were bred.

Somewhat of the giants to the first song; fabulously supposed begotten by spirits upon Dioneletian's or Danaus's daughters. But here the author aptly terms them bred of the earth, both for that the antiquities of the Gentiles made the first inhabitants of most countries as produced of the soil, calling them Aborigines and *Αυτόχθονες*, as also for imitation of those epithets of *Γηγενής*, and (*b*) *Πηλογόνοι* among the Greeks, *Terra filij* among the Latins, the very name of giants being thence derived,

(*k*) *Οὐνεπαγῆς ἐγένοντο καὶ αἱμαῖος Οὐρανοῖο.*

Which misconceit I shall think abused the heathen upon their ill understanding of Adam's creation (*l*) and allegoric greatness, touched before out of Jewish fiction.

Her Albanact; for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.

(*d*) He compelled Ludwal king of all Wales, and Constantine king of Scots to leave their crowns. *Emendatio historiae Malmesburiensis* lib. 2. cap. 6.

(*g*) Cambalan or Camel.

(*b*) Callimach. in hymn. Jovis.

(*k*) Because they were bred of earth, and the dew of heaven. Orpheus ap. Nat. Com. Mytholog. 6. cap. 21.

(*l*) *ΕΓΓΕΝΕΤΑΙ* terra

Britain's tripartite division by Brute's three sons, Logrin, Camber and Albanact, whence all beyond Severn was stiled Cambria, the now England Loegria, and Scotland Albania, is here shewed you: which I admit, but as the rest of that nature, upon credit of our suspected stories followed with sufficient justification by the muse; alluding here to that opinion which deduces the Scots and their names from the Scythians. Arguments of this likelihood have you largely in our most excellent antiquary. I only add, that by tradition of the Scythians themselves, they had very anciently a general name, titling them (*m*) Scolots (soon contracted into Scots) whereas the Grecians called the northern all (*n*) Scythians, perhaps the original of that name being from Shooting; for which they were especially through the world famous, as you may see in most passages of their name in old poets; and that Lucian's title of Toxaris, is, as if you should say, an Archer. For the word *shoot* being at first of the Teutonic (which was very likely dispersed largely in the northern parts) anciently was written nearer *Schyth*, as among other testimonies, the name of (*o*) *Scyte finger*, i. e. the shooting finger, for the fore finger among our (*p*) Saxons.

Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid.

Take this with latitude: for between Æneas Sylvius king of the Latins, under whose time Brute is placed, to Numitor, in whose second year Rome was built, intercedes above three hundred and forty, and with such difference understand the thousand until Cæsar.

And long before borne arms against the barbarous Hun.

Our stories tell you of Humber king of Huns (a people that being Scythian, lived about those (*q*) parts which you now call *Mar delle Zabach*) his attempt and victory against Albanact, conflict with Logrin, and death in this river, from whence they will the name. Distance of his country, and the unlikely relation weakens my historical faith. Observe you also the first transmigration of the Huns, mentioned by Procopius, Agathias, others, and you will think this very different from truth. And well could I think by conjecture (with a great (*r*) antiquary) that the name was first (or thence derived) (*s*) *Aabren* or *Aber*, which in British, as appears by the names Abergevenni,

(*m*) Herodot. Melpomene 3.

(*n*) Ephor. ap. Strab. 2.

(*o*) In τῷ Scyræ, forsan reliquæ vocabuli i. e. Arcus, & punctorum variatione, Sagittarius. v. Garopium Becceselan. 8. five Amazonic.

(*p*) Alured. leg. cap. 40.

(*q*) Agathias lib. 6. Mæotidis Palus.

(*r*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Hull.

(*s*) Abus dictum isthoc æstuarium Ptolemeo.

Abertewi, Aberhodni, signifying the fall of the river Gevenni, Tewi, Rhodni, is as much as a (t) River's mouth in English, and fits itself specially, in that most of the Yorkshire rivers here cast themselves into one confluence for the ocean. Thus perhaps was Severn first Hafren, and not from the maid there drowned, as you have before; but for that, this no place.

To Stamford in this isle seem'd Athens to transfer.

Look to the third song for more of Bladud and his baths. Some testimony (u) is, that he went to Athens, brought thence with him four philosophers, and instituted by them a university at Stamford in Lincolnshire; but, of any persuading credit I find none. Only of later time, that profession of learning was there, authority is frequent. For when through discording parts among the scholars (reigning Edward III.) a division in Oxford was into the Northern and Southern faction, the Northern (before under Henry III. also was the like to Northampton) made secession to this Stamford, and there profest, until upon humble suit by Robert of Stratford, chancellor of Oxford, the king (x) by edict, and his own presence, prohibited them; whence, afterward, also was that oath taken by Oxford graduates, that they should not profess at Stamford. White of Basingstoke otherwise guesses at the cause of this difference, making it the Pelagian heresy, and of more ancient time, but erroneously. Unto this refer that supposed prophecy of Merlin:

*Doctrina studium quod nunc viget ad (y) vada Boum,
Ante finem seculi celebrabitur ad (x) vada Saxi.*

Which you shall have Englished in that solemnized marriage of Thames and Medway, by a most admired (a) Muse of our nation, thus with advantage:

*And after him the fatal Welland went,
That, if old saws prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drown all (b) Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely bid,
Then shine in learning more than ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams.*

Nor can you apply this, but to much younger time than Bladud's reign.

As be those four proud streets began.

Of them you shall have better declaration to the sixteenth song.

There balancing his sword against her baser gold.

In that story, of Brennus and his Gauls taking Rome, is affirmed, that by senatorial authority P. Sulpitius (as a tribune) was committed to transact with the enemy for leaving the Roman territory; the price was agreed (c) four hundred pound of gold; unjust weights were offered by the Gauls, which Sulpitius disliking, so far were those insolent conquerors from mitigation of their oppressing purpose, that (as for them all) Brennus to the first injustice of the balance, added the poize of his sword also; whence, upon a murmuring complaint among the Romans, crying (d) *Va victis*, came that to be a proverb applied to the conquered.

Against the Delphian power yet shak'd his ireful sword.

Like liberty as others, takes the author in affirming that Brennus, which was general to the Gauls in taking Rome, to be the same which overcame Greece, and assaulted the oracle. But the truth of story stands thus: Rome was afflicted by one Brennus about the year (e) three hundred and sixty after the building, when the Gauls had such a Cadmeian victory of it, that fortune converted by martial opportunity, they were at last by Camillus so put to the sword, that a reporter of the slaughter was not left, as Livy and Plutarch (not impugned by Polybius, as Polydore hath mistaken) tell us. (f) About cx years after, were tripartite excursions of the Gauls; of an army under Cerethrius into Thrace; of the like under Belgius or Bolgius into Macedon and Illyricum; of another under Brennus and Acichorius into Pannonia. What success Belgius had with Ptolemy, surnamed (g) *Κίρανος*, is discovered in the same (b) authors which relate to us Brennus his wasting of Greece, with his violent, but somewhat voluntary, death; but part of the army, either divided by mutiny, or left, after Apollo's revenge, betook them to habitation in Thrace about the now Constantinople, where first under their king Comontorius (as Polybius, but Livy saith under Lutatius and Lomnorus, which name perhaps you might correct by Polybius) they ruled their neighbouring states with imposition of tribute, and at last growing too populous, sent (as

(t) Girald, Itinerar. cap. 2. & 4.

(u) Merlin. apud Hard. cap. 25. ex iisdem & Balæus.

(x) Jo. Cai. antiq. Cant. 2. Br. Tuin. lib. 3. apolog. Oxon. §. 115. & seq.

(y) Oxenford.

(x) Staneford.

(a) Spenf. Faery Queen. lib. 4. Cant. 11. Stanz.

35.

(b) The maritime part of Lincolnshire, where, Welland a river,

(c) Liv. dec. lib. 5. Plutarch. in Camillo.

(d) Wo to the conquered. v. vero Stephan. Forcatulum lib. 2. de Gall. philosoph. qui hæc in inter examinandum fœdè, ast cum alijs, in historiâ ipsâ lapsus est.

(e) Halicarnass. ἀρχ. a. Liv. 5.

(f) V. Jo. Prif. defens. hist. Brit. qui nimium hic errore involutus.

(g) Thunderbolt.

(b) Pausanias in Phocic.

it seems) those colonies into Asia, which in (*i*) Gallogræcia left sufficient steps of their ancient names. My compared classic (*k*) authors will justify as much; nor scarce find I material opposition among them in any particulars; only Tro-
gus, epitomized by Justin, is therein, by confu-
sion of time and actions, somewhat abused; which
hath caused that error of those which take histo-
rical liberty (poetical is allowable) to affirm Bren-
nius which sackt Rome, and him, that died at
Delphos, the same. Examination of time makes
it apparently false; nor indeed doth the British
chronology endure our Brennus to be either of
them, as Polydore and Buchanan have obser-
ved. But want of the British name moves no-
thing against it; seeing the people of this western
part were all, until a good time after those wars,
stiled by the name of Gauls or Celts; and those
which would have ransackt the oracle are said by
Callimachus to have come

——— (*l*) ἀφ' Ἑσπέρης ἰσχυρόωντος;

Which as well fits us as Gaul. And thus much
also observe, that those names of Brennus and
Belinus, being of great note, both in signification
and personal eminency; and, likely enough, there
being many of the same name in Gaul and Britain,
in several ages such identity made confusion in
story. For the first in this relation appears what
variety was of it; as also *Hrenbin* and *Brennin* in
the British are but significant words for king; and
peradventure almost as ordinary a name among
these westerns, as Pharaoh and Ptolemy in Æ-
gypt, Agag among the Amalekites, Arfaces, Ni-
comedes, Alevada, Sophi, Cæsar, Oiscing, among
the Parthians, Bithynians, Thessalians, Persians,
Romans, and our Kentish kings, which the course
of history shews you. For the other, you may see
it usual in names of their old kings, as Cassi-belin
in Cæsar, Cuno-belin and Cym-belin in Tacitus,
and Dio, and perhaps Cam-baules in Pausanias,
and Belin (whose steps seem to be in (*m*) Abellius
a Gaulish and Bela-tucadre a British god (was the
name among them of a worshipt idol, as appears
in Ausonius; and the same with Apollo, which
also by a most ancient British coin, stampd with
Apollo, playing on his harp, circumscribed with
Cuno-belin, is shewed to have been expressly a-

mong the Britons. Although I know, according
to their use, it might be added to Cuno (which
was the first part of many of their regal names,
as you see in Cuneglas, Cyngetorix, Congolitan,
and others) to make a significant word, as if you
should say, the yellow king; for Belin in British
is yellow. But seeing the very name of their A-
pollo so well fitted with that colour, (*n*) which
to Apollo is commonly attributed (and observe
that their names had usually some note of colour
in them, by reason of their custom of painting
themselves) I suppose they took it as a fortunate
concurrence to bear an honoured deity in their
title, as we see in the names of Merodach and Eril
Merodach among the Babylonian kings from Me-
rodach (*o*) one of their false gods; and like examples
may be found among the old emperors. Observe also
that in British genealogies, they ascend always to
Belin the great (which is supposed Heli; father to
Lud and Cassi-belin) as you see to the fourth song;
and here might you compare that of Hel (*p*) in
the Punic tongue, signifying Phœbus, and turned
into Belus: but I will not therewith trouble you.
Howsoever, by this I am persuaded (whensoever
the time were of our Belinus) that Bolgius in
Pausanias, and Belgius in Justin were mistook for
Belinus, as perhaps also Prausus in Strabo (*q* sup-
plying (*q*) oftentimes the room of *ε*.) generated
of Brennus corrupted. In the story I dare follow
none of the modern erroneously transcribing re-
lators or seeming correctors, but have, as I might,
took it from the best self-fountains, and only upon
them, for trial, I put myself.

——— whence Cymbrica it took.

That northern promontory now Jutland, part
of the Danish kingdom, is called in geographers
Cymbrica Chersonesus from name of the people
inhabiting it. And those which will the Cym-
brians, Cambrians, or Cumrians from Camber,
may with good reason of consequence imagine
that the name of this Chersonese is thence also,
as the author here, by liberty of his muse. But
if, with Goropius, Camden, and other their fol-
lowers, you come nearer truth and derive them
from (*r*) Gomer, son to Japhet, who, with his
posterity, had the north-western part of the
world; then shall you set, as it were, the accent
upon Chersonese, giving the more significant note

(*i*) Strab. lib. 12.

(*k*) Polyb. l. a. b. d. & t. & Liv. dec. 1. lib. 5.
dec. 4. lib. 8. Strab. t. Pausan. Phocic. 1. Appian.
Illyric. Justin. lib. 24. & 25. Plutarch. Camillo.
Cætrum plerisque Delphis injecta a Phæbo gran-
dine peremptis, qui fuerunt reliquos in Ægyptum
conductos sub stipendijs Ptolemæi Philadelphi
meruisse ait vetus Scholiastes Græc. ad hymn.
Callimach. in Delum.

(*l*) From the utmost west.

(*m*) Vet. Inscript. in Cumbria, & apud Jos.
Scalig. ad Auson. l. 1. cap. 9. & V. Rhodigini
lib. 17. cap. 28. Plura de Belmo, sive Belæno, i.

Apolline Gallico Pet. Pithæus advers. subsec. lib.
1. cap. 3. qui Belenum παρά το Ἑκκεβόλος Phæb.
epitheton autumat. vid. notas Camd. ad Numis-
trata. & Nos ad Cant. IX.

(*n*) Ξανθὸς Ἀπόλλων.

(*o*) Jerom cap. 50.

(*p*) Cæl. Rhod. Antiq. Lect. 1. cap. 6.

(*q*) Eustach. ad Dionys. περιηγ. uti Ἀμπαράξ, ἀντι-
τῇ Ἀμβραξ, ὅς Νῆτοι Πρετονικαὶ ἀντι τῇ Βρεταννικαί.

(*r*) Transmutation of G. into C. was, anciently,
often and easy, as Lipsius shews, lib. de pronun-
ciat. ling. Latin. cap. 13.

of the country; the name of Cymbrians, Cimmericians, Cambrians, and Cumrians, all as one in substance being very comprehensive (s) in these climates; and perhaps, because this promontory lay out so far, under near sixty degrees latitude (almost at the utmost of Ptolemy's geography) and so had the first winter days no longer than between five and six hours, therein somewhat (and more than other neighbouring parts of that people, having no particular name) agreeing with Homer's attribute of (t) darkness to the Cimmerians, it had more specially this title.

To wise Molmutius' laws her Martian first did frame.

Particulars of Molmutius's laws, of church-liberty, freedom of ways, husbandry, and divers other are in the British story, affirming also that queen Martia made a book of laws, translated afterward, and titled by king Alfred *Mercenlage*. Indeed it appears that there were three sorts of (u) laws, in the Saxon heptarchy, *Mercenlage*, *Dan-lage* *Westfaxen-lage*, i. e. the Mercien, Danish, and West Saxon law; all which three had their several territories, and were in divers things compiled into one volume by (x) Cnut, and examined in that Norman constitution of their new commonwealth. But as the Danish and West Saxon had their name from particular people; so it seems, had the Mercian from that kingdom of Mercland, limited with the Lancashire river Mersey toward Northumberland, and joining to Wales, having either from the river that name, or else from the word (y) *Mare*, because it bounded upon most of the other kingdoms; as you may see to the eleventh song.

*— in whose eternal name,
Great London still shall live —*

King Lud's re-edifying Troynovant (first built by Brute) and thence leaving the name of Caer Lud, afterward turned (as they say) into London, is not unknown, scarce to any that hath but lookt on Ludgate's inner frontispiece; and in old (z) rhimes thus I have it exprest:

*Walls (a) be lete make al aboute, and yates up and down.
And after Lud that was is name be clupede it Lud's town.
The herte yate of the toun that yut stouthe there, and is,
He let hit clupie Ludgate after is own name it wis.
He let him tho be was ded bury at thulke yate,
Therefore yut after him me clupeth it Ludgate.*

(s) Plutarch, in Mario & Herod. lib. 8.

(t) Odyss. 2. Περὶ καὶ νύκτα κεκαλυμμένοι —

(u) Look to the eleventh song.

(x) Gervaf. Tilburiensis de Seaccario.

(y) A limit or bound.

(z) Rob. Glocestrenf.

(a) But it is affirmed that K. Coll's daughter, mother to Constantine the great, walled this first,

*The toun me clupeth that is wide couth,
And now me clupeth it London, that is lighter in the mouth.*

*And new Troy it bet ere, and now it is so ago,
That London it is now icluped and worth ever mo.*

Judicious reformers of fabulous report I know have more serious derivations of the name: and seeing conjecture is free, I could imagine it might be called at first *Lban Dien*, i. e. the temple of Diana, as *Lban Dewi*, *Lban Stephan*, *Lban Padern Daawr*, *Lan Dair*; i. e. St. Dewy's, St. Stephan's, St. Patern the great, St. Mary; and Verulam is by H. Luid derived from *Der-lban*, i. e. the church upon the river Ver, with divers more such places in Wales: and so afterward by strangers turned into Londinium, and the like. For, that Diana and her brother Apollo (under name of Belin) were two great deities among the Britons, what is read next before, Cæsar's testimony of the Gauls; and that she had her temple there where Paul's is, relation in Camden discloses to you. Now, that the antique course was to title their cities oftentimes by the name of their power adored in them, is plain by Beth-el among the Hebrews, Heliopolis (which in holy writ is (c) called *בית שמש*) in Ægypt, and the same in Greece, Phœnicia, elsewhere; and by Athens named from Minerva. But especially from this supposed deity of Diana (whom in substance Homer no less gives the epithet of (d) *Ἐρυσίωλος* than to Pallas) have divers had their titles; as Artemisium in Italy, and Eubœa, and that Bubastis in Ægypt, so called from the same word, signifying in Ægyptian, both a cat and Diana.

Those armed stakes in Thames —

He means that which now we call Coway-stakes by Otelands, where only the Thames being without boat passable, the Britons fixt both on the bank of their side, and in the water (e) sharp stakes, to prevent the Romans coming over, but in vain, as the stories tell you.

And more than Cæsar got, three Emperors could not win.

Understand not that they were resisted by the Britons, but that the three successors of Julius, i. e. Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, never so much as with force attempted the isle, although the last after king Cunobelin's son Adminius his traiterous revolting to him, in a seeming martial vehemency made (f) all arm to the British voyage, but suddenly on the German shore,

and Colchester also. Huntingdon. lib. 1. & Simon Dunelmens. ap Scow. in notitia Lond. I shall presently speak of her also.

(c) Jerom. cap. 43. com. ult.

(d) Patron of cities, v. Homer. ad Dian. Stephan. *περὶ π. λ. in Βεβάζ.* Herodot. lib. 2.

(e) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 2.

(f) Suet. lib. 4. cap. 44. & 46. & Dio. Cassius.

(where he then was) like himself, turned the design to a jest, and commanded the army to gather cockles.

Came with his body naked, his hair down to his waist.

In this Caradoc (being the same which at large you have in Tacitus and Dio, under name of Caratacus and Cataracus, and is by some Scottish historians drawn much too far northward) the author expresses the ancient form of a Briton's habit. Yet I think not that they were all naked, but, as is affirmed (*g*) of the Gauls, down only to the navel; so that on the discovered part might be seen (to the terror of their enemies) those pictures of beasts, with which (*b*) they painted themselves. It is justifiable by Cæsar, that they used to shave all except their head and upper lip, and wore very long hair; but in their old coins I see no such thing warranted: and in later (*i*) times, about four hundred years since, it is especially attributed to them that they always cut their heads close for avoiding Absalom's misfortune.

The colony long kept at Maldon——

Old historians and geographers call this Camalodunum, which some (*k*) have absurdly thought to be Camelot in the Scottish sherriffdom of Stirling, others have sought it elsewhere: but the English light of antiquity (Camden) hath surely found it at this Maldon in Essex, where was a Romish colony, as also at (*l*) Gloucester, Chester, York, and perhaps at Colchester, which proves expressly (against vulgar allowance) that there was a time when in the chiefest parts of this southern Britany the Roman laws were used, as every one that knows the meaning of a colony (which had all their rights and institutions deduced with it) must confess. This was destroyed upon discontentment taken by the Icens and Trinobants (now Norfolk, Suffolk, Middlesex, and Essex men) for intolerable wrongs done to the wife and posterity of Prasutagus king of the Icens by the (*m*) Romans, which the king (as others in like form) thought, but vainly, to have prevented by instituting Nera, then emperor, his heir. The signs, which the author speaks of, were, a strange, and, as it were, voluntary falling down of the goddess Victory's statue, erected by the Romans here; women, as distracted, singing their overthrow; the ocean looking bloody; uncouth howl-

ings in their assemblies, and such like. Petilius Cerealis, lieutenant of the ninth legion, coming to aid, lost all his footmen, and betook himself with the rest to his fortified tents. But for this read the history.

By poison end her days.——

So Tacitus; but Dio, that she died of sickness. Her name is written diversely Voadicia, Boodicia, Bunduica and Boudicea: she was wife to Prasutagus, of whom last before.

A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred.

Every story, of the declining British state, will tell you what miseries were endured by the hostile irruptions of Scots and Picts into the southern part. For the passage here of them, know, that the Scottish stories, which begin their continued monarchic government at Ferguze, affirm the § Picts (from the Scythian territories) to have arrived in the now Jutland, and thence passed into Scotland some two hundred and fifty years after the Scots first entering Britain, which was, by account, about eighty years before our Saviour's birth, and thence continued these a state by themselves, until King Kenneth about eight hundred and forty years after Christ utterly supplanted them. Others, as Bede and his followers, make them elder in the isle than the Scots, and fetch them out of Ireland; the British story (that all may be discords) says, they entered Albania under conduct of one Roderick their king (for so you must read in (*r*) Monmouth, and not Londric, as the print in that and much other mistakes) and were valiantly opposed by Marius then king of Britons, Roderick slain, and Caithness given them for habitation. This Marius is placed with Vespasian, and the gross differences of time make all suspicious; so that you may as well believe none of them, as any one. Rather adhere to learned Camden, making the Picts very genuine Britons, distinguished only by accidental name, as in him you may see more largely.

Arviragus of ours first taking to protect.

His marriage with (I know not what) Genissa, daughter to Claudius, the habitude of friendship betwixt Rome and him, after composition with Vespasian then, under the emperor, employed in the British war, the common story relates. This

(*g*) Polyb. hist. 7.

(*b*) Solin. polyhist. c. 35.

(*i*) Girald. de script. c. 10.

(*k*) Hæst. Boët. lib. 3.

(*l*) Antiq. Inscript. Lapidæ & Numm. Vid. Fortescut. de laud. lig. Ang. cap. 17. & Vit. Basingstoch. lib. 4. not. 36.

(*m*) Agellius l. 16. cap. 13. Tacit. an. 14. Dio lib. 5.

§ Pictorum in Britannia (potius Pictomum, ita n. legitur) primus meminit Romanorum Panegyristes ille inter alios, qui Constantinum encomijs adloquitur, & si placet adeos Humfred, Lhuid. Brev. Brit. and Buchanan. lib. 2. rer. Scotie. aut Camdeni Scotos & Pictos. Rob. Glocestrensi dicuntur Pictors.

(*r*) Galfridus Monumeth. correctus, & ibidem vice rā Macsmarius lege Vestmaria.

is Armitagus, which Juvenal (s) speaks of. Polydore refers him to Nero's time, others rightly to Domitian, because indeed the Poet (t) then flourished. That fabulous Hector Boetius makes him the same with Phasviragus, as he calls him, in Tacitus; he means Prasutagus, having misread Tacitus his copy.

This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.

Near an hundred eighty years after Christ (the chronology of Bede herein is plainly false, and observe what I told you of that kind to the fourth this song) Lucius, upon request to pope Eleutherius, received at the hands of (u) Fugatius and Damianus, holy baptism; yet so, that by Joseph of Arimathea (of whom to the third song) seeds of true religion were here before sown: by some I find it (x) without warrant, affirmed that he converted Arviragus,

*And gave him then a shilde of silver white,
A Cross endlong and overthwart full perfect;
These arms were used through all Britain
For a common sign each man to know his nation
From enemies, which now we call certain,
St. George's arms———*

But thus much collect, that, although until Lucius we had not a christian king (for you may well suspect, rather deny, for want of better authority, this of Arviragus) yet (unless you believe the tradition of Gundafer king of Indy, (y) converted by St. Thomas, or Abagar (z) king of Edessa, to whom those letters written, as is supposed, by our Saviour's own hand, kept as a precious relic in (a) Constantinople until the emperor Isaac Angelus, as my authors say, were sent) it is apparent that this island had the first christian king in the world, and clearly in Europe, so that you cite not Tiberius his private seeming christianity (which is observed out of (b) Tertulian) even in whose time also Gildas affirms, Britain was comforted with wholesome beams of religious light. Not much different from this age was Donald first Christian king of the Scots; so that if priority of time swayed it, and not custom (derived from a communicable attribute given by the popes) that name of most Christian should better fit our sovereigns than the French. This Lucius, by help of those two Christian aids, is

said to have, in room of three Arch-flamins and twenty eight Flamins (through whose doctrine, polluting sacrifices and idolatry reigned here instead of true service) instituted three archbishoprics at London, York, and Caer-leon upon Uske, and twenty-eight bishoprics; of them, all beyond Humber subject to York; all the now Wales to Caer-leon; to London, the now England with Cornwall. And so also was the custom in other countries, even grounded upon St. Peter's own command, to make substitution of archbishops or patriarchs to arch-flamins, and bishops to flamins, if you believe a (c) pope's assertion. For York, there is now a metropolitan see; Caerleon had so until the change spoken of to the fifth song. And London, the cathedral church being at St. Peter's in Cornhil; until translation of the pall (d) to Canterbury by Augustine, sent hither by Gregory the first, under king Ethelbert, according to a prophesy of Merlin, that Christianity should fail, and then revive when the see of London did adorn Canterbury, as, after coming of the Saxons, it did. This moved that ambitious Gilbert of Folioth bishop of London to challenge the primacy of England; for which he is bitterly taxed by a great (e) clerk of the same time. If I add to the British glory that this Lucius was cause of like conversion in Bavaria and Rhetia, I should out of my bounds. The learned Mark Velfer, and others, have enough remembered it.

Constantin's worthy wife———

That is Helen, wife to Constantius or Constans Chlorus the emperor, and mother to Constantine the great, daughter to Coil king of Britain, where Constantine was by her brought forth. Do not object Nicephorus Callistus, that erroneously affirms him born in Drepanum of Bithynia, or Jul Firmicus (f), that says at Tarsus, upon which testimony (not uncorrupted) a great critic (g) hath violently offered to deprive us both of him and his mother, affirming her a Bithynian; nor take advantage of Cedrenus, that will have Dacia his birth soil. But our histories, and, with them, the Latin ecclesiastic relation (in passages of her invention of the cross and such like) allowed also by Cardinal Baronius, make her thus a British woman. And for great Constantine's birth in this land, you shall have authority; against which I wonder how Lipsius

(s) Satyr. 4.

(t) Suidas in Juvenali.

(u) These names are very differently written.

(x) Ex Nennio Harding. cap. 4. 8. Ast Codices ij, quos consuluisse me Nennij antiquos contigit hujusce rei parum sunt memores.

(y) Abdias hist. Apostolic. lib. 9. Eushe. lib. 1. cap. 13.

(z) Nicet. Choniast. in Andronic. Cumenen. lib. 2.

(a) Nicephor. Callist. lib. 2. cap. 7. & 8.

(b) Distinct. 80. c. in illis. Clemens PP.

(c) V. Kenulph in Epist. ad Leonem PP. apud G. Malmesh. lib. 1. de reg. & 1. de Pontific. vide Basingstoch. hist. 9. not. 11.

(d) Stow's Survey of London, pag. 479.

(e) Joann. Carnotens. in Epistol. 272.

(f) Mathef. l. 1. cap. 4.

(g) Lips. de Rom. magnitud. lib. 4. cap. 11. nimium laps.

durst oppose his conceit. In an old panegyrist speaking to Constantine: *Liberavit ille* (he means his father) *Britannias servitute, tu etiam nobiles illic Oriundo fecisti*; and another, *O fortunata & nunc omnibus beatior terris Britannia, quæ Constantinum Cæsarem prima vidisti!* These might persuade, that Firmicus were corrupted, seeing they lived when they might know as much of this as he. Nicephorus and Cedrenus are of much later time, and deserve no undoubted credit. But in certain oriental admonitions (*k*) of state (newly published by John Meursius professor of Greek story at Leiden) the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenetes advises his son Romanus, that he should not take him a wife of alien blood, because all people dissonant from the government and manners of the empire by a law of Constantine, established in St. Sophy's church, were prohibited the height of that glory, excepting only the Franks, allowing them this honour, (*l*) ὅτι αὐτοὶ τὸν γλῆσιν ἀπὸ τῶν τοιούτων ἔσχε μέρῳ, which might make you imagine him born in Gaul; let it not move you, but observe that this Porphyrogenetes lived about seven hundred years since, when it was (and among the Turks still is) ordinary with these Greeks to call (*m*) all (especially the western) Europeans by the name of Franks, as they did themselves Romans. Why then might not we be comprehended, whose name, as English, they scarce, as it seems, knew of, calling us (*n*) Inclins; and indeed the indefinite form of speech, in the author I cite, shews as if he meant some remote place by the Franks, admitting he had intended only but what we now call French. If you can believe one of our countrymen (*o*) that lived about Henry II. he was born in London; others think he was born at York: of that, I determine not. Of this Helen, her religion, finding the cross, good deeds in walling London and Colchester (which in honour of her, they say, bears a cross between four crowns, and for the invention she is yet celebrated in holy-rood day in May) and of this Constantine her son, a mighty and religious emperor (although I know him taxt for no small faults by ecclesiastic writers) that in this air received his first light and life, our Britons vaunt not unjustly: as in that spoken to King Arthur.

*How it worth tended that Sibill the sage sede bivore,
That there should of Brittain thre men be ybore*

*That should winne the aumpeyr of Rome; of tweye
ydo it is,
As of (q) Bely and Constantine, and thou art the
thredde ywis.*

Against the Arrian Seel at Arles having run.

In the second council at Arles in Provence, held under Constantine and Sylvester, is subscribed the name of Restitutus bishop of London, the like respectively in other councils spoken of by the author. It is not unfit to note here, that in the later time the use hath been (when and where Rome's supremacy was acknowledged) to send always to general councils, out of every Christian state, some bishops, abbots and priors; and I find it affirmed by the clergy under (*r*) Henry II. that, to a general council, only four bishops are to be sent out of England. So, by reason of this course added to state-allowance afterward at home, were those canons received into our law; as of Bigamy in the council of Lions, interpreted by parliament under Edward I. Of pluralities in the council of Lateran, held by Innocent III. reigning our king John; and the law of Lapse in benefices had so its ground from that council of Lateran, in the year eleven hundred seventy-nine, under Alexander the third, whether, for our part, were sent Hugh bishop of Durham, John bishop of Norwich, Robert bishop of Hereford, and Rainold bishop of Bath, with divers abbots, where the (*s*) canon was made for presentation within six months, and title of Lapse given to the bishop in case the chapter were patron, from the bishop to them if he were patron: which although, in that, it be not law with us, nor also their difference between a lay (*t*) and ecclesiastic patron for number of the months, allowing the layman but four, yet shews itself certainly to be the original of that custom anciently and now used in the ordinary's collation. And hither Henry of Bracton (*u*) refers it expressly; by whom you may amend John le Briton, and read Lateran instead of Lions about this same matter. Your conceit, truly joining these things, cannot but perceive that canons and constitutions, in popes councils, absolutely never bound us in other form than, fitting them by the square of English law and policy, our reverend sages and baronage allowed and (*x*) interpreted them, who in their formal (*y*) writs

(*k*) Constant. Porphyrog. de administ. imperio, c. 29. Jo. Levinæum ad Panegyric 5. haut mol-tum hic moramur.

(*l*) Because he was born in their parts.

(*m*) Histor. Orientales passim, & Thematata Constantini, cum supra citato libro.

(*n*) Nicet, Choniat. 2. Isaac, Angel, §. ult. γλῆσιν.

(*o*) G. Steph. de Londino. Basingstoch, hist. 6. not. 10.

(*q*) Belinus,

(*r*) Roger. Hoved. f. 332.

(*s*) G. Nubr. (cujus edit, (nuperam & Jo. Piccardi annotationes consulat l. 3. & Hovedenus habent ipsas, quæ sunt Constit.

(*t*) Extrav. Concess. præb. c. 2.

(*u*) 6 Decret. tit. jure patronat. §. Verum cum unic.

(*x*) Lib. 4. tract. 2. cap. 6.

(*y*) D. Ed. Coke lib. de jure Regis ecclesiastic. Regist. Orig. f. 42.

would mention them as law and custom of the kingdom, and not otherwise.

Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends again.

Our common story affirms, that in time of Gratian the emperor, Conan king of Armorique Britain (which was filled with a colony of this isle by this Conan and Maximus otherwise Maximian that slew Gratian) having war with the neighbouring Gauls, desired of Dinoth regent of Cornwall, or (if you will) of our Britain (by nearness of blood so to establish and continue love in the posterity of both countries) that he might himself match with Dinoth's daughter Ursula, and with her a competent multitude of virgins might be sent over to furnish his unwived bachelors: whereupon were eleven thousand of the nobler blood with Ursula and sixty thousand of meaner rank (elected out of divers parts of the kingdom) shipped at London for satisfaction of this request. In the coast of Gaul, they were by tempest dispersed; some ravished by the ocean; others for chaste denial of their maidenheads to Guaine and Melga, kings of Huns and Picts (whom Gratian had animated against Maximus, as usurping title of the British monarchy) were miserably put to the sword on some German coast, whither misfortune carried them. But because the author slips it over with a touch, you shall have it in such old (z) verse as I have.

*This maidens were ygadred and to London come,
Mani were glad ther of and well forri some
That (b) bii sold of londe wende and neu est (c) bor
frend yse
And some to lese nor maidenhod wives nor to be.
Tho bii were in sspes ydo, and in the se ver were
So gret tempest ther come that drof hem bere and there.
So that the (d) mestedel adreined were in the se
And to other londs some ydrive, that ne come never (e)
age.
A king there was of Hungry, Guane was his name,
And Melga K. (f) Picardy that couthe inou of
fame,
The waters vor to loki aboute the se bis were
A company of this maydens so that bii met there,
To bor folie bii wolde (g) bome nime and bor men also
Ac the maydens wold rather die than consenty thereto
Tho wende vorth the (h) luther men and the maidens
flow ecbone,
So that to the laffe Britaine there ne come asive none.*

Some lay all this wickedness absurdly (for time endures it not) to Atila's (i) charge, who reigned king of Huns about four hundred fifty (above sixty years after Gratian) and affirm their suffering of this (as they call it) martyrdom at Cologne, whither, in at the mouth of Rhine, they were carried; others also particularly tell you that there were four companions to Ursula, in greatness and honour, their (k) names being Pynnosa, Gordula, Eleutheria, Florentia, and that under these were to every of the eleven thousand one president, Iota, Benigna, Clementia, Sapientia, Carpophora, Columba, Benedicta, Odilia, Celyndris, Sibylla and Lucia: and that, custom at Cologne hath excluded all other bodies from the place of their burial. The strange multitude of seventy-one thousand virgins thus to be transported, with the difference of time (the most excellent note to examine truth of history by) may make you doubt of the whole report. I will not justify it, but only admonish thus, that those our old stories are in this followed by that great historian Baronius, allowed by Francis de Bar, White of Basingstoke; and before any of them, by that learned abbot Tritemius, beside the martyrologies, which to the honour of the eleven thousand have dedicated the eleventh day of our October. But indeed how they can stand with what in some copies of Nennius (l) we read, I cannot see: it is there reported, that those Britons which went thither with Maximus (the same man and time with the former) took them Gaulish wives, and cut out their tongues, lest they should possess their children of Gaulish language; whence our Welsh called them afterward (m) *Lebir-Midion*, because they spake confusedly. I see that yet there is great affinity betwixt the British Armorique, and the Welsh, the first (to give you a taste) saying, *Don tad pebunii sou en esau*, the other *En tad yr bwn ydwit yn y nesoedd*, for our Father which art in heaven; but I suspect extremely that fabulous tongue-cutting, and would have you, of the two, believe rather the virgins, were it not for the exorbitant number, and that, against infallible credit, our (n) historians mix with it Gratian's surviving Maximus; a kind of fault that makes often the very truth doubtful.

That from the Scythian poor, whence they themselves derive.

He means the Saxons, whose name, after learned men, is to the fourth song derived from a Scy-

(z) Rob. Glocestrenf.

(b) They.

(c) Their.

(d) Most part.

(e) Again.

(f) Of the Picts.

(g) Them take.

(h) Lewd.

(i) Hector. Boet. Scotie. 7. ex antiquioribus. verum falsi reis.

(k) Ufuard, Martyrolog. 2. c. Octob.

(l) Sunt enim antiqui Codices quibus hoc merito deest, nec. n. ut glossamo illud non irreptasse, sentire sum potis.

(m) Half silent.

(n) Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. lib. 3. cap 15.

thian nation. It pleases the muse in this passage to speak of that original, as mean and unworthy of comparison with the Trojan British, drawn out of Jupiter's blood by Venus, Anchises, and Æneas; I justify her phrase, for that the Scythian was indeed poor, yet voluntarily, not through want, living commonly in field-tents; and (as our Germans in Tacitus) so stoical, as not to care for the future having provision for the present, from nature's liberality. But, if it were worth examining, you might find the Scythian as noble and worthy a nation as any read of; and such a one as the English and others might be as proud to derive themselves from, as any which do search for their ancestors glory in Trojan ashes. If you believe the old report (o) of themselves, then can you not make them less than descended by Targiteus from Jupiter and Borysthenes; if what the

Greeks, who, as afterward the Romans, accounted and stiled all barbarous, except themselves; then you must draw their pedigree through Agathyrsus, Gelonus and Scythia, from Hercules; neither of this have, in this kind, their superior. If among them you desire learning, remember Zamolxis, Dioneus, and Anacharsis before the rest. For although to some of these, other patronymics are given, yet know that anciently (which for the present matter observe seriously) as all, southward, were called Ethiopians, all eastward, Indians, all west, Celts, so all northerners were stiled Scythians) as (p) Ephorus is author. I could add the honourable allegories, of those their golden yoke, plough, hatchet, and cup sent from heaven, wittily enough delivered by (q) Goropius, with other conjectural testimonies of their worth. But I abstain from such digression.

(o) Herodot. Melpom.

(q) Amazon, Becceslam, 8.

(p) Apud Strab. l. 2.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE NINTH SONG.

The Argument.

The muse here Merioneth vaunts,
And her proud mountains highly chaunts.
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,
Stand for precedence from descent :
The rivers for them shewing there
The wonders of their Pimble-mere.
Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds
With Cambria's native princes deeds.
The muse then through Caernarvon makes,
And Mon (now Anglesey) awakes
To tell her ancient Druides guise,
And manner of their sacrifice.
Her rillets she together calls ;
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.

Or all the Cambrian shires their heads that bear
so high, [eye,
And farth'ft survey their soils with an ambitious
Mervinia (a) for her hills, as for their matchless
crowds, [clouds,
The nearest that are said to kiss the wand'ring
Especial audience craves, offended with the throng,
That she of all the rest neglected was so long :
Alleging for herself; when through the Saxons pride,
The godlike race of Brute to Severn's setting side
Were cruelly enforc'd, her mountains did relieve
Those, whom devouring war else every where did
grieve.

(a) Merionethshire,

And when all Wales beside (by fortune or by might)
Unto her ancient foe resign'd her ancient right,
A constant maiden still she only did remain,
§ The last her genuine laws which stoutly did
retain.
And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar things ;
So only she is rich, in mountains, meres, and
springs,
And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,
As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage grac'd.
And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their
(b) lins,
Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins;

(b) Meres or pools, from whence rivers spring.

' Though Dovy, which doth far her neigh-
 ' bouring floods surmount [account
 ' (Whose course for hers alone Montgomery doth
 ' Hate (c) Angel for her own, and Keriog she
 ' doth clear, [dear,
 ' With Towin, Gwedol then, and Dulas, all as
 ' Those tributary streams she is maintain'd withal:
 ' Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall
 ' My country calleth hers, with many another
 ' brook, [look.
 ' That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian
 ' To Dovy next, of which Desunny sea-ward drives,
 ' Lingoril goes alone: but plenteous Avon strives
 ' The first to be at sea; and faster her to hie,
 ' Clear Kessilgum comes in, with Hergumby and by.
 ' So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth
 ' Cain, [main,
 ' Which in one channel meet, in going to the
 ' As to their utmost power to lend her all their
 ' aids;
 ' So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.
 ' And Valenrid the like, observing th' other's law,
 ' Calls Cunnel; she again, fair Drurid forth doth
 ' draw,
 ' That from their mother earth, the rough Mer-
 ' vinia, pay [bay
 ' Their mixed plenteous springs, unto the lesser
 ' § Of those two noble arms into the land that
 ' bear,
 ' Which through (d) Gwinethia be so famous eve-
 ' ry where, [mound,
 ' On my Caernarvon side by nature made my
 ' As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.
 ' The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,
 ' Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me:
 ' So, Lavern and the Lue, themselves that head-
 ' long throw
 ' § Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmixed
 ' doth flow. [lin;
 ' Trowerrin takes his stream, here from a native
 ' Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himself
 ' doth win,
 ' Along with him his lord full courteously doth
 ' glide: [guide
 ' So Rudock riseth here, and Cleitor that do
 ' Him in his rugged path, and make his great-
 ' ness way, [vey.
 ' Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to con-
 ' The lofty hills, this while attentively that stood,
 ' As to survey the course of every several flood,
 ' Sent forth such echoing shouts (which every way
 ' so shrill,
 ' With the reverberate sound the spacious air did fill)
 ' That they were easily heard through the Vergivi-
 ' an main [constrain
 ' To Neptune's inward court; and beating there,
 ' That mighty god of sea t' awake: who full of
 ' dread, [head,
 ' Thrice threw his three-forkt mace about his grisly
 ' And thrice above the rocks his fore-head rais'd, to
 ' see [be.
 ' Amongst the high-topt hills what tumult it should

(c) The rivers as in order they fall into the Irish sea.
 (d) North-Wales.

So that with very sweat Cadoridic did drop,
 And mighty Raran shook his proud sky-kissing top,
 Amongst the furious rout whom madness did en-
 ' rage; [swage,
 ' Until the mountain-nymphs, the tumult to as-
 ' Upon a modest sign of silence to the throng,
 ' Conforting thus, in praise of their Mervinia, sung;
 ' Thrice famous Saxon king, on whom time
 ' ne'er shall prey, [pay
 ' O Edgar! who compel'dst our Ludwal hence to
 ' Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto
 ' thee: [be,
 ' And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou
 ' O conquer'd British king, by whom was first
 ' destroy'd
 ' § The multitude of wolves, that long this land
 ' annoy'd; [flocks,
 ' Regardless of their rape, that now our harmless
 ' Securely here may sit upon the aged rocks;
 ' Or wandering from their walks, and struggling
 ' here and there
 ' Amongst the scatter'd cliffs, the lamb needs
 ' never fear;
 ' But from the threat'ning storm to save itself may
 ' creep [keep:
 ' Into that darksome cave where once his foe did
 ' That now the clamb'ring goat all day which
 ' having fed, [bed,
 ' And climbing up to see the sun go down to
 ' Is not at all in doubt her little kid to lose,
 ' Which grazing in the vale, secure and safe she
 ' knows.
 ' Where, from these lofty hills which spacious
 ' heaven do threat
 ' Yet of as equal height, as thick by nature set,
 ' We talk how we are stor'd, or what we greatly
 ' need,
 ' Or how our flocks do fare, and how our herds
 ' do feed,
 ' When else the hanging rocks, and valleys dark
 ' and deep,
 ' The summer's longest day would us from meet-
 ' ing keep.
 ' Ye Cambrian shepherds then, whom these our
 ' mountains please,
 ' And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light (e) Oreades,
 ' § Saint Helen's wondrous way, and Herbert's
 ' let us go,
 ' And our divided rocks with admiration show.
 ' Not meaning there to end, but speaking as
 ' they were,
 ' A suddain fearful noise surpris'd every ear.
 ' The water-nymphs (not far) Lin-teged that fre-
 ' quent,
 ' With brows besmear'd with ooze, their locks with
 ' dew besprent,
 ' Inhabiting the lake, in sedgey bow'rs below,
 ' Their inward grounded grief that only sought
 ' to show
 ' Against the mountain kind, which much on them
 ' did take,
 ' Above their watry brood, thus proudly them
 ' bespake;

(e) Nymphs of the mountains.

' Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus
 ' you threat
 ' Esteeming us so mean, compar'd to you so great ?
 ' To make you know yourselves, you this must
 ' understand, [land
 ' That our great maker laid the surface of the
 ' As level as the lake until the general flood,
 ' When over all so long the troubled waters stood :
 ' Which, hurried with the blasts from angry hea-
 ' ven that blew,
 ' Up on huge massy heaps the loosened gravel
 ' threw :
 ' From hence we would ye know, your first be-
 ' ginning came ;
 ' Which since, in tract of time, yourselves did
 ' mountains name.
 ' So that the earth, by you (to check her mirth-
 ' ful cheer)
 ' May always see (from heaven) those plagues
 ' that poured were [show
 ' Upon the former world ; as 'twere by scars to
 ' That still she must remain disfigur'd with the
 ' blow : [left,
 ' And by th'infectious slime that doomful deluge
 ' Nature herself hath since of purity been rest ;
 ' And by the seeds corrupt, the life of mortal
 ' man
 ' Was shorten'd. With these plagues ye moun-
 ' tains first began.
 ' But, ceasing you to shame ; what mountain is
 ' there found
 ' In all your monstrous kind (seek ye the island
 ' round)
 ' That truly of himself such (f) wonders can re-
 ' port,
 ' As can this spacious Lin, the place of our resort ?
 ' That when Dee in his course fain in her lap
 ' would lie, [deny,
 ' Commixtion with her store, his stream she doth
 ' By his complexion prov'd, as he through her
 ' doth glide.
 ' Her wealth again from his, she likewise doth
 ' divide :
 ' Those white-fish that in her do wond'rously
 ' abound, [found
 ' Are never seen in him ; nor are his salmons
 ' At any time in her : but as she him disdains ;
 ' So he again, from her, as wilfully abstains.
 ' Down from the neighbouring hills, those plen-
 ' teous springs that fall.
 ' Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.
 ' And as in summer's heat, so always is she one,
 ' Resembling that great lake which seems to care
 ' for none ;
 ' § And with stern Æolus' blasts, like Thetis
 ' waxing rank,
 ' She only over-swells the surface of her bank.
 But, whilst the nymphs report these wonders
 of their lake,
 ' Their farther cause of speech the mighty (g)
 Snowdon brake ;

(f) The wonders of Linteged, or Pemblemere.

(g) The most famous mountain of all Wales, in Caer-
parryonshire.

Left, if their watry kind should suffer'd be too
 long,
 The licence that they took, might do the moun-
 tains wrong.
 For quickly he had found that straitned point of
 land,
 Into the Irish sea which puts his powerful hand,
 Pufft with their watry praise, grew insolently
 proud,
 And needs would have his rills for rivers be al-
 low'd :
 Short Darent, near't unto the utmost point of
 all
 That th' isle of Gelin greets, and Bardsey in her
 fall ;
 And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the
 May,
 Must rivers be at least, should all the world gain-
 say :
 And those, whereas the land lies east-ward, amply
 wide,
 That goodly Conway grace upon the other side,
 Born near upon her banks, each from her proper
 lin.
 Soon from their mothers out, soon with their
 mistress in.
 As Ledder, her ally, and neighbour Legwy ;
 then
 Goes Purloyd, Castel next, with Giffin, that agen
 Observe fair Conway's course : and though their
 race be short,
 Yet they their sovereign flood enrich with their
 resort.
 And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere
 did note
 (§ Still Delos like, wherein a wandering isle doth
 float
 Was peremptory grown upon his higher ground ;
 That pool, in which (besides) the one-ey'd fish are
 found,
 As of her wonder proud, did with the floods
 partake.
 So, when great Snowdon saw, a faction they
 would make
 Against his general kind ; both parties to appease,
 He purposeth to sing their native princes praise.
 For Snowdon, a hill, imperial in his seat,
 Is from his mighty foot, unto his head so great,
 That were his Wales distressed, or of his help had
 need,
 He all her flocks and herds for many months
 could feed.
 Therefore to do something were worthy of his
 name, [fame,
 Both tending to his strength, and to the Britons
 His country to content, a signal having made,
 By this oration thinks both parties to persuade,
 ' Whilst here this general isle the ancient Bri-
 ' tons ow'd,
 Their valiant deeds before by Severn have been
 ' show'd :
 ' But since our furious foe, these powerful Saxon
 ' swarms
 ' (As merciless in spoil, as well approv'd in arms)

' Here called to our aid, Loëgria us bereft,
 ' Those poor and scatter'd few of Brute's high
 ' lineage left, [race
 ' For succour hither came: where that unmixed
 ' Remains unto this day, yet owners of this
 ' place: [song.
 ' Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath
 ' These, then, shall be my theme; lest time too
 ' much should wrong
 ' Such princes as were ours, since sever'd we have
 ' been;
 ' And as themselves, their fame be limited between
 ' The Severn and our sea, long pent within this
 ' place, [embase
 ' § Till with the term of Welsh, the English now
 ' The nobler Britons name, that well-near was
 ' destroy'd [annoy'd;
 ' With pestilence and war, which this great isle
 ' Cadwallader that drave to the Armorick shore:
 ' To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long
 ' before,
 ' His countrymen from hence auspiciously con-
 ' vey'd;
 ' Whose noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
 ' Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
 ' Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gra-
 ' tian's fall,
 ' Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:
 ' Where Conan their great lord, as full of cou-
 ' rage, drave
 ' The Celts out of their seats, and did their room
 ' supply [colony
 ' § With people still from hence; which of our
 ' Was little Britain call'd. Where that distressed
 ' king,
 ' Cadwallader, himself awhile recomforting
 ' With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him
 ' detain) [reign
 ' § Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons
 ' A sempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,
 ' A recluse life in Rome enjoining him to lead.
 ' The king resigning all, his son young Edwal left
 ' With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince
 ' should be bereft
 ' Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his uncon-
 ' quer'd fleet;
 ' And as the generals then, for such an army meet,
 ' His nephew Ivor chose, and Hiner for his ppeer;
 ' Two most undaunted spirits. These valiant Bri-
 ' tons were
 ' The first who (b) West-sax won. But by the
 ' ling'ring war,
 ' When they those Saxons found t' have succour
 ' still from far,
 ' They took them to their friends on Severn's
 ' setting shore:
 ' Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to
 ' restore
 ' His son young Roderick, whom the Saxon
 ' pow'rs pursu'd: [du'd,
 ' But he, who at his home here scorn'd to be sub-

' With Alfred (that on Wales his strong invasion
 ' brought)
 ' Garthmalack, and Pencoyd (those famous bat-
 ' tle) fought,
 ' That North and South-Wales sing, on the West-
 ' Sexians won.
 ' Scarce this victorious task his bloody'd sword
 ' had done,
 ' But at mount (i) Carno met the Marcians, and
 ' with wounds [bounds,
 ' Made Ethelbald to feel his trespass on our
 ' Prevail'd against the Pict, before our force that
 ' [flew;
 ' And in a valiant fight their king Dalargin flew.
 ' Nor Conan's courage less, nor less prevail'd in
 ' ought [fought
 ' Renown'd Roderick's heir, who with the English
 ' The Herefordian field; as Ruthland's red with
 ' gore: [shore,
 ' Who, to transfer the war from this his native
 ' March'd through the Mercian towns with his
 ' revengeful blade: [made,
 ' And on the English there such mighty havoc
 ' That Offa (when he saw his countries go to wrack)
 ' From bick'ring with his folk, to keep the Bri-
 ' tons back,
 ' Cast up that mighty (k) mound of eighty miles
 ' in length
 ' Athwart from sea to sea. Which of the Mer-
 ' cians strength [bear,
 ' A witness though it stand, and Offa's name does
 ' Our courage was the cause why first he cut it
 ' there:
 ' As that most dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
 ' Where under either's sword so many thousands
 ' fell [own;
 ' With intermixed blood, that neither knew their
 ' Nor which went victor thence, unto this day is
 ' known. [shew'd,
 ' Nor Kettles conflict then, less martial courage
 ' Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and
 ' bestow'd [flight.
 ' His nobler British blood on Burthred's recreant
 ' As Roderick his great son, his father following
 ' right, [brave;
 ' Bare not the Saxons scorns, his Britons to out-
 ' At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;
 ' Twice driving out the Dane when he invasion
 ' brought, [fought
 ' Whose no less valiant son, again at Conway
 ' With Danes and Mercians mixt, and on their
 ' hateful head
 ' Down-showr'd their dire revenge whom they
 ' had murdered.
 ' And, were't not that of us the English would
 ' report
 ' (Abusing of our tongue in most malicious sort
 ' As oftentimes they do) that more than any, we
 ' The Welsh, as they us term) love glorify'd to be,
 ' Here could I else recount the slaughter'd Saxons
 ' gore,

(b) The West-saxons country, comprehending Devon-
shire, Somerset, Wiltshire, and their adjacents.

(i) A hill near Abergenny in Monmouth.
(k) Offa's Ditch.

' Our swords at Crossford spilt on Severn's wan-
 'd'ring shore; [son
 ' And Griffith here produce, Lewellin's valiant
 ' (May we believe our Bards) who five pitch'd
 'battles won,
 ' And to revenge the wrongs the envious English
 ' wrought,
 ' His well-train'd martial troops into the marches
 ' brought
 ' As far as Wor'ster walls: nor thence did he retire,
 ' Till Powse lay well-near spent in our revengeful
 ' fire; [ous foils,
 ' As Hereford laid waste: and from their plente-
 ' Brought back with him to Wales his prisoners
 ' and his spoils.
 ' Thus as we valiant were, when valour might
 ' us steed:
 ' With those so much that dar'd, we had them
 ' that decreed. [were
 ' For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever
 ' More excellent than those which our good
 ' Howel here
 ' Ordain'd to govern Wales? which still with
 ' us remain.
 ' And when all-powerful fate had brought to
 ' pass again,
 ' That as the Saxonerst did from the Britons win;
 ' Upon them so (at last) the Normans coming in,
 ' Took from those tyrants here, what treach'rouf-
 ' ly they got,
 ' (To the perfidious French which th' angry hea-
 ' vens allot)
 ' Ne'er could that conqueror's sword (which
 ' roughly did decide [pride)
 ' His right in England here, and prostrated her
 ' Us to subjection stoop, or makes us Britains bear
 ' Th'unwieldy Norman yoke: nor basely could we
 ' fear
 ' His conquest, ent'ring Wales; but (with stout
 ' courage) ours
 ' Defy'd him to his face, with all his English pow'rs.
 ' And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither
 ' came,
 ' With vows us to subvert; with slaughter and
 ' with shame,
 ' O'er Severn him we sent, to gather stronger aid.
 ' So, when to England's power, Albania hers
 ' had lay'd, [wit
 ' By Henry Beauclerk brought (for all his dev'lish
 ' By which he taught the wreath) he not prevail'd
 ' a whit:
 ' And through our rugged straits when he so
 ' rudely prest,
 ' Had not his proved mail fate surely to his breast,
 ' A skilful British hand his life had him bereft,
 ' As his stern brother's heart, by Tirril's hand was
 ' cleft.
 ' And let the English thus, which vilify our
 ' name, [shame
 ' If it their greatness please, report unto our
 ' The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's so deadly
 ' fight,
 ' To Maud the Empress' son, that there he put to
 ' flight;

' § And from the English power th' imperial en-
 ' sign took: [shook.
 ' About his plumed head which valiant Owen
 ' As when that king again, his fortune to ad-
 ' vance [from France,
 ' Above his former foil, procur'd fresh pow'rs
 ' A surely-level'd shaft if Sent-clear had not seen,
 ' And in the very loose, not thrust himself between
 ' His sovereign and the shaft, he our revenge had
 ' try'd: [dy'd.
 ' Thus, to preserve the king, the noble subject
 ' As Madock his brave son, may come the rest
 ' among;
 ' Who, like the Godlike race from which his
 ' grandfires sprung, [strife,
 ' Whilst here his brother's tir'd in sad domestic
 ' On their unnatural breasts bent either's mur-
 ' therous knife; [fame,
 ' This brave adventurous youth, in hot pursuit of
 ' With such as his great spirit did with high deeds
 ' inflame, [ground,
 ' Put forth his well-rigg'd fleet to seek him foreign
 ' And sailed west so long, until that world he found
 ' To christians then unknown (save this adven-
 ' t'rous crew) [knew;
 ' Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Vespucius
 ' And put the now-nam'd Welsh on India's parch-
 ' ed face, [race,
 ' Unto the endless praise of Brute's renowned
 ' E'er the Iberian powers had touch'd her long-
 ' fought bay,
 ' § Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.
 ' § And with that Croggen's name let th'
 ' English us disgrace; [place
 ' When there are to be seen, yet, in that ancient
 ' From whence that name they fetch, their con-
 ' quer'd grandfires graves:
 ' For which each ignorant sot, unjustly us depraves.
 ' And when that tyrant John had our subver-
 ' sion vow'd, [bow'd,
 ' § To his unbridled will, our necks we never
 ' Not to his mighty son; whose host we did en-
 ' force [horse.
 ' (His succours cutting off) to eat their warlike
 ' Until all-ruling heaven would have us to re-
 ' sign: [tish line,
 ' When that brave prince, the last of all the Bri-
 ' Lewellin, Griffith's son, unluckily was slain,
 ' § As fate had spur'd our fall till Edward Long-
 ' shank's reign.
 ' Yet to the stock of Brute so true we ever were,
 ' We would permit no prince, unless a native here.
 ' Which, that most prudent king perceiving,
 ' wisely thought
 ' To satisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought
 ' His queen being great with child, ev'n ready
 ' down to ly, [apply.
 ' Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers
 ' Through every part of Wales he to the nobles
 ' sent, [nent,
 ' That they unto his court should come inconti-
 ' Of things that much concern'd the country to
 ' debate:
 ' But now behold the power of unavoided fate!

' When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,
 ' At her expected hour the queen brought forth a
 ' son.
 ' And to this great design, all happ'ning as he
 would,
 ' He (his intended course that clerkly manage
 ' could)
 ' Thus quaintly trains us on: since he perceiv'd
 us prone
 ' Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
 ' Our naturalness therein he greatly did improve;
 ' And publicly protests, that for the ancient love
 ' He ever bare to Wales, they all should plainly
 ' see,
 ' That he had found out one, their sovereign lord
 to be;
 ' Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their coun-
 ' try born)
 ' Could not one English word: of which he durst
 ' be sworn. [such,
 ' Besides, his upright heart, and innocence was
 ' As that (he was assur'd) black envy could not
 ' touch [espy
 ' His spotless life in aught. Poor we (that not
 ' His subtilty herein) in plain simplicity,
 ' Soon bound ourselves by oath, his choice not to
 ' refuse: [chuse,
 ' When as that crafty king, his little child doth
 ' Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caer-
 ' narvon call'd:
 ' Thus by the English craft, we Britons were
 inthrall'd.
 ' Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare
 ' to say,
 ' Thou long as powerful wer't as England every
 ' way.
 ' And if she overmuch should seek thee to imbase,
 ' Tell her, thou art the nurse of all the British race
 ' And he that was by heaven appointed to unite
 ' (After that tedious war) the rose and the white;
 ' A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,
 ' From whom descends that king now sitting on
 ' her throne.'

This speech, by Snowdon made, so lucky was
to please

Both parties, and them both with such content t'
 appease;
 That as before they strove for sovereignty and
 place,
 They only now contend, which most should other
 grace.

Into the Irish sea then all those rills that ran,
 In Snowdon's praise to speak immediately began;
 Lewenny, Lynan next, than Gwelly gave it out,
 And Kerriog her compeer, soon told it all about:
 So did their sister nymphs, that into Mena strain;
 The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cam-
 brian main.

It Gorway greatly prais'd, and Seint it loudly sung,
 So, mighty Snowdon's speech was through Gaer-
 narvon rung; [came
 That scarcely such a noise to Mon from Mena
 When with his puissant troops for conquest of the
 same,

On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers her
 sought,
 Or Edward to her sack his English armies brought:
 That Mona strangely stirr'd great Snowdon's
 praise to hear, [dear;
 Although the stock of Troy to her was ever
 Yet (from her proper worth) as she before all
 other
 §, Was call'd in former times) her country Cam-
 bria's mother,
 Persuaded was thereby her praises to pursue,
 Or by neglect, to lose what to herself was due,
 A sign to Neptune sent, his boist'rous rage to slake;
 Which suddenly becalm'd, thus of herself she spake;
 ' What one of all the isles to Cambria doth belong
 ' (To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her
 ' wrong)
 ' Doth equal me in soil, so good for grass and
 ' grain?
 ' As should my Wales (where still Brute's off-
 ' spring doth remain
 ' That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts
 ' doth breed,
 ' By famine or by war constrained be to need,
 ' And England's neighbouring shires their succour
 ' would deny;
 ' My only self her wants could plenteously supply
 ' What island is there found upon the Irish coast,
 ' In which that kingdom seemstobe delighted most,
 ' And seek you all along the rough Vergivian
 ' shore, [roar)
 ' Where the encountring tides outrageously do
 ' That bows not at my beck, as they to me did
 ' owe [show;
 ' The duty subjects should unto their sovereign
 ' § So that th' Eubonian Man, a kingdom long
 ' time known, [own,
 ' Which wisely hath been rul'd by princes of her
 ' In my alliance joys, as in th' Albanian seas
 ' The (b) Arrans, and by them the scatter'd
 ' (b) Eubides
 ' Rejoice even at my names; and put on mirth-
 ' ful cheer,
 ' When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs
 ' hear.
 ' Sometimes within my shades, in many an
 ' ancient wood,
 ' Whose often-twined tops great Phæbus' fires
 ' withstood,
 ' § The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,
 ' Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the
 ' yoke,
 ' And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred
 ' tree [knee
 ' The mistleto cut down; then with a bended
 ' On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd
 ' fires:
 ' And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling
 ' flesh expires,
 ' As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest
 ' adore)
 ' Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,

(b) Isles upon the west of Scotland.

' Up to th' eternal heaven their bloodied hands
 ' did rear;
 ' And, whilst the murmuring woods even shud-
 ' dred as with fear,
 ' Preacht to the beardless youth the soul's im-
 ' mortal state;
 ' To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
 ' That to contempt of death them strongly might
 ' excite.
 ' To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods
 ' did delight,
 ' Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,
 ' As when the Roman came, it struck him sad
 ' with fear
 ' To look upon my face, which then was call'd
 ' the Dark;
 ' Until in after-time, the English for a mark
 ' Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever
 ' bear,
 ' And Anglesey from them am called every where.
 ' My brooks (to whose sweet brims the Syl-
 ' vans did resort,
 ' In gliding through my shades to mighty Nep-
 ' tune's court,
 ' Of their huge oaks bereft) to heaven so open ly,
 ' That now there's not a root discern'd by any eye:
 ' My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's
 ' mouth, [south,
 With those her sister rills that bear upon the

' Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth
 ' draw; [Fraw,
 ' And next to them again, the fat and moory
 ' § Which with my prince's court I sometime
 ' pleas'd to grace,
 ' As those that to the west directly run their race.
 ' Smooth Allo in her fall, that Lynon in doth take;
 ' Mathanon, that amain doth tow'rs Moybro-
 ' niad make,
 ' The sea-calfs to behold that bleach them on
 ' her shore, [store.
 ' Which Gweger to her gets, as to increase her
 ' Then Dulas to the north that straineth, as to see
 ' The isle that breedeth mice; whose store so
 ' loathsome be,
 ' That she in Neptune's brack her bluish head
 ' doth hide.'

When now the wearied muse her burthen
 having ply'd,
 Herself a while betakes to bathe her in the Sound;
 And quitting in her course the goodly Monian
 ground,
 Assays the Penmenmaur, and her clear eyes doth
 throw
 On Conway, tow'rs the east, to England back
 to go:
 Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of
 sight, [right.
 Cries yet afresh for Wales, and for Brute's ancient

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MORE western are you carried into Merioneth, Caernarvon, Anglesey, and those maritime coasts of North-Wales.

The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.

Under William Rufus, the Norman-English (animated by the good success which Robert Fitzhamon had first against Rees ap Tiddour, prince of South-Wales, and afterward against Jestin, lord of Glamorgan) being very desirous of the Welsh territories; Hugh, (a) surnamed Wolf, Earl of Chester, did homage to the king for Tegengle and Ryvonioc, with all the land by the sea unto Conway. And thus pretending title, got also possession of Merioneth, from Griffith ap Conan, prince

of North-Wales: but he soon recovered it, and thence left it continued in his posterity, until Llewellyn ap Gruffith, under Edward the First, lost it himself, and all his dominion. Whereas other parts (of South and West-Wales especially) had before subjected themselves to the English crown; this through frequency of craggy mountains, accessible with too much difficulty, being the last strong refuge until that period of fatal conquest.

Of those two noble arms into the land that bear.

In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan, where these rivers jointly pour themselves into the Irish ocean, are these two arms or creeks of the sea, famous, as he saith, through Guinethia

(that is one of the old titles of this North-Wales) by their names *Traeth Mawr* and *Traeth Bachan*, i. e. as it were, the great haven and the little haven; *Traeth (b)* in British, signifying a tract of sand, whereon the sea flows, and the ebb discovers.

Into that spacious lake where Dee unmixt doth flow.

That is, I. hin-tegid (otherwise called by the English, Pemelfmere) through which, Dee rising in this part, runs whole and unmixt, neither lake nor river communicating to each other water or fish; as the author anon tells you. In the (c) ancients, is remembered specially the like of the Rhosne running unmixt; and (as it were) over the lake of Geneva; as, for a greater wonder, the most learned Casaubon (d) hath delivered also of Arya, running whole through Rhosne; and divers other such like are in Pliny's collection of nature's most strange effects in waters.

The multitude of wolves that long this land annoy'd.

Our excellent Edgar (having first enlarged his name with diligent and religious performance of charitable magnificence among his English, and confirmed the far-spread opinion of his greatness, by receipt of homage at Chester from eight kings; as you shall see in and to the next song) for increase of his benefits towards the isle, joined with preservation of his crown-duties, converted the tribute of the Welsh into three hundred wolves a year, as the author shews; the king that paid it:

*Thre yer he buld is term-rent, at the worthe was be-
hind;*

*For he sende the King word that he mighty ne mo
vinde.*

As, according to the story my old rhimer delivers it. Whom you are to account for this Ludwal king of Wales in the Welsh history, except Howel ap Jevaf, that made war against his uncle Jago, delivered his father, and took on himself the whole principality towards the later years of Edgar, I know not. But this was not an utter destruction of them; for, since that (e) time, the manor of Piddlefley in Leicestershire was held by one Henry of Angage, *per serjeantiam capiendi lupos*, as the inquisition delivers it.

St. Helen's wondrous way.—

By Festeneog in the confines of Caernarvon and Merioneth is this high-way of note; so called by the British, and supposed made by that Helen, mo-

ther to Constantine (among her other good deeds) of whom to the last song before.

As level as the lake until the general flood.

So is the opinion of some divines (f), that, until after the flood, were no mountains, but that by congestion of sand, earth, and such stuff as we now see hills strangely fraughted with, in the waters they were first cast up. But in that true secretary of divinity and nature, Selomoh (g) speaking as in the person of Wisdom, you read; *Before the mountains were founded, and before the hills was formed*, that is, before the world's beginning; and in holy (h) writ elsewhere, *the mountains ascend, and the valleys descend to the place where thou didst found them*; good authorities to justify mountains before the flood. The same question hath been of isles, but I will peremptorily determine neither.

*And with stern Eolus' blasts, like Thetis waxing
rank.*

The south-west wind constrained between two hills on both sides of the lake, sometimes so violently fills the river out of the lake's store, that both have been affirmed (but somewhat against truth) never to be disturbed, or overflow, but upon tempestuous blasts, whereas indeed (as Powel delivers) they are overfilled with rain and land-floods, as well as other waters; but most of all moved by that impetuous wind.

Still Delos like, wherein a wandering isle doth float.

Of this isle in the water on top of Snowdon, and on one side, eels, trouts, and perches, in another lake there, Girald is witness. Let him perform his word; I will not be his surety for it. The author alludes to that state of Delos, which is famed (i) before it was with pillars fastened in the sea for Latona's child-birth.

*That with the term of Welsh the English now im-
baze.*

For this name of Welsh is unknown to the British themselves, and imposed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walsh, i. e. strangers. Others fabulously have talk of Wallo and Wandolena, whence it should be derived. But you shall come nearer truth, if upon the community of name, customs, and original, betwixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them called Walsh, as it were Gualsh (the W. oftentimes being instead of the Gu.) which expresses them to be Gauls rather than

(b) Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 6.

(c) Ammian. Marcel. hist. 15. Pomp. Mel. lib. 2. Plin. Hist. Nat. 2. cap. 103.

(d) Ad Strabon, lib. 8.

(e) Itin. Leicest. 27. ann. Hen. 3. in Archiv. Turr. Lond.

(f) Hic post alios refragatur B. Pererius ad Genes. 1. quæst. 101.

(g) Prov. 8.

(h) Ps. 104.

(i) Pindar. ap. Strabon. lib. 10.

strangers; although in the Saxon, (which is *(k)* observed) it was used for the name of Gauls, Strangers, and Barbarous, perhaps in such kind as in this kingdom the name of *(l)* Frenchman, hath by inclusion comprehended all kinds of aliens.

Was little Britain call'd—

See a touch of this in the passage of the virgins to the eighth song. Others affirm, that under *(m)* Constantine, of our Britons colonies were there placed; and from some of these the name of that now dukedom, to have had its beginning. There be *(n)* also that will justify the British name to have been in that tract long before, and for proof cite Dionysius *(o)* Afer, and *(p)* Pliny; but for the first, it is not likely that he ever meant that continent, but this of ours, as the learned tell you; and for Pliny, seeing he reckons his Britons of Gaul in the confines of the now France, and lower Germany, it is as unlikely that betwixt them and little Bretagne should be any such habitude. You want not authority, affirming that our Britons from them *(q)*, before they from ours, had deduction of this national title; but my belief admits it not. The surer opinion is to refer the name unto those Britons, which (being expelled the island at the entry of the Saxons) got them new habitation in this maritime part, as beside other authority an express assertion is in an old fragment of a French history *(r)*, which you may join with most worthy Camden's treatise on this matter; whither (for a learned declaration of it) I send you.

Forewarned was in dreams that of the Britons reign.

Cadwallader driven to forsake this land, especially by reason of plague and famine tyrannizing among his subjects, joined with continual irruptions of the English, retired himself into little Bretagne, to his cousin Alan, there king: where in a dream he was admonisht by an angel (I justify it but by the story) that a period of the British empire was now come, and until time of Merlin's prophecy, given to king Arthur, his country or posterity should have no restitution; and farther, that he should take his journey to Rome, where, for a transitory, he might receive an eternal kingdom. Alan, upon report of this vision, compares it with the Eagle's prophecies, the Sibyl's verses, and Merlin; nor found he but all were concord-

ing in prædiction of this ceasing of the British monarchy. Through his advice therefore, and a prepared affection, Cadwallader takes voyage to Rome, received of P.P. Sergius, with holy tincture, the name of Peter, and within very short time there died; his body very lately under Pope Gregory the XIII. was found *(s)* buried by S. Peter's tomb, where it yet remains; and White of Basingstoke says, he had a piece of his raiment of a cheinut colour, taken up (with the corps) uncorrupted; which he accounts, as a Romish pupil, no slight miracle. It was added among British traditions, that, when Cadwallader's *(t)* bones were brought into this isle, then should the posterity of their princes have restitution: concerning that, you have enough to the second song. Observing concurrence of time and difference of relation in the story of this prince, I know not well how to give myself or the reader satisfaction. In Monmouth, Robert of Glocester, Florilegus, and their followers, Cadwallader 'ls made the son of Cadwallo king of the Britons before him, but so, that he descended also from English-saxon blood; his mother being daughter to Penda king of Merckland. Our monks call him king of West-saxons, successor of Kentwine, and son to Kenbrith. And where Caradoc Lhancarvan tells you of wars betwixt Ine or Ivor (successor to Cadwallader) and Kentwine, it appears in our chronographers that Kentwine must be dead above three years before. But howsoever these things might be reconcileable, I think clearly that *(u)* Cadwallader in the British, and Cedwella king of West-saxons in Bede, Malmesbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and other stories of the English, are not the same, as Geoffrey, and, out of Girald, Randal of Chester, and others since erroneously have affirmed. But strongly you may hold, that Cadwallo or Caswallo, living about the year DC.XL, slain by Oswald king of Northumberland, was the same with Bede's first Cedwalla, whom he calls king of Britons, and that by misconceit of his two Cedwals (the other being, almost fifty years after, king of West-saxons) and by communicating of each other's attributes upon indistinct names, without observation of their several times, these discordant relations of them, which in story are too palpable, had their first being. But to satisfy you in present, I keep myself to the course of our ordinary stories, by reason of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to Rome, thus: some will, that he was Christian before, and received of Sergius only confirmation; others, that

(k) Buchanan. Scotie. Hist. 2.

(l) Bract. lib. 3. tract. 2. cap. 15. Leg. Gul. Conquest. & D. Coke in Cas. Calvin.

(m) Malmesh. de gest. reg. 1.

(n) Paul Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. l. 3. c. 31.

(o) Vid. Eustath. ad eundem.

(p) Hist. Nat. lib. 4. cap. 17. quem super Ligerim Britannos hos sitos dixisse, miror P. Merulam tam constantè affirmasse.

(q) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 3. quem secutus P. Merula.

(r) Ex Ms. Cœnob. Floriac. edit. per P. Pithæum.

(s) Anton. Major. ap. Basingstoch. lib. 9. not. 32.

(t) Ranulph. Higden. lib. 5. cap. 20.

(u) Cedwalla Rex Britonum. Bed. Hist. Eccles. 3. cap. 1. Cæterum v. Nennium ap. Camd. in Itinerariis pag. 664 & 665. & Bed. lib. 5. cap. 7.

he had there his first baptism, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one king Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new-imposed name and burial there: for his baptism before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him indeed a well-willer to Christianity, but as one that had not yet received its holy testimony. The very phrase in most of our historians is plain that he was baptized; and so also his epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inserted.

(x) *Percipiēsq̄ue alacer rediuvā prēmia vitæ,
Barbaricam rabiem, nomen & inde suum,
Conversus convertit ovals, Petrūmq̄ue vocari,
Sergius antistes, jussit ut ipse pater
Fonte renascentis quem Christi gratia purgans
Protinus ablatum vexit in arce Poli.*

This shows also his short life afterward, and agrees fully with the English story. His honourable affection to religion, before his cleansing mark of regeneration, is seen in that kind respect given by him to Wilfrid first bishop of Selesey in Suffex; where the Episcopal see of Chichester (hither was it translated from Selesey, under William the conqueror) acknowledges in public monuments, rather him founder than Edilwalch the first Christian king of that province, from whom Cedwalla violently took both life and kingdom: nor doth it less appear, in that his paying tenths of such spoils, as by war's fortune accrued to his greatness: which notwithstanding, although done by one then not received into the church of either testament, is not without many examples among the ancient Gentiles, who therein imitating the Hebrews, tithed much of their possessions, and acquired substance to such deities as unhallowed religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did upon mystery in the number, or therein as paying first fruits (for the word *בְּרִיחַ* which was for Abel's offerings, *טִקְשָׁר* and for Melchisedech's tithes, according to that less (y) calculation in Cabalistic concordance of identities in different words, are of equal number, and by consequent of like interpretation) I leave to my reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning (z) Joseph Scaliger, affirming tithes among those ancients only payable to Hercules; whereas by express witness of an (a) old

inscription at Delphos, and the common report of Camillus, it is justified, that both Greeks and Romans did the like to Apollo, and no less among them and others together, was to Mars (b), Jupiter (c), Juno (d), and the number of Gods in general, to whom the Athenians dedicated the tenth (e) part of Lesbos. He which the author, after the British, calls here Ivor, is affirmed the same with Ine king of West-sax in our monkish chronicles, although there be scarce any congruity betwixt them in his descent. What follows is but historical and continued succession of their princes.

More excellent than those which our good Howel here.

For Howel Dha, first prince of South-wales and Powis, after upon death of his cousin Edwal Voel, of North-wales also, by mature advice in a full council of barons and bishops, made divers universal constitutions. By these, Wales (until Edward I.) was ruled. So some say; but the truth is, that before Edward I. conquered Wales, and, as it seems, from XXVIII. but especially XXXV. of Hen. III. his empire enlarged among them, the English king's writ did run there. For when Ed. I. sent commission to (f) Reginald of Grey, Thomas bishop of S. Dewy's, and Walter of Hopton, to inquire of their customs, and by what laws they were ruled, divers cases were upon oath returned, which by, and according to, the king's law, if it were between lords or the princes themselves, had been determined; if between tenants, then by the lord's seizing it into his hands, until discovery of the title in his court; but also that none were decided by the laws of Howel Dha. Of them, in Lhuyd's annotations to the Welsh chronicle, you have some particulars, and in the roll which hath aided me. Touching those other of Molmutius and Martia, somewhat to the ninth song.

*Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear
Tb' unwieldy Norman yoke——*

Snowdon properly speaks all for the glory of his country, and follows suppositions of the British story, discording herein with ours. For in Matthew Paris, and Florilegus under the year 110. LXXVIII. I read that the Conqueror subdued Wales, and took homage and hostages of the princes; so of Hen. I. 110. c. XIII. Hen. II. in 110. c. LVII.

(x) Bed. eccles. hist. lib. 5, c. 7. Englished in substance, if you say, *He was baptized and soon died, Anno Christi DC.LXXX.VIII* Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the West-Saxon Cedwal, and not the British. See to the XI song.

(y) Ratio Cabalistica Minor secundum quam ē Centenario quolibet & Denario unitatem accipiunt, reliquos numeros in utroque vocabulo retinentes uti Archangel. Burgonovenf. in Dog. Cabalisticis.

(z) Ad Festum. verb. Decuma.

(a) Clemens Alexand. Strom. α. & Steph. *περί πολ.* in *Ἀπολογία.* tantundem; præter alios quam plurimos.

(b) Lucian. *περί Ὀρχήσεως.* & Varro ap. Macrobi. 3. cap. I.

(c) Herodot. α.

(d) Samij apud Herodot. δ.

(e) Thucydid hist. γ

(f) Rot. Claus. de ann. 9. Ed. I. in Archiv. Tur. Londin.

and other times: Of this Hen. II. hath been understood that prophecy of Merlin. *When the freckle fac'd Prince* (so was the King) *passes over* (g) *Kbyd Pencarn*, then should the Welsh forces be weakened. For he in this expedition against Rees ap Gryffith into South-Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his steed maddened with sudden sound of trumpets, on the bank, violently, out of the purposed way, carries him through the ford: which compared with that of Merlin, gave to the British army no small discomfiture; as a (b) Cambro-Briton, then living, hath delivered. But, that their stories and ours are so different in these things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is used among (i) historians, to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies. See the first note here for Rufus his time.

And from the English power the imperial standard took.

Henry of Essex, at this time standard-bearer to Henry II. in a straight at Counsylth near Flint, cast down the standard, thereby animating the Welsh, and discomfiting the English, adding much danger to the dishonour. He was afterward accused by Robert of Montfort, of a traiterous design in the action. To clear himself, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royal assent and judicial course by law of arms, enter the lists; where Montfort had the victory, and Essex pardoned for his life; but forfeiting (k) all his substance, entered religion, and profest in the abbey of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great (l) clerk of those times says, that Montfort spent a whole night of devotions to St. Denis (so I understand him, although his copy seems corrupted) which could make champions invincible; whereto he refers the success. That it was usual for combatants to pray over night to several saints, is plain by (m) our law-annals.

Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.

About the year cix. c. lxx. Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this sea voyage; and by probability those names of Capo de Breton in Norumbeg, and Pengwin in part of the Northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the British, were reliques of this discovery. So that the Welsh may challenge priority, of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the rest of that kind.

And with that Crogen's name let the English us disgrace.

The first cause of this name, take thus: In one of Henry the Second's expeditions into Wales, divers of his camp sent to assay a passage over Offa's-dike, at Crogen castle, were entertained with prevention by British forces, most of them there slain, and, to present view, yet lying buried. Afterward, this (n) word Crogen, the English used to the Welsh, but as remembring cause of revenge for such a slaughter, although time hath made it usual in ignorant mouths for a disgraceful attribute.

To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd.

Sufficiently justifiable in this of king John, although our monks therein not much discording from British relation, deliver, that he subdued all Wales; especially this northern (o) part unto Snowdon, and received twenty hostages for surety of future obedience. For, at first, Lhwelin ap Jorwerth Prince of North-wales, had by force joined with stratagem the better hand, and compelled the English camp to victual themselves with horse flesh; but afterward indeed upon a second road made into Wales, king John had the conquest. This compared with those changes ensuing upon the Pope's wrongful uncrowning him, his barons rebellion, and advantages in the mean time taken by the Welsh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragique stage. The stories may, but it fits not me to inform you of large particulars.

As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.

But withal observe the truth of story in the mean time. Of all our kings unto John, somewhat you have already. After him, Henry III. had wars with Lhwelin ap Jorwerth; who (a most worthy prince) desiring to bless his feeble days with such composed quiet as inclining age affects, at last put himself into the king's protection. Within short space dying, left all to his sons, David and Gruffith; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter (p) submits himself and his principality to the English crown, acknowledges that he would stand to the judgment of the king's court, in controversies betwixt his brother and himself, and that what portions soever were so allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief; and briefly, makes himself and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and sub-

(g) The ford at the Rock's head.

(b) Gerald. Itinerar. I. cap. 6.

(i) De quo, si placet, videas compendiosè apud Alberic. Gentil. de Arm. Rom. I. cap. I.

(k) Guil. de Novo Burgo lib. 2. c. 5.

(l) Joann. Sarisburiens. Ep. 159.

(m) 30 Ed. 3 fol. 20.

(n) Gutyn Owen in Lhwelin ap Jorwerth.

(o) Note that North-wales was the chief principality, and to it South-wales and Powis paid a tribute, as out of the laws of Howel Dha is noted by Doctor Powel.

(p) Charta Davidis 25. Hen. 2. Senen wife to Griffith then imprisoned, was with others a pledge for her husband's part.

jects of England. (g) All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath through favour, purchased at Rome, and delegate authority in that kind to the abbots of Cowey and Remer, was (according to persuasion of those times, the more easily induced, because gain of regal liberty was the consequent soon released, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious swords; whereto they were the sooner urged, for that the king had transferred the principality of Wales (by name of *una cum Conquestu nostro Wallia*) to Prince Edward Longshanks (afterward Edward I. since when our sovereigns eldest sons have borne that hopeful title. But when this Edward, after his father, succeeded in the English crown, soon came that fatal (r) conversion here spoken of by the author, even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the isle was ruled by; that is, Lhwelin ap Gruffith, who (after uncertain fortune of war, on both sides, and revolting of South Wales) was constrained to enter a truce (or rather subjection) resigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the crown after his death, and reserving, for his life only, the isle of Anglesey and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer should receive a yearly rent of c10. merks, granting also that all the baronies in Wales should be held of the king, excepting those five reserved, with divers other particulars in Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, and Humphrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this instrument were not long observed, but at length the death of Lhwelin, spending his last breath for maintenance of his ancestors rights against his own covenant, freely cast upon king Edward all that, whereof he was as it were instituted there. What ensued, and how Wales was governed afterward, and subject to England, stories and the statute of (s) Ruthlan will largely shew you; and see what I have to the VII. song. In all that follows concerning Edward of Caernarvon, the author is plain enough. And concluding, observe this proper personating of Snowdon hill, whose limits and adjacent territories are best witnesses, both of the English assaults, and pacifying covenants between both princes.

Was called in former times her country Cambria's mother.

In the Welsh proverb (t) *Mon mam Tymbry*, in such sense as Sicily was stiled Italy's (u) storehouse, by reason of fertile ground, and plenteous liberality of corn thence yearly supplied. And (v) Girald tells us, that this little isle was wont to be able to furnish all Wales with such provision, as Snowdon hills were for pasture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plain confutation of that idle

opinion in Polydore, Hector Boethius, and others, taking the (now called) Isle of Man for this Mon (now Anglesea) learned Lhuyd in his Epistle to Ortelius hath sufficient. Although it be divided as an isle (but rather by a shallow ford, than a sea: and in the Roman times, we see by Tacitus, that Paulinus and Agricola's soldiers swam over it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath been, a county by itself, as Caernarvon, Denbigh, and the rest neighbouring.

That the Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known.

It is an isle lying betwixt Cumberland and the Irish Down county, almost in the mid-sea, as long since Julius Cæsar could affirm, calling it (w) Mona, which being equivalent, as well for this as for Anglesea, hath with imposture blinded some knowing men. Nennius (the eldest historian amongst us extant) gives it the name of Eubonia-Manay, like that here used by the author. It was of ancient time governed by kings of its own, as you may see in the chronicle of Ruffin, deduced from the time of St. Edward into the reign of Edward the second. After this, the government of the English and Scots were now and then interchanged in it, being at last recovered, and with continuance, ruled by such as the favour of our sovereigns (to whose crown (x) it belonged) honoured with that title King of Man. It is at this day, and since the time of Henry IV. hath (y) been in that noble family of the Stanleys earls of Derby; as also is the patronage of the bishoprick of Sodor, whereto is all judical government of the isle referred. There was long since a controversy, whether it belonged to Ireland or England (for you may see in the civil (z) law, with which, in that kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both under the same empire) and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it, they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and, finding that it did (a), adjudged it to our Britain. The other isles here spoken of, lie farther north by Scotland, and are to it subject.

The fearless British priests under an aged oak.

He means the Druids; because they are indeed, as he calls them, British priests, and that this island was of old their mother: whence, as from a seminary, Gaul was furnished with their learning. Permit me some space more largely to satisfy you in their name, profession, sacrifice, places of af-

(g) In Archiv. Scaccar. & Polydor. hist. Angl. 16.

(r) Ann. c10. cc. LXX.VII.

(s) 12 Ed. I.

(t) Mon the mother of Wales.

(u) Girald. Itinera. 2. c. 7. & 9.

(v) Strab. l. 5.

(w) Comment. 5.

(x) Walsingham. in Ed. II.

(y) Camden. in Insulis.

(z) Ulpian ff. de Judiciis l. 9. & verb. fig. l.

99.

(a) Topograph. Aibern. dist. 2. cap. 15.

sembling, and lastly, Subversion. The name of Druids hath been drawn from *Δρῦς* i. e. an Oak, because of their continual (*b*) using that tree as superstitiously hallowed: according as they are called also *Σαποῦδα* or (*c*) *Σαποῦδα*, which likewise, in Greek, is old oaks. To this compare the British word *Derw* of the same signification, and, the original here sought for, will seem surely found. But one, (*d*) that derives all from Dutch, and prodigiously supposes that the first tongue spoken, makes them so stiled from *Trom wis*, i. e. truly wise, so expressing their nature in their name. Nor is this without good reason of conjecture (if the ground were true) seeing that their like in proportion among the Jews and Gentiles were called (until Pythagoras his time) Wisemen (*e*), and afterward by him turned into the name of philosophers, i. e. Lovers of wisdom; and perhaps the old Dutch was, as some learned think, communicated to Gaul, and from thence hither; the conjecture being somewhat aided in that attribute which they have in Pomponius (*f*), calling them Masters of wisdom. A late great (*g*) scholar draws it from *Trutin*, in an old Dutch copy of the gospel, signifying, as he says, God; which might be given them by hyperboly of superstitious reverence: nay, we see that it is justifiable by holy writ, so to call great magistrates and judges, as they were among the people. But that word *Trutin* or *Truchin* in the old angelical salutation, Zachary's song, and Simeon's, published by Vulcan, is always *Lord*; as this *Diruibit si truchin got Israello*, i. e. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; and so in the Saxon ten commandments, (*b*) *ic eom Dr hten sin God*, i. e. I am the Lord thy God. These are the etymologies which favour of any judgment. To speak of king Drui or Sarron, which that (*i*) Dominican friar hath cozened vulgar credulity withal, and thence fetch their name, according to Dr. White of Basingstoke, were with him to suffer, and, at once, offer imposture. Of them all, I incline to the first, seeing it meet in both tongues, the Greek and British; and somewhat the rather too, because antiquity did crown their infernal deities, (and from *Dis*, if you trust Caesar, the Gauls, and by consequence our Britons, upon tradition of these priests, drew their descent) with oak; as (*k*) Sophocles hath it of Hecate, and (*l*) Catullus of the three Destinies. Neither will I desire you to

spend conceit upon examination of that supposition which makes the name (*m*) corrupted from *Durcergliis*, which in Scottish were such as had a holy charge committed to them; whereupon, perhaps, Bale says St. Columban was the chief of the Druids: I reckon that among the infinite fables and gross absurdities, which its author hath, without judgment, stult himself withal. For their profession, it was both of learning profane and holy (I speak in all, applying my words to their times:) They sat as judges, and determined all causes emergent, civil and criminal, subjecting the disobedient, and such as made default, to interdicts and censures, prohibiting them from sacred assemblies, taking away their capacities in honourable offices, and so disabling them, that (as our now outlaws, excommunicates, and attainted persons) they might not commence suit against any man. In a multitude of verses they delivered what they taught, not suffering it to be committed to writing, so imitating both Cabalists, Pythagoreans, and ancient (*n*) Christians; but used in other public and private business Greek letters, as Caesar's copies have: but hereof see more to the tenth song. Their more private and sacred learning consisted in Divinity and Philosophy (see somewhat of that to the first Song), which was such, that although I think you may truly say with Origen (*o*), that, before our Saviour's time, Britain acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as near to what they should have done, or rather nearer, than most of other, either Greek or Roman, as by their positions in Caesar, Strabo, Lucan, and the like discoursing of them, you may be satisfied. For although Apollo, Mars, and Mercury were worshipped among the vulgar Gauls, yet it appears that the Druids invocation was to one (*p*) All-healing or All saving power. In morality, their instructions were so persuasive, and themselves of such reverence, that the most fiery rage of Mars kindled among the people, was by their grave counsels (*q*) often quenched. Out of Pliny receive their form of ritual sacrifice (here described by the author) thus: In such gloomy shadows, as they most usually for contemplation retired their ascending thoughts into, after exact search, finding an oak, whereon a mistletoe grew, on the sixth day of the moon (above all other times) in which was beginning of their year, they religiously and with invocation

(*b*) Plin. hist. nat. 16. cap. 44.

(*c*) Dio. Sicul. de Antiquor. gestis fab. 7.

(*d*) Goropius Gallic. 5.

אטלו הכמים (*e*)

i. e. docerunt Sapientes Capnio de Art. Cabalistic. l. 3. quod Hebraeis in usu ut *ἀντὶς ἰσὴν* Pythagoræis nec Druidum discipulis refragari sententij Magistor, fas erat.

(*f*) Geograph. 3. cap. 2.

(*g*) Paul. Merula Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 11.

(*h*) Prefat. ad Leg. Aluredi Saxonie.

(*i*) Berosus (ille Annianus subdititius) Chaldeic. Antiquit. 5.

(*k*) In *Ἐπιζωοῦ* apud Scholiast. Apollonij, uti primum didici a Jos. Scaligero in Conjectaneis.

(*l*) De nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos. — § His Corpus tremulum, &c ubi vulgatis deest ista, quæ antiquorum codicum fide est vera lectio, uti Scaliger.

(*m*) Hector. Boeth. Scot. hist. 2.

(*n*) Cæl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 10. c. 1.

(*o*) Ad Izech. 4.

(*p*) Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44.

(*q*) Strab. Geograph. 8.

brought with them to it a ceremonial banquet, materials for sacrifice, with two white bulls, filleted on the horns, all which they placed under the oak. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden knife or scythe cuts the mistletoe, which they solemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they sacrifice the bulls, earnestly calling on the (r) All-healing deity, to make it prosperous and happy on whomsoever they shall bestow it, and accounted it both preservative against all poisons, and a remedy against barrenness. If I should imagine by this All-healing deity, to be meant Apollo, whom they worshipped under name of Belin (as I tell you to the eighth Song) my conjecture were every way receivable; seeing that Apollo (s) had both among Greeks and Latins the divine titles of (t) *Ἀλκιμαχὸς Λαμίας*, Medicus, and to him the invocation was (u) *Ἰη Παιῶν*, all concurring in the same proof; but also if they had (as probability is enough to conjecture it) an altar inscribed for this devotion and used Greek letters (which to the next Song shall be somewhat examined) I could well think the dedication thus conceived.

(w) *ΒΕΛΙΖΩΝ ΤΩ ΠΑΝΑΚΕΙ.*

OR,

(x) *ΒΕΛΙΝΩΝ ΘΕΩ.*

Which, very probably, was meant by some, making in Latin termination, and nearer Apollo's name

(y) *DEO ABELLIONI.*

As, an inscription in Gaul, to abiding memory committed by that most noble Joseph (z) Scaliger is read; and perhaps some relics or allusion to this name is in that

DEO SANCTO BELATUCADRO—

yet remaining in (a) Cumberland. Nor is it strange that Apollo's name should be thus far of ancient time, before communication of religion betwixt these northern parts and the learned

Gentiles, seeing that Cæsar affirms him for one of their deities; and long before that, Abaris, (about the beginning of the (b) Olympiads) an Hyperborean is recorded for (c) Apollo's priest among the utmost Scythians, being farther from Hellenism than our British. But I return to the mistle: Hereto hath some referred (d) that which the Sibyl counselled Æneas to carry with him to Proserpine;

(e) ——— *latet arbore opacâ*

Aureus & foliis & lento vimine ramus

Junoni infermæ dictus sacer: hunc tegit omnis

Lucus, & obscuris claudunt convallibus umbræ.

Which may as well so be applied, as to (f) chemistry; seeing it agrees also with what I spake before of *Dis*, and that Virgil expressly compares it to the mistle,

(g) ——— *quod non sua seminat arbor.*

for it springs out of some particular nature of the oaken stem, whereupon it is called by an old poet (h) *ἄρως ἰδρωῖς*: and although it be not ordinarily found upon oaks, yet, that oftentimes it is, any apothecary can tell, which preserveth it for medicine, as the ancients used to make lime of it to catch birds: of which (i) Argentarius hath an admonitory epigram to a black-bird, that she should not sing upon the oak, because that

(l) ——— *ἴπ' Ὀρνίθισσι φέροι τὸν ἀνάρσιον Ἴζον,*

but on the vine, dedicated to Bacchus, a great favourite of singers. Upon this Druidian custom (m), some have grounded that unto this day used in France, where the younger country fellows, about new-year's tide in every village give the wish of good fortune at the inhabitants doors, with this acclamation, (n) *Au guez l'an neuf*; which, as I remember, in Rabelais is read all one word, for the same purpose. Whether this had any community with the institution of that (o) temple *Ἰεστρηριαὶ τύχης* in Antium, or that Ovid alluded to it in that verse, commonly cited out of him,

(r) Omnia Sanantem.

(s) Macrob. Saturnal. cap. 17.

(t) All three words as much as Physician.

(u) Heal Apollo.

(w) To All-healing Apollo: & Salutaris Apollo in Numum. ap. Goltzium, in Thes.

(x) To God Belin.

(y) To God Abellio.

(z) Aufoniar. lect. 1. c. 9.

(a) Camd. ibid.

(b) Hippostrat. ap. Suid. in Abar.

(c) Malchus vit. Pythag.

(d) Virgil Æneid. 6. Petr. Crinit. Hist. Poet. 6. cap. 10.

(e) She directs him to seek a golden branch in the dark woods, consecrate to Proserpine.

(f) Bracefch in ligno vitæ.

(g) Which grows of itself.

(h) Sweat of the oak, Ion. apud Athenæum Dipnosoph. 10.

(i) Antholog. α. cap. 3.

(l) Bred Lime to catch her.

(m) Jo. Gorop. Gallic. 5. & alij.

(n) To the Mistle, this new year.

(o) Plutarch. Probl. Rom. 2. Cælius Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 18. cap. 14.

(p) *At* (some read *ad*) *viscum Druidæ, viscum clamare solebant;*

I cannot assure you, yet it is enough likely. But I see a custom in some parts among us, in our language (nor is the digression too faulty, the same in effect; I mean the yearly *was-baile* in the country on the vigil of the new year, which had its beginning, as some (r) say, from that of Ronix (daughter to Hengist) her drinking to Vortigern, by these words (s) *Louerd king was-beil*, he answering her by direction of an interpreter, *Drinr-beile*, (t) and then,

Kuste bire and fitte bire adoune and glad dronk bire beil,

*And that was the in this land the verst was-bail
As in langage of Saroyne that me might ever iwite,
And so wel be paith the folc about, that he is not yut varyute.*

Afterward it appears that *was-baile* and *Drinr-beil* were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we see in (u) Thomas de la More, and before him that old (x) Havillan, thus:

Ecce vagante cifo dislento gutture wass-heil

Ingiminant wass-heil —————

But I rather conjecture it an usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of health-wishing (and so perhaps you might make it *wiss-beil*) which was exprest among other nations in that form of drinking to the health of their mistresses and friends,

Benè (x) vos, benè nos, benè te, benè me, benè nostram etiam

Stephanium

in (y) Plautus, and infinite other testimonies of that nature (in him Martial, Ovid, Horace, and such more) agreeing nearly with the fashion now used; we calling it a health, as (z) they did also in direct terms; which with an idol called *Heil*, anciently worshipped at Cerne in (z) Dorsetshire, by the English Saxons, in name expresses both the

ceremony of drinking, and the new year's acclamation (whereto in some parts of this kingdom is joined also the solemnity of drinking out of a (a) cup, ritually composed, decked, and filled with country liquor) just as much and as the same which that All-healing deity, or All-helping medicine did among the Druids. You may to all this add, that, as an earnest of good luck to follow the new year beginning, it was (b) usual among the Romans, as with thus, and I think, in all Europe, at this day is, to greet each other with auspicious gifts. But hereof you say, I unfitly expatiate: I omit therefore, their sacrificing of human bodies, and such like, and come to the places of their assembly: This was about Chartres in Gaul, as Cæsar tells us; Paul Merula (for affinity of name) imagines it to be Dreux, some eight miles on this side Chartres. And peradventure the Galatians public council called (c) Drymenetum had hence original. The British Druids took this isle of Anglesey (then well stored with thick woods, and religious groves, insomuch that it was called (d) *Inis-Dowil*) for their chief residence; as in the Roman (e) story of Paulinus and Agricola's adventuring on it, is delivered. For their subversion; under Augustus and Tiberius they were prohibited (f) Rome; and Claudius endeavoured it in (g) Gaul; yet in the succeeding Emperors times there were of them left, as appears in Lampridius and Vopiscus, mentioning them in their lives; and, long since that, Procopius (h) writing under Justinian above D. years after Christ, affirms that then the Gauls used sacrifices of human flesh, which was a part of Druidian doctrine. If I should upon testimony (i) of, I know not what, Veremund Campbell and the Irish Cornhill, tell you that some C.LX. years before Christ, Finnan King of Scotland first gave them the isle, or that King Crathlint, in Dioclesian's persecution, turned their religion into Christianity, and made Amphibalus first bishop of Sodor, I should fabulously abuse time, as they have ignorantly mistook that isle of Man for this. Or to speak of the supposed *Druttenfuss*, i. e. a pentagonal figure, engraven with TT or Tγύα, (it is the same, in fashion, with the victorious seal of Antiochus Soter (k), being admonished by Alexander in a dream, to take it) which in Ger-

(p) As if you should say of Mistleed Fortunee, To the Mistle, the Druids used to cry.

(r) Galfred Monumeth. l. 3. cap. 1.

(s) Lord King a health.

(t) Drink the health.

(u) Rob. Glouc.

(x) Vita Edw. II.

(w) In Archit. lib. 2.

(x) Subintellige *ζῆλον*, aut quid simile.

(y) In Sticho.

(z) Propino tibi salutem plenis faucibus. Plautus eadem comœdia.

(a) Camdenus, The Wass-hail-boll.

(b) Ovid. Fast. 1. Fest. in Strena.

(c) Strab. Geogr. 4β.

(d) The dark Isle Brit.

(e) Tacit. An. 14. & Vit. Agricola.

(f) Suet. l. 5. cap. 24. & Plin. Hist. Nat. 30. c. 1.

(g) Senec. in Apocoloc. & Sueton. ubi supra.

(h) De bell. Gothic β.

(i) Hector. Boet. Scotor. Hist. 2. and 6.

(k) Lucian. ὁ τὴν τῆς ἐν τῇ προσαγορεύσει τῆς ἀντιόχειας. Alii. Et habetur apud Agrippam in 3. de Occulta Philosoph. cap. 31. atque ex Antiochi nummis apud J. Rouchlir, in 3. de arte Cabalistica,

many they reckon for a preservative against Hobgoblins, were but to be indulgent to old wives traditions. Only thus much for a corollary I will note to you; Conrad (*l*) Celtes observes, to be in an abbey at the foot of Vichtelberg-hill, near Voitland, six statues of stone, set in the church-wall, some seven foot, every one tall, bare head and foot, cloakt and hooded, with a bag, a book, a staff, a beard hanging to his middle, and spreading a mustachio, an austere look, and eyes fixt on the earth; which he conjectures to be images of them. Upon mistaking of Strabo, and applying what he saith in general, and brace-

lets and gold chains of the Gauls, to the Druids, I once thought that Conrad had been deceived. But I can now upon better advice incline to his judgment.

Which with my Princes Court I sometimes pleas'd to grace.

For as in South Wales, Caermardhin, and afterwards Dinevowr; in Powis, Shrewsbury, and then Mathraval, so in North Wales was Aberfraw in Anglesey, chief place of the princes (*m*) residence.

(*l*) Tract. de Hercynia Sylva.

(*m*) Prif. in descrip. Wall.

A CHRONOLOGY OF THE KINGS AND PRINCES OF WALES,

FROM § ARTHUR, UNTIL THE END OF THE BRITISH BLOOD IN THEM.

Year of Christ.

516. Arthur succeeded his father Uther Pendragon : of his death, see to the III. song.
542. Constantine, son to Cador Duke of Cornwall (understand Governor, or Lord Lieutenant; for, neither in those times, nor long after, was any such title particularly honorary :) he lies buried at Stonehenge.
545. Aurelius Conan.
578. Vortipor.
581. Malgo.
586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverse fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, most of all, made that secession into Wales and Cornwall, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.
- About 600. Cadwan.
- About 630. Cadwalin or Cadwallo : The Britons as in token of his powerful

Year of Christ.

- resistance and dominion against the Saxons, put (*m*) him, being dead, into a brazen horse, and set it on the top of the west gate of London; it seems he means Ludgate.
676. Cadwallader, son to Cadwallo; of him and his name, see before. Nor think I the British and English Chronicles concerning him, reconcileable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the British failed.
688. Ivor son to Alan, King of Armorique Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) Ine King of West Saxons in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.
720. Roderique Molwinic son of Edward (*n*) Ywrch.
755. Conan Tindaethwy, son of Roderic.

§ I will not justify the times of this Arthur, nor the rest, before Cadwallader; so discording are our Chronologers: nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath sufficient means to rectify them,

(*m*) This report is, as the British story tells, hardly justifiable, if examined,

(*n*) The Roo.

Year of Christ.

Year of Christ.

- Near 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Efsylht, daughter and heir to Roderique.
843. Roderique Mawr, son to Mervin and Efsylht. Among his sons was the tripartite division of Wales (as to the VII. song) into Powise, North, and South Wales.
877. Anarawd son to Roderique.
913. Edward Voel, son of Anarawd.
940. Howel Dha, cousin german to Edwal, having before the principality of South Wales and Powis. This is he whose laws are so famous, and inquired of in Rot. Claus. Wall. 9. Ed. 1. in the tower.
948. Jevaf and Jago, sons of Edwal. Voel.
982. Howel ap Jevaf.
984. Cadwalhon ap Jevaf.
986. Meredith ap Owen.
992. Edwal ap Myric.
1003. Aedan ap Blegored.
1015. Lhwelin ap Sitsylht.
1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Meyric.
1037. Gruffyth ap Lhwelin.
1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.
1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.
1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reformed

the Welsh poets and minstrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to instruct the Welsh, as to the IV. song.

1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.
1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother discovered part of the West Indies.
1194. Lhwelin ap Jorweth ap Owen Gwineth.
1240. David ap Lhwelin ap Jorwerth.
1246. Lhwelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the last Prince of Wales of the British blood.
1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhwelin then slain; and since that (Henry III. before gave it also to his son Prince Edward) it hath been in the eldest sons, and heirs apparent of the English crown.

But note, that after the division among Roderique Mawr's sons, the principality was chiefly in North Wales, and the rest as tributary to Prince of that part: and for him as supreme King of Wales, are all these deductions of time and persons, until this last Lhwelin.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The serious Muse herself applies
To Merlin's ancient prophecies
At Dinas Emris; where he show'd
How fate the Britons rule bestow'd.
To Conway next she turns her tale,
And sings her Cluyd's renowned vale;
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,
And all the wonders of her well;
Makes Dee, Brute's history pursue:
At which, she bids her Wales adieu.

A WHILE thus taking breath, our way yet fair in view, [pursue. The Muse her former course doth seriously From (a) Penmen's craggy height to try her fairy wings, Herself long having bath'd in the delicious springs (That trembling from his top through long-worn crannies creep, To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep) She meets with Conway first, which lyeth next at hand: [sand, Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace: Into the Irish sea which making out her race,	Supply'd by many a mere (through many several rills Into her bosom pour'd) her plenteously she fills. O goodly river! near unto thy sacred spring & Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king The changes long to come, auspiciously he told. Most happy were thy nymphs, that wond'ring did behold His graver wrinkled brow, amazed, and did hear The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous were. [about) Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way Thy tributaries be: as is that town, whereout Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy name Perpetually is call'd, to register thy fame.
--	--

(a) Penmenmaur.

For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wife Merlin
first relate.

The Destinies decree, of Britain's future fate;
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should
lose: [depose:

As, when him from his seat the Saxons should
The forces that should here from (b) Armorick
arrive, [drive:

Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to
And to that mighty king, which rashly undertook
A strong-wall'd tower to rear, those earthly spi-
rits that shook [shape,

The great foundation still, in dragons horrid
That dreaming wizard told; making the moun-
tain gape

With his most powerful charms, to view those
caverns deep;

And from the top of (c) Brith, so high and
wond'rous steep,

Where Dinas Emris stood, shew'd where the ser-
pents fought,

The white that tore the red; from whence the
Prophet wrought

The Britons sad decay then shortly to ensue.

O! happy ye, that heard the man who all
things knew [admir'd

Until the general doom, through all the world
By whose prophetic saws ye all became inspir'd;

As well the forked Neage, that near'st her foun-
tain springs,

With her beloved Maid Melandidar, that brings
Her flow, where Conway forth into the sea doth
slide [slide)

(That to their mistresses make from the Denbighian
As those that from the hills of proud Caernarvon
fall.

This scarce the muse had said, but Cluyd doth
quickly call

Her great recourse, to come and guard her while
she glide [pride

Along the goodly vale (which with her wealthy
Much beautifies her banks; so naturally her own,

That Dyffren Cluyd by her both far and near is
known, [clos'd

With high embattel'd hills that each way is in-
But only on the north and to the north dispos'd,

Fierce Borea finds access to court the dainty vale:
Who, whispering in her ear, with many a wanton
tale,

Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)
As one that in himself much suff'reth for her sake.

The (d) Orcades, and all those (d) Eubides
embrac'd [chaste,

In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune seeming
Yet prostitute themselves to Boreas; who neglects

The Caledonian downs, nor aught at all respects
The other inland dales, abroad that scatter'd lie,

Some on the English earth, and some on Albany;
But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth
prefer [her,

Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with

(e) Orithya not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he her
took,

And in his silly plumes the trembling virgin shook:
But through the extreme love he to this vale
doth bear, [fear

Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth
Great Neptune, whom he sees to smug his horrid
face: [grace,

And fearing lest the God should so obtain her
From the Septentrion cold, in the breem freezing
air,

Where the bleak north-wind keeps still domineer-
ing there,

From Shetland stradling wide, his foot on Thuly
sets: [threats,

Whence storming, all the vast Deucalidon he
And bears his boisterous waves into the narrower
mouth. [south,

Of the (f) Vervigian sea: where meeting, from the
Great Neptune's furlier tides, with their robustious
shocks,

Each other shoulder up against the griesly rocks;
As strong men when they meet, contending for
the path,

But, coming near the coast where Cluyd her
dwelling hath, [wreak,

The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to
And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak:

'Dear Cluyd, th' abundant sweets that from
thy bosom flow,

'When with my active wings Into the air I throw,
'Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds
'to dwell, [smell

'Of aged become young, enamour'd with the
'Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy most precious
'lap: [enwrap,

'Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself
'They suffocate with scents; that (from my na-
'tive kind) [wind.

'I seem some flow perfume, and not the swiftest
'With joy, my Dryffen Cluyd, I see the bravely
'spread,

'Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head;
'Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their
'meadowy pride

'Are brancht with rivery veins, meander-like
'that glide.

'I farther note in thee, more excellent than these
'(Were there a thing that more the amorous eye
'might please)

'Thy plump and swelling womb, whose mellowy
'glebe doth bear [ear.

'The yellow ripened sheaf, that bendeth with the
Whilst in this sort his suit he amorously prefer'd,

Moylvennil near at hand, the north-wind over-
heard:

And, vexed at the heart, that he a mountain great,
Which long time in his breast had felt love's
kindly heat [caught,

As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,

(b) Little Britain in France.

(c) Part of snowdon

(d) Isles upon the north-east and west of Scotland.

(e) In the 6th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

(f) The tide, out the of and south seas, meeting in
St. George's channel.

And going on along, still gathering up his force,
Gets (m) Gerrowte his aid, to hasten on his course.
With (m) Christoneth next, comes (m) Keriog in
apace. [face

Out of the leaden mines, then with her sullied
(m) Claweddock casts about where Gwenrow she
may greet, [meet.

Till like two loving friends they under Wrexham
Then (m) Alen makes approach (to Dee most in-
ly dear)

Taking (m) Tegiddog in; who earnest to be there,
For haste, twice under earth her crystal head
doth run :

When instantly again Dee's holiness begun,
By his contracted front and sterner waves to show,
That he had things to speak, might profit them
to know ;

A brook that was suppos'd much business to
have seen,

Which had an ancient bound 'twixt Wales and
England been,

And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good
Of either country told ; of either's war or peace,
The sickness, or the health, the dearth, or the
increase :

And that of all the floods of Britain, he might
boast [most,

His stream in former times to have been honour'd
When as at Chester once king Edgar held his
court [refort :

§ To whom eight lesser kings with homage did
That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge be-
stow'd,

And was by all those kings about the river row'd.
For which, the hallowed Dee so much upon him
took, [brook,

And now that time was come, that this imperious
The long-traduced Brute determin'd to awake,
And in the Britains right thus boldly to them
spake ;

' O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that be,
' § And thou, the queen of isles, Great Britain;
' why do ye

' Your grandfire's God-like name (with a ne-
' glectful ear)

' In so reproachful terms and ignominy hear,

' By every one of late contemptuously disgrac'd ;

' That he, whom time so long and strongly hath
' embrac'd,

' Should be rejected quite ? The reason urged
' why,

' Is by the general foe thus answer'd by and by :

' That Brutus, as you say, by sea who hither
' came,

' From whom you would suppose this isle first
took the name,

' Merely fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear

' Most studious of the truth, and near'th those
' times that were)

' Of any such as he : nay, they who most do strive,

' From that great stock of Troy their lineage to
' derive,

(m) The rivers in the East of Denbigh, falling into Dee.

' In all the large descent of Julus, never found
' That Brute, on whom we might our first be-
' ginning ground.

' To this assertion, thus I faithfully reply ;

' And as a friend to truth, do constantly deny

' Antiquity to them, as nearer to those times ;

' Their writings to precede our ancient British
' rhymes :

' But that our noble Bards, which so divinely sung

' That remnant of old Troy, of which the Bri-
tains sprung,

' Before those Romans were, as proof we can
' produce ;

' § And learning long with us, e'er 'twas with
' them in use.

' And they but idly talk, upbraiding us with lies.

' § That Geffray Monmouth, first, our Brutus did
' devise,

' Not heard of till his time our adversary says :

' When pregnantly we prove, e'er that historian's
' days,

' A thousand ling'ring years, our prophets clearly
' song

' The Britain-sounding Brute, most frequent
' them among.

' From Talieffen wife (approved so with us,

' That what he spake was held to be oraculous,

' So true his writings were) and such immortal
' men [again

' As this now-waning world shall hardly hear

' In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of
' Wales, [tales

' Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were these idle

' (As he may find, the truth of our descents that
' seeks)

' Nor fabulous, like those devised by the Greeks :

' But from the first of time, by judges still were
' heard,

' Discreetly every (u) year correcting where they
err'd.

' And that whereon our foe his greatest hold
' doth take,

' Against the handled cause and most doth seem
' to make,

' Is, that we shew no book our Brutus to approve ;

' But that our idle Bards, as their fond rage did
' move,

' Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I an-
' swer these ; [Druides,

' That th' ancient British priests, the fearless

' That minister'd the laws, and were so truly
' wife,

' That they determin'd states, attending sacrifice,

' § To letters never would their mysteries com-
' mit,

' For which the breasts of men they deem'd to be
' more fit.

' Which questionless should seem from judgment
' to proceed.

' For, when of ages past we look in books to read,

' We retchlessly discharge our memory of those.

' So when injurious time, such monuments doth
' lose

(u) At the Stethva. See to the fourth song.

' (As what so great a work, by time that is not
 ' wrackt?)
 ' We utterly forego that memorable act :
 ' But when we lay it up within the minds of men,
 ' They leave it their next age; that leaves it hers
 ' agen :
 ' So strongly which (methinks) doth for tradition
 ' make,
 ' As if you from the world it altogether take,
 ' You utterly subvert antiquity thereby. [doth ly,
 ' For though time well may prove that often she
 ' Posterity by her yet many things hath known,
 ' That ere men learn'd to write, could no way
 ' have been shewn :
 ' For, if the spirit of God did not our faith assure
 ' The scriptures he from heaven, like heaven, di-
 ' vinely pure,
 ' Of Moses' mighty works, I reverently may say
 ' (I speak with godly fear tradition put away,
 ' In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not ly
 ' To prove before the flood the genealogy.
 ' Nor any thing there is that kindlier doth agree
 ' With our descent from Troy (if things compar'd
 ' may be) [when
 ' Than peopling of this place, near to those ages,
 ' Exiled by the Greeks, those poor world-wand-
 ' ring men
 ' (Of all hope to return into their country rest)
 ' Sought shores whereon to set that little them
 ' was left :
 ' From some such godlike race we questionless
 ' did spring,
 ' Who soon became so great here once inhabiting.
 ' So barbarous nor were we, as many have us made,
 ' And Caesar's envious pen would all the world
 ' persuade,
 ' His own ambitious ends in seeking to advance,
 ' When with his Roman power arriving here
 ' from France,

' If he the Britains found experienc'd so in war,
 ' That they with such great skill could wield their
 ' armed car ;
 ' And, as he still came on, his skilful march to let,
 ' Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers set
 ' The sharp steel-pointed stakes, as he the fords
 ' should pass ;
 ' I fain would understand how 'tis that nation was
 ' So ignorant he would make, and yet so knowing
 ' war. [we are
 ' But, in things past so long (for all the world)
 ' Like to a man embarkt, and travelling the deep :
 ' Who failing by some hill, or promontory steep
 ' Which juts into the sea, with an amazed eye
 ' Beholds the cliffs thrust up into the lofty sky,
 ' And th' more that he doth look, the more it
 ' draws his sight ;
 ' Now at the craggy front, then at the wond'rous
 ' weight : [fail
 ' But, from the passed shore still as the swelling
 ' (Thrust forward by the wind) the floating bark
 ' doth hail,
 ' The mighty giant-heap, so less and lesser still
 ' Appareth to the eye, until the monstrous hill
 ' At length shews like a cloud ; and farther being
 ' cast,
 ' Is out of kenning quite : so, of the ages past ;
 ' Those things that in their age much to be won-
 ' der'd were, [bear,
 ' Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth
 ' Do lessen every hour.' When now the mighty
 prease,
 Impatient of his speech, intreat the flood to cease,
 And cry with one consent, the Saxon state to shew,
 As angry with the muse such labour to bestow
 On Wales, but England still neglected thus to be.
 And having past the time, the honourable Dee
 At Chester was arriv'd, and bade them all adieu :
 When our intended course with England we pursue.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

RETURNING into the land, the muse leads you
 about Denbigh and Flint, most northern and ma-
 ritime shires of Wales; which conclude these seven
 last books dedicated to the glory of that third part
 of great Britain.

Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British King.

In the first declining state of the British empire
 (to explain the author in this of Merlin) Vorti-
 gern, by advice of his magicians, after divers un-
 fortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a
 strong fort in Snowdon hills (not far from Con-

way's head in the edge of Merioneth) which
 might be as his last and surest refuge against the
 increasing power of the English. Masons were
 appointed, and the work begun; but what they
 built in the day, was always swallowed up in the
 earth next night. The king asks counsel of his
 magicians touching this prodigy: they advise,
 that he must find out a child which had no father,
 and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mor-
 tar, and that then the castle would stand as on a
 firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-
 Merdhin (as you have it to the fifth song) was
 Merlin Ambrose found; he, being hither brought

to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to shew the true cause of that amazing ruin of the stone work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy superstruction. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeches the king to cause them make farther inquisition, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons: which proved so likewise, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons; and upon this event here in (a) Dinas Emyrs, as they call it, began he those prophecies to Vortigern, which are common in the British story. Hence questionless was that fiction of the muses best pupil, the noble Spenser (b), in supposing Merlin usually to visit his old Timon, whose dwelling he places

————— low in a valley green
Under the foot of Rauran mossy boar,
From whence the river Dee as silver clean,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.

For this Rauran-vaur hill is thereby in Merioneth: but observe withal, the difference of the Merlins, Ambrose and Silvester, which is before to the fourth song; and permit it only as poetical, that he makes King Arthur and this Merlin of one time. These prophecies were by Geoffrey ap Arthur at request of Alexander bishop of Lincoln under Henry I. turned into Latin, and some three hundred years since had interpretation bestowed on them by a German doctor, one *Alanus de Insulis*, who never before, but twice since that happy inauguration and mighty increase of dominion in our present sovereign, hath been imprinted. It is certain that oftentimes they may be directly and without constraint applied to some event of succeeding time; as that which we have before to the fifth song of Caerleon, and this, *the Isle shall again be named after Brute*; which is now seen by a public edict, and in some of his majesty's present coins, and with more such; yet seeing learned (c) men account him but of a professor of unjustifiable magic, and that all prophecies either fall true, or else are among the affecters of such vanity perpetually expected, and that of later time the council of Trent have by their expurgatories prohibited it, I should abuse you, if I endeavoured to persuade your belief to conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak.

If your conceit yet see not the purpose of this

fiction, then thus take it. This vale of Clwyd (for so is the English of *Dyphren Elwyd*) extended from the middle of Denbighshire to the sea, about eighteen miles long, and some five in breadth, having these three excellencies, a fertile soil, healthful air, and pleasant seat for habitation; washed through the middle with this river, and encompassed on the east, west, and south with high mountains, freely receives the wholesome blasts of the north wind (much accounted of among builders and geononiques for immision of pure air) coming in from that part which lies open to the sea: whereupon the muse very properly makes the vale here Boreas his beloved; and in respect of his violence against the waters, supposeth him jealous of Neptune; whose ravishing waves in that troubled Irish sea, and the depressed state of the valley warrants it. And for that of Moylvennil's love to the river, wantonly running by him; I know your conceit cannot but apprehend it.

That naturally remote six British miles from sea.

It is in the parish of Kilken in Flintshire, where it ebbeth (d) and floweth in direct opposite times to the sea, as the author describes; they call it (e) *Finon Leinw*: Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn sea, by Newton in (f) Glamorganshire, and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common course of the moon, ascending or setting) by Dinevor (g) in Caermershire. Nor think I any reasons more difficult to be given, than those which are most specially hidden, and most frequently strange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and springs; in which (before all other) nature seems as if she had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, so different, so remote from conceit of most piercing wits; and such unlooked for operations both of their first and second qualities (to use the school phrase of them) are in every chronographer, naturalist, and historian.

Yet to the sacred fount of Winifred gives place.

At Haliwel a maritime village, near Basingwerk, in Flint, is this Winifred's well, whose sweetness in the moss, wholesomeness for bath, and other such useful qualities, have been referred to her martyrdom in this place. But D. Powel upon Girald, in effect thus: Henry II. in his first Welsh expedition fortified the castle of Basingwerk, and near by, made a cell for Templers, which continued there until their dissolution under (h) Edward II. and was after converted to a nest of lubberly monks, whose superstitious honouring her more than truth, caused this dedica-

(a) Ambrose's Bury. Itinerar. 2. c. 8.

(b) Fairy Queen, lib. 1. Cant. 9. Stanz. 4.

(c) Wier. de præstigiis Demon. 2. cap. 16. alii.

(d) Humf. Lhud. descript.

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(e) Powel. ad Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.

(f) Stradling. ap. Camd.

(g) Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.

(h) 5 Ed. 2.

tion of the fountain; so much to their profit (in a kind of merchandise then too shamefully in request) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the cell) of those, which had there any medicine, beside increasing rents which accrued to them yearly, out of pardons to such as come thither in solemn pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchased of P. P. Martin the V. under Henry the V. and added more such gaining pretences to themselves in time of Henry VII. by like authority; nor, until the more clear light of the gospel, yet continuing its comfortable beams among us, dissipated those foggy mists of error and smothering imposture, ended these collected revenues. The author follows the legend; but observe times compared, and you shall find no mention of this well, and the healthful operations of it, until long after the supposed time of St. Winifred's martyrdom.

That figure of the Cross, of which it takes the name.

Depest among mountains this valley expresses the form of a Cross, and so is called the Cross vale, and in British *Lban Owesl*.

To whom eight lesser kings with homage did resort.

Upon comparing our stories, I find them to be Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuze king of the Isles (whom Malmesbury gives only the name of Archpirate) Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchithil, kings of Wales. All these, he (thus touched with imperious affection of glory) sitting at the stern, compelled to row him over Dee; his greatness as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increasing, caused multitudes of aliens to admire and visit his court, as a place honoured above all other by this so mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, such vicious courses followed by example; that, even now was the age, when first the more simple and frugal natures of the English grew infected with what (in some part) yet we languish. For, before his time, the Angles hither traduced, being (i) *homines integri*, and using, *naturali simplicitate sua defensare, aliena non mirari*, did now learn from the stranger Saxons and uncivil kind of fierceness, of the Flemings effeminacy, of the Danes drunkenness, and such other; which so increased, that, for amendment of the last, the king was driven to constitute quantities in quaffing-bowls by little pins of metal, set at certain distances, beyond which, none durst swallow in that provocation of good fellowship.

As thou the Q. of Isles, great Britain—

Both for excellence in soil and air, as also for large continent, she hath this title. And although in ancientest time of the Greeks (that hath any story or chorography) Sardinia was accounted the (k) greatest isle, and by some Sicily, as the old verses of the (l) Seven tells us, and that by (m) Ptolemy the East Indian Tapobran, now called Sumatra, had pre-eminence of quantity before this of ours; yet certainly, by comparison of that with this, either according to the measure took of it by Onesicrit (n) upon Alexander's commandment, or what later time teaches us, we cannot but affirm with the author here in substance, that

(o) ἑδίστις ἄλλη
Νῆσοις Ὅν πάσῃσι Βρετανίῃσιν ἰσοφάρζει,

as long since, Dionysius Afer of our Britain, which hath given cause to call it another world, as the attributes of it in Virgil, Horace, Claudian, and others justify.

And learning long with us e'er 'twas with them in use.

For the Druids, being in profession very proportionate in many things to Cabastilique and Pythagorean doctrine, may well be supposed much ancients than any that had note of learning among the Romans, who (p) before Livius Salinator, and Nævius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and others, not much preceding Cæsar, can scarce shew steps of poesy, nor before Fabius Pictor, Valerius Antias, and some such now left only in their names (although by pretence of Annius there be a piece of Pictor published) can produce the title of a story: whereas we have (q) some that make that supposed eldest historian (of the Gentiles) extant, Dares Phrygius, translated by Cornelius Nepos, and dedicated to Salust, to have lived here, but indeed upon no such warrant as I dare trust.

Our Geoffrey Monmouth first our Brutus to devise.

It was so laid to Geoffrey's charge (he was bishop of St. Asaph, under king Stephen) by John of Whethamsted, abbot of St. Alban's, William Petit, called William of Newborough and some other: but plainly (let the rest of his story, and the particulars of Brute be as they can) the name of Brute was long before him in Welsh (out of which his story was partly translated) and Latin

(i) Honest men by simplicity of nature, looking only to their own, neglecting others. Malmesb.

(k) Scylax. Caryand. in *περίπλ.* Edit. per D. Hoefchelium.

(l) Eustath. ad Dionys. Afrum.

(m) Geograph. lib. 2. cap. 4.

(n) Solin. polyhist. cap. 66.

(o) No other isle is equal to Britain.

(p) V. Liv. Decad. 1. lib. 6.

(q) Bal. centur. 1.

testimonies of the Britains, as I have, for the author, more largely spoken, to the first song. And (a little to continue my first justification, for this time) why may not we as well think that many stories and relations, anciently written here, have been by the Picts, Scots, Romans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans, devoured up from posterity, which perhaps, had they been left to us, would have ended this controversy? Shall we doubt of what Livy, Polybius, Halicarnasseus, Plutarch, Strabo, and many others have had out of Fabius, Antias, Chereas, Solylus, Ephorus, Theopompus, Cato, Quadrigarius, with infinite other, now lost writers, because we see not the self authors? No, time hath ransackt more precious things, and even those super-excellent books, wherein that incomparable Solomon wrote from the cedar to the hyssop, were (upon fear of the facile multitude's too much respecting natural causes in them divinely handled) by king Ezechias suppress'd from succeeding ages, if my (r) authority deceive not. So that the loss in this, and all kinds, to the commonwealth of letters, hath been so grievous and irreparable, that we may well imagine, how error of conceit in some, envy in others, and hostile invasion hath bereft us of many monuments most precious in all sorts of literature, if we now enjoyed their instructing use: and to conclude, the antiquities of these original ages are like those of Rome, between it built and burnt by the Gauls; (s) *Cum vetustate nimia obscuræ, velut quæ (t) Livy says) magno ex intervallo loci vix cernuntur: tum quod per rara, per eadem tempora Literæ fuere, una custodia fidelis memoriæ rerum gestarum; & quod etiam, si quæ in commentariis Pontificum aliisque publicis privatisque erant monumentis, incensa urbe, pleraque interiere.* But all this in effect the muse tells you in the sixth canto.

To letters never would their mysteries commit.

What they taught their scholars for matter of law, heathenish religion, and such learning as they here were presidents of, was delivered only by word of mouth; and, lest memory unused might so fail, they permitted not commission of their lectures and instructions to the custody of writing, but delivered all in a multitude of verses and Pythagorean precepts, exactly imitating the Cabalists; which, until of late time, wrote not,

but taught and learned by mouth and diligent hearing of their Rabbins. In other matters, private and public (so is (u) Cæsar's assertion) they used Greek letters, which hath made some think that they wrote Greek. But be not easily thereto perswaded. Perhaps they might use Greek characters, seeing that those which the Greeks then had, and now use, were at first received from (y) strangers, and as likely from the Druids as from any other, for it is sufficiently justifiable out of old coins, inscriptions, and express (z) assertion, that the ancient character among the Greeks was almost the same with that which is now the Latins. But thence to collect that therefore they wrote or spake Greek, is as if you should affirm the Syriac testament to be Hebrew, because published in Hebrew letters; or some Latin treatises, Saxon, because in that character; or that the Saxons wrote Irish, because they used the (a) Irish form of writing; or that those books which are published in Dutch by some Jews in a special kind of Hebrew letter, should also be of the same tongue. Observe but this passage in Cæsar: He sends by a Gaul (allured to this use against his country by large rewards) a letter to Q. Cicero, being then besieged about (b) where now is Tournay, & (c) *Græcis conscripsit literis, ne, interceptâ Epistolâ, nostra (saith he himself) ab hostibus consilia cognoscantur.* To what purpose did he thus, if the Gauls, or their statesmen the Druids, understood Greek? I know what he (d) writes of those tables of account found in the now Switzerland, but shall not soon believe that they had much more Greek in them than the character. If you object (e) Strabo his affirmance, that the Gauls (for as long as I speak of them in general in this kind, I will include our Druids, as sufficient reason is elsewhere given) were grown such lovers of that tongue, (f) *ὡς τε καὶ τὰ συμβόλαια Ἑλλήνεσι γράφειν.* It is soon answered, that he speaks only of those about Marseilles, which was, and is well known to all men, to have been a colony of Phocians, out of the now Natolia (which were Greeks) by appointment of fate arriving at the mouth of the Rhosne, about the time of Tarquin the Proud; where Protis, one of their chief leaders, entertained by Nanus king of that coast, was chosen (according to their custom) in a banquet by Gyptis the king's daughter for her husband; hereto success grew so fortunate, that honourable respect on

(r) In Zerror Hammor. apud Munst. ad Exod. 15.

(s) Worn away by devouring time, and the enemies ransacking the city, &c.

(t) Dec. 1. lib. 6. Of the Druids, see fully to the ninth song.

(u) Cæsar. de. Bell. Gallic. lib. 6.

(y) Varro de ling. Lat. 7.

(z) Plin. Hist. Nat. 7. cap. 58. & si placet, videas Annianos illos, Archiloch. de Temporib. & Xenoph. in Æquivocis.

(a) Camd. in Hibernia. & per Græcas literas in arâ Ulyssis in confinio Rhetia & Germaniæ, apud Tacitum, Lipsius Characteres solummodò intelligit.

(b) Nervii. de bello Gall. 5.

(c) Wrote it in Greek, lest the enemy might, by intercepting the letters, discover his design.

(d) De Bell. Gallic. 1.

(e) Geogr. 2.

(f) That they wrote their instruments of contract in Greek.

both sides, joined with imitation of Greek civility (after this city built near their arrive) it seemed, as my author (*g*) says, as if Gaul had been turned into Greece, rather than Greece to have travelled into Gaul. Wonder not then why, about Martellies, Greek was so respected, nor why in the Romaunt French now such Hellenisms are: here you see apparent original of it; yet conclude, upon the former reasons, that the Druids and Gauls used a peculiar tongue, and very likely the same with the now Welsh, as most learned Camden hath even demonstrated; although I know some great scholars there are, which still suspend their judgment, and make it a doubt, as ever things of such antiquity will be. But (if you will) add hereto that of the famous and great lawyer (*b*) Hotoman, who presumes that the word *Græcis* in Cæsar's text is crept in by ignorance of transcribers, as he well might, seeing those commentaries, titled with name of J. Cæsar, commonly published, and in divers MSS. with J. Celsus, are very unperfect, now and then abrupt, different in stile, and so variable in their own form, that it hath been much feared by that great (*k*) critic Lipsius, lest some more impolite hand hath sow'd many patches of base cloth into

that more rich web, as his own metaphor expresses it. And if those characters which are in the pillars at Y-Voellas in Denbighshire, are of the Druids, as some imagine (yet seeming very strange and uncouth) then might you more confidently concur in opinion with Hotoman. In some, I know that *Græcis literis* may be taken as well for the language (as in (*l*) Justin I remember, and elsewhere) as for the character: but here I can never think it to be understood in any but the last sense, although you admit Cæsar's copy to be therein not interpolated. It is very justifiable which the author here implies, by slighting Cæsar's authority in British originals, in respect that he never came farther into the isle than a little beyond Thames towards (*m*) Berkshire; although some of ours idly talk of his making the Bath, and being at Chester, as the Scottish historians most senselessly of their *Julis Hoff* built by him, which others refer (*n*) to Vespasian, some affirm it a temple (*o*) of the god Terminus; whereas it seems expressly to be built by Carausius, in time of Dioclesian, if Nennius deceive us not. But, this out my way.

(*g*) Trog. Pomp. Hist. 43.

(*b*) Franco-Gall. cap. 2. quem v. etiam ad Cæsar. Com.

(*k*) Elect. 2. cap. 7. Epistolic. quæst. 2. cap. 2.

(*l*) Hist. lib. 20. in extrema.

(*m*) Cæsarem si legas, tibi ipsi satisfacias, verum & ita Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Baln.

(*n*) Veremund. ap. Hist. Boet. hist. 3.

(*o*) Buchanan. hist. 4. in Donaldo.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE ELEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muse, her native earth to see,
Returns to England over Dee;
Visits stout to Cheshire, and there shews
To her and hers, what England owes;
And of the nymphets sporting there
In Wyrral, and in Delamere.
Weever, the great devotion sings
Of the religious Saxon kings;
Whose riverets doth together call,
That into him and Mersey fall.
Thence bearing to the side of Peak,
This zealous canto off doth break.

WITH as unwearied wings, and in as high a gait
As when we first set forth, observing every state,
The muse from Cambria comes, with pinions
 summ'd and sound :
And having put herself upon the English ground,
First seizeth in her course the noblest Cestrian
 shore ; [yore,
§ Of our great English bloods as careful here of
As Cambria of her Brute's now is, or could be
 then ; [of men.
For which, our proverb calls her, Cheshire chief
§ And of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold,
And thereto hath her high regalities inroll'd :
Besides, in many fields since conquering William
 came,
Her people she hath prov'd, to her eternal fame.

All, children of her own, the leader and the led,
The mightiest men of bone, in her full bosom
bred :
And neither of them such as cold penurious
need
Spurs to each rash attempt ; but such as soundly
feed,
Clad in warm English cloth ; and maim'd should
they return
(Whom this false ruthless world else from their
doors would spurn)
Have livelihood of their own, their ages to sustain.
Nor did the tenant's pay the landlord's charge
maintain :
But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate ;
Returning to his home, his hospitable gate

The richer and the poor stood open to receive.
 They, of all England, most to ancient customs
 cleave,
 Their yeomanry and still endeavour'd to uphold.
 For rightly whilst herself brave England was of old,
 And our courageous kings us forth to conquests led,
 Our armies in those times (near through the world
 so dread)
 Of our tall yeomen, were, and foot-men for the
 most; [boast,
 Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently
 § Our leopards they so long and bravely did ad-
 vance
 Above the fleur-de-lis, even in the heart of
 France.
 O! thou thrice happy shire, confined so to be
 'Twixt two so famous floods, as Mersey is, and
 Dee!
 Thy Dee upon the west from Wales doth thee
 divide: [side,
 Thy Mersey on the north, from the Lancastrian
 Thy natural sister-shire; and linkt unto thee so,
 That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth go.
 As tow'rd the Derbian Peak, and Moreland
 (which do draw
 More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd
 Shutlingflaw
 And Melcop be thy mounds, with those proud
 hills whence rove
 The lovely sister brooks, the silvery Dane and
 Dove;
 Clear Dove, that makes to Trent; the other to
 the west.
 But, in that famous town, most happy of the rest,
 (From which thou takest thy name) fair Chester,
 call'd of old
 § Carlegion; whilst proud Rome her conquests
 here did hold,
 Of those her legions known the faithful station
 then,
 So stoutly held to tack by those near North-
 wales men;
 Yet by her own right name had rather called be,
 § As her the Britons term'd, the fortrefs upon Dee,
 Than vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,
 Th' imaginary work of some huge giant's hand:
 Which if such ever were, tradition tells not who.
 But back a while, my muse: to Weever let us
 go,
 Which (with himself compar'd) each British flood
 doth scorn; [born;
 His fountain and his fall, both Chester's rightly
 The country in his course, that clean through
 doth divide,
 Cut in two equal shares upon his either side:
 And, what the famous flood far more than that
 enriches,
 The brackey fountains are, those two renowned
 Wyches,
 The Nant-wych, and the North; whose either
 briny well,
 For store and sorts of salts, make Weever to
 excel.
 Besides their general use, not had by him in vain,
 § But in himself thereby doth holiness retain

Above his fellow floods: whose healthful virtues
 taught, [fought
 Hath of the sea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be
 For physick in their need: and Thetis oft hath
 seen, [been
 When by their wanton sports her Ner'ides have
 So sick, that Glaucus' self hath failed in their cure:
 Yet Weever, by his salts, recovery durst assure.
 And Amphitrite oft this wizard river led
 Into her secret walks (the depths profound and
 dread)
 Of him (suppos'd so wise) the hid events to know
 Of things that were to come, as things done long
 ago.
 In which he had been prov'd most exquisite to be;
 And bare his fame so far, that oft 'twixt him and
 Dee [skill.
 Much strife there hath arose in their prophetic
 But to conclude his praise, our Weever here
 doth will
 The muse his source to sing; as how his course
 he steers:
 Who from his nat'ral spring, as from his neigh-
 b'ring meres
 Sufficiently supply'd, shoots forth his silver breast,
 As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the
 east;
 Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,
 Till Ashbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the
 way,
 Which to his journey's end him earnestly do haste;
 Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taste
 Of her most savory salt, is, by the sacred touch,
 Forc'd faster in his course, his motion quicken'd
 much [near
 To North-wych: and at last, as he approacheth
 Dane, Whelock draws, then Crock, from that
 black ominous mere
 Accounted one of those that England's wonders
 make;
 Of neighbours, Black-mere nam'd, of strangers,
 Brereton's-lake;
 Whose property seems far from reason's way to
 stand:
 For, near before his death that's owner of the land,
 She sends up stocks of trees, that on the top do
 float;
 By which the world her first did for a wonder note.
 His handmaid Howty next, to Weever holds
 her race:
 When Peever, with the help of Pickmere,
 makes apace
 To put in with those streams his sacred steps
 that tread,
 Into the mighty waste of Mersey him to lead.
 Where, when the rivers meet, with all their
 stately train,
 Proud Mersey is so great in entring of the main,
 As he would make a shew for empery to stand,
 And wrest the three-forkt mace from out grim
 Neptune's hand;
 To Cheshire highly bound for that his watry store,
 As to the grossier (a) loughs on the Lancastrian
 shore.

(a) Meres or standing lakes.

From hence he getteth Goyt down from her Peakish spring, [bring
And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin
From Maxfield's mighty wilds, of whose shagg'd
Sylvans she [be :
Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to
Who in the darksome holes and caverns kept her
long,
And that proud forest made a party to her wrong.
Yet could not all intreat the pretty brook to stay;
Which to her stream, sweet Bollen, creeps away.
To whom, upon their road she pleasantly reports
The many mirthful jests, and wanton woodish
sports
In Maxfield they have had; as of that forest's
fate : [state
Until they come at length, where Mersey for more
Assuming broader banks, himself so proudly bears,
That at his stern approach, extended Wyrral fears,
That (what betwixt his floods of Mersey, and the
Dee)
In very little time devoured he might be :
Out of the foaming surge till Hilbre lifts his head,
To let the fore-land see how richly he had sped.
Which Mersey cheers so much, that with a
smiling brow
He fawns on both those floods; their amorous
arms that throw
About his goodly neck, and bar'd their swelling
breasts :
On which whilst lull'd with ease, his pleased
cheek he rests,
The Naiads, sitting near upon the aged rocks,
Are busied with their combs, to braid his verdant
locks, [look :
Whilst in their crystal eyes he doth for Cupids
But Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,
Who shews herself all drest in most delicious
flowers; [bowers
And sitting like a queen, sees from her shady
The wanton wood-nymphs mixt with her light-
footed fauns,
To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,
As over (b)holt and heath, as thorough (c)frith
and (d)fell;
And oft at barly-break, and prison-base, to tell
(In carrols as they course) each other all the joys,
The passages, deceits, the sleights, the amorous
toys
The subtil sea-nymphs had, their Wyrral's love to
win. [gin
But Weever now again to warn them doth be-
To leave these trivial toys, which inly he did
hate, [estate
That neither them beseem'd, nor stood with his
(Being one that gave himself industriously to know
What monuments our kings erected long ago :
To which, the flood himself so wholly did apply,
As though upon his skill, the rest should all rely)
And bent himself to shew, that yet the Britons
bold,
Whom the laborious muse so highly had extoll'd,

(b) A wood growing on a hill or knole.
(c) High wood. (d) Low coppice.

Those later Saxon kings excell'd not in their deeds'
And therefore with their praise thus zealously
proceeds;
' Whilst the celestial powers th' arrived time
' attend,
' When o'er this general isle the Britons reign
' should end,
' And for the spoiling Pict here prosp'rously had
' wrought, [brought,
' Into th' afflicted land which strong invasion
' And to that proud attempt, what yet his power
' might want,
' The ill-disposed heavens, Brute's offspring to
' supplant,
' Their angry plagues down pour'd, insatiate in
' their waste
' (Needs must they fall, whom heaven doth to
' destruction haste.)
' And that which lastly came to consummate
' the rest,
' Those prouder Saxon powers (which liberally
' they prest
' Against th' invading Pict, of purpose hired in)
' From those which paid them wage, the island
' soon did win; [field;
' And sooner overspread, being masters of the
' Those, first for whom they fought, too impotent
' to wield
' A land within itself that had so great a foe;
' And therefore thought it fit them wisely to be-
' stow : [shut,
' Which over Severn here they in the mountains
' And some upon that point of Cornwall forth
' they put.
' Yet forced were they there their stations to de-
' fend. [descend
' Nor could our men permit the Britons to
' From Jove or Mars alone; but brought their
' blood as high,
' § From Woden, by which name they stiled
' Mercury.
' Nor were the race of Brute, which ruled here
' before, [shore,
' More zealous to the Gods they brought unto this
' Than Hengist's noble heirs; their idols that to
' raise,
' § Here put their German names upon our
' weekly days.
' These noble Saxons were a nation hard and
' strong, [long;
' On sundry lands and seas in warfare nuzzled
' Affliction throughly knew; and in proud for-
' tune's spight,
' Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her ut-
' most might :
' Who under Hengist first, and Horfa, their
' brave chiefs,
' From Germany (d) arriv'd, and with the strong
' reliefs, [supply,
' Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to
' Which anciently had been of their affinity,

(d) See, concerning their coming, to the 1st, 4th, and
8th songs.

- ' By Scythia first sent out, which could not give
 ' them meat,
 ' Were forc'd to seek a soil wherein themselves
 ' to seat.
 ' Them at the last on Dansk their lingring for-
 ' tune drave,
 ' Where Holst unto their troops sufficient har-
 ' bour gave.
 ' These with the Saxons went, and fortunately
 ' wan: [began
 ' Whose captain, Hengist, first a kingdom here
 ' In Kent; where his great heirs, e'er other
 ' princes rose
 ' Of Saxony's descent, their fulness to oppose,
 ' With swelling Humber's side their empire did
 ' confine. [line,
 ' And of the rest, not least renowned of their
 ' § Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' first christned
 ' English King,
 ' To preach the faith of Christ, was first did hi-
 ' ther bring
 ' Wise Augustine the monk, from holy Gregory
 ' sent [tent,
 ' This most religious king, with most devout in-
 ' That mighty fane to Paul, in London did erect,
 ' And privileges gave, this temple to protect.
 ' His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,
 ' From that first christned king, the second in
 ' that reign.
 ' The gluttony then us'd severely to suppress,
 ' And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd
 ' by excess)
 ' § That abstinence from flesh for forty days be-
 ' gan, [man.
 ' Which by the name of Lent is known to every
 ' As mighty Hengist here, by force of arms had
 ' done,
 ' § So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won
 ' The countries neighb'ring Kent; which lying
 ' from the main
 ' Directly to the South, did properly obtain
 ' The Southern Saxons name; and not the last
 ' thereby
 ' Amongst the other reigns which made the Hep-
 ' tarchy:
 ' So in the high descent of that South-Saxon king,
 ' We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring
 ' Wise Ethelwald: alone who Christian not be-
 ' came, [name,
 ' But willing that his folk should all receive the
 ' § Saint Wilfrid (sent from York) into this
 ' realm receiv'd
 ' (Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his see
 ' bereav'd)
 ' And on the south of Thames, a seat did him af-
 ' ford, [word.
 ' By whom that people first receiv'd the saving
 ' As likewise from the loins of Erchinwin (who
 ' rais'd
 ' Th' East-Saxons kingdom first) brave Sebert
 ' may be prais'd:
 ' Which, as that king of Kent, had with such
 ' cost and state [tate)
 ' Built Paul's; his greatness so (this king to imi-
 ' Began the goodly church of Westminster to rear:
 ' The primer English kings so truly zealous were.
 ' Then (b) Sebba of his seed, that did them all
 ' surpass,
 ' Who fitter for a shrine than for a scepter was,
 ' (Above the power of flesh, his appetite to starve
 ' That his desired Christ he strictly might observe)
 ' Even in his height of life, in health, in body
 ' strong,
 ' Perswaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,
 ' To separate themselves, and in a sole estate,
 ' After religious sort themselves to dedicate.
 ' Whose nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his
 ' high praise [raise)
 ' Enriching that proud fane his grandfire first did
 ' Abandoned the world he found so full of strife,
 ' And after liv'd in Rome a strict religious life.
 ' Nor these our princes here, of that pure Sax-
 ' on strain,
 ' Which took unto themselves each one their se-
 ' veral reign,
 ' For their so godly deeds deserved greater fame,
 ' Than th' Angles their allies, that hither with
 ' them came;
 ' Who sharing out themselves a kingdom in the
 ' East, [invest,
 ' With th' Eastern Angles name their circuit did
 ' By Uffa in that part so happily begun:
 ' Whose successors the crown for martyrdom have
 ' won
 ' From all before or since that ever suffer'd here;
 ' § Redwald's religious sons: who for their Savi-
 ' our dear,
 ' By cruel heathenish hands unmercifully slain,
 ' Amongst us evermore remember'd shall remain,
 ' And in the roll of saints must have a special
 ' room,
 ' Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald
 ' shall come.
 ' When in that way they went, next Sebert
 ' them succeeds,
 ' Scarce seconded again for sanctimonious deeds:
 ' Who for a private life when he his rule resign'd,
 ' And to his cloister long had strictly him con-
 ' fin'd,
 ' A corset for his cowl was glad again to take,
 ' His country to defend (for his religion's sake)
 ' Against proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan
 ' power, [vour:
 ' Those christned Angles then of purpose to de-
 ' And suff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heathen-
 ' ish pride,
 ' As he a saint had liv'd, a constant martyr dy'd:
 ' When, after it fell out, that Offa had not long
 ' Held that by cruel force, which Penda got by
 ' wrong,
 ' § Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought
 ' him in, [win:
 ' Even at what time the Danes this island fought to
 ' Who christ'ned soon became, and as religious
 ' grown [his throne,
 ' As those most heathenish were who set him on

(b) Sebba, a monk in Paul's.

' Did expiate in that place his predecessors guilt,
 ' Which so much Christian blood so cruelly had
 ' spilt. [try,
 ' For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures
 ' His Saviour Jesus Christ to force him to deny;
 ' First beating him with bats, but no advantage got,
 ' His body full of shafts then cruelly they shot;
 ' The constant martyr'd king, a saint thus justly
 ' crown'd. [renown'd
 ' To whom even in that place, that monument
 ' Those after-ages built to his eternal fame.
 ' What English hath not heard (c) St. Edmond
 ' Bury's name? [again,
 ' As of those Angles here, so from their loins
 ' Whose hands hew'd out their way to the West-
 ' Saxon reign, [descend)
 ' From Kenrick, or that claim from Cerdick to
 ' A partnership in fame great Ina might pretend
 ' With any king since first the Saxons came to shore.
 ' Of all those christ'ned here, who highlier did adore
 ' The Godhead, than that man? or more that did
 ' apply
 ' His power t' advance the church in true sincerity?
 ' Great Glastonbury then so wond'rously decay'd,
 ' Whose old foundation first the ancient Britons
 ' laid,
 ' He gloriously rebuilt, enriching it with plate,
 ' And many a sumptuous cope, to uses consecrate:
 ' Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,
 ' Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he shall stand.
 ' From (d) Otta (born with him who did this
 ' isle invade [made,
 ' And had a conquest first of the Northumbrians
 ' And tributary long of mightier Hengist held,
 ' Till Ida (after born) the Kentish power expell'd,
 ' And absolutely set on the Dierian seat,
 ' But afterward resign'd to Ethelfrid the Great:
 ' An army into Wales who for invasion led,
 ' At Chester and in fight their forces vanquished;
 ' Into their utter spoil, then public way to make,
 ' The long-religious house of goodly Bangor brake,
 ' § And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly
 ' pray'd. [made
 ' For which his cruel spoil upon the Christians
 ' (Though with the just consent of Christian Sax-
 ' ons slain)
 ' His blood, the heathenish lands of Redwald did
 ' distain. [exil'd:
 ' That murderer's issue next, this kingdom were
 ' And Edwyn took the rule; a prince as just and
 ' mild [bring
 ' As th' other faithless were: nor could time ever
 ' In all the seven-fold rule an absoluter king;
 ' And more t' advance the faith, his utmost power
 ' that lent
 ' § Who re-ordained York a bishop's government;
 ' And so much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of
 ' trade,
 ' Where fountains fitly were, he iron dishes made,
 ' And fast'ned them with chains the way-farer to
 ' ease, [appease.
 ' And the poor pilgrim's thirst, there resting, to

(c) In Suffolk.

(d) Otta, brother to Hengist.

' As Mercia, 'mongst the rest, fought not the
 ' least to raise [praise.
 ' The saving Christian faith, nor merits humbler
 ' § Nor those that from the stem of Saxon Creda
 ' came
 ' (The Britons who expulst) were any whit in fame,
 ' For piety and zeal, behind the others best;
 ' Though heath'nish Penda long and proudly did
 ' infest
 ' The christ'ned neighbouring kings, and forc'd
 ' them all to bow;
 ' Till Oswy made to God a most religious vow,
 ' Of his abundant grace would he be pleas'd to
 ' grant, [plant,
 ' That he this Panim prince in battle might sup-
 ' A recluse he would give his daughter and de-
 ' light, [bright:
 ' Sweet Alfred then in youth, and as the morning
 ' And having his request, he gave as he obtain'd;
 ' Though his unnatural hands succeeding Wul-
 ' pher stain'd [mother had
 ' In his own childrens blood, whom their dear
 ' § Confirm'd in Christ's belief, by that most re-
 ' verend Chad:
 ' Yet to embrace the faith when after he began
 ' (For the unnatural't deed that e'er was done
 ' by man)
 ' If possible it were to expiate his guilt,
 ' Here many a goodly house to holy uses built:
 ' And she (to purge his crime on her dear chil-
 ' dren done)
 ' A crowned queen, for him, became a veiled nun.
 ' What age a godlier prince than Etheldred
 ' could bring?
 ' Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?
 ' Both taking them the cowl, th' one here his flesh
 ' did tame, [became.
 ' The other went to Rome, and there a monk
 ' So, Ethelbald may well be set the rest among:
 ' Who, though most vainly given when he was
 ' hot and young;
 ' Yet, by the wise reproof of godly bishops, brought
 ' From those unstay'd delights by which his youth
 ' was caught,
 ' He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,
 ' § And (through his rule) the church from taxes
 ' strongly freed.
 ' Then to the eastern sea, in that deep wat'ry fen
 ' (Which seem'd a thing so much impossible to
 ' men)
 ' He that great abbey built of Crowland, as
 ' though he [tion be.
 ' Would have no other's work like his founda-
 ' As, Offa greater far than any him before:
 ' Whose conquests scarcely were suffic'd with all
 ' the shore;
 ' But over into Wales adventurously he shot
 ' His Mercia's spacious (e) Mere, and Powland
 ' to it got.
 ' This king, even in that place, where with rude
 ' heaps of stones
 ' § The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's
 ' bones,

(e) Offa's ditch.

' That goodly abbey built to Alban; as to shew
 ' How much the sons of Brute should to the Sax-
 ' ons owe.
 ' But when by powerful heaven it was decreed
 ' at last,
 ' That all those seven-fold rules should into one
 ' be cast
 ' (Which quickly to a head by (f) Britrik's death
 ' was brought) [taught,
 ' Then Egbert, who in France had carefully been
 ' Returning home, was king of the West-Sexians
 ' made, [persuade
 ' Whose people, then most rich and potent, him
 ' (As once it was of old) to monarchise the land.
 ' Who followeth their advice, first with a warlike
 ' hand
 ' The Cornish overcame; and thence, with prof-
 ' perous sails, [Wales;
 ' O'er Severn set his powers into the heart of
 ' And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle
 ' wag'd: [enrag'd,
 ' Wherein he won their rule; and with his wounds
 ' Went on against the rest. Which, sadly when
 ' they saw [awe
 ' How those had sped before, with most subjective
 ' Submit them to his sword: who prosperously
 ' alone
 ' Reduc'd the seven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,
 ' (§ Extirping other stiles) and gave it England's
 ' name [came.
 ' Of th' Angles, from whose race his nobler fathers
 ' When scarcely Egbert here an entire rule be-
 ' gan,
 ' But instantly the (g) Dane the island overran;
 ' A people, that their own those Saxons paid again.
 ' For, as the Britons first they treacherously had
 ' slain,
 ' This third upon their necks a heavier burden
 ' laid, [betray'd.
 ' Than they had upon those whom falsely they
 ' And for each others states, though oft they here
 ' did toil. [spoil,
 ' § A people from their first bent naturally to
 ' That cruelty with them from their beginning
 ' brought;
 ' Yet when the Christian faith in them had
 ' thoroughly wrought,
 ' Of any in the world no story shall us tell,
 ' Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:
 ' That in these drowsy times should I in public
 ' bring
 ' Each great peculiar act of every godly king,
 (f) Egbert's predecessors. (g) See song the first.

' The world might stand amaz'd in this our age
 ' to see [we
 ' Those goodly fanes of theirs, which irreligious
 ' Let every day decay; and yet we only live
 ' By the great freedoms then those kings to these
 ' did give.
 ' Wife Segbert (worthy praise) preparing us
 ' the seat
 ' § Of famous Cambridge first, then with endow-
 ' ments great
 ' The muses to maintain, those sisters thither
 ' brought. [taught,
 ' By whose example, next, religious Alfred
 ' Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned
 ' brood; [flood,
 ' And on the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly
 ' Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers
 ' provide.
 ' § He into several shires the kingdom did divide.
 ' So, valiant Edgar, first, most happily destroy'd
 ' The multitudes of wolves, that long the land
 ' annoy'd. [king
 ' And our good Edward here, the confessor and
 ' (Unto whose sumptuous shrine our monarchs
 ' off'rings bring)
 ' That cancred evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat
 ' and jaws,
 ' When physic could not find the remedy nor
 ' cause,
 ' And much it did afflict his sickly people here,
 ' He of Almighty God obtain'd by earnest pray'r,
 ' This tumour by a king might cured be alone:
 ' § Which he an heir-loom left unto the English
 ' throne. [use,
 ' So, our St. Edward here, for England's general
 ' § Our country's common laws did faithfully
 ' produce,
 ' Both from th' old British wit, and from the
 ' Saxon tongue. [throng;
 ' Of forests, hills and floods, when now a mighty
 ' For audience cry'd aloud; because they late had
 ' heard, [dar'd
 ' That some high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proudly
 ' With words that very much had stir'd his ranco-
 ' rous spleen:
 ' Where, though clear Severn set her princely self
 ' between
 ' The English and the Welsh, yet could not make
 ' them cease:
 ' Here, Weever, as a flood affecting goodly peace,
 ' His place of speech resigns; and to the Muse refers
 ' The hearing of the cause, to stickle all these stirs.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Now are you newly out of Wales, returned into England: and for conveniency of situation, imitating therein the ordinary course of chorography, the first shire eastward (from Denbigh and Flint, last sung by the muse) Cheshire is here surveyed,

Of our great English bloods as careful—

For, as generally in these northern parts of England, the gentry is from ancient time left preserved in the continuance of name, blood, and place; so most particularly in this Cheshire, and the adjoining Lancashire: which, out of their numerous families, of the same name, with their chief houses and lordships, hath (a) been observed.

And, of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold.

We have in England three more of that title. Lancaster, Durham, and Ely; and, until later (b) time, Hexamshire in the western part of Northumberland, was so reputed. William the Conqueror first created one Hugh Wolfe a Norman, Count Palatine of Chester, and gave the earldom to hold, *as freely as the king held his crown*. By this supremacy of liberty he made to himself Barons, which might assist him in council, and had their courts and consance of pleas in such sort regarding the earldom, as other barons the crown. *Ego Comes Hugo & mei barones confirmavimus ista omnia*, is subscribed to a charter, whereby he founded the monastery of St. Werburg there. For the name of Palatine, know, that in ancient time under the emperors of declining Rome, the title of Count Palatine was; but so, that it extended first only to him (d) which had care of the household and imperial revenue; which is now (so faith (e) Wesembeck; I affirm it not) as the Marshal in other courts; but was also communicated by that honorary attribute of *Comitiva dignitas*, to many others, which had any thing proportionate, place or desert, as the code teacheth us. In

later times both in Germany (as you see in the Palgrave of Rhine) in France, (which the earldom of Champagne shews long time since in the crown; yet keeping a distinct Palatine government, as Peter Pithou (f) hath at large published) and in this kingdom such were hereditarily honoured with it, as being near the prince in the court (which they, as we, called the Palace) had by their state-carriage, gained full opinion of their worth, and ability in government, by delegate power of territories to them committed, and here after titled *Countes de Palais*, as our law-annals call them. If you desire more particulars of the power and great state of this Palatine earldom, I had rather (for a special reason) send you to the marriage of Henry III. and Queen Eleanor in Matthew Paris; where John Scot, then Earl of Chester bare, before the king, St. Edward's sword, called *Curtein*, which the prince at coronation of Henry IV. is recorded to have done as (g) Duke of Lancaster; and wish you to examine the passages there, with what Bracton (b) hath of Earls, and our year (i) books of the High Constable of England, than here offer it myself. To add the royalties of the earldom, as courts, officers, franchises, forms of proceeding, even as at Westminster, or the diminution of its large liberties by the statute of (k) resumption, were to trouble you with a harsh digression.

Our Leopards they so long and bravely did advance.

He well calls the coat of England, Leopards. Neither can you justly object the common blazon of it, by name of Lions, or that assertion of Polydore's ignorance, telling us, that the Conqueror bare three *Fleure de lis*, and three *Lions*, as quartered for one coat, which hath been, and is as all men know, at this present borne in our sovereign's arms for France and England; and so, that the quartering of the *Fleurs* was not at all until Edward III. to publish his title, and gain the Flemish forces (as you have it in Froissart) who bare the

(a) Camd. in Cornav. & Brigant.

(b) Stat. 14. Elix. c. 13.

(d) C. de Offic. Com. Sac. Palat. vid. Euseb. de vit. Constantin. 8. & Cod. lib. 12.

(e) In Parat. C. 1. tit. 34.

(f) Livre 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Brie, Palatinorum nostrorum nomine Sarisbur. Policrat. 6. cap. 16. & Epist 263.

(g) Archiv. in Tur. Lond. jam vero & typis commis. apud Crompt. Jurisdic. Cur.

(b) De acq. rer. dom. cap. 16. §. 3.

(i) 6 Hen. 8. Kelaway, & v. Brook. tit. Prerog. 31.

(k) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 24.

French (l) arms, being then *Azure femy with Fleurs de lis*, and were afterwards contracted to three in time of Henry V. by Charles VI. because he would bear different from the English king, who notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this hour continuing; nor could that Italian have fallen into any error more palpable, and in a profest antiquary so ridiculous. But to prove them anciently Leopards, (m) *Misit ergo* (saith *Mattheu Paris*) *Imperator* (that is, *Frederick II.*) *regi Anglorum tres Leopardos in signum regalis clypei, in quo tres Leopardi transeuntes figurantur.* In a MS. of J. Gower's, *Confessio Amantis*, which the printed books have not,

*Ad laudem Christi, quem tu Virgo peperisti,
Sit laus RICHARDI, quem sceptrum colunt Leopardi.*

And Edward (n) IV. granted to Lewis of Bruges Earl of Winchester, that he should bear *d' Azure, a dix Maseles en arme d' un canton de nostre propre armes d' Engleterre, c'est assavoir, de Goules ung Leopard passant d' Or, arme d' Azure*, as the patent speaks. And likewise (o) Henry VI. to King's College in Cambridge, gave a coat armour, three Roses, and *Summo scuti partitum principale de Azoreo cum Francorum flore deque rubeo cum peditante Leopardo*, and calls them *Parcelle Armourum, quæ nobis in regnis Angliæ & Franciæ jure dibentur regio*. I know it is otherwise now received, but withal, that princes being supreme judges of honour and nobility, may arbitrarily change their arms in name and nature; as was done (p) upon return out of the holy war in Godfrey of Bologna's time; and it seems it hath been taken indifferently, whether you call them the one or the other, both for similitude of delineaments and composition (as in the bearing of Normandy, the county of Zutphen, and such more) being blazoned in Hierom de Bara, and other French heralds, Lion-Leopards; and for that even under this Henry VI. a (q) great student in heraldry, and a writer of that kind, makes the accession of the lion of Guienne, to the coat of Normandy (which was by Henry II. his marriage with Queen Eleanor divorced from Louis of France) to be the first three lions, born by the English kings.

*Caerlegion whilst proud Rome her conquests here did
bold.*

You have largely in that our most learned antiquary, the cause of this name from the tents of Roman legions, there, about Vespasian's time. I will only note, that Leland (r) hath long since

found fault with William of (s) Malmesbury for affirming it so called, *quod ibi Emeriti Legionum Julianarum residere*; whereas it is plain, that Julius Cæsar never came near this territory. Perhaps, by Julius, he meant Agricola (then lieutenant here) so named, and then is the imputation laid on that best of the monks, unjust: to help it with reading *Militarium* for *Julianarum*, as the printed book pretends, I find not sufficiently warrantable, in respect that my MS. very ancient, as near Malmesbury's time as (it seems) may be, and heretofore belonging to the priory of St. Augustine's in Canterbury, evidently persuades the contrary.

————— *the fortress upon Dee.*

At this day in British she is called (t) *Cair Lbeon at dour dwy*. i. e. *the City of Legions upon the river Dee*. Some vulgar antiquaries have referred the name of Leon to a giant, builder of it. I, nor they, know not who, or when he lived. But indeed ridiculously they took (u) *Leon Daur* for king Leon the great; to whom the author alludes presently:

But in himself thereby doth Holiness retain.

He compares it with Dee's title presently, which hath its reason given before to the VII. song. *Waver*, by reason of the Salt-pits at Northwich, Nantwich, and Middlewich, (all on his banks) hath this attribute, and that of the sea-gods suit to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in physic, and prophesy; justifiable in general, as well as to make Tryphon their surgeon, which our excellent Spenser hath done; and in particular cause, upon the most respected and divinely honoured name of salt; of which, if you observe it used in all sacrifices by express commandment of the (x) true God, **טלחנדים** (a) in holy writ, the religion of the salt, set first, and last taken away, as a symbol (b) of perpetual friendship, that in Homer (c) *Πάσι δ' Ἀλλοῖς Θείοισι*, the title of (d) *Ἀγνίτης* given it by Lycophron, and (e) passages of the ocean's medicinable epithets because of his saltiness, you shall see apparent and apt testimony.

From Woden, by which name they filed Mercury.

Of the Britons descent from Jove, if you remember but Æneas son to Anchises, and Venus, with her derivation of blood from Jupiter's parents, sufficient declaration will offer itself. For

(l) V. Stat. 14. Ed. 3.

(m) 19 Hen. 3.

(n) Pat. 12. Ed. 4. part. 1. memb. 12.

(o) Pat. 27 Hien. 6. num. 46.

(p) Pont. Heut. de vet. Belgio. 2.

(q) Nichol. Upton. de re militari, l. 3.

(r) In Deva ad Cyg. Cant.

(s) De Pontificib. lib. 4.

(t) Humf. Lhuid in Breviario,

(u) A great legion.

(x) Levit. 2. comm. 13. & Num. 18.

(a) Salt of the covenant.

(b) Cæl. Rhodigin. ant. Lect. 12. c. 1. V. Plutarch. Sympos. 1. cap. 10.

(c) Iliad. 1. Vid. Lips. Saturnal. 1. cap. 2.

(d) In Cassandra.

(e) Cæl. Ant. Lect. 11. cap. 22.

this of Woden, see somewhat to the third song. To what you read there, I here more fitly add this: Woden, in Saxon genealogies, is ascended to, as the chief ancestor of their most royal progenies; so you may see in Nennius, Bede, Ethelwerd, Florence of Worcester, an *Anonymus de Regalia Prosapia*, Huntingdon, and Hoveden; yet in such sort, that in some of them they go beyond him, through Frithwald, Frealaf, Frithulf, Fin, Godolph, Geta, and others, to Seth; but with so much uncertainty, that I imagine many of their descents were just as true as the Theogony in Hesiod, Apollodorus, or that of Prester John's, sometimes deriving (b) himself very near from the loins of Salomon. Of this Woden, beside my authors named, special mention is found in Paul (i) Warnfred who makes Frea his wife (others call her Fricco, and by her understand Venus) and Adam (k) of Brema, which describe him as Mars; but in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Florilegus, in Hengist's own person, he is affirmed the same with Mercury, who by Tacitus report was their chief deity; and that also is warranted in the denomination of our *Wodensday* (according to the Dutch *Wodensdag*) for the fourth day of the week, titled by the ancient planetary account with name of Mercury. If that allusion in the illustrations of the third song to *Merc*, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by (l) Lipsius, fetching *Wodan* from *Won* or *Win*, which is to Gain, and so make his name *Wondan*, expressing in that sense the self name (n) *Ερμης Κερδαρος* used by the Greeks. But without this inquiry you understand the author.

Here put the German names upon the weekly days.

From their *Sunnan* for the sun, *Monan* for the moon, *Tuisco*, or *Tuislo* (of whom see to the fourth song) for *Mars*, *Woden* for *Mercury*, *Thor* for *Jupiter*, *Fre*, *Frie*, or *Frige* for *Venus*, *Saturn* for *Saturn*, they stiled their days *Sunnan-dæg*, *Monan-dæg*, *Tuiffons-dæg*, *Wodens-dæg*, *Thors-dæg*, *Frig-dæg*, *Saterns-dæg*: thence came our names now used *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*; which planetary account was very ancient among the (o) *Ægyptians* (having much Hebrew discipline) but so superstitious, that, being great astronomers and very observant of mysteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the Jewish Sabbath and imposed the name of Saturn, on the next sun, then the moon, as we now reckon, omitting two planets in every nomination, as you easily conceive it. One might seek, yet miss the reasons of that form; but nothing gives satisfaction equal to that, of all-penetrating Joseph Scaliger, (p) whose in-

tended reason for it is thus. In a circle describe an septagonal and equilateral figure; from whose every side shall fall equilateral triangles, and their angles respectively on the corners of the inscribed figure, which are noted with the planets after their not interrupted order. At the right side of any of the bases begin your account, from that to the oppositely noted planet, thence to his opposite, and so shall you find a continued course in that order (grounded perhaps among the ancients upon mysteries of number, and interchanged government by those superior bodies over this habitable orb) which some have sweated at, in inquiry of proportions, music distances, and referred it to planetary hours: where-



as they (the very name of hour for a twenty-fourth part of a day, being unusual till about the Peloponnesiacque war) had their original of later time, than this hebdomadal account, whence the hourly from the morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as pretending and vulgar astrologers receive in supposition. At last, by Constantine the Great, and Pope Silvester, the name of *Sun-day*, was turned into (q) *Lord's-day*; as it is stiled *Dominicus* & *Κυριακή*; of *Saturday*, into the *Sabbath*; and the rest not long afterward named according to their numeral order as the first, second, or third *Feria* (that is, Holiday, thereby keeping the remembrance of Easter week, the beginning of the ecclesiastic year, which was kept every day holy) for *Sunday*, *Munday*, *Tuesday*. You may note here that Cæsar (r) was deceived in telling us, the Germans worshipped no other gods but *quos cernunt*, & *quorum opibus aperte juvantur*, *Solem*, *Vulcanum* & *Lunam*, *reliquos de fama quidem accepisse*; for you see more than those thus honoured by them, as also they had (s) their *Gotor Monuth* for April, dedicated to some adored power of that name: but blame him not; for the discovery of the northern parts was but in weakest infancy, when he delivered it.

Good Ethelbert of Kent first christ'ned English king.

About the year six hundred Christianity was received among the Saxons; this Ethelbert (being

(b) Damian. a Goes de morib. *Æthiopum*,

(i) De Longobard. i. c. 8.

(k) Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. 4. cap. 91.

(l) Ad Tacit. Germ. not. 32.

(n) Mercury, president of Gain.

(o) Dion. Hist. Rom. 27.

(p) De Emendat. Temp. i. Eundem de hac re Prolegom. & lib. 7. Doctorem merito agnoscimus.

(q) Nicephor. Callist. Eccles. Hist. 2. cap. 145. Polyd. Invent. Rer. 6. cap. 5.

(r) Comment. Gallic. 6.

(s) Bed. lib. de Temporibus.

first induced to taste that happiness by Berta his queen, a Christian, and daughter to Hilperic (or Lothar the II.) king of France) was afterward baptized by Augustine a monk, sent hither, with other workmen, for such a harvest, by Pope Gregory the First, zealously being moved to conversion of the English nation: so that after the first coming of Hengist, they had lived here one hundred and fifty years by the common account without tincture of true religion: nor did the Britons, who had long before (as you see to the eighth song) received it, at all impart it by instruction, which Gildas imputes to them for merit of divine revenge. White of (u) Basingstoke (I must cite his name, you would laugh at me if I affirmed it) refers to Kent's Paganism, and British Christianity before this conversion, the original of our vulgar bye-word *Nor in Gbriſtendom Nor in Kent*.

That abstinence of flesh for forty days began.

Began it here, so understand him; for plainly that Fasting time was long before in other churches, as appears in the decreeing (x) epistle of Pope Telephorus, constituting that the clergy should fast from *Quinquagesima* (that is, Shrove Sunday) to Easter, whereas the laity, and they both were before bound but to six weeks, accounted, as now, from the first Sunday in Lent; so that even from the (y) first of Christianity, for remembrance of our Saviour, it seems, it hath been observed, although I know it hath been referred to Telephorus, as first author. He died in the year 140 of Christ. But if you compare this of him with (z) that of Pope Melchiades (some 170 years after) taking away the fast upon a Sunday and Thursday, you will lose therein 40 days, and the common name of *Quadragesima*; but again find it thus. St. (a) Gregory (after both these) makes Lent to be so kept, that yet no fasting be upon Sundays; because (among other reasons) he would have it as the tenth of time consecrated to God in prayer and abstinence (and the canonists, (b) how justly I argue not, put it in their division of personal tithes.) Then, in this form, after the exception, calculates out his number. From the first Sunday in Lent to Ester, are six weeks, that is, forty-two days, whence six Sundays subtracted, remain thirty-six, which (fractions avoided) is the quotient of 365, being the number of the common year divided by ten. But seeing that holy number (as he calls it) of forty, which our Saviour honoured with his fasting, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the first week, the four last days of the *Quinquagesima*, that is *Ashwednesday, Thursday, Fri-*

day, and Saturday; so keeping both his conceit of tithing, and also observation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our assayed abstinence. For proof of this in Erconbert, both Bede and Malmesbury, beside their later followers, are witnesses. Their Saxon name near ours was (c) *Lengcten-fæsten*, as the other four fasts *ymbren fæsten*.

So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won.

Near forty years after the Saxons first arrival, Ælla (of the same nation) with his sons Pleucing, or Pleting, Cimen and Cissa landed at Cimenshore in the now Suffex) it is supposed (d) to be near the Witterings by Chichester) and having his forces increased by supply, after much bloodshed betwixt him and the Britons, and long siege of the city Andredceaster, now in Newenden in Kent (as learned Camden conjectures) got supreme dominion of those southern parts, with title of king of Suffex, whose son and successor Cissa's name, is yet there left in (e) *Lirra-cearter* for Chichester, and in a hill encircled with a deep trench for military defence, called Ciss-bury, by Offington. The author fitly begins with him after the Kentish; for he was the first made the number of the Saxon kings plural, by planting and here reigning over the South Saxons: and as one was always in the heptarchy which had title of first, or chief King of the Angles and Saxons, so this Ællo not only was honoured with (f) it, but also the prerogative by priority of time, in first enjoying it before all other princes of his nation: but his dominion afterward was for the most part still under the Kentish and West Saxon kings.

Saint Wilfrid sent from York into his realm receiv'd.

This Wilfrid archbishop of York, expelled that see by Egfrid king of Northumberland, was kindly received by Edilwalch (otherways Ethelwalch, being before christened through religious persuasion of his god-father Wulpher king of Merc-land) and converted the South-Saxons to the gospel. He endowed this Wilfrid with Selsey a cheronese in Suffex, and was so founder of a bishopric, afterward translated, under the Norman conqueror, to Cichester, whose cathedral church in public monuments honours the name of Cedwalla (of whom see to the ninth song) king of West-Sex for her first creator: but the reason of that was rather because Cedwalla after death of Edilwalch (whom he slew) so honoured Wilfrid (g) *ut Magistrum & Dominum omnis Provinciae eum præfecit, nihil in tota Provincia sine illius assensu faciendum arbi-*

(u) Hist. 7. not. 24.

(x) Dist. 4. c. 4. statuimus & ibid. D. Ambrosius.

(y) Ita etiam Baronius, sed & vide Eusebii Chronic. in Sixto I.

(z) Dist. 4. de Consecrat. cap. 14 Jejunium.

(a) In Homil. dist. 5. de Consecrat. cap. 16.

(b) Rebuff. tract. de decim. quæst. 3. num. 31.

(c) Canut. leg. 16.

(d) Ex antiq. charta Eccles. Selesens. ap Camden.

(e) So it is called in Florent. Wigorn. p. 331. kingdom of Suffex.

(f) Ethelwerd. hist. 3. cap. 2. Bed. hist. 2. c. 5.

(g) Malmesb. de gest. Pontific. 3.

tratus; whereupon it was, as it seems, thought fit (according to course of yielding with the sway of fortune) to forget Edilwalch, and acknowledge Cedwalla (then a pagan) for first patron of that episcopal dignity. It is reported, that three years before this general receipt there of Christ's profession, continued without rain; in so much that famine, and her companion pestilence, so vexed the province, that in multitudes of forty or fifty at a time, they used hand in hand, to end their miseries in the swallowing waves of their neighbouring ocean: but, that all ceased upon Wilfrid's preaching; who taught them also first (if Henry of Huntingdon's teaching deceive me not) to catch all manner of fish, being before skilled only in taking of eels. I know, (b) some make Eadbert abbot of the monastery in Selsey, under king Ine, first bishop there, adding, that before his time the province was subject to Winchester; but that rightly understood discords not; that is, if you refer it to instauration of what was discontinued by Wilfrid's return to his archbishopric.

Adopting for his heir young Edmund——

Penda king of Mercland had slain Sigebert (or Sebert) and Anna, kings of East-Angles, and so in dominion might be said to have possessed that kingdom; but Anna had divers successors of his blood, of whom Ethelberth was traiterously slain in a plot dissembled by Offa king of Mercland, and this part of the heptarchy confounded in the Mercian crown. Then did Offa adopt this St. Edmund a Saxon, into name of successor in that kingdom: which he had not long enjoyed, but that through barbarous cruelty, chiefly of one Hingaur a Dane (Polydore will needs have his name Agner) he was with miserable torture martyred, upon the 19th of November 870, whither his canonization directeth us for holy memory of him.

And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.

You may add two hundred to the author's number. This Ethelfrid, or Edilfrid, king of Northumberland, aspiring to increase his territories, made war against the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by Chester, near the onset, he saw, with wonder, a multitude of monks assembled, in a place by, somewhat secure; demanded the cause, and was soon informed that they were there ready to assist his enemies swords with their devout orizons, and had one called Brocmail, professing their defence from the English forces. The king no sooner heard this, but *Ergo* (saith he, being a heathen) *si adversus nos, ad Dominum suum clamant, profecto & ipsi quamvis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui adversis nos imprecationibus persequuntur*; presently commands their spoil: which

so was performed by his soldiers, that 1200 were in their devotions put to the sword. A strange slaughter of religious persons, at one time and place; but not so strange as their whole number in this one monastery, which was 2100; not such idle lubberly fots as later times pestered the world withal, truly pictured in that (k) description of (their character) sloth.

With two slimy eyne

*I must sit said the Segge, or else I must needs nap,
I may not stond ne stoupe, ne without mi stole kneele,
Were I brought a bed (but if my talende it made)
Should ne rining do me rise, or I were ripe to dine.
He began Benedicite with a belke, and his brest knoked
And raskeled, and rored, and rut at the last;
If I should dye by this daie, me lyst not to loke.
I can not perfittly my Pater nost, as the Priest it singeth,
But I can rimes of Robin Hood, and Randal of Chester,
But of our Lord or our Lady I lerne nothing at all.
I am occupied every day, boly day and other,
With idle tales at the ale, and other while in Churches.
God's paine and his passion full felde thinke I thereon,
I visited never feblemen, ne fettred folke in pittes,
I have lever here an Harlotrie, or a somers game,
Or leasings to laugh at and bilye my neighbours,
Then all that ever Mark made, Math, John, and Lucas.
And vigiles and fasting daies, all these let I passe,
And lie in bed in Lent, and mi lemman in mine armes.
I have ben Priest and Parson passing thyrtye winter,
Yet can I nether Sol fe ne sing, ne Saints lives read,
But I can find in a field, or in a furlong an bare
Better then in Beatus Vir, or in Beati Omnes.*

Not such were those Bangor monks: but they *Omnes de labore manuum suarum vivere solebant*. Observe here the difference betwixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which have been so branded, and not unjustly, with dissembled bestial sensualities of monastic profession, that in the universal visitation under Henry VIII. every monastery afforded shameful discovery of Sodomites and incontinent fryers; in Canterbury priory of Benedictines, nine Sodomites; in Battel Abbey, fifteen; and, in many other, like proportion; larger reckoning will not satisfy if you account their wenches, which married and single (for they affect that variety) supplied the wants of their counterfeited solitariness: so that hereupon, after an account of DC. convents of monks and friars, with mendicants, in this kingdom, when time endured them, *Je laisseray, saith (n) one, maintenant au Lecteur calculer combien par le moins devoint estre de fils de putains en Angleterre, je di seulement fils de Moines & de Putaines*. These were they who admired all for Hebrew or Greek which they understood not, and had at least (as many of our now

(b) Matth. Westmonasteriensis.

(k) Rob. de Langland, sive Joannes Malverne
P. 5.

(n) H. Stephen en l'Entroduct. au traite de la
conformite, &c. 1. chap. 24.

professing formalists) Latin enough to make such a speech as Rablais hath to Gargantua for Paris bells, and call for their *Vinum Cos*; which, in one of them personated, receive thus from a noble (o) poet.

*Fae extra: nihil hoc: extra totum sit oportet,
Sobriè, n. justè atque prè potare jubet Lex.
Vinum latificat cor hominis, præcipue Cos.
Gratia sit Domino, Vinum Cos, inquit, habemus.*

How my reader tastes this, I know not; therefore I willingly quit him; and add only, that William of Malmesbury grossly errs in affirming that this Bangor (p) is turned into a bishopric; but pardon him, for he lived in his cloister, and perhaps was deceived by equivocation of name, there being in Caernarvon a bishopric of the same title to this day, which some body later (q) hath on the other side ill taken for this.

Who re-ordained York a bishop's government.

For in the British times it had a metropolitane see (as is noted to the ninth song) and now by Edwine (converted to Christian discipline, both through means of his wife Ethelburg, daughter to Ethelbert king of Kent, and religious persuasion of God's ministers) was restored to the former dignity, and Paulinus, in it, honoured with name of archbishop, being afterwards banished that province, and made bishop of Rochester, which some have ignorantly made him before.

Nor those that in the stem of Saxon Crida came.

Most of our chronologers begin the Mercian race royal with Penda; but Henry of Huntingdon (not without his proofs and followers) makes Crida (grandfather to Penda) first in that kingdom.

Confirm'd in Christ's belief by that most reverend Chad.

This Wulpher, son to Penda, restored to his father's kingdom, is (r) reported with his own hands to have slain his two sons Wulphald and Rufin, for that they privily withdrew themselves to that famous St. Chad, or Cedda bishop of Litchfield, for instruction in the Christian faith; and all this is supposed to be done where the now

Stone in Staffordshire is seated. Hereupon the author relies. But the credit of it is more than suspicious, not only for that in classic authority I find his issue only to be Kenred, and St. Werburge (by Ermengild daughter to Erconbert of Kent) but withal that he was both Christian, and a great benefactor to the church. For it appears by consent of all, that Peada, Weda, or Penda (all these names he had) eldest son of the first Penda, first received in Middle Engle (part of Mercland) the faith, and was baptized by Finnan bishop of (s) Lindisfarne: after whose violent death, in spite of Oswy king of Northumberland, Immin, Ebba, and Edberth, gentlemen of power in Mercland, saluted Wulpher (brother to Peada) king of all that province, who was then, as it seems, (by Florence of Worcester, and Bede's reporting of four bishops in succession preferred by him) of Christian name; but howsoever he was at that time, it is certain that in the second or third year of his reign, he was godfather to king Edilwalch of Suffex, and bestowed on him as a gift, in token of that spiritual adoption, the Isle of Wight, with another territory in West Saxony, and gave also to St. Cedda (made by consent of him and king Oswy, bishop of Lindisfarne) fifty hides of land (a hide, (t) a plough land, or a carve, I hold clearly equivalent) towards foundation of a monastery. All this compared, and his life, in our monks, observed, hardly endures his note of persecution; which in respect of his foundership of Peterborough abbey, Robert of Swapham a monk there reporting it, or those from whom he had it, might better in silence have buried it, or rather not so ungratefully feigned it. I only find one thing notably ill of him; that he, first of the English kings, by simony made a bishop, which was wine of London, as Malmesbury is author.

(And through his rule) the church from taxes strongly freed.

Ethelbald king of Mercland, founder of Crowland abbey in Lincolnshire, a great, martial, and religious prince, in a synod held (Cuthbert then archbishop of Canterbury) enlarged ecclesiastical liberty in this form: *Donationem meam, me vivente, concedo, ut omnia Monasteria & Ecclesie regni mei à publicis Vectigalibus, Operibus, & Oneribus absolvantur, nisi Instructionibus Arcium vel Pontium, quæ nunquam ulli possunt relaxari, i. e.* he discharged all monasteries and churches of all kind of taxes, works,

(o) Jan. Douz. Satyr. 5.

(p) In hist. & lib. 4. de Pontificib. in Dorcestrensis.

(q) Aut lib. Academ. per Europ. edit. 1590.

(r) Robert. de Swapham. in Hist. Petroburgens. ap. Camd. in Stafford. & Northampton. & J. Stouæum.

(s) It is that now called *Holy Island*, by east the utmost parts of *Northumberland*, whence the bishopric, about DCCCXCV. was translated to *Durham*.

(t) Ita n. apud Matth. Paris, Huntingdon. Th. Walsingham. docemur, licet alii 100. Acris, aliter definiunt. Cæterum quod me maxime movet, & absque hæsitatione in hanc sententiam pedibus ire cogit, est tibi ex Dunstani Charta (Ann. 963.) qua Terræ partem concedit septem Aratorum, quod Anglice dicitur septem Hidas. Nec immemorem hic te vellem vocabuli illius apud Jor. Conf. nostros, *Hide & Taine*; quod Arvum restibile interpretari hout ignorat Dupendius quispiam.

		<i>Began in</i>	<i>Received the faith in</i>	
Comprehended in	IV. Northumberland.	Lancaster. York. Durham. Westmoreland. Northumberland, and the neighbouring territory, to Edinburgh Frith; whither, from Tine, was the name of Bernicland, and what lay on this side Tine, called Dierland.	IV. Ida, 547, taking all Bernicland, as Ælla twelve years after began in Dierland; but both kingdoms soon were confounded in one.	
	V. East-sex.	Essex. Middlesex. Part of Hereford.	IV. Edwin, 626, christened by Paulin, first archbishop of (in the Saxon times) of York.	
	VI. East-angle.	Norfolk. Suffolk. Cambridgeshire. Part of Ely.	V. Sebert, 604, dipt in holy tincture by Mellitus, first bishop of London.	
	VII. Mercland.	Glocester. Hereford. Worcester. Warwick. Leicester. Rutland. Northampton. Lincoln. Huntingdon. Bedford. Buckingham. Oxford. Stafford. Derby. Salop. Nottingham. Chester. The northern part of Hereford. But in these the inhabitants of them inlands were called Middle-engles, and the Mercians divided into names of their local quarters.	VI. Redwald, about 600: but some talk of one Vuffa (whence these kings were called Vuffings) to be author of it near 30 years before.	VI. Eorpwald, 632, although Redwald were christened, for he soon fell to apostasy, by persuasion of his wife, and in the same chapel made one altar to Christ, another to the Devil.
			VII. In Penda 626. Others will in Crida, some forty years before.	VII. Peada, king of Middle-engle, baptized by Finna, bishop of Lindisfarne, but enlarged the profession of it in Vulpher, next king there.

Perhaps as good authority may be given against some of my proposed chronology, as I can justify myself with. But although so, yet I am therefore freed of error, because our old monks exceedingly in this kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing

able to rectify. I know the East-angles, by both ancient and late authority, began above one hundred years before; but if with synchronism you examine it, it will be found most absurd. For seeing it is affirmed expressly, that Redwald was

flain by Ethelfrid king of Northumberland, and being plain by (n) Bede (take his story together, and rely not upon syllables and false printed copies) that it must needs be near 600, (for Edwin succeeded Ethelfrid) and that Uffa was some 30 years before : what calculation will cast this into less than 500 years after Christ? Forget not (if you desire accurate times) my admonition to the IVth song, of the 22 years error upon the Dionysian account, especially in the beginning of the kingdoms, because they are for the most part reckoned in old monks from the coming of the Saxons. Where you find different names from these, attribute it to the misreading old copies, by such as have published Carpenwald for Eorpenwald, or Earpwald; Penda also perhaps for Wenda, mistaking the Saxon *w* for our *p*, and other such, variably both written and printed. How in time they successively came under the West-saxon rule, I must not tell you, unless I should untimely put on the person of an historian. Our common annals manifest it. But know here, that although seven were, yet but five had any long continuance of their supremacies :

*The Saxons tho in their power tho thii were so rive
Seve kingdomes made in Engelande and (o) suthe
but vive.*

*The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
Of Kent and of Westsex, and of the March therto;*

as Robert of Glocester, according to truth of story hath it, for Eastsex and Southsex were not long after their beginnings (as it were) annexed to their ruling neighbour princes.

A nation from their first bent naturally to spoil.

Indeed so were universally the Germans (out of whom our Saxons) as Tacitus relates to us; *Nec arare terram aut exspectare annum tam facile persuaseris, quam vocare hostes & vulnera mereri. Pigrum quinime & iners videtur sudore acquirere quod possis sanguine parare, and more of that nature we read in him.*

Of famous Cambridge first————

About the year 630, Sigebert (after death of Eorpwald) returning out of France, whither his father Redwald had banished him, and receiving the East-angle crown, assisted by Fœlix a Burgogone, and first bishop of Dunwich (then called Dunmoe) in Suffolk : desiring to imitate what he had seen observable in France, for the common good, *instituit scholam* (read it *scholas*, if you will, as some do) I see no consequence of worth) *in qua pueri literis erudirentur*, as Bede writeth. Out of these words thus general, Cambridge being in

East-Angle, hath been taken for this school, and the school for the university. I will believe it (insomuch as makes it then an university) not much sooner than that (I know not what) Gurguntius with Cantaber, some 150 years before Christ, founded it; or, those charters of king Arthur, bulls of Pope Honorius and Sergius sent thither; Anaximander or Anaxagoras their studies there, with more such pretended and absurd unlikelihoods; unless every grammar school be an university, as this was, where children were taught by *Pædagogi & magistri juxta morem Cantuariorum*, as Bede hath expressly: which so makes Canterbury an university also. But neither is there any touch in authentic and ancient story, which justifies these schools instituted at Cambridge, but generally somewhere in Eastangle. Reasons of inducement are framed in multitudes on both sides. But, for my own part, I never saw any sufficiently probable, and therefore most of all rely upon what authorities are afforded. Among them I ever preferred the Appendix to the story of Crowland, supposed done by Peter of Blois, affirming that under Henry I. (he lived very near the same time: therefore believe him in a manner not subject to causes of historians temporising) Joffred Abbot of Crowland, with one Gilbert his commoigne, and three other monks, came to his manor of Cotenham, as they used oft-times, to read; and thence daily going to Cambridge, *Conductio, quodam horreo publico suas scientias palam profitentes, in brevi temporis excursu, grandem discipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno vero secundo adventus illorum, tantum accrevit discipulorum numerus, tam ex tota patria, quam ex oppido, quod qualibet domus maxima, horreum, nec ulla ecclesia sufficeret eorum receptaculo*: and so goes on with an ensuing frequency of schools. If before his there were an university, I imagine that in it was not profest Aristotle's Ethics, which tell us, *περί τῆς Συνικῆς Φιλίας*: for then would they not have permitted learned readers of the sciences (whom all that hated not the muses could not but love) to be compelled into a barn, instead of schools. Nor is it tolerable conceit, that for near five hundred years (which interceded betwixt this and Sigebert) no fitter place of profession should be erected. To this time others have referred the beginning of that famous seminary of good literature: and if room be left for me, I offer subscription; but always under reformation of the most honoured tutorefs's pupils, which shall (omitting fabulous trash) judiciously instruct otherwise. But the author here out of Polydore, Leland, and others of later time relying upon conjecture, hath his warrant of better credit than Cantilup, another relater of that Arcadian original, which some have so violently patronized.

(n) Eccles. Hist. 2. cap. 9. ubi legendum sexcentesimo vice et quingentesimo.

(o) Afterward.

Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood.

So it is affirmed (of that learned king, yet knowing not a letter until he was past twelve) by Polydore, Bale, and others; grounding themselves upon what Alfred's beneficence and most deserving care hath manifested in royal provision for that sacred nurse of learning. But justly it may be doubted, lest they took instauration of what was deficient, for institution: for although you grant he first founded University College, yet it follows not, but there might be common schools and colleges, as at this day in Leyden, Giesse, and other places of High and Low Germany. If you please, fetch hither that of Greeklade (to the third song) which I will not importune you to believe: but without scruple you cannot but credit that of a monk of (*p*) St. Dewi's (made grammar and rhetoric reader there by king Alfred) in these words of the year 886. *Exhorta est pessima ac teterima Oxonia discordia inter Grimbaldum* (this was a great and devout scholar, whose aid Alfred used in his disposition of lectures) *doctissimosque illos viros secum illuc adduxit, & veteres illos scholasticos quos ibidem invenisset: qui ejus adventu, leges, modos, ac prælegendi formulas ab eodem Grimbardo institutas, omni ex parte amplecti recusabant.* And a little after, *Quinetiam probabant & ostendebant, idque indubitato veterum annalium testimonio illius loci ordines ac instituta, a nonnullis piis & eruditis hominibus fuisse sancita, ut a Gilda* (*Melkino*; he was a great mathematician, and as Gildas also lived between 500 and 600) *Nennio* (the printed book hath falsely *Nemrio*) *Kentigerno* (he lived about 509) *& aliis, qui omnes literis illie consenuerunt, omnia ibidem felici pace & concordia administrantes;* and affirmed also that letters had there been happily profest in very ancient time, with frequency of scholars, until irruptions of (*q*) Pagans (they meant Danes) had brought them to this lately restored deficiency. After this testimony, greater than all exception, what can be more plain than the noble worth and fame of the pillar of the muses long before king Alfred's? Neither make I any great question, but that, where in an old copy of Gildas's life (published lately by a (*r*) Frenchman) it is printed, that he studied an Iren, which clearly he took for a place in this land, it should be Ichen (and I confess, before me one hath well pulished the conjecture) for *Rydiebin* the Welsh name of that city, expressing as much as Oxenford. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extremes of making it Mem-

prikes, as some do; that were but vain affectation to dote on my reverend mother. But because in those remote ages, not only universities and public schools (being (*s*) for a time prohibited by P. P. Gregory for fear of breeding Pelagians and Arians) but divers monasteries and cloysters were great (*t*) auditories of learning, as appears in Theodore and Adrian's professing at Canterbury, Maldulph and Aldelm at Malmesbury (this Aldelm first taught the English to write (*u*) Latin prose and verse) Alcuin at York, Bede at Jarrow, and such other more, I guess that hence came much obscurity to their name, omitted or suppressed by envious monks of those times, then whose traditions descending through many hands of their like, we have no credible authorities. But which soever of these two sisters have prerogative of primogeniture (a matter too much controverted betwixt them) none can give them less attribute, than to be two radiant eyes fixed in this island, as the beauteous face of the earth's body. To what others have by industrious search communicated, I add concerning Oxford out of ancient (*x*) MS. (but since the Clementines) what I there read: *Apud montem Pessulanum, Parisios, Oxoniam, Colonias, Boloniam, generalia studia ordinamus. Ad quæ Prior provincialis quilibet possit mittere duos fratres, qui habeant studentiam libertatem;* and also admonish the reader of an imposture thrust into the world this last autumn mart in a provincial catalogue of bishoprics by a profest antiquary and popish canon of (*y*) Antwerp, telling us, that the MS. copy of it, found in St. Victor's library at Paris, was written 500 years since, and in the number of Canterbury province, it hath Oxford; which being written Oxoniensis, I imagined might have been mistaken for Exoniensis (as Exonia for Oxonia sometimes) until I saw Exoniensis joined also; by which stood Petroburgenlis, which bruised all the credit of the monument, but especially of him that published it. For, who knows not that Peterborough was no bishopric till Henry the VIII. ? nor indeed was Oxford, which might easily be thought otherwise, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promising title. I abstain from expatiating in matter of our muses seats, so largely, and too largely treated of by others.

And into several shires the kingdom did divide.

To those shires (*z*) he constituted Justices and Sheriffs, called *gereras* and *rybgereras*, the office of those two being before confounded in *Vice-Domini*,

(*p*) Affer. Menevens. de gest. Alfred.

(*q*) About Alfred's time, before his instauration a Grammarian was not found in his kingdom to teach him. Florent, Wigorn. p. 309.

(*r*) Joan, a Bosco Paris. in Biblioth. Floriacens. vit. Gild. cap. 6.

(*s*) Bri. Tuin. Apolog. Oz. 2. § 84.

(*t*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Granta.

(*u*) Camd. in Wiltonia.

(*n*) Constitutiones Fratrum, cap. de Studiis, & Magist. student.

(*y*) Aubert Miræus in Notit. Episcopat. edit. Parisiis 1610.

(*z*) Histor. Crowlandensis.

i. e. Lieutenants; but so, that *Vicedominus*, and *Vicecomes* remained indifferent words for the name of Sheriff, as in a charter of King Edred 950. — *Ego Bingulph Vicedominus consului* +. *Ego Alfer Vice-comes audi vi* +. I find together subscribed. The Justices were, as I think, no other than those whom they called *dolder mannum*, being the same with *eorles*, now earls, in whose disposition and government upon delegation from the king (the title being officary, not hereditary, except in some particular shire, as Leicester, &c.) the county was; with the bishop of the diocese: the earl (a) sat in the *Seyregemode* twice every year, where charge was given touching (b) *Godes ribderge feoruld ribde*: But by the (c) Conqueror, this meddling of the bishop in Tournes was prohibited. The Sheriff had then his monthly court also, as the now county court instituted by the Saxon Edward I. as that other of the Tourn by King Edgar. The Sheriff is now immediate officer of the King's court; but it seems that then the earl (having always the third part of the shire's profits, both before and since the Normans) had charge upon him. For this division of counties: how many he made, I know not, but Malmesbury, under Ethelred affirms, there were thirty-two, (Robert of Gloucester thirty-five) about which time Winchelcomb was one, (d) but then joined to Gloucestershire; those thirty-two (e) were

Kent, Suffex, Surrey, Hantshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Somerset, Dorset, Devonshire; these nine were governed by the West Saxon law. Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Cambridge, Bedford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York; these fifteen by the Danish law. Oxford, Warwick, Gloucester, Hereford, Shropshire, Stafford, Cheshire, Worcester; these eight by the Mercian law.

Here was none of Cornwall, Cumberland, (stiled also Carlislehire) Northumberland, Lancaster, Westmoreland, (which was since tited Applebyshire) Durham, Monmouth, nor Rutland, which at this day make our number (besides the twelve in Wales) forty. Cornwall (because of the Britons there planted) until the Conqueror gave the county to his brother Robert of Moreton, continued out of the division, Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, being all northern, seem to have been then under Scottish or Danish power. But the two first received their division, as it seems, before the conquest: for Cumberland had its particular (f) governors, and Northumberland (g) earls: Westmoreland perhaps began

when King John gave it Robert Vipont, ancestor to the Cliffords, holding by that patent to this day the inheritance of the sheriffdom. Durham religiously was with large (b) immunities given to the bishop since the Norman invasion. Lancaster, until Henry III. created his younger son Edmund Crookback earl of it, I think, was no county: for in one of our old year books a learned (i) judge affirms, that in this Henry's time, was the first sheriff's tourn held there. Nor until Edward (first son to Edmund Langley Duke of York, and afterward Duke of Aumerle) created by Richard II. had Rutland any earls. I know for number and time of those, all authority agrees not with me; but I conjecture only upon selected. As Alured divided the shires first; so to him is owing the constitution of hundreds, tithings, lathes, and wapentakes, to the end that whosoever were not lawfully, upon credit of his Boroughs, i. e. pledges, admitted in some of them for a good subject, should be reckoned as suspicious of life and loyalty. Some steps thereof remain in our ancient and later law books.

Which be an beirloom left unto the English throne.

The first healing of the king's evil is referred to this Edward (k) the Confessor: and of a particular example in his curing a young married woman, an old (l) monument is left to posterity. In France such a kind of cure is attributed to their kings also; both of that and this, if you desire particular inquisition, take Dr. Tooker's *Charisma sanationis*.

Our country's common laws did faithfully produce.

In Lambard's *Archæonomy* and Roger of Hoveden's *Henry II.* are laws under the name of the Confessor and Conqueror joined and deduced for the most part out of their predecessors; but those of the Confessor seem to be the same, if (m) Malmesbury deceive not, which King Cnut collected, of whom his words are, *Omnes leges ab antiquis regibus & maxime antecessore suo Ethelredo latas, sub interminatione regie mulctæ, perpetuis temporibus observari præcepit, in quarum custodiam etiam nunc tempore bonorum sub nomine regis Edwardi juratur, non quod ille statuerit, sed quod observaverit*; and under this name have they been humbly desired by the subject, granted with qualification, and controverted, as a main and first part of liberty, in the next age following the Norman conquest.

(a) Edgar leg. Human. cap. 5. Edw. cap. 11. Canut. cap. 17.

(b) Rot. Chart. 2. Rich. 2. pro Decan. & capit. Lincoln, transcripsimus in Jano Anglorum, l. 2. § 14. & videas apud Fox. hist. eccles. 4.

(c) God's right and the world's.

(d) Codex Wigorn. ap. Camd. in Dobunis.

(e) Polychronicon lib. 1. cap. de provinciis.

(f) Mat. West. fol. 366.

(g) Ingulph. hist. Crowland.

(b) Thorp. 17. Ed. 3. fol. 56. b.

(i) Bract. lib. 3. tract de Corona cap. 10. Quamplurimi casus in annis Ed. 3 & 5. Jacob. apud Dom. Ed. Cok. lib. 6. fol. 77. maxime vero huc faciunt Itin. illa H. 3. & Ed. 1.

(k) Polydor. hist. 8.

(l) Eilred. Rhivallens. ap. Took. in Charismat. Sanat. c. 6.

(m) De gest. Reg. 2. cap. 11.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

T H E T W E L F T H S O N G .

The Argument.

The muse, that part of Shropshire plies
Which on the east of Severn lies :
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,
In the proud Cambrian mountains spite,
Sings those great Saxons ruling here,
Which the most famous warriors were.
And as she in her course proceeds,
Relating many glorious deeds
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth strain
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,
And of the famous battles try'd
'Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironside,
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,
Visits the springs of Trent and Dove ;
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood sings ;
An end which to this canto brings.

T H E haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their
praise,
(As they who only sought ambitiously to raise
The blood of god-like Brute) their heads do
proudly bear ;
And having crown'd themselves sole regents of
the air
(Another war with heaven as though they meant
to make)
Did seem in great disdain the bold affront to take,
That any petty hill upon the English side,
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to vail unto
their pride.

When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth that
knew,
And understood from whence their insolency grew,
For all that they appear'd so terrible in fight,
Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.
And when they star'd on him, to them the like he
gave,
And answer'd glance for glance, and brave for
brave :
That, when some other hills which English dwell-
lers were,
The lusty Wrekin saw himself so well to bear

Against the Cambrian part, respectless of their
power,

His eminent disgrace expecting every hour,
Those flatterers that before (with many cheerful
look)

Had grac'd his goodly site, him utterly forsook,
And muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd
in black,

Which of their utmost hope attend the ruinous
That those delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and Ro-
don clear

(Two brooks of him belov'd, and two that held him
He, having none but them, they having none but he,
Which to their mutual joy might either's object be)
Within their secret breasts conceived sundry fears,
And as they mixt their streams, for him so mixt
their tears :

Whom, in their coming down, when plainly he
discerns,

For them his nobler heart in his strong bosom
But, constantly resolv'd, that (dearer if they were)
The Britons should not yet all from the English
bear ;

' Therefore, quoth he, brave flood, though forth
' by (a) Cambrian brought,

' Yet as fair England's friend, or mine thou
' would'st be thought,

' (O Severn!) let thine ear my just defence par-
' take :

Which said, in the behalf of th' English thus he
' Wife Weever (I suppose) sufficiently hath said

' Of those our princes here, which fasted, watch'd
' and pray'd,

' Whose deep devotion went for other's vent'rous
' But in this song of mine, he seriously that reads,

' Shall find, e'er I have done, the Briton, (so extold,
' Whose height each mountain strives so mainly

' to uphold,

' Match'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a
' As skilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.

' Who, when their fortune will'd that after they
' should scorse

' Blows with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging
' force for force

' (When first he put from sea to forage on this
' shore,

' Two hundred (b) years distain'd with either's
' Now this aloft, now that, oft did the English

' reign,
' And oftentimes again depressed by the Dane)

' The Saxons then, I say, themselves as bravely
' shew'd,

' As those on whom the Welsh such glorious praise
' Nor could his angry sword, who Egbert over-
threw

' (Through which he thought at once the Saxons to
' His kingly courage quell : but from his short

' retire,

' His reinforced troops (now forg'd with sprightly
' Before them drave the Dane, and made the Bri-
ton run

' Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had
(won

(a) Out of Plinlimon in the confines of Cardigan and
Montgomery.

(b) See to Song I.

' Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight
' were slain,

' Till their huge murdered heaps manur'd each
' neighb'ring plain.

' As Ethelwolf again, his utmost powers that bent
' Against those fresh supplies each year from Den-
' mark sent

' (Which prowling up and down in their rude Da-
' nish oars,

' Here put themselves by stealth upon the pest-
' ter'd shores)

' In many a doubtful fight much time in England
' So did the King of Kent, courageous Athelstan,

' Which here against the Dane got such victorious
' days.

' So we the Wiltshire men as worthily may
' That buckled with those Danes, by Ceorl and
' Ofrick brought.

' And Ethelred, with them nine sundry fields
' that fought,

' Recorded in his praise, the conquests of one year.
' You right-nam'd English then, courageous men

' you were,

' When reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant
' Where Bafrig ye out-brav'd, and Halden, sword

' to sword ;

' The most redoubted spirits that Denmark here
' And Alured, not much inferior to the rest :

' Who having in his days so many dangers past,
' In seven brave foughten fields their champion

' Hubba chas'd,

' And slew him in the end, at Abington, that day,
' Whose like the sun ne'er saw in his diurnal way :

' Where those, that from the field sore wounded
' sadly fled,

' Were well near overwhelm'd with mountains of
the dead :

' His force and fortune made the foes so much to
' As they the land at last did utterly forswear.

' And when proud (c) Rollo, next, their former
' powers repair'd

' (Yea, when the worst of all with the English
' Whose countries near at hand, his force did still

' supply,

' And Denmark to her drew the strengths of Nor-
' This prince in many a fight their forces still de-
' fy'd.

' The goodly river Lee he wisely did divide,
' By which the Danes had then their full-fraught

' navies tew'd :

' The greatness of whose stream besieged Hart-
' ford rew'd.

' This Alfred, whose foresight had politic'ly found
' Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the

' ground,

' A puissant hand thereto laboriously did put,

' And into lesser streams that spacious current
' Their ships thus set on shore (to frustrate their

' desire)

' Those Danish hulks became the food of English
' Great Alfred left his life : when Elfrida up-
grew,

' That far beyond the pitch of other women flew :

(c) See to the next song of Rollo.

A a iij

' Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,
 ' § Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more
 ' would know :
 ' But differing from her sex (as, full of manly fire)
 ' This most courageous queen, by conquest to as-
 ' pire,
 ' The puissant Danish power victoriously pursu'd,
 ' And resolutely here through their thick squad-
 ' rons hew'd [won,
 ' Her way into the north. Where Derby having
 ' And things beyond belief upon the enemy done,
 ' She sav'd besieged York; and in the Danes def-
 ' pight, [might,
 ' When most they were upheld with all the eastern
 ' More towns and cities built out of her wealth
 ' and power, [vour.
 ' Than all their hostile flames could any way de-
 ' And, when the Danish here the country most
 ' destroy'd, [employ'd;
 ' Yet all our powers on them not wholly were
 ' But some we still reserv'd abroad for us to roam,
 ' To fetch in foreign spoils, to help our loss at
 ' home. [wan :
 ' And all the land, from us they never clearly
 ' But to his endless praise, our English Athelstan,
 ' In the Northumbrian fields, with most victorious
 ' might [flight;
 ' Put Alaff and his powers to more inglorious
 ' And more than any king of th' English him be-
 ' fore,
 ' Each way from North to South, from West to
 ' th' Eastern shore,
 ' Made all the isle his own: his seat who firmly
 ' fixt [twixt,
 ' The Caledonian hills and Caithness point be-
 ' § And Constantine their king (a prisoner) hi-
 ' ther brought; [fought :
 ' Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons
 ' Where he their princes forc'd from that their
 ' strong retreat,
 ' In England to appear at his imperial seat.
 ' But after, when the Danes, who never wea-
 ' ried were, [here,
 ' Came with intent to make a general conquest
 ' They brought with them a man deem'd of so
 ' wond'rous might,
 ' As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight :
 ' For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;
 ' Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly
 ' wield !
 ' And (to enforce that strength) of such a daunt-
 ' less spirit,
 ' A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,
 ' That to the English oft they off' red him (in pride)
 ' The ending of the war by combat to decide :
 ' Much scandal which procur'd unto the English
 ' name.
 ' When, some out of their love, and some spurr'd
 ' on with shame,
 ' By envy some provok'd, some out of courage,
 ' fain [Dane.
 ' Would undertake the cause to combat with the
 ' But Athelstan the while, in settled judgment
 ' found [wound
 ' Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a
 ' It likely was to leave to his defensive war.
 ' Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thoughts
 ' perplexed are,
 ' It pleas'd all-powerful heaven, that Warwick's
 ' famous Guy
 ' (The knight through all the world renown'd
 ' for chivalry)
 ' Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held
 ' him long.
 ' His honourable arms devoutly having hung
 ' In a religious house, the off'rings of his praise
 ' To his redeemer Christ, his help at all assays
 ' Those arms, by whose strong proof he many a
 ' Christian freed, [deed)
 ' And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy
 ' Himself, a Palmer poor, in homely russet clad
 ' (And only in his hand his hermit's staff he had)
 ' Tow' rds Winchester alone (so) sadly took his
 ' way, [land lay ;
 ' Where Athelstan, that time the King of Eng-
 ' And where the Danish camp then strongly did
 ' abide, [the Hide.
 ' Near to a goodly mead, which men there call
 ' The day that Gay arriv'd (when silent night
 ' did bring [king
 ' Sleep both on friend and foe) that most religious
 ' (Whose strong and constant heart all grievous
 ' cares suppress)
 ' His due devotion done, betook himself to rest.
 ' To whom it seem'd by night an angel did appear,
 ' Sent to him from that God whom he invoc'd by
 ' pray'r;
 ' Commanding him the time not idly to foreflow,
 ' But rather as he could rise, to such a gate to go,
 ' Whereas he should not fail to find a goodly knight
 ' In Palmerspoor attire: though very meanly dight,
 ' Yet by his comely shape, and limbs exceeding
 ' strong,
 ' He eas'ly might him know the other folk among;
 ' And bade him not to fear, but choose him for the
 ' man. [stan ;
 ' No sooner brake the day, but up rose Athel-
 ' And as the vision shew'd, he such a Palmer
 ' found, [ground :
 ' With others of this sort, there sitting on the
 ' Where, for some poor repast they only seem'd
 ' to stay,
 ' Else ready to depart each one upon his way :
 ' When secretly the king revealed to the knight
 ' His comfortable dreams that lately passed night :
 ' With mild and princely words bespeaking him ;
 ' quoth he,
 ' Far better you are known to heaven (it seems)
 ' than me [command
 ' For this great action fit : by whose most dread
 ' (Before a world of men) its laid upon your hand.
 ' Then, stout and valiant knight, here to my court
 ' repair,
 ' Refresh you in my baths, and mollify your care
 ' With comfortable wines and meats what you
 ' will ask, [task.
 ' And choose my richest arms to fit you for this
 ' The Palmer (gray with age) with counte-
 ' nance lowting low, [bow,
 ' His head even to the earth before the king did

' Him softly answering thus; Dread Lord, it fits
 ' me ill [will :
 ' (A wretched man) t'oppose high heaven's eternal
 ' Yet my most sovereign Liege, no more of me
 ' esteem
 ' Than this poor habit shews, a Pilgrim as I seem;
 ' But yet I must confess, have seen in former days,
 ' The best knights of the world, and scuffled in
 ' some frays.
 ' Those times are gone with me; and, being aged
 ' now, [my vow
 ' Have off' red up my arms to heav'n, and made
 ' Ne'er more to bear a shield, nor my declining
 ' age [age)
 ' (Except some palmer's tent, or homely hermi-
 ' Shall ever enter roof: but if, by heaven and thee,
 ' This action be impos'd, great English king, on me,
 ' Send to the Danish camp, their challenge to ac-
 ' cept, [kept :
 ' In some convenient place proclaiming it be
 ' Where, by th' Almighty's power, for England
 ' I'll appear.
 ' The king, much pleas'd in mind, assumes his
 ' wonted cheer,
 ' And to the Danish power his choicest herald sent.
 ' When, both through camp and court, this combat
 ' quickly went,
 ' Which suddenly divulg'd, whilst ev'ry list'ning
 ' ear,
 ' As thirsting after news, desirous was to hear,
 ' Who for the English side durst undertake the day.
 ' The puissant kings accords, that in the middle way
 ' Betwixt the tent and town, to either's equal fight,
 ' Within a goodly mead, most fit for such a fight,
 ' The lists should be prepar'd for this material prize.
 ' The day prefix'd once com'n, both Dane and
 ' English rise,
 And to th' appointed place th' unnumber'd peo-
 ' ple throng : [young
 ' The weaker female sex, old men, and children
 ' Into the windows get, and up on stalls, to see
 The man on whose brave hand their hope that
 ' day must be.
 ' In noting of it well, there might a man behold
 ' More sundry forms of fear than thought imagine
 ' could.
 ' One looks upon his friend with sad and heavy
 ' cheer, [bear :
 ' Who seems in this distress a part with him to
 ' Their passions do express much pity mix'd with
 ' rage, [suage,
 ' Whilst one his wife's laments is labouring to as-
 ' His little infant near, in childish gibberish shews,
 ' What addeth to his grief who sought to calm her
 ' woes.
 ' One having climb'd some roof, the concourse to
 ' descry, [eye,
 ' From thence upon the earth dejects his humble
 ' As since he thither came he suddenly had found
 ' Some danger them amongst which lurk'd upon
 ' the ground.
 ' One stands with fixed eyes, as though he were
 ' aghast : [past.
 ' Another sadly comes, as though his hopes were

' This heark'neth with his friend, as though with
 ' him to break [speak,
 ' Off some intended act. Whilst they together
 ' Another standeth near to listen what they say,
 ' Or what should be the end of this so doubtful day.
 ' One great and general face the gathered people
 ' seem : [deem
 ' So that the perfect'st fight beholding could not
 ' What looks most sorrow shew'd; their griefs so
 ' equal were.
 ' Upon the heads of two, whose cheeks were join'd
 ' so near
 ' As if together grown, a third his chin doth rest :
 ' Another looks o'er his : and others hardly prest,
 ' Look underneath their arms. Thus, whilst in
 ' crowds they throng [along ;
 ' (Led by the king himself) the champion comes
 ' A man well strook in years, in homely Palmer's
 ' gray, [stay,
 ' And in his hand his staff, his reverend steps to
 ' Holding a comely pace : which at his passing by,
 ' In every censuring tongue, as every serious eye,
 ' Compassion mixt with fear, distrust and courage
 ' bred.
 ' Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in
 ' ireful red ;
 ' Before him (from the camp) an ensign first dis-
 ' play'd [array'd
 ' Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously
 ' Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike
 ' sound [bound,
 ' Of Danish brazen drums, with many a lofty
 ' Come with their country's march, as they to
 ' Mars should dance.
 ' Thus, forward to the fight, both champions
 ' them advance :
 ' And each without respect doth resolutely choose
 ' The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's
 ' refuse. [feel,
 ' The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to
 ' Whose squares were laid with plates, and riveted
 ' with steel,
 ' And armed down along with pikes; whose hard-
 ' ned points
 ' (Forc'd with the weapon's weight) had power
 ' to tear the joints
 ' Of cuirass or of mail, or whatsoe'er they took,
 ' Which caus'd him at the knight disdainfully to
 ' look.
 ' When our stout palmer soon (unknown for
 ' valiant Guy) [untie,
 ' The cord from his straight lines doth presently
 ' Puts off his palmer's weed, unto his truss, which
 ' bore [before
 ' The stains of ancient arms, but shew'd it had
 ' Been costly cloth of gold; and off his hood he
 ' threw : [drew
 ' Out of his hermit's staff his two-hand sword he
 ' (The unsuspected sheath which long to it had
 ' been) [seen,
 ' Which till that instant time the people had not
 ' A sword so often try'd. Then to himself, quoth
 ' he, [free ;
 " Arms, let me crave your aid, to set my country

- " And never shall my heart your help again re-
 " quire,
 " But only to my God to lift you up in pray'r."
 ' Here, Colebrond forward made, and soon the
 ' Christian knight
 ' Encounters him again with equal power and
 ' spight:
 ' Whereas, betwixt them two, might eas'ly have
 ' been seen
 ' Such blows, in public throngs as used had they
 ' been,
 ' Of many there the least might many men have
 ' slain:
 ' Which none but they could strike, nor none but
 ' they sustain;
 ' The most relentless eye that had the power to
 awe, [saw,
 ' And so great wonder bred in those the fight that
 ' As verily they thought, that nature until then
 ' Had purposely reserv'd the utmost power of men,
 ' Where strength still answer'd strength, on cou-
 ' rage courage grew.
 ' Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both
 ' pursue
 ' One sweet and self-same prey, at one another flie,
 ' And with their armed paws ingrappled dread-
 ' fully,
 ' The thunder of their rage, and boist'rous strug-
 ' gling, make
 ' The neighbouring forests round affrightedly to
 ' quake:
 ' Their sad encounter such. The mighty Cole-
 ' brond struck
 ' A cruel blow at Guy: which though he finely
 ' broke,
 ' Yet (with the weapon's weight) his ancient
 ' hilt it split,
 ' And (thereby lessened much) the champion
 ' lightly hit
 ' Upon the reverend brow: immediately from
 ' whence
 ' The blood dropt softly down, as if the wound
 ' had sense
 ' Of their much inward woe, that it with grief
 ' should see.
 ' The Danes, a deadly blow supposing it to be,
 ' Sent such an echoing shout, that rent the troubled
 ' air.
 ' The English, at the noise, wax'd all so wan
 ' with fear,
 ' As though they lost the blood their aged cham-
 ' pion shed:
 ' Yet were not these so pale, but th' other were
 ' as red:
 ' As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks
 ' had staid.
 ' Here Guy, his better spirits recalling to his
 ' aid,
 ' Came fresh upon his foe; when mighty Cole-
 ' brond makes
 ' Another desperate stroke: which Guy of War-
 ' wick takes
 ' Undauntedly aloft; and followed with a blow
 ' Upon his shorter ribs; that the excessive flow
 ' Stream'd up unto his hilts: the wound so gap'd
 ' withal,
 ' As though it meant to say, Behold your cham-
 ' pion's fall
 ' By this proud palmer's hand. Such claps again
 ' and cries
 ' The joyful English gave, as cleft the very skies.
 ' Which coming on along from these that were
 ' without,
 ' When those within the town receiv'd this cheer-
 ' ful shout,
 ' They answer'd them with like; as those their
 ' joy that knew.
 ' Then with such eager blows each other they
 ' pursue,
 ' As every offer made should threaten imminent
 ' death;
 ' Until, through heat and toil both hardly draw-
 ' ing breath,
 ' They desperately do close. Look how two
 ' boars being set
 ' Together side to side, their threat'ning tusks do
 ' whet,
 ' And with their gnashing teeth their angry foam
 ' do bite,
 ' Whilst still they should'ring seek, each other
 ' where to smite:
 ' Thus stood those ireful knights; till flying back,
 ' at length [strength,
 ' The palmer, of the two the first recovering
 ' Upon the left arm lent great Colebrond such a
 ' wound,
 ' That whilst his weapon's point fell well-near to
 ' the ground,
 ' And slowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again
 ' Sent through his cloven scalp his blade into his
 ' brain.
 ' When downward went his head, and up his
 ' heels he threw;
 ' As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.
 ' The English part, which thought an end he
 ' would have made,
 ' And seeming as they much would in his praise
 ' have said,
 ' He bid them yet forbear, whilst he pursu'd his
 ' fame, [came;
 ' That to this passed king next in succession
 ' That great and puissant knight (in whose victo-
 ' rious days
 ' Those knight-like deeds were done, no less de-
 ' serving praise)
 ' Brave Edmond, Edward's son, that Stafford ha-
 ' ving ta'en,
 ' With as successful speed won Derby from the
 ' Dane.
 ' From Lie'ster then again, and Lincoln at the
 ' length,
 ' Drove out the Dacian powers by his resistless
 ' strength:
 ' And this his England clear'd beyond that raging
 ' (d) flood,
 ' Which that proud King of Huns once christ'ned
 ' with his blood.

' By which, great Edmond's power apparently
 ' was shewn, [own;
 ' The land from Humber south recovering for his
 ' That Edgar after him so much disdain'd the
 ' Dane
 ' Unworthy of a war that should disturb his reign,
 ' As generally he seem'd regardless of their hate.
 ' And studying every way magnificence in state,
 ' At Chester whilst he liv'd at more than kingly
 ' charge,
 ' Eight tributary (e) kings there row'd him in his
 ' barge:
 ' His shores from pirates sack the king that strong-
 ' ly kept:
 ' § A Neptune, whose proud sails the British ocean
 ' swept.
 ' But after his decease, when his more hopeful
 ' son,
 ' § By cruel stepdame's hate to death was lastly
 ' done,
 ' To set his rightful crown upon a wrongful head
 ' (When by thy fatal curse, licentious Etheldred,
 ' Through dissoluteness, sloth, and thy abhorred
 ' life, [rise)
 ' As grievous were thy sins, so were thy sorrows
 ' The Dane, possessing all, the English forc'd to
 ' bear [were;
 ' A heavier yoke than first those heathen slaveries
 ' Subjected, bought, and sold, in that most wretch-
 ' ed plight,
 ' As even their thralldom seem'd their neighbours
 ' to affright.
 ' Yet could not all their plagues the English
 ' height abate: [state,
 ' But even in their low'st ebb, and miserablest
 ' Courageously themselves they into action put,
 ' § And in one night, the throats of all the Danish
 ' cut.
 ' And when in their revenge, the most insatiate
 ' Dane
 ' Unshipt them on our shores, under their puissant
 ' Swane:
 ' And sworn with hate and ire, their huge unviel-
 ' dy force
 ' Came clust'ring like the Greeks out of the wood-
 ' en-horse: [east,
 ' And the Norfolkian towns, the near'st unto the
 ' With sacrilege and rape did terriblest infest;
 ' Those Danes yet from the shores we with such
 ' violence drave,
 ' That from our swords their ships could them but
 ' hardly save. [when
 ' And to renew the war, that year ensuing,
 ' With fit supplies for spoil they landed here agen,
 ' And all the southern shores from Kent to Corn-
 ' wal spread,
 ' With those disorder'd troops by Alaph hither led,
 ' In seconding their Swane, which cry'd to them
 ' for aid;
 ' Their multitudes so much sad Ethelred dismay'd,
 ' As from his country forc'd the wretched king to
 ' fly.
 ' An English yet there was, when England seem'd
 ' to ly

(e) See to Song X.

' Under the heaviest yoke that ever kingdom bore,
 ' Who washt his secret knife in Swane's relentless
 ' gore,
 ' Whilst (swelling in excess) his lavish cups he ply'd.
 ' Such mean's t' redeem themselves th' afflicted
 ' nation try'd.
 ' And when courageous Knute, th' late murder'd
 ' Swane's son, [done,
 ' Came in t' revenge that act on his great father
 ' He found so rare a spirit that here against him
 ' rose, [oppose,
 ' As though ordain'd by heaven his greatness to
 ' Who with him foot to foot, and face to face
 ' durst stand. [command,
 ' When Knute, which here alone affected the
 ' The crown upon his head at fair Southampton
 ' set: [get,
 ' And Edmond, loth to lose what Knute desir'd to
 ' At London caus'd himself inaugurate to be.
 ' King Knute would conquer all, King Edmond
 ' would be free
 ' The kingdom is the prize for which they
 ' both are prest:
 ' And with their equal powers both meeting in
 ' the west,
 ' The green Dorsetian fields a deep vermilion dy'd:
 ' Where Gillingham gave way to their great hosts
 ' (in pride)
 ' Abundantly their blood that each on other spent.
 ' But Edmond, on whose side that day the better
 ' went
 ' (And with like fortune thought the remnant to
 ' suppress [distress)
 ' That Sarum them besieg'd, which was in great
 ' With his victorious troops to Salisbury retires:
 ' When with fresh bleeding wounds, Knute, as
 ' with fresh desires,
 ' Whose might though somewhat maim'd, his
 ' mind yet unsubdu'd,
 ' His lately conquering foe courageously pursu'd:
 ' And finding out a way, sent to his friends with
 ' speed, [need,
 ' Who him supply'd with aid: and being helpt at
 ' Tempts Edmond still to fight, still hoping for a
 ' day.
 ' Towards Wor'stershire their powers both well
 ' upon their way
 ' There, falling to the field, in a continual fight,
 ' Two days the angry hosts still parted were by
 ' night:
 ' Where twice the rising sun, and twice the set-
 ' ting, saw
 ' Them with their equal wounds their wearied
 ' breath to draw.
 ' Great London to surprise, then (next) Canu-
 ' tus makes: [takes,
 ' And thitherward as fast king Edmond Ironside
 ' Whilst Knute set down his siege before the eas-
 ' tern gate,
 ' King Edmond through the west past in trium-
 ' phal state.
 ' But this courageous king, that scorned, in his
 ' pride,
 ' A town should be besieg'd wherein he did abide,

' Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.
 ' Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did lose,
 ' Provokes him still to fight: and falling back
 ' where they
 ' Might field-room find at large, their ensigns
 ' to display, [blood
 ' Together flew again; that Brentford, with the
 ' Of Danes and English mixt, discolour'd long
 ' time stood.
 ' Yet Edmond, as before, went victor still away,
 ' When soon that valiant Knute, whom nothing
 ' could dismay,
 ' Recall'd his scatter'd troops, and into Essex hies,
 ' Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with
 ' fresh supplies
 ' Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironside
 ' makes; [takes:
 ' But Knute to him again as soon fresh courage
 ' And fortune (as herself) determining to show
 ' That she could bring an ebb on valiant Ed-
 ' mond's flow,
 ' And eas'ly cast him down from off the top of
 ' chance,
 ' By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.
 ' Where she beheld that prince which she had fa-
 ' vour'd long
 ' (Even in her proud despight) his murder'd
 ' troops among
 ' With sweat and blood besmear'd (dukes, earls,
 ' and bishops slain,
 ' In that most dreadful day, when all went to the
 ' Dane)
 Through worlds of dangers wade; and with
 ' his sword and shield, [field
 ' Such wonders there to act, as made her in the
 ' Ashamed of herself, so brave a spirit as he
 ' By her unconstant hand should so much wrong-
 ' ed be.
 ' But, having lost the day, to Gloucester he draws,
 ' To raise a second power in his slain soldiers cause.
 ' When late-encourag'd Knute, whilst fortune
 ' yet doth last,
 ' Who oft from Ironside fled, now followed him
 ' as fast.
 ' Whilst thus in civil arms continually they toil,
 ' And what th' one strives to make, the other
 ' seeks to spoil,
 ' With threat'ning swords still drawn; and with
 ' obnoxious hands
 ' Attending their revenge, whilst either enemy
 ' stands, [breaks,
 ' One man amongst the rest from this confusion
 ' And to the ireful kings with courage boldly
 ' speaks;
 ' Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous out-
 rage fill?
 ' Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,
 ' But what your swords admit? as nature did or-
 ' dain
 ' Our lives for nothing else, but only to maintain
 ' Your murders, sack, and spoil? If by this waste-
 ' ful war
 ' The land unpeopled ly, some nation shall from
 far,

' By ruin of you both, into the isle be brought,
 ' Obtaining that for which you twain so long
 ' have fought.
 ' Unless then through your thirst of empery you
 mean [clean,
 ' Both nations in these broils shall be extinguish'd
 ' Select you champions fit, by them to prove your
 ' right,
 ' Or try it man to man yourselves in single fight.
 ' When as those warlike kings, provok'd with
 ' courage high,
 ' It willingly accept in person by and by.
 ' And whilst they them prepare, the shapeless con-
 ' course grows
 ' In little time so great, that their unusual flows
 ' Surrounded Severn's banks, whose stream amazed
 ' stood,
 ' Her Birch to behold, inisled with her flood,
 ' That with refulgent arms then flamed; whilst
 ' the kings,
 ' Whose rage out of the hate of either's empire
 ' springs,
 ' Both armed cap-a-pie, upon their barred horse
 ' Together fiercely flew; that in their violent
 ' course
 ' (Like thunder when it speaks most horribly
 ' and loud,
 ' Tearing the full-stuff paunch of some congeal-
 ' ed cloud)
 ' Their strong hoofs struck the earth: and with
 ' the tearful shock, [unlock.
 ' Their spears in splinters flew, their bevers both
 ' Canutus, of the two that farthest was from
 ' hope, cope,
 ' Who found with what a foe his fortune was to
 ' Cries, noble Edmond, hold; let us the land divide.
 ' Here th' English and the Danes, from either
 ' equal side
 ' Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry
 ' Courageous kings, divide; 'twere pity such
 ' should die.
 When now the neighbouring floods will'd
 Wrekin to suppress
 His style, or they were like to surfeit with excess.
 And time had brought about, that now they all
 began
 To listen to a long-told prophecy, which ran
 Of Moreland, that she might live prosperously
 to see
 A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be
 The third of this large isle: which saw did first arise
 From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies.
 The Druids (as some say) by her instructed
 were. [here.
 In many secret skills she had been conn'd her
 The ledden of the birds most perfectly she knew:
 And also from their flight strange auguries she
 drew;
 Supreme in her place: whose circuit was extent
 From Avon to the banks of Severn, and to Trent:
 Where empress like she sat with nature's boun-
 ties blest,
 And serv'd by many a nymph; but two, of all
 the rest,

That Staffordshire calls hers, there both of high account.

The eld'st of which is Cank : though Needwood her surmount

In excellence of soil, by being richly plac'd
'Twixt Trent and batning Dove ; and equally imbrac'd

By their abounding banks, participates their store ;
Of Britain's forests all (from th' less unto the more)

For fineness of her turf surpassing ; and doth bear
Her curled head so high, that forests far and near
Oft grutch at her estate ; her flourishing to see,
Of all their stately tyers disrobed when they be.
But (as the world goes now) so woful Cank the while,

As brave a wood-nymph once as any of this isle ;
Great Arden's eldest child : which, in her mother's ground

Before fair Feck'nham's self, her old age might
have crown'd ;

When as those fallow deer, and huge hauncht
stags that graz'd

Upon her shaggy heaths, the passenger amaz'd
To see their mighty herds, with high palm'd
heads to threat

The woods of o'ergrown oaks ; as though they
meant to set

Their horns to th' other's heights. But now,
both those and these

Are by vile gain devour'd : so abject are our days !
She now, unlike herself, a neat herd's life doth
live,

And her dejected mind to country cares doth give.

But muse, thou seem'st to leave the Morelands
too too long : [among]

Of whom report may speak (our mighty wastes
She from her chilly site, as from her barren feed,
For body, horn, and hair, as fair a breast doth
breed

As scarcely this great isle can equal : then of her,
Why should'st thou all this while the prophecy
defer ? [grew,

Who bearing many springs, which pretty rivers
She could not be content, until she fully knew

Which child it was of hers (born under such a
fate)

As should in time be rais'd unto that high estate.
(I fain would have you think, that this was long
ago,

When many a river, now that furiously doth flow,
Had scarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore she
doth will

Wife Arden, from the depth of her abundant skill,
To tell her which of these her rills it was she
meant.

To satisfy her will, the wizard answers ; Trent.
For, as a skilful seer, the aged forest wist,
A more than usual power did in that name consist,
Which thirty doth import ; by which she thus
divin'd,

There should be found in her, of fishes thirty kind ;
And thirty abbeys great, in places fat and rank,
Should in succeeding time be builded on her bank ;

And thirty several streams from many a sundry
way,

Unto her greatness should their watry tribute pay.
This, Moreland greatly lik'd : yet in that ten-
der love,

Which she had ever born unto her darling Dove,
She could have wisht it his : because the dainty
grafs

That grows upon his bank, all other doth surpass.
But, subject he must be : as Sow, which from her
spring [bring

At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth
To Trent by Tixal grac'd, the Aftons ancient seat ;
Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet
retreat.

The noble owners now of which beloved place,
Good fortunes them and theirs with honour'd ti-
tles grace :

May heaven still bless that house, till happy floods
you see

Yourselves more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.
Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall con-
fess, [express.

As when she shall want words, her signs shall it
So Blyth bears eas'ly down tow'rs her dear
sovereign Trent : [content

But nothing in the world gives Moreland such
As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold
Of floods in sundry strains : as, cranking Many-
fold,

The first that lends him force : of whose mean-
dred ways, [strays)

And labyrinth like turns (as in the mores she
She first receiv'd her name, by growing strangely
mad, [lad,

O'ergone with love of Hanse, a dapper Moreland
Who near their crystal springs as in those wastes
they play'd,

Bewicht the wanton heart of that delicious maid :
Which instantly was turn'd so much from being
coy, [boy.

That she might seem to doat upon the morish
Who closely stole away (perceiving her intent)

With his dear lord the Dove, in quest of princely
Trent,

With many other floods (as, Churnet, in his train
That draweth Dunsmore on, with Yendon, then
clear Tain,

That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanse one
would be.

And for himself he fain of Manyfold would free
(Thinking this amorous nymph by some means
to beguile)

He closely under earth conveys his head a while.
But, when the river fears some policy of his,
And her beloved Hanse immediately doth miss,

Distracted in her course, inprovidently rash,
She oft against the clefs her crystal front doth dash :
Now forward, then again she backward seems to
bear ; [there.

As, like to lose herself by straggling here and
Hanse, that this while suppos'd him quite out
of her sight,

No sooner thrusts his head into the cheerful light,

But Manyfold that still the run-way doth watch,
Him (e'er he was aware) about the neck doth catch :
And, as the angry Hanse would fain her hold re-
move,

They struggling tumble down into their Lord,
the Dove.

Thus though th' industrious muse hath been
employ'd so long,
Yet is she loth to do poor little Smeſtal wrong,

That from her Willfrune's spring near Hampton
plies, to pour [Stowr.

The wealth ſhe there receives, into her friendly
Nor ſhall the little Bourn have cauſe the muſe to
blame, [the Tame :

From theſe Staffordian heaths that ſtrives to catch
Whom ſhe in her next ſong ſhall greet with
mirthful cheer,

So happily arriv'd now in her native ſhire.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TAKING her progreſs into the land, the muſe
comes ſouthward from Cheshire into adjoining
Stafford, and that part of Shropſhire which lies in
the Engliſh ſide eaſt from Severn.

And into leſſer ſtreams the ſpacious current cut.

In that raging deſtroy over this kingdom
by the Danes, they had gotten divers of their
ſhips fraught with proviſion out of Thames into
the river Ley, (which divides Middleſex and Ef-
ſex) ſome twenty miles from London ; Alfred
holding his tents near that territory, eſpecially to
prevent their ſpoil of the inſtant harveſt, obſerved
that by dividing the river, then navigable be-
tween them and Thames, their ſhips would be
grounded, and themſelves bereft of what confi-
dence their navy had promiſed them. He thought
it, and did it, by parting the water into three
channels. The Danes betook themſelves to flight,
their ſhips left as a prey to the Londoners.

*Her Lord's embraces now'd ſhe never more would
know.*

This Alured left his ſon Edward ſucceſſor, and,
among other children, this Elfred, or Ethelfled his
daughter, married to Ethelred Earl of Mercland.
Of Alfred's worth and troublous reign, becauſe
here the author leaves him. I offer you theſe of
an ancient Engliſh wit :

*Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis bonorem
Armipotens Alfrede dedit, probitasque laborem
Perpetuumque labor nomen. Cui mixta dolori
Gaudia ſemper erant, ſpes ſemper mixta timori.*

*Si modo victor eras, ad craſtina bella pavebas :
Si modo victus eras, ad craſtina bella parabas.
Cui veſtes ſudore jugi, cui ſicca cruore
Tincta jugi, quantum ſit onus regnare probarunt.*

Huntingdon cites theſe as his own ; and if he deal
plainly with us (I doubted it becauſe his MS. epi-
grams, which make in ſome copies the eleven and
twelve of his hiſtory, are of moſt different ſtrain, and
ſeem made when Apollo was either angry, or had
not leiſure to overlook them) he ſhews his muſe (as
alſo in another written by him upon Edgar, be-
ginning *Auctor opum, vindex ſcelerum, largitor bono-
rum, &c.*) in that ſtill declining time of learning's
ſtate, worthy of much precedence. Of Ethelfled
in William of Malmesbury, is the Latin of this
Engliſh : " She was the love of the ſubject, fear
" of the enemy, a woman of a mighty heart ;
" having once endured the grievous pains of
" childbirth, ever afterward denied her husband
" thoſe ſweeter deſires ; proteſting, that yielding
" indulgence towards a pleaſure, having ſo much
" conſequent pain, was unſeemly in a king's
" daughter." She was buried at St. Peter's in
Gloceſter ; her name loaden by monks with num-
bers of her excellencies.

For Conſtantine their king, an boſſage hither brought.

After he had taken Wales and Scotland) as our
Hiſtorians ſay) from Howel, Malmesbury calls
him Ludwal, and Conſtantine ; he reſtored pre-
ſently their kingdoms, affirming, that it was more
for his Majeſty to make a king than be one. The
Scottiſh (a) ſtories are not agreeing, here, with
ours ; againſt whom Buchanan ſtorms, for af-

(a) Heſtor Boeth. lib. II. & Buchanan.

firming what I see not how he is so well able to confute, as they to justify. And for matter of that nature, I rather send you to the collections in Edward the First, by Thomas of Walsingham, and thence for the same and other to Edward Hall's Henry VIII.

A Neptune, whose proud sails the British Ocean swept.

That flower and delight of the English world, in whose birth-time St. Dunstan (as is said) at Glastenbury heard this angelical voice;

To holy Church, and to the Lord pays his ybore and blis

By thulke Child's time, that nouthe ybore is.

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royal cares) had a navy of (c) 3600 sail; which by tripartite division in the east, west, and northern coasts, both defended what was subject to pirates rapine, and so made strong his own nation against the enemies invasion.

By civil stepdame's hate to death was lastly done.

Edgar had by one woman (his greatest stains shewed themselves in this variety and unlawful obtaining of lustful sensuality, as stories will tell you, in that of Earl Ethelwald, the nun Wulfrith, and the young lass of Andover) called Egelfled, surnamed Ened, daughter to Odmer a great nobleman, Edward; and by Queen Elfrith, daughter to Orgar Earl of Devonshire, Ethelred of some seven years age at his death. That, Egelfled was a profest (d) Nun, some have argued, and so make Ethelred the only legitimate heir to the crown: nor do I think that, except Alfrith, he was married to any of the ladies, on whom he got children. Edward was anointed king (for in those days was that use of anointing among the Saxon princes, and began in King Alfred) but not without disliking grudges of his stepmother's faction, which had nevertheless in substance, what his vain name only of king pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womanish ambition, straining to every point of sovereignty, not thus satisfied, compelled in her this cruelty. King Edward not suspecting her dissembled purposes, with simple kindness of an open nature, wearied after the chase in Purbeck Isle in Dorsetshire, without guard or attendance, visits her at Corfe Castle; she under sweet words and saluting kisses, palliating her hellish design, entertains him: but while he being very hot and thirsty (without imagination of treason) was in pledging her, she, (e) or one of her appointed servants, stabbed the innocent king. His

corps, within a little space expiring its last breath, was buried at Wareham, thence afterward by Alfer Earl of Mercland translated into Shaftsbury, which (is to the second song I note) was hereby for a time called (f) St. Edward's. Thus did his brother-in-law Ethelred (according to wicked Elfrith's cruel and traitorous project) succeed him. As, of Constantine Copronymus, the Greeks, so, of this Ethelred, is affirmed, that in his holy tincture he abused the font with natural excrements, which made St. Dunstan, then christening him, angrily exclaim, *Per Deum & Matrem ejus, ignavus homo erit.* Some ten years of age was he, when his brother Edward was slain, and, out of childish affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely disliking, being author of the murther only for his sake, most cruelly beat him herself with (g) a handful of wax

Candlen long and towe

(b) *Neo ne bileved noght ar be lay at bir (i) vet yswowe;*

War thow this child afterward such bey mon as be was

Was the worse man be (k) ysey Candlen nor this cas.

But I have (l) read it affirmed, that Ethelred never would endure any wax candles, because he had seen his mother unmercifully with them whip the good St. Edward. Its not worth one of the candles, which be the truer; I incline to the first. To expiate all, she afterward built two nunneries, one at Werwel, the other at Ambresbury; and by all means of penitence and satisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeavoured her freedom out of this horrible offence.

And in one night the throats of all the Danish cut.

History, not this place, must inform the reader of more particulars of the Danes; and let him see to the first song. But, for this slaughter, I thus ease his inquisition. Ethelred (after multitudes of miseries, long continued through their exactions and devastations, being so large, that sixteen shires had endured their cruel and even conquering (spoils) in the twenty-third year of his reign, strengthened with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard I. Duke of Normandy, he had with his neighbour potentate, sent privy letters into every place of note, where the Danes by truce peaceably resided, to the English, commanding them, all as one, on the self-same day and hour appointed (the day was St. Brictius, that is, the thirteenth of November) suddenly to put them, as respective occasion best fitted, to fire or sword; which was performed.

(b) Rob. Glocestrenf. Hist. 6. reg. 85.

(c) Some say c15. c15. c15. c15.

(d) Ex Osberno in Vita Durstan. Fox. Eccles. hist. 4.

(e) Vide Malmesb. lib. 2. cap. 9. & Huntingdon hist. 5.

(f) Malmesb. lib. de Pontific. 2.

(g) Rob. Glocestrenfis.

(b) Shee.

(i) Feet in woe.

(k) Saw.

(l) Vit. St. Edwardi apud Ranulph. Cest. lib. 6.

A CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER AND DESCENT OF THE KINGS

HERE INCLUDED IN WREKIN'S SONG.

Year of Christ.

800. Egbert son to Inegild (others call him Alhmund) grandchild to King Inc. After (m) him scarce any, none long, had the name of king in the isle, but governors or earls; the common titles being Duces, Comites, Consules, and such like; which in some writers after the conquest were indifferent names, and William the I. is often called Earl of Normandy.

836. Ethelulph son to Egbert.

855. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, sons to Ethelulph, dividing their kingdom, according to their father's testament.

860. Ethelbert alone, after Ethelbald's death.

866. Ethelred, third son of Ethelulph.

871. Alfred, youngest son to Ethelulph, brought up at Rome; and there, in Ethelred's lifetime, anointed by Pope Leo the IV. as in ominous hope of his future kingdom.

901. Edward the I. surnamed in story, Senior, son to Alfred.

924. Athelstan, eldest son to Edward, by Egwine a shepherd's daughter; but, to whom beauty and noble spirit denied, what base parentage required. She, before the king lay with her, dreamed (you remember that of Olympus, as many such like) that out of her womb did shine a moon, enlightening all England, which in her birth (Athelstan) proved true.

940. Edmund the I. son of (n) Edward by his Queen Edgive.

946. Edred, brother to Edmund.

955. Edwy, first son of Edmund.

Year of Christ.

959. Edgar, (second son of Edmund) *Honor ac Delicia Anglorum.*

975. Edward the II. son to Edgar by Egelfled, murdered by his step-mother Alfrith, and thence called St. Edward.

979. Ethelred the II. son to Edgar, by Queen Alfrith, daughter to Or-gar Earl of Devonshire.

1016. Edmund the II. son to Ethelred by his first wife Elfgive, surnamed Ironside.

Between him and Cnut (or Canutus) the Dane, son to Swane, was that intended single combat; so by their own particular fortunes to end the miseries, which the English soil bore recorded in very great characters, written with streams of her childrens blood. It properly here breaks off; for (the composition being, that Edmund should have his part Westsex, Eftsex, Eftangle, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Suffex; and the Dane (who durst not fight it out, but first moved for a treaty) Mercland and the northern territories. Edmund died the same year (some report was, that traitorous Edrique Streona Earl of Mercland poisoned him) leaving sons Edmund and Edward: but they were by Danish ambition, and traitorous perjury of the unnatural English state, disinherited and all the kingdom cast under Cnut. After him reigned his son Harold I. Lightfoot, a shoemaker's (o) son (but dissembled, as begotten by him on his Queen Alfgive :) then, with Harold, Hardcnut, whom he had by his wife Emma, King Ethelred's dowager. So that from Edmund, of Saxon blood (to whose glory Wrekin hath dedicated his endeavour and therefore should transcend his purpose, if he exceeded their empire) until Edward the Confessor, following Hardcnut, son to Ethelred, by the same Queen Emma, the kingdom continued under Danish princes.

(m) Sea to the last song before. Because in Westsex all the rest were at last confounded. These are most commonly written kings of Westsex, although in Seigniory (as it were) or, as the Civilians call it, Direct Property, all the other

Provinces (except some Northern, and what the Danes unjustly possess) were theirs.

(n) Male enim & inepte Veremundi sequax Hector ille Boeth. lib. II. qui Ed. & Edredum Æthelstano scribit prognatos.

(o) Marian. Scot. & Florent. Wigorn.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE THIRTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

This song our shire of Warwick sounds;
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
Through many shapes the Muse here roves;
Now sporting in those shady groves,
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:
Then finding herds of lusty deer,
She huntress-like the hart pursues;
And like a hermit walks, to choose
The simples every where that grow;
Comes Ancor's glory next to shew;
'Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;
To th' vale of Red-horse then proceeds,
To play her part the rest among;
There shutteth up her thirteenth song.

UPON the mid-lands now th' industrious muse
doth fall;
That shire which we the (a) heart of England
well may call, [creed)
As she herself extends (the midst which is de-
Betwixt St. Michael's mount, and Berwick bord-
'ring Tweed,
Brave Warwick; that abroad so long advanc'd
her (b) bear,
§ By her illustrious earls renowned every where;

(a) Warwickshire is the middle shire of England,
(b) The ancient coat of that earldom,

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Above her neighbouring shires which always bore
her head. [haft bred,

My native country then, which so brave spirits
If there be virtues yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee;
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.

Muse, first of Arden tell, whose footsteps (c)
yet are found [ground,

In her rough woodlands more than any other
(c) Divers towns expressing her name; as Henly in Ar-
den, Hampton in Arden, &c.

B b

§ That mighty Arden held even in her height of
 pride; [side.
 Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severn's
 The very sound of these, the wood-nymphs doth
 awake:
 When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake;
 ' My many goodly sites when first I came to
 ' shew,
 ' Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow:
 ' For when the world found out the fitness of my
 ' foil,
 ' The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
 ' My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds
 ' inclose: [lose.
 By which, in little time my bounds I came to
 ' When Britain first her fields with villages had
 ' fill'd, [build,
 ' Her people waxing still, and wanting where to
 ' They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses,
 ' where [his leyre.
 ' He in the broom and brakes had long time made
 ' Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,
 ' If those old Britons then me sovereign did in-
 ' stile, [alone
 ' I needs must be the great'st; for greatness 'tis
 ' That gives our kind the place: else were there
 ' many a one
 ' For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.
 ' But of our forest's kind the quality to tell,
 ' We equally partake with wood-land as with
 ' plain,
 ' Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain
 ' The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious
 ' wastes, [chase.
 ' That men for profit breed, as well as those of
 Here Arden of herself ceas'd any more to shew;
 And with her sylvan joys the muse along doth go.
 When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's
 wave,
 No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant
 spring, [sing:
 But hunts-up to the morn the feath' red sylvans
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole.
 Those quiriſters are perch't with many a speck-
 led breast, [east
 Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous
 night
 Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morn-
 ing's sight:
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear
 open throats,
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling
 notes,
 That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing
 air [where.
 Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every
 The throſtel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he
 song
 T'awake the listless sun; or chiding, that so long
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickets
 thrill;
 The woodcock near at hand, that hath a golden bill;

As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
 That from all other birds his tunes should differ-
 rent be: [May;
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant
 Upon his (d) dulcet pipe the merle doth only
 play. [by,
 When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth
 ply. [draw
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would
 And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth in-
 vite, night,
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the
 (The more to use their ears) their voices sure
 would spare,
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
 To philomel the next, the linet we prefer;
 And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place
 we then,
 The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and
 the wren.
 The yellow-pate; which though she hurt the
 blooming tree,
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
 And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not
 behind,
 That hath so many sorts descending from her
 kind.
 The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,
 The softer with the shrill (some hid among the
 leaves,
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower
 greaves)
 Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
 Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath
 run, [creeps
 And through the twisted tops of our close covert
 To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly
 sleeps.
 And near to these our thicks, the wild and
 frightful herds,
 Not hearing other noise but this of chattering
 birds, [deer:
 Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd
 Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow
 there:
 The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals
 strew'd,
 As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multi-
 tude. [name,
 Of all the beasts which we for our (e) venerial
 The hart among the rest, the hunter's nobleſt
 game:
 Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er
 report, [sport
 Or by description touch, t' expreſs that wondrous
 (Yet might have well beſeem'd th' ancients no-
 bler songs)
 To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:

(d) Of all birds, only the blackbird whistleth;

(e) Of hunting, or chase.

Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady
grove,

Which oft hast borne thy bow (great huntress,
us'd to rove)

At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to
pierce [fierce;

The lyon, panther, ounce, the bear, and tyger
And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty fo-
rests queen, [green,

With thy dishevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful
About the lawns hast scowr'd, and wastes both
far and near,

Brave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy
quarries here;

Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'it to hunt at force. For whom, when
with his hounds

The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed
grounds

Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from
his feed [heed,

The dogs of him do find; or thorough skillful
The huntsman by his (f) flot, or breaking earth,
perceives,

Or ent'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the
hart doth hear

The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir;
He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes
doth drive,

As though up by the roots the bushes he would
rive. [makes,

And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he
He with his branched head the tender saplings
shakes,

That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for
him to weep; [deep.

When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring
place:

And there is not a hound but falleth to the chace.

(g) Rechating with his horn, which then the
hunter cheers, [bears,

Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head up-
His body showing state, with unbent knees up-
right, [flight.

Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his
But when th'approaching foes still following he
perceives, [leaves:

That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he
And o'er the champain flies: which when th'
assembly find, [wind.

Each follows, as his horse were footed with the
But being then imboist, the noble stately deer

When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast
arrear) [ing foil:

Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refresh-
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can
foil,

And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-
wool'd sheep,

Them frightening from the guard of those who
had their keep.

But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows
tries.

Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he
letteth stand [hand,

T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth
halow:

When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and
huntsmen follow;

Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of
strength, [length,

His long and sinewy legs then failing him at
The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.

The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters
near; [fear,

This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but
Some bank or quick-set finds: to which his
haunch oppos'd,

He turns upon his foes, that soon have him in-
clos'd.

The churlish-throated hounds then holding him
at bay,

And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly
wounds. [hounds.

The hunter, coming in to help his wearied
He desperately assails; until oppress'd by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his (b) precious tears lets
fall

To forests that belongs; but yet this is not all:
With solitude what sorts, that here's not won-
d'rous rife?

Whereas the hermit leads a sweet retired life,
From villages repleat with ragg'd and sweating
clowns,

And from the lothsome airs of smoky-citied towns.
Suppose 'twixt noon and night, the sun his half-
way wrought [brought)

(The shadows to be large, by his descending
Who with a fervent eye looks through the twy-
ring glades,

And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades,
Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried
long, [hung:

And on the ranker grass till past the noon-sted
When as the hermit comes out of his homely (i) cell, [dwell:

Where from all rude resort he happily doth
Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms
hath been; [seen,

Or one who of this world the vileness having
Retires him from it quite; and with a constant
mind [kind,

Man's beastliness so loathes, that flying human

(b) The hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held
to be precious in medicine.

(i) Hermits have oft had their abodes by ways that lie
through forests.

(f) The track of the foot.

(g) One of the measures in winding the horn.

The black and darksome nights, the bright and
gladsome days
Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that stays.
Each little village yields his short and homely
fare:
To gather wind-fall'n sticks, his great'st and on-
ly care;
Which every aged tree still yieldeth to his fire.
This man, that is alone a king in his desire,
By no proud ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
Nor his false praise affects, who grossly being
claw'd,
Stands like an itchy moil; nor of a pin he weighs
What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies
raise. [grace
His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the
That often-times is given unto a bawd most base,
Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile,
Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually be-
guile
The fottish purblind world; but absolutely free,
His happy time he spends the works of God to
see, [grow:
In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to
know.
And in a little maund, being made of oziers small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing with-
all,
He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.
Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging poly-
pode;
And in some open place that to the sun doth lie,
He fumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye;
The yarrow, wherewithall he stops the wound-
made gore;
The healing tutsan then, and plantane for a sore;
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,
Which he about his head that hath the megrim
binds.
The wonder-working dill he gets not far from
these,
Which curious women use in many a nice disease.
For them that are with newts, or snakes, or ad-
ders stung,
He seeketh out an herb that's called adders-tongue,
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,
And sportive did herself to niceties inure.
Valerian then he crops, and purposely doth stamp,
T' apply unto the place that's haled with the
cramp;
As centory, to close the wideness of a wound;
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make
sound. [doth rise:
His chickweed cures the heat that in the face
For physic, some again he inwardly applies.
For comforting the spleen and liver, gets for juice
Pale hore-hound, which he holds of most especial
use.
So saxifrage is good, and harts-tongue for the stone,
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.
To him that hath a flux, of shepherds-purse he
gives,
And mouse-ear unto him whom some sharp rup-
ture grieves.

And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with
a cough,
Or stopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard
and tough,
Campana here he crops, approved wondrous good:
As comfrey unto him that's bruised, spitting
blood;
And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth restore,
And melancholy cures by sovereign hellebore.
Of these most helpful herbs yet tell we but a
few, [grew.
To those unnumbered sorts of simples here that
Which justly to set down, even (k) Dodon short
doth fall; [all.
Nor skilful (l) Gerard, yet, shall ever find them
But from our hermit here the muse we must
enforce,
And zealously proceed in our intended course:
How Arden of her rills and riverets doth dispose;
By Alcester how AIn to Arro eas'ly flows;
And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way:
And likewise tow'rd the north, how lively trip-
ping Rhea,
T' attend the lustier Tame, is from her fountain
sent:
So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.
His Tamworth at the last, he in his way doth
win:
There playing him a while, till Ancor should
come in,
Which triflcth twixt her banks, observing state,
so flow,
As though into his arms she scorn'd herself to
throw:
Yet Arden will'd her Tame to serve (l) her on
his knee;
For by that nymph alone, they both should ho-
nour'd be. [fore,
The forest, so much fall'n from what she was be-
That to her former height fate could her not re-
store;
Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the land
Importun'd the heavens with an auspicious hand.
Yet granted at the last (the aged nymph to grace)
They by a lady's birth would more renown that
place,
Than if her woods their heads above the hills
should feat;
And for that purpose, first made Coventry so
great. [all,
(A poor thatcht village then, or scarcely none at
That could not once have dream'd of her now
stately wall)
§ And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin
band, [mand,
Th' eleven thousand maids, chaste Ursula's com-
Whom then the Britain kings gave her full
power to press,
For matches to their friends in Britany the less.
At whose departure thence, each by her just be-
quest
Some special virtue gave, ordaining it to rest.

(k) The authors of two famous herbals,
(l) Ancor.

With one of their own sex, that there her birth
should have, [save

Till fulness of the time which fate did choicely
Until the Saxons reign, when Coventry at length,
From her small, mean regard, recovered state and
strength,

§ By Leofrick her lord yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage who ex-
pell'd: [leave,

Whose duchefs, which desir'd this tribute to re-
Their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to
make her cease,

Told her, that if she would his loss so far inforce,
His will was, she should ride stark nak't upon a
horse

By day-light through the street: which certain-
ly he thought, [wrought,

In her heroick breast so deeply would have
That in her former sute she would have left to
deal.

But that most princely dame, as one devour'd
with zeal,

Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

The first part of whose name, Godiva, doth
fore-reed [found;

Th' first syllable of hers, and Goodere half doth
For by agreeing words, great matters have been
found.

But farther than this place the mystery extends.

What Arden had begun, in Ancor lastly ends:

For in the British tongue, the Britons could not
find,

Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was assign'd:
Nor yet the Saxons since, nor times to come had
known, [shown,

But that her being here was by this name fore-
As prophesying her, For, as the first did tell

Her fir-name, so again doth Ancor lively spell
Her christ'ned title Anne. And as those virgins
there

Did sanctify that place: so holy Edith here
A recluse long time liv'd, in that fair abbey
plac'd, [grac'd.

Which Alured enricht, and Powlsworth highly
A princess being born, and abbess, with those
maids,

All noble like herself, in bidding of their beads
Their holiness bequeathed upon her to descend

Which there should after live; in whose dear self
should end [creed,

Th' intent of Ancor's name, her coming that de-
As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that
freed.

But whilst about this tale smooth Ancor trif-
ling stays,

Unto the lustier Tame as loth to come her ways,
The flood intreats her thus; 'Dear brook, why
' dost thou wrong [long

' Our mutual love so much, and tediously pro-
' Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I still
' prepare? [care.

' Haste to my broader banks, my joy and only
' For as of all my floods thou art the first in fame;

' When frankly thou shalt yield thine honour to
' my name,

' I will protect thy state; then do not wrong thy
' kind.

' What pleasure hath the world, that here thou
' may'st not find?' [account.)

Hence, muse, divert thy course to Dunsmore,
by that (m) cross

Where those two mighty (n) ways, the Watling
and the Fofs,

Our center seem to cut. (The first doth hold
her way,

From Dover, to the farth'st of fruitful Anglesey:
The second south and north, from Michael's ut-
most mount,

To Cathness, which the farth'st of Scotland we
And then proceed to show, how Avon from her
spring,

By (o) Newnham's fount is blest; and how she,
blandishing,

By Dunsmore drives along. Whom Sow doth
first assist,

Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great
while miss'd;

Though (p) Coventry from thence her name at
first did raise,

Now flourishing with fanes, and proud piramides;
Her walls in good repair, her ports so bravely
built,

Her halls in good estate, her cross so richly gilt,
As scorning all the towns that stand within her
view:

Yet must she not be griev'd, that Cune should
claim her due.

Tow'rd's Warwick with this train as Avon
trips along,

To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus brave-
ly song; [owe,

' To thee, renowned knight, continual praise we
' And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits shew;

' Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to ad-
vance,

' Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat; and sailing
' into France,

' At tilt, from his proud steed, Duke Otton threw'st
' to ground:

' And with th' invaluable prize of Blanch the
beauteous crown'd

' (The Almain emperor's heir) high acts did'st
' there atchieve:

' As Lovain thou again did'st valiantly relieve.
' Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword
' imbru'd'st;

' And then in single fight, great Amerant sub-
' du'd'st. [stroy'd

' 'Twas thy Herculan hand, which happily de-
' That dragon, which so long Northumberland
' annoy'd;

' And slew that cruel boar, which waste our
' wood-lands laid,

' Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in
' meadows made:

(m) The highcross, supposed to be the midst of England.

(n) See to the xvi. song.

(o) Newnham Wells.

(p) Otherwise, Cune tre; that is, the town upon Cune.

Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till
 ' now ;
 ' And, at our humble sute, did quell that mon-
 ' strous cow [fright.
 ' The passenger that us'd from Dunsmore to af-
 ' Of all our English (yet) ô most renowned knight,
 ' That Colebrond overcam'it ; at whose amazing
 ' fall
 ' The Danes remov'd their camp from Winchef-
 ' ter's sieg'd wall.
 ' Thy statute Guy-cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to
 ' please ;
 ' Warwick, thy mighty arms (thou English Her-
 ' cules)
 ' Thy strong and massy sword, that never was
 ' controll'd ;
 ' Which, as her ancient right, her castle still shall
 ' hold.'

Scarce ended they their song, but Avon's
 winding stream, [Leam:
 By Warwick, entertains the high-complection'd
 And as she thence along to Stratford on doth
 strain,
 Receiveth little Heil the next into her train :
 Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the
 rest [best ;
 Which that most goodly vale of Red-horse loveth
 A valley that enjoys a very great estate,
 Yet not so famous held as smaller, by her fate :
 Now, for report had been too partial in her
 praise, [wrays ;
 Her just-conceived grief, fair Red-horse thus be-
 ' Shall every vale be heard to boast her wealth ?
 ' and I, [supply
 ' The needy countries near that with my corn
 ' As bravely as the best, shall only I endure
 ' The dull and beastly world my glories to ob-
 ' scure ;
 ' Near wayless Arden's side, sith my retir'd abode
 ' Stood quite out of the way from every common
 ' road ?
 ' Great Eusham's fertile glebe, what tongue hath
 ' not extoll'd ? [gold.
 ' As though to her alone belong'd the (q) garb of
 ' Of Bever's hateful earth, men seem as though
 ' to fain,
 ' Reporting in what store she multiplies her grain :
 ' And folk such wondrous things of Aylsbury will
 ' tell,
 ' As though abundance strove her burden'd womb
 ' to swell.
 ' Her room amongst the rest, so White-horse is
 ' decreed : [steed
 ' She wants no setting forth ; her brave Pegasus
 ' (The wonder of the west) exalted to the skies :
 ' My Red-horse of you all contemned only lies.
 ' The fault is not in me, but in the wretched
 ' time :
 ' On whom, upon good cause, I well may lay the
 ' crime
 ' Which as all noble things, so me it doth neglect.
 ' But when th' industrious muse shall purchase me
 ' respect

(q) The Sheaf.

Of countries near my site, and win me foreign fame
 ' (The Eden of you all deservedly that am)
 ' I shall as much be prais'd for delicacy then,
 ' As now in small account with vile and barba-
 ' rous men. [doth lie,
 ' For, from the lofty (r) Edge that on my side
 ' Upon my spacious earth who casts a curious eye,
 ' As many goodly feats shall in my compass see.
 ' As many sweet delights and rarities in me
 ' As in the greatest vale ; from where my head I
 ' couch [heels I touch
 ' At Cotswold's country's (s) foot, till with my
 ' The Northamptonian fields, and fatt'ning pas-
 ' tures ; where
 ' I ravish every eye with my inticing chear.
 ' As still the year grows on, that Ceres once doth
 ' load
 ' The full earth with her store ; my plenteous
 ' bosom strow'd [flank
 ' With all abundant sweets ; my firm and lusty
 ' Her bravery then displays, with meadows huge-
 ' ly rank.
 ' The thick and well-grown fog doth mat my
 ' smoother blades,
 ' And on the lower leas, as on the higher hades
 ' The dainty clover grows (of grass the only silk)
 ' That makes each udder strut abundantly with
 ' milk.
 ' As an unletter'd man, at the desired sight
 ' Of some rare beauty mov'd with infinite delight,
 ' Not out of his own spirit, but by that power
 ' divine, [doth shine,
 Which through a sparkling eye perspicuously
 ' Feels his hard temper yield, that he in passion
 breaks,
 ' And things beyond his height, transported
 ' strangely speaks : [toil,
 ' So those that dwell in me, and live by frugal
 ' When they in my defence are reasoning of my
 ' foil, [ed grow,
 ' As rapted with my wealth and beauties, learn-
 ' And in well-fitting terms, and noble language
 ' shew [remains
 ' The lordships in my lands, from Rolright (which
 ' § A witness of that day we won upon the
 Danes, [use to tell
 ' To Tawcester well-near ; 'twixt which they
 ' Of places which they say do Rumney's self excel.
 ' Of (t) Dasset they dare boast, and give
 ' (t) Wormlington prize,
 ' As of that fertile flat by (t) Bishopton that lies.
 ' For showing of my bounds, if men may right-
 ' ly guess [press,
 ' By my continued form which best doth me ex-
 ' On either of my sides, and by the rising grounds,
 ' Which in one fashion hold, as my most certain
 ' mounds,
 ' In length near thirty miles I am discern'd to be.
 Thus Red-horse ends her tale ; and I there
 with agree [ask,
 To finish here my song ; the muse some ease doth
 As wearied with the toil in this her serious task.

(r) Edge-hill.

(s) The bounds of the vale of Red-horse.

(t) Wondrous fruitful places in the vale.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTO the heart of England and Wales the muse here is entered, that is, Warwickshire her native country; whose territory you might call Middle-Eagle (for here was that part of Mercland, spoken of in story) for equality of distance from the inarming ocean.

By her illustrious earls renowned every where.

Permit to yourself credit of those, loaden with antique fables, as Guy (of whom the author in the XII Song, and here presently) Morind and such like, and no more testimony might be given, to exceed. But, more sure justification hereof is, in those great Princes Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, and *Præcomes Angliæ* (as the record calls him) under (a) Henry VI. and Richard Nevill making it (as it were) his gain to crown and depose kings in that bloody dissension 'twixt the white and red roses.

That mighty Arden held—————

What is now the Woodland in Warwickshire, was heretofore part of a larger wild or forest called Arden. The relics of whose name in Dene of Monmouthshire, and that *Arduenna* or *La Forest d'Ardenne*, by Henault and Luxemburg, shews likelihood of interpretation of the yet-used English name of Woodland. And, whereas, in old inscriptions, (b) *Diana Nemorensis*, with other additions, hath been found among the Latins, the like seems to be exprest in an old marble, now in Italy, (c) graven under Domitian, in part thus:

DIS MANIBVS.

Q. CAESIVS. Q. F. CLAVD.

ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.

DEANAE. ARDVINNAE.

That comprehensive largeness which this Arden once extended (before ruin of her woods) makes the author thus limit her with Severn and Trent. By reason of this her greatness joined with antiquity, he also made choice of this place for description of the chase, the English simples, and hermit, as you read in him.

And thither wisely brought that goodly Virgin band.

Sufficient justification of making a poem, may be from tradition, which the author here uses; see to the VIII. Song, where you have this incredible number of virgins shipped at London; nor skills it much on which you bestow your faith, or if neither. Their request (as the Genius's prayer) are the author's own fictions, to come to express the worth of his native soil's city.

By Leofrique her lord, yet in base bondage held.

The ensuing story of this Leofrique and Godiva, was under the Confessor. I find it reported in Matthew of Westminster, that *Nuda, equum ascendans, crines capitis & tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura condidissima, inde velavit.* This Leofrique (buried at Coventry) was Earl of Leicester, not Chester (as some ill took it by turning Legecestre, being indeed sometimes for Chester, of old called *urbs legionum*, as to the XI. Song already) which is without scruple shewed in a (d) charter of the manner of Spalding in Lincolnshire, made to Wulgat abbot of Crowland, beginning thus: *Ego Theraldus de Buckenhale coram nobilissimo domino meo Leofrico comite Leicestriae, & nobilissima comitissa sua domina Godiva sorore mea, & cum consensu & bona voluntate domini & cognati mei Comitum Algarum primogeniti & hæredis eorum, donavi, &c.* This Algar succeeded him; and, as a special title, government, and honour, this earldom was therein among the Saxons so singular, that it was hereditary with a very long pedigree, till the conquest, from King Ethelbald's time, above 300 years. In Malmesbury, he is stiled Earl of Hereford; and indeed, as it seems, had large dominion over most part of Mercland, and was a great protector of good King Edward, from ambitious Godwin's faction. You may note in him, what power the earls of those times had for granting, releasing, or imposing liberties and exactions, which since only the crown hath as inseparably annexed to it. Nay, since the Normans, I find that (e) William Fitz-Osbern Earl of Hereford, made a law in his county, *ut nullus miles pro qualicunque commisso plus septem solidis solvat*, which was observed without

(a) Parl. ret. 23. Hen. 6. ap. Cam.

(b) Hubert. Goltz. Thesaur. in Aris.

(c) Jul. Jacobon. ap. Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part 2. lib. 3. cap. II.

(d) Ingulphus Hist. fol. 519.

(e) Malmesb. de gest. reg. 3.

controversy in Malmesbury's time; and I have seen original letters of protection (a perfect and uncommunicable power royal) by that great prince Richard Earl of Poitiers and Cornwall, brother to Henry III. sent to the sheriff of Rutland, for and in behalf of a nunnery about Stanford; and it is well known, that his successor Edmund left no small tokens of such supremacy in constitutions, liberties, and imposed subsidies in the stannaries of Cornwall; with more such like extant in monuments. But whatsoever their power heretofore was, I think it ceased with that (*f*) custom of their having the third part of the king's profit in the county, which was also in the Saxon times usual, as appears in that; (*g*) *In Ipswich regina Edeva duas partes habuit & comes Guert tertiam; Norwich reddebat XX. libras regi, & comiti X. libras*: of the borough of Lewes, its profits *erant duas partes regis, tertia comitis*; & Oxford *reddebat regi XX. libras, & sex sextarios mellis, comiti vero Algaro X. libras*. And under King John, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter Earl of Essex, and William le Marshall Earl of Strigill, (*b*) *Administrationem suorum comitatum habebant*, saith Hoveden. But time hath, with other parts of government, altered all this to what we now use.

A witness of that day we won upon the Danes.

He means Rollritch-stones in the confines of Warwick and Oxfordshire, of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general amongst them, converted into stones: a tale not having his superior in the rank of untruths. But (upon the conceit of a most learned man) the muse refers it to some battle of the Danes, about the time of Rollo's piracy and incursion, and for her country takes the better side (as justifiable as the contrary) in affirming the day to the English. But, to suppose this a monument of that battle fought at Hochenorton, seems to me in matter of certainty not very probable: I mean, being drawn from Rollo's name, of whose story, both for a passage in the last Song and here, permit a short examination. The Norman (*i*) tradition is, that he, with divers other Danes transplanting themselves, as well for dissension betwixt him and his king, as for new seat of habitation, arrived here, had some skirmishes with the English, defending their territories; and soon afterward being admonished in a dream, aided and advised by King Athelstan, entered Seine in France, wasted and won part of it about Paris, Baieux, elsewhere; return-

ed upon request by embassy to assist the English king against rebels; and afterward in the year 911 or 12, received his dukedom of Normandy, and Christianity, his name of Robert, with Ægidia or Gilla (for wife) daughter to Charles, surnamed the Simple; as to the IV. Song I have, according to the credit of the story, touched it. But how came such habitude betwixt Athelstan and him, before this 912, when, as it is plain, that Athelstan was not king till 924, or near that point? Neither is my concordance betwixt Athelstan and this Charles, whose kingdom was taken from him by Rodolph Duke of Burgundy, two years before our King Edward I. (of the Saxons) died. In the 9th year of whose reign, falling under 906, was that battle of Hochenorton; so that unless the name of Athelstan be mistook for this Edward, or be wanting to the dominical year of those 22 of the Dionysian calculation (whereof to the IV. Song) I see no means to make this story stand with itself, nor our monks; in whom (most of them writing about the Norman times) more mention would have been made of Rollo, ancestor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they known any certainty of his name or wars: which I rather guess to have been in our maritime parts, than inlands, (unless when (if that were at all) he assisted King Athelstan, Read Frodoard, and the old annals of France, written nearer the supposed times, and you will scarce find him to have been, or else there under (*k*) some other name; as Godfrey, which some have conjectured to be the same with Rollo. You may see in Æmilius what uncertainties, if not contrarieties, were in Norman traditions of this matter; and I make no question, but of that unknown nation no such mistaking hath been of names and times, that scarce any undoubted truth therein now can justify itself. For observe but what is here delivered, and compare it with (*l*) them which say in 898 Rollo was overthrown at Chartres by Richard Duke of Burgundy, and Ebal Earl of Poitiers, assisting Walzelin bishop of that city; and, my question is, Where have you hope of reconciliation? except only in equivocation of name; for plainly Hastings, Godfrey, Hroruc, and others, (if none of these were the same) all Danes, had to do, and that with dominion in France, about this age; wherein it is further reported, that (*m*) Robert Earl of Paris, and in some sort a king betwixt Charles and Rodolph, gave to certain Normans that had entered the land at Loire (they first (*n*) entered there in 853) all Little Bretagne and Nants; and this in 929,

(*f*) Lib. vetust. Monast. de Bello ap. Camd.

(*g*) Lib. *Domesday* in Scaccario.

(*b*) Job. Carnotens. Epist. 263. Nichol. Vicecomiti Essexiæ.

(*i*) Guil. Gemeticens. de Ducib. Norm. 2. cap. 4. & seq. Tho. de Walsingham in Hypodig. Neuit. secundum quos, in quantum ad Chronologicam rationem spectat, plerique alii,

(*k*) Ita quidam apud P. Emil. hist. Franc. 3 quem de hac re vide, & Polydor. ejusdem sequacem hist. 5.

(*l*) Floren. Wigorn. p. 335. & Roger. Hoveden. part 1. fol. 241.

(*m*) Frodoard. Presbyt. Annal. Franc.

(*n*) Reicherspergens.

which agrees with that gift of the same tract to Rollo by Charles, little better than harshest discords. And so doth that of Rollo's being aided by the English king, and in league with him against the French, with another received truth: which is, that Charles was (by marriage with (e) Edgith of the English king's loins) son-in-law to Edward, and brother-in-law to Athelstan, in whose (p) protection here Lewis (afterward the IV.) was, while Rodulph of Burgundy held the crown. For that unmannerly homage also, spoken of to the IV. Song by one of Rollo's knights, it is reported by Malmesbury and others, to be done by Rollo himself; and touching that Egidia wife to Rollo, the judicious French Historiographer, P. Emilius (from whom the Italian Poly-

dore had many odd pieces of his best context) tells clearly, that she was daughter to Lothar King of Romans, and given by his cousin Charles the Gros, to Godfrey King of the Normans, with *Wesfrich* (that is, Neustria) about 886, and imagines that the Norman historians were deceived by equivocation of name, mistaking Charles the Simple for Charles the Gros, living near one time; as also, that they finding Egidia a king's daughter (being indeed Lothar's) supposed her Charles the Simple's. This makes me think also that of Godfrey and Rollo hath been like confusion of name. But both times, reigns, and persons, are so disturbed in the stories, that being insufficient to rectify the contrarieties, I leave you to the liberty of common report.

(e) Oginia dicta P. Æmilio.

(p) Membran. vetust. Cœnob. Floriacens. edit. a P. Pithæo.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE FOURTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

Her fundry strains the muse to prove,
Now sings of homely country love ;
What moan th' old herdsman Clent doth make,
For his coy wood nymph Feckn'ham's fake ;
And, how the nymphs each other greet,
When Avon and brave Severn meet.
The vale of Eufham then doth tell,
How far the vales do hills excel.
Ascending, next, fair Cotswold's plains,
She revels with the shepherd fwains ;
And sends the dainty nymphs away,
'Gainst Tame and Isis' wedding day.

AT length, attain'd those lands that south of Severn lie, As to the varying earth the muse doth her apply, Poor sheep hook and plain goad, she many times doth found : [bound. Then in a buskin'd stream, she instantly doth Smooth as the lowly stream she softly now doth glide : And with the mountains straight contendeth in her pride. [take, Now back again I turn, the land with me to From the Staffordian heaths as (a) Stour her course doth make. Which Clent, from his proud top, contentedly doth view : But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth rew	His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her state be- moan ; To please his amorous eye, whose like the world had none. For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill) Had to that forest nymph a special liking still : The least regard of him who never seems to take, But suff'reth in herself for Salwarp's only fake ; And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her. Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood she would prefer, All pleasure he forsakes ; that at the full-bagg'd cow, [low, Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle stray, At nine-holes on the heath whilst they together play,
--	--

(a) Running by Stourbridge in Worstershire, towards Se-
vern.

He never seems to smile; nor ever taketh keep
To hear the harmless swain pipe to his grazing
sheep:

Nor to the carter's tune in whistling to his team:
Nor lends his list'ning ear (once) to the ambling
stream,

That in the evening calm against the stones doth
rush [hush

With such a murmuring noise, as it would seem to
The silent meads asleep; but, void of all delight,
Remedilessly drown'd in sorrow day and night,
Nor Licky his ally and neighbour doth respect:
And therewith being charg'd, thus answereth in
effect:

' That (b) Lickey to his height seem'd slowly but
' to rise,

And that in length and breadth he all extended
' lies,

' Nor doth like other hills to sudden sharpness
' mount, [account;

' That of their kingly kind they scarce can him

' Tho' by his swelling soil set in so high a place,

' That Malvern's mighty self he seemeth to out-
' face.'

Whilst Clent and Licky, thus, do both express
' their pride,

As Salwarpe slips along by Feck'nham's shady side,
That forest him affects in wand'ring to the
(b) Wych:

But he, himself by salts there seeking to enrich,
His Feck'nham quite forgets; from all affection
free. [to be,

But she, that to the flood most constant means
More prodigally gives her woods to those strong
fires

Which boil the source to salts. Which Clent so
much admires,

That love, and her disdain, to madness him pro-
voke:

When to the wood nymph thus the jealous moun-
tain spoke:

' Fond nymph, thy twisted curls, on which
' were all my care, [bare

' Thou lett'st the furnace waste; that miserably

' I hope to see thee left, which so doth me despise;

' Whose beauties many a morn have blest my
' longing eyes:

' And, till the weary sun sunk down unto the
' west, [best.

' Thou still my object wast, thou once my only

' The time shall quickly come, thy groves and
' pleasant springs,

' Where to the mirthful merle the warbling ma-
' vis sings,

' The painful labourer's hand shall stock the
' roots, to burn;

' The branch and body spent, yet could not serve
' his turn.

' Which when, most wilful nymph, thy chance
' shall be to see, [me.'

' Too late thou shalt repent thy small regard for
But Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimbler
feet doth ply,

Great Severn to attend along to Teuksbury,

(b) The salt fountain of Worcestershire.

With others to partake the joy that there is seen,
When beauteous Avon comes unto her sovereign
(c) queen.

Here down from Eufham's vale, their greatness
to attend,

Comes Swilliat sweeping in, which Cotswold
down doth send:

And Garra there arrives, the great recourse
to see. [glee,

Where thus together met, with most delightful
The chearful nymphs that haunt the valley rank
and low [flow,

(Where full Pomona seems most plenteously to
And with her fruitery swells by Pershore, in her
pride)

Amongst the batful meads on Severn's either side,
To these their confluent floods, full bowls of per-
ry brought:

Where, to each other's health past many a deep-
fetch'd draught,

And many a sound carouse from friend to friend
doth go.

Thus whilst the mellowed earth with her own
juice doth flow,

Inflamed with excess the lusty pamper'd vale,
In praise of her great self, thus frames her glori-
ous tale;

' I doubt not but some vale enough for us hath
' said,

' To answer them that most with baseness us up-
braid;

' Those high presumptuous hills, which bend
' their utmost might,

' Us only to deject, in their inveterate spite:

' But I would have them think, that I (which am
' the queen

' Of all the British vales, and so have ever been

' Since Gomer's giant brood inhabited this isle,

' And that of all the rest, myself may so entile)

' Against the highest hill dare put myself for place,

' That ever threat'ned heaven with the austere
' face.

' And for our praise, then thus; What fountain
' send they forth

' (That finds a river's name, though of the smal
' lest worth)

' But it invales itself, and on its either side

' Doth make those fruitful meads, which with
' their painted pride

' Imbroider his proud bank? whilst in lascivious
' gyres

' He swiftly fallieth out, and suddenly retires

' In sundry works and trials, now shallow, and
' then deep,

' Searching the spacious shores, as though it
' meant to sweep

' Their sweets with it away, with which they
' are repleat.

' And men, first building towns, themselves did
' wisely seat

' Still in the bounteous vale: whose burden'd pas-
' ture bears

' The most abundant swathe, whose glebe such
' goodly ears,

(c) Severn,

' As to the weighty sheaf with scythe or sickle cut,
 ' When as his hardened hand the labourer comes
 ' to put,
 ' Sinks him in his own sweat, which it but hard-
 ' ly wields :
 ' And on the corn-screw'd lands, then in the stub-
 ' ble fields,
 ' There feed the herds of neat, by them the
 ' flocks of sheep,
 ' Seeking the scatt' red corn upon the ridges steep :
 ' And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much
 ' spill'd)
 ' Th' unwieldy larding swine his maw then hav-
 ' ing fill'd,
 ' Lies wallowing in the mire, thence able scarce
 ' to rise.
 ' When as those monstrous hills so much that
 ' us despise
 ' (The mountain, which forsooth the lowly val-
 ' ley mocks)
 ' Have nothing in the world upon their barren
 ' rocks,
 ' But greedy clamb'ring goats, and conies, ba-
 ' nish'd quite
 ' From every fertile place ; as rascals, that delight
 ' In base and barren plots, and at good earth re-
 ' pine. [cline,
 ' And though in winter we to moisture much in-
 ' Yet those that be our own, and dwell upon our
 ' land,
 ' When 'twixt their burly stacks and full-stuff
 ' barns they stand,
 ' Into the softer clay as eas'ly they do sink,
 ' Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter spirits,
 ' to think
 ' That autumn shall produce, to recompence
 ' their toil,
 ' A rich and goodly crop from that unpleasant soil.
 ' And from that envious foe which seeks us to
 ' deprave,
 ' Though much against his will this good we
 ' clearly have,
 ' We still are highly prais'd, and honour'd by
 ' his height, [fight
 ' For, who will us survey, their clear and judging
 ' May see us thence at full : which else the
 ' searching'st eye,
 ' By reason that so flat and levelled we lie,
 ' Could never throughly view ourselves, nor
 ' could we shew. [owe,
 ' Yet more ; what lofty hills to humble vallies
 ' And what high grace they have which near to
 ' us are plac'd,
 ' In (d) Breedon may be seen, being amorously
 ' embrac'd [vaunt
 ' In cincture of my arms. Who though he do not
 ' His head like those that look as they would
 ' heaven supplant :
 ' Yet let them wisely note, in what excessive pride
 ' He in my bosom sits ; while him on every side
 ' With my delicious sweets and delicacies I trim.
 ' And when great Malvern looks most terrible
 ' and grim,

(d) A hill environed on every side with the vale of Eusham.

' He with a pleased brow continually doth smile.'
 Here Breedon, having heard his praises all the
 while,
 Grew insolently proud ; and doth upon him take
 Such state, as he would seem but small account to
 make
 Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiser vale
 To his instruction turns the process of her tale.
 ' T' avoid the greater's wrath, and shun the
 ' meaner's hate,
 ' Quoth she, take my advice, abandon idle state ;
 ' And by that way I go, do thou thy course con-
 ' trive : [thrive.
 ' Give others leave to vaunt, and let us closely
 ' Whilst idly but for place the lofty mountains
 ' toil, [soil.
 ' Let us have store of grain, and quantity of
 ' To what end serve their tops (that seem to
 ' threat the sky)
 ' But to be rent with storms ? whilst we in safe-
 ' ty lie.
 ' Their rocks but barren be, and they which
 ' rashly climb,
 ' Stand most in envy's sight, the fairest prey
 ' for time.
 ' And when the lowly vales are clad in summer's
 ' green, [seen.
 ' The grissled winter's snow upon their heads is
 ' Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be :
 ' Who though his site be such as seems to equal
 ' thee,
 ' And destitute of nought that Arden him can
 ' yield,
 ' Nor of th' especial grace of many a goodly field ;
 ' Nor of dear Clifford's seat (the place of health
 ' and sport) [port ;
 ' Which many a time hath been the muses quiet
 ' Yet brags not he of that, nor of himself esteems
 ' The more for his fair site ; but richer than he
 ' seems,
 ' Clad in a gown of grass, so soft and wondrous
 ' warm, [harm.
 ' As him the summer's heat, nor winter's cold can
 ' Of whom I well may say, as I may speak of thee ;
 ' From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,
 ' To paradise may think a second he had found,
 ' If any like the rest were ever on the ground.'
 Her long and zealous speech thus Eusham
 doth conclude : [su'd
 When straight the active muse industriously pur-
 This noble country's praise, as matter still did rise.
 For Glo'ster in times past herself did highly prize,
 When in her pride of strength she nourish'd
 goodly vines,
 § And oft her cares repress with her delicious
 wines.
 But now, th' all-cheering sun the colder soil de-
 ceives,
 § And us (here towards the pole) still falling
 southward leaves :
 So that the fullen earth th' effect thereof doth
 prove ;
 According to their books, who hold that he
 doth move

From his first zenith's point; the cause we feel
 his want. [plant
 But of her vines depri'd, now Glo'ster learns to
 The pear tree every where: whose fruit she
 strains for juice, [produce
 That her pur'st perry is, which first she did
 From Wor'stershire, and there is common as the
 fields;
 Which naturally that soil in most abundance yields.
 But the laborious muse, which still new work
 affays,
 Here fallieth through the flades, where beauteous
 Severn plays
 Until that river gets her Glo'ster's wished sight:
 Where she her stream divides, that with the more
 delight
 She might behold the town, of which she's wond-
 d'rous proud:
 Then takes she in the Frome, then Cam, and next
 the Strowd,
 As thence upon her course she wantonly doth
 strain.
 Supposing then herself a sea god by her train,
 She Neptune like doth float upon the brackly marsh;
 Where, lest she should become too cumbersome
 and harsh,
 Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for
 a chase,
 Contending to have flood the high'st in Se-
 vern's grace,
 Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her shore)
 With her cool amorous shades, and all her sylvan
 store,
 To please the goodly flood employs her utmost
 powers,
 Supposing the proud nymph might like her
 woody bowers.
 But Severn (on her way) so large and head-
 strong grew,
 That she the wood nymph scorns, and Avon
 doth pursue;
 A river with no less than goodly King's-wood
 crown'd,
 A forest and a flood by either's fame renown'd;
 And each with other's pride and beauty much
 bewitch'd; [rich'd.
 Besides, with Bristol's state both wond'rously en-
 Which soon to Severn sent th' report of that fair
 (g) road
 (So burdened still with barks, as it would overload
 Great Neptune with the weight) whose fame so
 far doth ring; [ing
 When as that mighty flood, most bravely flourish-
 Like Thetis' goodly self majestically glides;
 Upon her spacious breast tossing the surgeful tides,
 To have the river see the state to which she grows,
 And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon
 owes.
 But, noble muse, proceed immediately to tell
 How Eusham's fertile vale at first in liking fell
 With Cotswold, that great king of shepherds:
 whose proud site
 When that fair vale first saw, so nourish'd her de-
 light,

(g) King's road;

That him she only lov'd: for wisely she beheld
 The beauties clean throughout that on his surface
 dwell'd':
 Of just and equal height two banks arising, which
 Grew poor (as it should seem) to make some val-
 ley rich:
 Betwixt them thrusting out an elbow of such
 height,
 As shrouds the lower soil; which shadowed from
 the light,
 Shoots forth a little grove, that in the summer's
 day, [stray-
 Invites the flocks, for shade that to the covert
 A hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,
 Or stooped to look down, or whisper with a vale;
 Where little purling winds like wantons seem to
 dally,
 And skip from bank to bank, from valley trip
 to valley, [vise,
 Such sundry shapes of soil where nature doth de-
 That she may rather seem fantastical, than wise.
 T' whom Sarum's plain gives place: though
 famous for her flocks, [locks,
 Yet hardly doth she tythe our Cotswold's wealthy
 Though Lemster him exceed for fineness of her ore,
 Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant store.
 A match so fit as he, contenting to her mind,
 Few vales (as I suppose) like Eusham hapt to find:
 Nor any other wold, like Cotswold ever sped,
 So fair and rich a vale by fortuneing to wed.
 He hath the goodly wool, and she the wealthy
 grain:
 Through which they wisely seem their household
 to maintain.
 He hath pure wholesome air, and dainty crystal
 springs.
 To those delights of his, she daily profit brings:
 As to his large expence, she multiplies her heaps:
 Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that she
 reaps;
 As th' one with what it hath, the other strove
 to grace.
 And now, that every thing may in the pro-
 per place [breed
 Most aptly be contriv'd, the sheep our wold doth
 (The simplest though it seem) shall our descrip-
 tion need,
 And shepherd like, the muse thus of that kind
 doth speak:
 No brown, nor sullied black the face or legs doth
 streak,
 Like those of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambri-
 an hills,
 That lightly laden are: but Cotswold wisely fills
 Her with the whitest kind: whose brows so
 woolly be,
 As men in her fair sheep no emptiness should see.
 The staple deep and thick, through to the very
 grain,
 Most strongly keepeth out the violentest rain:
 A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad;
 As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.
 And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing
 lack,
 But every where is stor'd; the belly, as the back.

The fair and goodly flock, the shepherd's only
pride,

As white as winter's snow, when from the river's
side

He drives his new wash'd sheep; or on the shear-
ing day,

When as the lusty ram, with those rich spoils of
May

His crooked horns hath crown'd; the bell wedder
so brave,

As none in all the flock they like themselves
would have.

But, muse, return to tell how there the shep-
herd's king,

Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest
lamb to bring,

In his gay bauldric sits at his low grassy board,
With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country

dainties stor'd:

And whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund
swain

Quaffs fillabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,
And to their country girls, whose nosegays they

do wear.

Some roundelays do sing: the rest, the burden
bear.

But Cotswold, be this spoke to th' only praise
of thee, [be,

That thou of all the rest the chosen soil should'st
Fair Isis to bring forth (the mother of great

Tames)

With those delicious brooks, by whose immortal
streams

Her greatness is begun: so that our rivers king,
When he his long descent shall from his bell fires

bring,

Must needs (great pasture's prince!) derive his
stem by thee,

From kingly Cotswold's self, sprung of the third
degree:

As th' old world's heroes wont, that in the times
of yore,

On Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themselves so high-
ly bore.

But eas'ly from her source as Isis gently dades;
Unto her present aid, down through the deeper

flades,

The nimbler footed Churn, by Cisseter doth
slide;

And first at Greeklade gets pre-eminence to
guide

Queen Isis on her way, e'er she receive her
train,

Clear Coln, and lively Leech, so down from Cot-
swold's plain

At Leechlade linking hands, come likewise to
support

The mother of great Tames. When, seeing the
resort,

From Cotswold Windrush scours, and with her
self doth cast

The train to overtake, and therefore hies her
fast

Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the last
of all

Those floods, that into Tames out of our Cot-
swold fall,

And farth'st unto the north) bright Enload forth
doth bear.

For, though it had been long, at length she came
to hear

That Isis was to Tame in wedlock to be ty'd:

And therefore she prepar'd t' attend upon the
bride;

Expecting, at the feast, past ordinary grace.

And being near of kin to that most springful
place,

Where out of Blockley's banks so many fountains
flow,

That clean throughout his soil proud Cotswold
cannot shew

The like: as though from far, his long and many
hills

There emptied all their veins, wherewith those
founts he fills,

Which in the greatest drought so brimful still do
float,

Sent through the rifted rocks with such an open
throat,

As though the cleves consum'd in humour; they
alone,

So crystalline and cold, as hard'neth stick to
stone.

But whilst this while we talk, the far divulged
fame

Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty
name

Doth bid the muse make haste, and to the bride
house speed

Of her attendance there lest they should stand
in need.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SOMEWHAT returning now near the way you descended from the northern parts, them use leads you through that part of Worcestershire, which is on this side Severn, and the neighbouring Stafford, viewing also Corteswold, and so Gloucester. The fictions of this song are not so covert, nor the allusions so difficult, but that I presume your conceit, for the most part, willingly discharges my labour.

And of her cares repress with her delicious wines.

In this tract of Gloucestershire (where to this day many places are stiled Vine-yards was of ancient time among other fruits of a fertile soil, great store of vines, and more than in any other place of the kingdom. Now in many parts of this realm we have some : but what comes of them in the press is scarce worth respect. Long since the emperor (a) Probus *Et Gallis omnibus & Hispanus ac Britannis permisit ut vites haberent vinumque conficerent.* But (b) Tacitus, before that, speaking of this island, commends it with *Solum præter oleam vitemque & cætera collidioribus terris oriri sucta, patiens frugum, facundum.* Long since Probus, England had its vineyards also and some store of wine, as appears by that in *Domesday, Unus & Parcus & VI. Arpenni Vineæ* (that is, between five and six acres; *arpent* in French signifying a content of ground of a hundred rods square, every rod eighteen foot) & *reddit XX. modios vini, si bene procedit*, being recorded of a place (c) by Raleigh in Essex. This was under William I : and since him in time of Hen. I. (d) much wine was made here in Gloucestershire. That now the isle enjoys not frequency of this benefit, as in old time, whether it be through the soil's old age, and so like a woman growing sterile (as (e) in another kind Tremellius many hundred years since thought) or by reason of the earth's change of place, as upon difference in astronomical observations Stadius guessed, or that some part of singular influence, whereon astrology hangs most, of inferior qualities, is altered by that slow course (yet of great power in alteration of heaven's system) of the eighth sphere (or

præcession of the Æquinoctial) or by reason of industry wanting in the husbandman, I leave it to others examination.

————— *still falling southward leaves.*

He alludes to the difference of the zodiac's obliquity from what it was of old. For, in Ptolemy's time, about fourteen hundred and sixty years since the utmost declination of the sun in the first of Cancer (where she is nearest to our vertical point) was 23 gr. and about 52 minut. since that Albategni (about Charlemaine's time) observed it some 15 scruples less : after him near 1000 year off Christ) Arzachel found it 23 gr. 34 scr., and in this later age John of Coningsburg and (f) Copernicus brought it to 23 gr. 28 scrup. which concords also with the Prutenique account, and as many as thence traduce their Ephemerides. So that (by this calculation) about 24 minutes the sun comes not so near our zenith, as it did in Ptolemy's time. But in truth (for in these things I account that truth, which is warranted by most accurate observation; and those learned mathematicians, by omitting of parallax and refractions, deceived themselves and posterity) the declination in this age is 23 gr. 31½. scrup. as that noble Dane, and most honoured restorer of astronomical motions, Tycho Brahe, had taught us : which, although it be greater than that of Copernicus and his followers, yet is much less than what is in Ptolemy, and by two scruples different from Arzachel's, so justifying the author's conceit, supposing the cause of our climate's not now producing wines, to be the sun's declination from us, which for every scruple answers in earth, about one of our miles; but a far more large distance in the celestial globe. I can as well maintain this high-fetcht cause, being upon difference of so few minutes in one of the slowest motions (and we see that greatest effects are always attributed to them, as upon the old conceit of the Platonic year, abridged into near his half by Copernicus, those consequents foretold upon the change of (g) Eccentrics out of one sign into another, the equinoctial præcession, and such

(a) Flav. Vopiscus in ejusd. vita.

(b) In Jul. Agricola.

(c) Camd. in Trinobantibus.

(d) Malmesb. de Pontificum gestis 4.

(e) Ap. Columell, de re Rustic. 2. cap. 1.

(f) Copernic. Re. 3. cap. 3.

(g) Cardan. ad 2. Tetrabibl. & de Varietat. Rer. 2. qui prophane nimium, a motibus octavæ Sphæræ, iis scilicet, quos circa c1000. contrario velut fieri modo supponit sacrosanctæ Religionis mutationem inepte simul & impie prædixit, & hujus generis sexcenta.

like; as others may their conversion of a planet's state into Fortunate, Opprest or Combust, by measuring or missing their 16 scruples of Cazimi, their *Orbes moities*, and such curiosities. Neither can you salve the effect of this declination, by the sun's much nearer approach to the earth, upon that decrease of his Eccentricity which Copernicus and his followers have published. For, admitting that were true, yet judicial astrology relies more upon aspect and beams falling on us with angles (which are much altered by this change of obli-

quity in the zodiac) than distance of every singular star from the earth. But indeed, upon mistaking the pole's altitude, and other error in observation, (b) Copernicus was deceived, and in this present age the sun's eccentricity (in Ptolemy, being the 24th of the eccentric's semidiameter, divided into 60.) hath been (i) found between the 27 and 28 P. which is far greater than that in Copernicus, erroneously making it but near the 31. But this is too heavenly a language for the common reader; and perhaps too late I leave it:

(b) Cui, hec nomine, graviter minitatus est Jul. Scalig. exercitet. 90. sect. 2.

(i) Tycho Brahe in Progymnasm.

POLYOLBION:

THE FIFTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The guests here to the bride-house hie:
The goodly vale of Aylsbury
Sets her son (Tame) forth, brave as May,
Upon the joyful wedding day:
Who, deckt up, tow'rd his bride is gone.
So lovely Isis coming on,
At Oxford all the muses meet her,
And with a Prothalamion greet her.
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs,
Some strow'ing sweets, some sorting flow'rs;
Where lusty Charwel himself raises,
And sings of rivers, and their praises.
Then Tames his way tow'rd Windsor tends.
Thus, with the song, the marriage ends.

Now fame had through this isle divulg'd in
every ear,
The long-expected day of marriage to be near,
That Isis, Cotswold's heir, long woo'd was lastly
won,
And instantly should wed with (a) Tame, old
Chiltern's son.
And now that wood-man's wife, the mother of
the flood,
The rich and goodly vale of Aylsbury, that stood

So much upon her Tame, was busied in her
bowers,
Preparing for her son as many suits of flowers,
As Cotswold for the bride, his Isis lately made;
Who for the lovely Tame, her bridegroom only
staid.
Whilst every crystal flood is to this business prest,
The cause of their great speed and many thus re-
quest;
O! whither go ye, floods? what sudden wind
doth blow,
Than other of your kind, that you so fast should
flow,

(a) Tame arises in the vale of Aylsbury, at the foot
of the Chiltern.

What business in hand, that spurs you thus away?
 Fair Windrush, let me hear; I pray thee, Char-
 wel say. [see
 They suddenly reply, 'What lets you should not
 'That for this nuptial feast we all prepared be?
 'Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but of-
 fend:
 'Our leisure serves not now these trifles to attend.'
 But whilst things are in hand, old Chiltern
 (for his life)
 From prodigal expence can noway keep his wife;
 Who feeds her Tame with marle, in cordial-wise
 prepar'd,
 And thinks all idly spent, that now she only spar'd,
 In setting forth her son: nor can she think it
 well,
 Unless her lavish charge do Cotswolds far excel.
 For, Aylsbury's a vale that walloweth in her
 wealth,
 And (by her wholesome air continually in health)
 Is lusty, firm, and fat, and holds her youthful
 strength.
 Besides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth and
 length,
 Doth Chiltern fitly match; which mountainously
 high,
 And being very long, so likewise she doth lie
 From the Bedfordian fields, where first she doth
 begin, [doth win
 To fashion like a vale, to th' place where Tame
 His Isis' wished bed; her soil throughout so sure,
 For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture
 pure, [breed,
 That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth
 For burthen and for bone all other that exceed:
 And she, which thus in wealth abundantly doth
 flow, [bestow:
 Now cares not on her child what cost she do
 Which when wise Chiltern saw (the world who
 long had try'd,
 And now at last had laid all garish pomp aside;
 Whose hoar and chalky head descry'd him to be
 old, [cold)
 His beechen woods bereft, that kept him from the
 Would fain persuade the vale to hold a steady
 rate; [bate:
 And with his curious wife, thus wisely doth de-
 'Quoth he, you might allow what needeth, to
 the most:
 'But whereas less will serve, what means this
 'idle cost?
 'Too much, a surfeit breeds, and may our child
 'annoy:
 'These fat and luscious meats do but our sto-
 'machs cloy. [wife
 'The modest comely mean, in all things likes the
 'Apparel often shews us womanish precise.
 'And what will Cotswold think when he shall
 'hear of this?
 'He'll rather blame your waste, than praise your
 'cost, I wifs.' [have;
 But women wilful be, and she her will must
 Nor cares how Chiltern chides, so that her Tame
 be brave.

Alone which tow'rds his love she eas'ly doth
 convey:
 For the Oxonian (b) Ouze was lately sent away
 From Buckingham, where first he finds his nim-
 bler feet;
 Tow'rds Whittlewood then takes; where, past the
 noblest † street,
 He to the forest gives his farewell, and doth keep
 His course directly down into the German c'ep,
 To publish that great day in mighty Neptune's
 hall,
 That all the sea-gods there might keep it festival.
 As we have told how Tame holds on his even
 course,
 Return we to report, how Isis from her source
 Comes tripping with delight down from her
 daintier springs; [brings
 And in her princely train, t' attend her marriage,
 Clear (c) Churnet, (c) Coln, and (c) Leech,
 which first she did retain,
 With (c) Windrush; and with her (all outrage
 to restrain
 Which well might off'red be to Isis as she went)
 Came Yenloed with a guard of satyrs which
 were sent
 From (c) Whichwood, to await the bright and
 god-like dame. [Tame,
 So, (c) Bernwood did bequeath his satyrs to the
 For sticklers in those stirs that at the feast should
 be. [to see,
 These preparations great, when Charwell comes
 To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,
 Apollo's aid he begs, with all his sacred brood,
 To that most learned place to welcome her re-
 pair. [fair,
 Who in her coming on, was wax'd so wondrous
 That meeting, strife arose betwixt them, whether
 they [(d) bay.
 Her beauty should extol, or she admire their
 On whom their several gifts (to amplify her
 dow'r) [pow'r
 The muses there bestow; which ever have the
 Immortal her to make. And as she past along,
 Those modest (e) Thespian maids thus to their
 Isis sung;
 'Ye daughters of the hills, come down from
 'every side,
 'And due attendance give upon the lovely bride:
 'Go, strew the paths with flowers, by which she
 'is to pass.
 'For be ye thus assur'd, in Albion never was
 'A beauty (yet) like her's: where have you ever
 'seen
 'So absolute a nymph in all things, for a queen?
 'Give instantly in charge the day be wond'rous
 'fair,
 'That no disorder'd blast attempt her braided hair.
 'Go, see her state prepar'd, and every thing be fit.
 'The bride-chamber adorn'd with all bebecoming it.

(b) Arising near Brackley, running into the German sea.

† Watling.

(c) Rivers arising in Cotswold, spoke of in the former Song.

(d) Laurel for learning.

(e) The muses.

' And for the princely groom, who ever yet could
 ' name
 ' A flood that is so fit for Isis as the Tame ?
 ' Ye both so lovely are, that knowledge scarce
 ' can tell,
 ' For feature whether he, or beauty she excel :
 ' That ravished with joy each other to behold,
 ' When as your crystal waists you closely do en-
 ' fold, [son,
 ' Betwixt your beauteous selves you shall beget a
 ' begun. [delight,
 ' The pleasant Surryan shores shall in that flood
 ' And Kent esteem herself most happy in his sight.
 ' The shire that London loves, shall only him
 ' prefer,
 ' And give full many a gift to hold him near to her.
 ' The (f) Scheldt, the goodly Meuse, the rich
 ' and viny Rhine,
 ' Shall come to meet the Thames in Neptune's
 ' wat'ry plain,
 ' And all the Belgian streams and neighbouring
 ' floods of Gaul,
 ' Of him shall stand in awe, his tributaries all.
 As of fair Isis thus the learned virgins spake,
 A shrill and sudden bruit this Prothalamion
 brake ; [ally,
 That White-horse, for the love she bare to her
 And honoured sister vale, the bounteous Ailsbury,
 Sent presents to the Tame by Ock her only flood,
 Which for his mother vale so much on greatness
 stood.
 From Oxford, Isis hastes more speedily, to see
 That river like his birth might entertained be :
 For that ambitious vale, still striving to command,
 And using for her place continually to stand,
 Proud White-horse to persuade, much business
 there hath been
 T' acknowledge that great vale of Eusham for her
 queen
 And but that Eusham is so opulent and great,
 That thereby she herself holds in the sovereign
 feat,
 This White-horse all the vales of Britain would
 o'erbear,
 And absolutely sit in the imperial chair ;
 And boasts as goodly herbs, and numerous flocks
 to feed,
 To have as soft a glebe, as good increase of seed ;
 As pure and fresh an air upon her face to flow,
 As Eusham for her life ; and from her steed doth
 show,
 Her lusty rising downs, as fair a prospect take
 As that imperious (g) Wold ; which her great
 queen doth make
 So wond'rously admir'd, and her so far extend,
 But to the marriage hence, industrious muse, de-
 scend.
 The Naiads and the nymphs extremely over-
 joy'd,
 And on the winding banks all busily employ'd,

(f) They all three, rivers of greatest note in Lower
 Germany, cast themselves into the ocean, in the coast op-
 posite to the mouth of Thames.

(g) Cotswold,

Upon this joyful day, some dainty chaplets twine :
 Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and
 fine, [do bind :
 Brave (b) anadems do make : some bauldricks up
 Some, garlands ; and to some the nosegays were
 assign'd ;
 As best their skill did serve. But for that Tame
 should be [he
 Still man-like as himself, therefore they will that
 Should not be drest with flowers to gardens that
 belong
 (His bride that better fit) but only such as sprung
 From the replenish'd meads, and fruitful pastures
 near.
 To sort which flowers, some fit ; some making
 garlands were ; [spring
 The primrose placing first, because that in the
 It is the first appears, then only flourishing ;
 The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly
 mix'd :
 T' allay whose luscious smell, they woodbind
 plac'd betwixt.
 Amongst those things of scent, there prick they
 in the lilly :
 And near to that again, her sister daffadilly.
 To sort these flowers of show, with th' other
 that were sweet, [her meet :
 The cowslip then they couch, and th' oxslip, for
 The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,
 The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious
 fret,
 And now and then among, of eglantine a spray,
 By which again a course of lady-smocks they lay :
 The crow-flower, and thereby the clover-flow'r
 they stick,
 The daisy, over all those fundry sweets so thick,
 As nature doth herself ; to imitate her right ;
 Who seems in that her (i) pearl so greatly to de-
 light, [hold :
 That every plain therewith she powd'reth to be-
 The crimson darnel flower, the blue-bottle, and
 gold ;
 Which though esteem'd but weeds ; yet for their
 dainty hues, [chuse.
 And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose
 Thus having told you how the bridegroom
 Tame was drest,
 I'll shew you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest ;
 Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of state,
 Which scorns a meaner sort, than fits a princely
 rate.
 In anadems for whom they curiously dispose
 The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask
 rose,
 For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyst, men place
 In kings imperial crowns, the circle that inchase.
 The brave carnation then, with sweet and sove-
 reign power
 (So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)
 With th' other of his kind, the speckled and the
 pale : [gale
 Then th' odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a

(b) Crowns of flowers.

(i) Margarita is both a pearl and a daisy.

Of sweetness; yet in scents as various as in forts.
 The purple violet then, the pansie there supports:
 The marygold above t' adorn the arched bar:
 The double daisy, thrift, the button batchelor,
 Sweet-william, fops-in-wine, the campion: and
 to these
 Some lavender they put, with rosemary and bays:
 Sweet marjoram, with her like, sweet basil rare
 for smell,
 With many a flower, whose name were now too
 long to tell:
 And rarely with the rest, the goodly flour-de-lis.
 Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted poin-de-
 vice, [bride,
 Whilst some still busied are in decking of the
 Some others were again as seriously employ'd
 In strewing of those herbs, at bridals us'd that be;
 Which every where they throw with bounteous
 hands and free.
 The healthful balm and mint, from their full
 laps do fly,
 The scentful camomile, the ver'rous costmary;
 They hot muscado oil with milder maudlin cast;
 Strong tansey, fennel cool, they prodigally waste:
 Clear hyssop, and therewith the comfortable
 thyme, [prime;
 Germaner with the rest, each thing then in her
 As well of wholesome herbs, as every pleasant
 flower, [hour.
 Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy
 Amongst these strewing kinds, some other wild
 that grow,
 As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they
 throw. [fire,
 Thus all things falling out to every one's de-
 The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,
 The bride and bridegroom set, and serv'd with
 fundry cates,
 And every other plac'd, as fitted their estates;
 Amongst this confluence great, wise Charwell
 here was thought
 The fitt'st to cheer the guests; who thoroughly
 had been taught
 In all that could pertain to courtship, long ago,
 As coming from his fire, the fruitful (k) Heli-
 don, [towns
 He travelleth to Tames; where passing by those
 Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful
 clowns,
 With tabor and the pipe, on holidays do use,
 Upon the may-pole green, to trample out their
 shoes: [rings,
 And having in his ears the deep and (l) solemn
 Which found him all the way, unto the (o) learned
 springs, [meet,
 Where he, his sovereign Ouze most happily doth
 And him, the thrice-three maids, Apollo's off-
 spring, greet
 With all their sacred gifts; thus, expert being
 grown
 In music; and besides, a curious maker known;

(k) A hill betwixt Northamptonshire and Warwick.

(l) Famous rings of bells in Oxfordshire called, the Crofsing.

(o) Oxford.

This Charwell (as I said) the first these floods
 among, [sung:
 For silence having call'd, thus to th' assembly
 Stand fast, ye higher hills; low vallies easily
 lie;
 And forests, that to both you equally apply
 (But for the greater part, both wild and barren
 be)
 Retire ye to your wastes; and rivers, only we,
 Oft meeting let us mix: and with delightful
 grace, [embrace,
 Let every beauteous nymph her best-lov'd flood
 An alien be he born, or near to her own spring,
 So from his native fount he bravely flourishing,
 Along the flow'ry fields licentious do strain,
 Greeting each curled grove, and circling every
 plain;
 Or hasting to his fall, his shoaly gravel scow'rs,
 And with his crystal front then courts the
 climbing tow'rs.
 Let all the world be judge, what mountain
 hath a name,
 Like that from whose proud foot there springs
 some flood of fame: [set,
 And in the earth's survey, what feat like that is
 Whose streets some ample stream abundantly
 doth wet? [that road,
 Where is there haven found, or harbour, like
 Int' which some goodly flood his burden doth
 unload?
 By whose rank swelling stream the far-secht fo-
 reign freight
 May up to inland-towns conveniently be brought.
 Of any part of earth, we be the most renown'd;
 That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we
 bound. [fall,
 As Rubicon, much fam'd both for his fount and
 The ancient limit held 'twixt Italy and (p) Gaul.
 Europe and Asia keep on Tanais' either side.
 Such honour have we floods, the world (even)
 to divide.
 Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are christened oft
 by us;
 Iberia takes her name of crystal Iberus.
 Such reverence to our kind the wiser ancients
 gave,
 As they suppos'd each flood a deity to have.
 But with our fame at home return we to pro-
 ceed.
 In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our
 Tweed,
 The tripartited isle do generally divide,
 To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep
 her side.
 Trent cuts the land in two so equally, as tho'
 Nature it pointed-out, to our great Brute to
 shew [share;
 How to his mighty sons the island he might
 A thousand of this kind, and nearer, I will spare;
 Where, if the state of floods at large I list to
 shew,
 I proudly could report how Pactolus doth throw

(p) That which was called Gallia Cisalpina, and is Lom-
 bardy, Romagna and the western part of Italy.

' Up grains of perfect gold ; and of great Ganges
 tell,
 ' Which when full India's showers enforceth him
 ' to swell,
 ' Gilds with his glistering sands the over-pam-
 ' per'd shore :
 ' How wealthy Tagus first, by tumbling down
 his ore,
 ' The rude and slothful Moors of old Iberia
 ' taught
 ' To search into those hills, from which such
 ' wealth he brought.
 ' Beyond these if I pleas'd I to your praise could
 ' bring,
 ' In sacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plough'd
 ' spring)
 ' The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed
 ' ground,
 ' Recounting heavenly hymns eternally are
 ' crown'd. [nourish;
 ' And as the earth doth us in her own bowels
 ' So every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and
 ' flourish.
 ' To godly virtuous men, we wisely liken'd are :
 ' To be so in themselves, that do not only care ;
 ' But by a sacred power, which goodness doth
 ' await,
 ' Do make those virtuous too, that them associate.
 By this, the wedding ends, and brake up all the
 shew : [flow
 And Tames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth
 To Windsor-ward amain (that with a wond'ring
 eye,
 The forest might behold his awful empery)
 And soon becometh great, with waters wext so
 rank,
 That with his wealth he seems to retch his
 wid'ned bank :
 Till happily attain'd his grandfire Chiltern's
 grounds, [crowns.
 Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers
 Amongst his holts and hills, as on his way he
 makes,
 At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes
 Her lord the stately Tames, which that great
 flood again
 With many signs of joy doth kindly entertain.

Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her
 store ;
 As still we see, the much runs ever to the more.
 Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial
 stream
 Himself establisht sees amidst his watry realm,
 His much-lov'd Henly leaves, and prouder doth
 pursue
 His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site
 to view. [sees,
 Whose most delightful face when once the river
 Which shews herself attir'd in tall and stately trees,
 He in such earnest love with amorous gestures
 woes,
 That looking still at her, his way was like to lose ;
 And wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go,
 As headlong he himself into her lap would
 throw. [brace,
 Him with the like desire the forest doth em-
 And with her presence strives her Tames as much
 to grace.
 No forest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand,
 When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will
 command ;
 No wood-nymph as herself such troops hath ever
 seen, [been ;
 Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor
 Nor any ever had so many solemn days,
 So brave assemblies view'd, nor took so rich
 (q) assays.
 Then, hand in hand, her Tames the forest soft-
 ly brings
 To that supremest place of the great English
 kings, [vance
 § The Garter's royal seat, from him who did ad-
 That princely order first, our first that conquer'd
 France ; [knights,
 The temple of St. George, whereas his honour'd
 Upon his hallowed day, observe their ancient
 rites : [brood,
 Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned
 To keep the muses still near, to this princely flood ;
 That nothing there may want, to beautify that
 seat,
 With every pleasure stor'd : and here my song
 complete.

(q) Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I Shall here be shorter than in the last before.
 The muse is so full-in herself, employ'd wholly
 about the nuptials of Tame and Isis. In the gar-
 lands of Tame are wreathed most of our English

field-flowers : in them of Isis, our more sweet
 and those of the garden ; yet upon that,

The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance.

I cannot but remember the institution, (toucht to the fourth song) of his most honourable order dedicated to St. George (in 24 Ed. III.) it is yearly at this place celebrated by that noble company of 26. Whether the cause were upon the word of Garter given in the French wars among the English, or upon the queen's, or countess of Salisbury's garter fallen from her leg, or upon different and more ancient original whatsoever, know clearly (without unlimited affectation of our country's glory) that it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world; and (excepting those of Templars, St.

James, Calatrava, Alcantara, and such like other, which were more religious than military) hath no precedence of antiquity before the eldest rank of honour, of that kind any where established. The *anunciada* (*a*) instituted by Amades VI. Earl of Savoy, about 1409, although others have it by Amades IV. and so create it before this of the Garter) and that of the Golden Fleece, by Philip Duke of Burgundy 1429, of St. Michael by Lewis XI. Della Banda, by Alphonso of Spain, and such like, ensued it, as imitating institutions, after a regard of the far extended fame, worth, and glory of St. Georg's knights.

(a) V. Aubert Mir. Orig. Equest. 2. cap. 4. & Sanfovin. Orig. de Cavalieri.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SIXTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

Old Ver, near to St. Alban's, brings
Watling to talk of ancient things;
What Ver'lam was before she fell,
And many more sad ruins tell.
Of the four old imperial ways,
The course they held, and to what seas;
Of those seven Saxon kingdoms here,
Their sites, and how they bounded were,
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich estate;
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.
The muse, led on with much delight,
Deliver's London's happy site;
Shews this loose age's lewd abuse
And for this time there stays the muse.

THE bridal of our Tame and princely Isis past:
And Tamesis their son, begot, and waxing fast,
Inviteth crystal (a) Coln his wealth on him to lay,
Whose beauties had entic'd his sovereign Tames
to stay,
Had he not been enforc'd, by his unruly train.
For Brent, a pretty brook, allures him on again,
Great London to salute, whose high-rear'd turrets
throng
To gaze upon the flood, as he doth pass along,
Now as the Tames is great, so most transparent
Coln
Feels, with excessive joy, her amorous bosom

(a) The river running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook,

That Ver of long esteem'd a famous ancient flood
(Upon whose aged bank old Ver'lamchester stood,
Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,
Unto her clearer banks contributed his store;
Enlarging both her stream, and strength'ning his
renown,
Where the delicious meads her through her course
do crown. [brook,
This (b) Ver (as I have said) Coln's tributary
'On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as sadly he doth look.
Near holy Alban's town, where his rich shrine was
set,
Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.

(b) The little clear river by St. Alban's.

Where after reverence done, ' Ver, quoth the an-
 cient street, [meet.]
 ' 'Tis long since thou and I first in this place did
 ' And so it is, quoth Ver, and we have liv'd to see
 ' Things in far better state than at this time they be:
 ' But he that made, amend: for much there goes
 ' amiss. [it is:]
 ' Quoth Watling, gentle flood, yea, so in truth
 ' And fith of this thou speak'st; the very sooth to
 ' say, [way,
 ' Since Great Mulmutius first made me the noblest
 ' The soil is alter'd much; the cause I pray thee
 ' shew.
 ' The time that thou hast liv'd, hath taught thee
 ' much to know.
 ' I fain would understand, why this delightful
 ' place [grace
 ' In former time that stood so high in nature's
 ' (Which bare such store of grain, and so that
 ' wond'rous great,
 ' That all the neighbouring coast was call'd the
 ' (c) soil of wheat)
 ' Of later time is turn'd a hot and hungry sand,
 ' Which scarce repays the seed first cast into the
 ' land.
 At which the silent brook shrunk in his silver
 head, [fled;
 And feign'd as he away would instantly have
 Suspecting, present speech might pass'd grief re-
 new.
 Whom Watling thus again doth seriously pursue;
 ' I pray thee be not coy, but answer my demand:
 ' The cause of this (dear flood!) I fain would
 ' understand.
 ' § Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head
 ' aloft did bear
 ' (Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried here)
 ' With alabaster, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,
 ' When (well-near) in her pride Troynovant she
 ' scorn'd.
 ' § Thou saw'st great-burden'd ships through
 ' these thy vallies pass,
 ' Where now the sharp'd scythe sheers up the
 ' spiring grafs: [play,
 ' That where the ugly seale and porpoise us'd to
 ' Tho' grasshopper and ant now lord it all the day:
 ' Where now St. Alban's stands, was called Holm-
 ' hurst then; [again,
 ' Whose sumptuous fane we see neglected now
 ' This rich and goodly fane which ruin'd thou
 ' dost see, [me.
 ' Quoth Ver, the motive is that thou importun'st
 ' But to another thing thou cunningly dost flie,
 ' And reason seem'st to urge of her sterility.
 With that he fetch'd a sigh, and ground his teeth
 ' in rage; [age.
 ' Quoth Ver, even for the sin of this accursed
 ' Behold that goodly fane, which ruin'd now doth
 ' stand, [land;
 ' To holy (d) Albion built, first martyr of the
 ' Who in the faith of Christ from Rome to Britain
 ' came, [name.
 ' And dying in this place, resign'd his glori us

(c) Whethamsted.

(d) Look before to the eleventh Song.

' In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)
 ' Our English Offa rear'd a rich and sumptuous
 ' shrine [kings
 ' And monastery here: which our succeeding
 ' From time to time endow'd with many goodly
 ' things. [before
 ' And many a Christian knight was buried here,
 ' The Norman set his foot upon this conquer'd
 ' shore; [flow'rs,
 ' And after those brave spirits in all those baleful
 ' That with Duke (e) Robert went against the
 ' Pagan powers,
 ' And in their country's right at Cressy those that
 ' flood,
 ' And that at Poicters bath'd their bilbows in
 ' French blood;
 ' Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt that
 ' fought,
 ' Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was
 ' brought:
 ' In this religious house at some of their returns,
 ' When nature claim'd her due, here plac'd their
 ' hallow'd urns: [waste,
 ' Which now devouring time, in his so mighty
 ' Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defac'd.
 ' So that the earth to feel the ruinous heaps of
 ' stones,
 ' That with the burd'nous weight now press their
 ' sacred bones, [fed;
 ' Forbids this wicked brood should by her fruits be
 ' As loathing her own womb, that such loose
 ' children bred. [fell:
 Herewith transported quite, to these exclaims he
 ' Lives no man, that this world her grievous
 ' crimes dare tell?
 ' Where be those noble spirits for ancient things
 ' that stood? [flood;
 ' When in my prime of youth I was a gallant
 ' In those free golden days, it was the satyrs use
 ' To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuse:
 ' But soothers find the way preferment most to
 ' win;
 ' Who serving great mens turns, become the
 ' bawds to sin.
 When Watling in his words that took but
 small delight,
 Hearing the angry brook so cruelly to bite;
 As one that fain would drive these fancies from
 his mind,
 ' Quoth he, I'll tell thee things that fute thy gent-
 ' ler kind.
 ' My song is of myself, and my three sister streets,
 ' Which way each of us run, where each her fel-
 ' low meets,
 ' Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius first began,
 ' From sea again to sea, that through the island
 ' ran
 ' Which that in mind to keep posterity might have,
 ' Appointing first our course, this privilege he gave,
 ' That no man might arrest, or debtors goods
 ' might seize
 ' In any of us four his military ways.

(e) With the eldest son of the Conqueror in the Holy Land.

' And though the Fofs in length exceed me many
 ' a mile, [the ifle,
 ' That holds from fhore to fhore the length of all
 ' From where rich Cornwal points to the Iberian
 ' feas,
 ' Till colder Cathnefs tells the fattered Orcades,
 ' I meafuring but the breadth, that is not half his
 ' gaet; [ftate,
 ' Yet, for that I am grac'd with goodly London's
 ' And Tames and Severn both fince in my courfe
 ' I crofs,
 ' And in much greater trade, am (f) worthier
 ' far than Fofs.
 ' But ô unhappy chance! through time's difaft'-
 ' rous lot,
 ' Our other fellow ftreets lie utterly forgot: [eaf,
 ' As Iening, that fet out from Yarmouth in the
 ' By the Icenî then being generally poffeft,
 ' Was of that people firft term'd Iening in her
 ' race, [embrace:
 ' Upon the (g) Chiltern here that did my courfe
 ' Into the dropping fouth and bearing then out-
 ' right,
 ' Upon the Solent fea ftopt on the Ifle of Wight.
 ' And Rickneld, forth that raught from Cam-
 ' bria's farther fhore,
 ' Where South Wales now fhoots forth St. Da-
 ' vid's promontore;
 ' And, on his mid-way near, did me in England
 ' meet; [ftreet
 ' Then in his oblique courfe the luftry ftraggling
 ' Soon overtook the Fofs; and toward the fall of
 ' Tine,
 ' Into the German fea diffolv'd at his decline.'
 Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as
 having told:
 But now this flood, that fain the ftreets in talk
 would hold,
 Thofe ancient things to hear, which well Watling
 knew, [drew.
 With thefe enticing words, her fairly forward
 ' Right noble ftreets, quoth he, thou haft liv'd
 ' long, gone far, [war;
 ' Much traffic had in peace, much travailed in
 ' And in thy larger courfe furvey'ft as fundry
 ' grounds
 ' (Where I poor flood am lockt within thefe nar-
 ' rower bounds,
 ' And like my ruin'd felf thefe ruins only fee,
 ' And there remains not one to pity them or me)
 ' On with thy former fpeech: I pray thee fome-
 ' what fay.
 ' For, Watling, as thou art a military,
 ' Thy ftory of old ftreets likes me fo wond'rous
 ' well, [tell.
 ' That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee
 ' With thefe perfuafive words fsmooth Ver the
 ' Watling wan: [began;
 Stroking her dufty face, when thus the ftreets
 ' When once their fevenfold rule the Saxons came
 ' to rear,
 ' And yet with half this ifle fufficed fcarcely were,

(f) Watling, chiefest of the four great ways.

(g) Not far from Dunstable.

' Though from the inland part the Britons they
 ' had chac'd,
 ' Then underftand how there themfelves the Sax-
 ' ons plac'd.
 ' Where in Great Britain's ftate four people of her
 ' own [known
 ' Were by the feveral names of their abodes well
 ' (As, in that horn which juts into the fea fo far,
 ' Wherein our Devonfhire now, and fartheft Corn-
 ' wal are,
 ' The old Danmonii dwelt: fo hard again at hand,
 ' The Durotriges fat on the Dorfetian fand:
 ' And where from fea to fea the Belgæ forth were
 ' let, [and Somerfet,
 ' Even from Southampton's fhore, through Wilt
 ' The Attrebates in Bark unto the bank of Tames,
 ' Betwixt the Celtic fleeve and the Sabrinian freams)
 ' The Saxons there fet down one kingdom, which
 ' install'd, [dom call'd,
 ' And being weft, they it their (g) weftern king-
 ' So eaftward where by Tames the Trinobants
 ' were fet,
 ' To Trinovant their town, for that their name
 ' in debt, [poffefs,
 ' That London now we term, the Saxons did
 ' And their eaft kingdom call'd, as (b) Effex
 ' doth exprefs;
 ' The greateft part thereof, and ftill their name
 ' doth bear;
 ' Through Middlefex therein, and part of Hert-
 ' ford were;
 ' From Coln upon the weft, upon the eaft to *
 ' Stour,
 ' Where mighty Tames himfelf doth into Nep-
 ' tune pour.
 ' As to our fartheft rife, where forth thofe fore-
 ' lands lean [man main,
 ' Which bear their chalky brows into the Ger-
 ' The Angles which arofe out of the Saxon
 ' race,
 ' Allured with delights and fitnefs of that place,
 ' Where the Icenî liv'd did fet their kingdom
 ' down,
 ' From where the wallowing fea thofe quenchy
 ' wafhes drown
 ' That Ely do inifle, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,
 ' Till thofe Norfolcian fhores vaft Neptune doth
 ' enrich:
 ' Which (fartheft to the eaft of this divided ifle)
 ' Th' Eaft-Angles kingdom, then, thofe Englifh
 ' did inftile.
 And Suffex feemeth ftill, as with an open
 ' mouth, [fouth
 ' Thofe Saxons rule to fhew, that of the utmoft
 ' The name to them affum'd, who rigoroufly
 ' expell'd
 ' The Kentifh Britons thence, and thofe rough
 ' woodlands held
 ' From where the goodly Tames the Surryau
 ' grounds doth fweep,
 ' Until the fmiling downs falute the Celtic deep.

(g) For a more plain divifion of the Englifh king-
doms, fee to the XI. fong.

(b) So called, of the Eaft Saxons.

* A river upon the confines of Suffolke and Effex.

' Where the Dobuni dwelt, their neighbouring
 ' Cateuclani,
 ' Cornavii more remote, and where the Coritani,
 ' Where Dee and Mersey shoot into the Irish sea;
 ' (Which well-near o'er this part, now called
 ' England lay, [plain,
 ' From Severn to the ditch that cuts Newmarket
 ' And from the banks of Tames to Humber, which
 ' contain
 ' So many goodly shires of Mersey, Mercia hight)
 ' Their mightier empire, there, the middle English
 ' pight.
 ' Which farthest though it raught, yet there it did
 ' not end :
 ' But Offa, king thereof, it after did extend
 ' Beyond the bank of Dee; and by a ditch he cut
 ' Through Wales from north to south, into wide
 ' Mercia put
 ' Well near the half thereof, and from three peo-
 ' ples there,
 ' To whom three special parts divided justly were
 ' (The Ordovices, now which North Wales peo-
 ' ple be,
 ' From Cheshire which of old divided was by Dee :
 And from our Marchers now, that were Demetæ
 ' then; [men)
 ' And those Silures call'd, by us the South Wales
 ' Beyond the Severn, much the English Offa took,
 ' To shut the Britons up within a little nook.
 ' From whence, by Mersey's banks, the rest a
 ' kingdom made : [sway'd;
 ' Where in the Britons rule (before) the Brigants
 ' The powerful English there establish't were to
 ' stand : [Northumberland;
 ' Which, north from Humber set, they term'd
 ' Two kingdoms which had been with several
 ' thrones install'd.
 ' Bernitia hight the one; Diera th' other call'd.
 ' The first from Humber stretcht unto the bank
 ' of Tine :
 ' Which river and the Frith the other did confine.
 ' Diera beareth through the spacious Yorkish
 ' bounds, [(k) founts,
 ' From Durham down along to the Lancastrian
 ' With Mersey and clear Tine continuing to their
 ' fall, [wall,
 ' To England-ward within the Piets renowned
 ' And did the greater part of (l) Cumberland
 ' contain : [remain;
 ' With whom the Britons names for ever shall
 ' Who there amongst the rocks and mountains
 ' lived long,
 ' When they Loegria left, inforc'd through pow-
 ' erful wrong.
 ' Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay, [sea.
 ' To where the (m) Frith falls out into the German
 This said, the aged street fagg'd sadly on alone :
 And Ver upon his course, now hasted to be gone
 'I' accompany his Coln : which as she gently
 glides,
 Doth kindly him embrace : whom soon this hap
 betides;

(k) Sea-depths near the shores.

(l) The Cymbries land.

(m) A river running by Edinborough into the sea.

As Coln come on along, and chanc'd to cast her
 eye [so high,
 Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands
 She (n) Peryvale perceiv'd prank'd up with
 wreaths of wheat, [feat;
 And with exulting terms thus glorying in her
 ' Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties
 ' nice, [price?
 ' Since this my goodly grain is held of greatest
 ' No manchet can so well the courtly palote please,
 ' As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fer-
 ' tile leaze. [wheat,
 ' Their finest of that kind, compared with my
 ' For whiteness of the bread doth look like com-
 ' mon cheat.
 ' What barley is there found, whose fair and
 ' bearded ear [beer?
 ' Makes stouter English ale, or stronger English
 ' The oat, the bean, and pease, with me but pulses
 ' are; [and tare.
 ' The coarse and browner rye, no more than fitch
 ' What seed doth any soil in England bring, that I
 ' Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply?
 ' Besides, my sure abode next goodly London is,
 ' To vent my fruitful store, that me doth never miss.
 ' And those poor baser things, they cannot put away,
 ' Howe'er I set my price, ne'er on my chapmen stay.
 When presently the hill that maketh her a vale,
 With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale,
 With Hampstead being fall'n and Highgate at
 debate; [state,
 As one before them both that would advance his
 From either for his height to bear away the praise,
 Besides that he alone rich Peryvale surveys.
 But Hampsted pleads, himself in simples to have
 skill,
 And therefore by desert to be the noblest hill;
 As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth
 rely
 In learned physic's use, and skilful surgery;
 And challengeth, from them, the worthiest place
 her own, [known.
 Since that old Watling once, o'er him to pass was
 Then Highgate boasts his way; which men do
 most frequent; [descent;
 His long-continued fame, his high and great
 Appointed for a gate of London to have been,
 When first the mighty Brute that city did begin.
 And that he is the hill, next Endfield which
 hath place,
 A forest for her pride, though titled but a chace.
 Her purlicus, and her parks, her circuit full as
 large, [charge
 As some (perhaps) whose state requires a greater
 Whose (m) holts that view the east, do wistly
 stand to look

Upon the winding course of Lee's delightful brook.
 Where Mimer coming in, invites her sister Bean,
 Amongst the chalky banks t' increase their mis-
 tress' train;
 Whom by the dainty hand obsequiously they lead
 (By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleasant
 mead

(n) Peryvale, or Pur-vale. yieldeth the finest meal of England.

(n) High woody banks.

And coming in her course to cross the common
 fare,
 For kindness she doth kiss that hospitable Ware.)
 Yet scarcely comfort Lee (alas!) so woe begun,
 Complaining in her course, thus to herself alone;
 'How should my beauty now give Waltham such
 'delight, [sight?
 'Or I, poor silly brook, take pleasure in her
 'Antiquity (for that it stands so far from view,
 'And would her doating dreams should be be-
 'liev'd for true
 'Dare loudly lie for Coln, that sometimes ships
 'did pass, [was;
 'To Ver'lam by her stream, when Ver'lam famous
 'But, by the later times, suspected but to feign,
 'She planks and anchors shews, her error to main-
 'tain;
 'Which were, indeed, of boats, for pleasure there
 'to row [shew,
 'Upon her (then a lake) the Roman pomp to
 'When Rome her forces here did every year
 'supply,
 'And at old Ver'lam kept a warlike colony.
 'But I, distressed Lee, whose course doth plainly
 'tell, [refell,
 'That what of Coln is said, of me none could
 'Whom (n) Alfred but too wise (poor river!)
 'I may say
 'When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,
 'Which Hartford then besieg'd, whose navy there
 'abode;
 'And on my spacious breast before the castle rode)
 'By 'vantage of my soil, he did divide my stream;
 'That they might ne'er return to Neptune's
 'wat'ry realm.
 'And, since, distressed Lee, I have been left forlorn,
 'A bye-word to each brook, and to the world a
 'scorn.'

When Sturt, a nymph of her's, (whose faith
 she oft had prov'd, [lov'd.
 And whom, of all her train, Lee most entirely
 Left so excessive grief her mistress might invade,
 Thus (by fair gentle speech) to patience doth per-
 suade:

'Though you be not so great to others as be-
 'fore,
 'Yet not a jot for that dislike yourself the more.
 'Your case is not alone, nor is (at all) so strange;
 'Sith every thing on earth subjects itself to change.
 'Where rivers sometime ran, is firm and certain
 'ground!
 'And where before were hills, now standing lakes
 'are found.
 'And that which most you urge, your beauty to
 'despoil, [soil,
 'Doth recompence your bank with quantity of
 'Beset with ranks of swans; that, in their wonted
 'pride, [side.
 'Do prune their snowy plumes upon your pleasant
 'And Waltham woos you still, and smiles with
 'wonted cheer:
 'And Tames, as at the first, so still doth hold you
 'dear.

(n) See to the 12th Song.

To much-beloved Lee this scarcely Sturt had
 spoke, [broke:
 But goodly London's sight their farther purpose
 When Tames his either banks adorn'd with build-
 ings fair,
 The city to salute doth bid the muse prepare.
 Whose turrets, fanes, and spires, when wistly she
 beholds,
 Her wonder at the site thus strangely she unfolds:
 'At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder
 'may? [say;
 'Nay, of his wisdom thus ensuing times shall
 'O more than mortal man, that did this town
 'begin! [in.
 'Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it
 'What God, or heavenly power was harbour'd in
 'thy breast,
 'From whom with such success thy labours should
 'be blest?
 'Built on a rising bank, within a vale to stand,
 'And for thy healthful soil, chose gravel mix'd
 'with sand.
 'And where fair Tames his course into a crescent
 'casts
 'That, forced by his tides, as still by her he hastes,
 'He might his surging waves into her bosom send)
 'Because too far in length his town should not
 'extend. [reach,
 'And to the north and south, upon an equal
 'Two hills their even banks do somewhat seem to
 'stretch,
 'Those two extremer winds from hurting it to let;
 'And only level lies upon the rise and set.
 'Of all this goodly isle, where breathes most
 'cheerful air,
 'And every way thereto the ways most smooth
 'and fair:
 'As in the fittest place by man that could be
 'thought, [brought.
 'To which by land, or sea, provision might be
 'And such a road for ships scarce all the world
 'commands,
 'As is the goodly Tames, near where Brute's
 'city stands.
 'Nor any haven lies to which is more resort,
 'Commodities to bring, as also to transport
 'Our kingdom that enrich'd (through which we
 'flourish'd long)
 'E'er idle gentry up in such abundance sprung,
 'Now pest'ring all this isle: whose disproportion
 'draws
 'The public wealth so dry, and only is the cause
 'Our gold goes out so fast, for foolish foreign
 'things, [brings;
 'Which upstart gentry still into our country
 'Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintain
 'By that, which only serves to uses vile and vain:
 'Which our plain fathers erst would have account-
 'ed sin, [in;
 'Before the costly coach, and silken stock came
 'Before that Indian weed (o) so strongly was
 'embrac'd,
 'Wherein such mighty sums we prodigally waste;

(o) Tobacco.

* That merchants long train'd up in gain's deceit-
ful school, [fool,
* And subtly having learn'd to sooth the humorous
* Present their painted toys unto this frantic gull;
* Disparaging our tin, our leather, corn, and wool;
* When foreigners, with our's them warmly clothe
and feed, [need.
* Transporting trash to us, of which we ne'er had

But whilst the angry muse, thus on the time ex-
claims,
Sith every thing therein consisteth in extremes;
Left she inforc'd with wrongs, her limits should
transcend,
Here of this present song she briefly makes an end.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In wandering passage the muse returns from the wedding, somewhat into the land, and first to Hartford; whence, after matter of description, to London.

Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear,

For, under Nero, the Britons intolerably loaden with weight of the Roman government, and especially the Icens (now Norfolk and Suffolk men) provoked by that cruel servitude, into which not themselves only, but the wife also and posterity of their King Prasutagus were, even beyond right of victory, constrained, at length breathing for liberty (and in a farther continuance of war, having for their general R. Boudicea, Bunduica, or as the difference of her name is) rebelled against their foreign conqueror, and in martial opposition committing a slaughter of no less than 80,000 (as Dio hath, although Tacitus miss 10,000 of this number) ransacked and spoiled Maldon (then Camalodunum) and also this Verulam near St. Alban's) which were the two (a) chief towns of the isle; the first a colony (whereof the 8th Song) this (b) a municipal city, called expressly in a catalogue at the end of Nennius, Caer-Municip. Out of || Agellius 1 thus note to you its nature. *Municipes sunt cives Romani ex municipiis suo jure & legibus suis utentes, muneres tantum cum pop. Rom. honorari participes, a quo munere capeffendo appellati videntur; nullis aliis necessitatibus neque ulla top. Rom. lege astricti, quum nunquam pop. Rom. eorum fundus factus esset.* It differed from a colony, most of all in that a colony was a progeny of the city, and this of such as were received into state-favour and friendship by the Roman. Personating the Genus of Ver'lam, that ever-famous (c) Spenfer sung:

*I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see:
Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass?*

As under the Romans, so in the Saxon times afterward it endured a second ruin; and, out of its corruption, after the abbey erected by King Offa, was generated that of St. Alban's; whither, (e) in later times most of the stone-works, and whatsoever fit for building was by the abbots translated. So that,

—(f) *Now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the traveller that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.*

The name hath been thought from the river there running called Ver, and Humphrey (g) Lhuid makes it, as if it were *Her-lhan*, i. e. a church upon Ver.

*Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through these thy
vallies pass.*

Lay not here unlikelihooods to the author's charge; he tells you more judicially towards the end of the song. But the cause why some have thought so, is for that, (h) Gildas, speaking of St. Alban's martyrdom, and his miraculous passing through the river at Verlamcestre, calls it *iter ignotum trans Thamefis fluvii alveum*: so by collection they guess that Thames had then his full course

(a) Suet. lib. 6. cap. 39.

(b) Municipium Tacit. Annal. 14.

|| Neſt. Attic. 16. cap. 13.

(c) In his ruins of time.

(e) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant.

(f) Spenſ. ubi ſupra.

(g) In Brev. Brit.

(h) In Epiſt. de Excid. Britan.

this way, being thereto farther moved by anchors and such like are digged up. This conjecture hath been followed by that (i) noble muse thus in the person of Verlam;

*And where the cryстал Thamys wont to slide
In silver channel down along the Lee,
About whose flow'ry banks on either side,
A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
Were wont to play from all annoyance free:
There now no river's course is to be seen,
But moorish fens, and marshes ever green.*

*There also where the winged ships were seen,
In liquid waves to cut their foamy way;
A thousand fishers number'd to have been
In that wide lake looking for plenteous prey
Of fish, with baits which they us'd to betray,
Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,
Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.*

But, for this matter of the Thames, those two grand antiquaries, Leland and Camden, have joined in judgment against it: and for the anchors, they may be supposed of fish-boats in large pools, which have here been; and yet are left relics of their name.

Since us his kingly ways Mulmutius first began.

Near 500 years before our Saviour, this king Molmutius (take it upon credit of the British story) constituted divers laws; especially that churches, ploughs, and highways should have liberties of sanctuary, by no authority violable. That churches should be free and enjoy liberty for refuge, consenting allowance of most nations have tolerated, and in this kingdom (it being affirmed also by constitution of (k) King Lucius (a christian) every church-yard was a sanctuary, until by act of (l) parliament under Henry VIII. that licence, for protection of offences, being too much abused, was taken away; but, whether now restored in the last (m) parliament, wherein all statutes concerning abjuration or sanctuary made before 35th Eliz. are repealed, I examine not. The plough and husbandmen have by our (n) statutes, and especially by (o) civil and (p) Persian law, great freedoms. Highways being without exception necessary, as well for peace as war, have been defended in the (q) Roman laws, and are taken in ours, to be in that respect (as they are by implication of the name) the king's high-

ways, and (r) *res sacrae*: *Et qui aliquid inde occupaverit excedendo fines & terminos terræ suæ, dicitur fecisse purpresturam super ipsum regem.* According to this privilege of Mulmutius in the statute of Marlbridge (s) it is enacted, that none should distrain in the king's highway, or the common street, but the king and his ministers, *specialem auctoritatem ad hoc habentibus*; which I particularly transcribe, because the printed books are therein so generally corrupted by addition of this here cited in Latin: you see it alters the law much, and we have divers judgments, that in behalf of the king by common bailiffs, without special authority, *Districks* may be (t) taken, as for an amercement in the sheriff's torn or leet, or for parliament knights fees. But the old rolls of the statute (as I have seen in a fair MS. examined by the exemplification, for the record itself is with many other lost) had not those words, as the (u) register also specially admonishes, nor is any part of that chapter in some MSS. which I marvel at, seeing we have a formal writ grounded upon it. Not much amiss were it here to remember a worse fault, but continually received, in the charter of the forest, article VIII where you read *Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectionem faciat nisi per visum & sacramentum XII. regardatorum quando faciunt regardum. Tot forestarii, &c.* the truth of the best copies (and so was the record) being in this digestion *Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectionem faciat. Et per visum sacramentum XII. regardatorum, quando faciunt regardum, tot forestarii ponantur, &c.* as, beside authentic MSS. it is expressly in the like charter, almost word for word, given first by King John, and printed in Matthew Paris; betwixt which, and that of ours commonly read, he may be made a time-deserving comparison. Were it not for digression, I would speak of the senseless making of Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury witness to the grand charter in 9th Henry III. When as it is plain that he was not archbishop until the 25th. The best copy that ever I saw had Simon archbishop of Canterbury; which indeed was worse, there being no such prelate of that see in those times; but the mistake was by the transcriber's turning the single S. (according to the form of writing in that age) into Simon for Stephen, who was (Stephen of Langton) archbishop at that time. But I forget myself in following matter of my more particular study, and return to Mulmutius. His constitution being general for liberty of highways, controversy grew about the course and limits of them; whereupon

(i) Spenser.

(k) Florilegus.

(l) 22 Hen. 8. cap. 14.

(m) Jacob. Sess. 1. c. 25.

(n) Westm. 2. c. 20 & 21. Ed. 1. District. Seaccarii.

(o) C. Quæ res pignori oblig. l. 7. Executores & alibi.

(p) Xenoph. Cyropæd. 1.

(q) ff. de via public.

(r) Bract. lib. 4. tract. Affis. Nov. diss. c. 16.

§ 8.

(s) 52 Hen. 3. cap. 16. & V. Art. Cler. cap. 9. Statutum Marlbridge sibi restitutum.

(t) 34. Ed. 1. Avoury 232. 8. Rich. 2. ibid. 194. 11.

Hen. 4. fol. 1. 19. Ed. 2. Avoury, 221 & 225. alibi.

(u) Original. fol. 97. b. Charta de Foresta ad MS. emendat.

his son King Belin, to quit the subject of that doubt, caused more especially these four, here presently spoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted passage, both in war and peace; and hence by the author they are called Military (a name given by the Romans to such highways, as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polite conceit (x) and judicious authority these our ways have been thought a work of the Romans also. But their courses are differently reported, and in some part their names also. The author calls them Watling-street, the Fosse, Ikenild, and Rickeneld. This name of Rickeneld is in Randal of Chester, and by him derived from St. Dewy's in Pembroke into Hertford, and so through Worcester, Warwick, Derby, and Yorkshires to Tinmouth, which (upon the author's credit reporting it to me) is also justifiable by a very ancient deed of lands, bounded near Birmingham in Warwickshire by Rickeneld. To endeavour certainty in them, were but to obtrude unwarrantable conjecture, and abuse time and you. Of Watling (who is here personated, and so much the more proper, because Verlam was called also by the English, (y) Watlingchester) it is said that it went from Dover in Kent, and so by west of London (yet part of the name seems to this day left in the middle of the city) to this place, and thence in a crooked line through Shropshire by Wrekin hill into (z) Cardigan; but (a) others say from Verlam to Chester; and where all is referred to Belin

by Geoffrey ap Arthur, and Polychronicon, another (b) tells you that the sons of (I know not what) king Wethle made, and denominated it. The Fosse is derived, by one consent out of Cornwall into Devonshire, through Somerset, over Cotswold by Teukisbury, along near Coventry, to Leicester, through Lincoln to Berwick, and thence to Caithness the utmost of Scotland. Of restitution of the other you may be desperate; Rickeneld I have told you of; in Henry of Huntingdon, no such name is found, but with the first two, Ikenild and Ermingstreet. Ikenild, saith he, goes from east to west: Ermingstreet, from south to north: another tells me, that Ermingstreet begins at St. Dewys, and conveys itself to Southampton; which the author hath attributed to Ichning, begun upon the words community with Icens) in the eastern parts. It is not in my power to reconcile all these, or elect the best; I only add, that Ermingstreet, which being of English idiom, seems to have had its name from *Irmunfull* in that signification whereby it (c) interprets an universal pillar worshipped for Mercury, president of ways, is like enough (if Huntingdon be in the right, making it from south to north) to have left its part in Stanstreet in Surrey, where a way made with stones and gravel in a soil on both sides very different continues near a mile; and thence towards the eastern shore in Suffex are some places seeming as other relics of it. But I here determine nothing.

(x) V. Camden. Roman.

(y) Lhuid. Breviar. Brit.

(z) Polychron. lib. 1. cap. de Plat. reg.

(a) Henric. Huntingd. hist. 1.

(b) Roger. Hoveden, part 1. fol. 248.

(c) Adam. Bremens. hist. Eccles. cap. 5. and see to the 3d song.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SEVENTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

To Medway, Tames a suter goes ;
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.
Her mother, Homesdale, holds her in :
She digs through earth, the Tames to win.
Great Tames, as king of rivers, sings
The catalogue of th' English kings.
Thence the light muse, to th' southward soars,
The Surrian and Suffexian shores ;
The forests and the downs surveys,
With rillets running to those seas ;
This song of hers then cutteth short,
For things to come, of much import.

AT length it came to pass, that Isis and her Tame Of Medway understood, a nymph of wondrous fame ; And much desirous were, their princely Tames should prove If (as a wooer) he could win her maiden love ; That of so great descent, and of so large a dower, Might well ally their house, and much increase his power : And striving to prefer their son, the best they may, Set forth the lusty flood in rich and brave array, Bankt with imbroider'd meads, of sundry suits of flowers, His breast adorn'd with swans, oft washt with sil- ver showers :	A train of gallant floods, at such a costly rate As might bescem their care, and fitting his estate. Attended and attir'd magnificently thus, They send him to the court of great Oceanus, The world's huge wealth to see ; yet with a full intent, [went. To woo the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he Who to his dame and sire his duty scarce had done, And whilst they sadly wept at parting of their son, See what the Tames besel, when 'twas suspect- ed least. As still his goodly train yet every hour increast, And from the Surrian shores clear Wey came down to meet His greatness, whom the Tames so graciously doth greet,
---	---

That with the (a) fern crown'd flood he minion-like doth play :

Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to stay.
But as they thus, in pomp, came sporting on the shore,

'Gainst Hampton-court he meets the soft and gentle Mole.

Whose eyes so pierc'd his breast, that seeming to foreflow

The way which he so long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth here and there ;

And that he in her sight transparent might appear,
Applies himself to fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in her sight.

Then Isis and the Tame from their conjoined bed,
Desirous still to learn how Tames their son had
(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had so been spent,

That he e'er this had won the goodly heir of Kent)
And sending to inquire, had news return'd again
(By such as they employ'd, on purpose in his train)
How this their only heir, the Isle's imperial flood,
Had loitered thus in love, neglectful of his good.

No marvail (at the news) though (b) Ouse and Tame were sad,

More comfort of their son expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much sorrow though they show'd :

Who fearing lest he might thus meanly be bestow'd,

And knowing danger still increased by delay,
Employ their utmost power to hasten him away,
But Tames would hardly on : oft turning back, to show

From his much loved Mole how loth he was to go.

The mother of the Mole, old (c) Homedale, likewise bears

Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs :
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been content

T' have matcht her with a flood of far more mean descent,

But Mole respects her words as vain and idle dreams,

Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of Tames :

And headlong holds her course, his company to win.

But Homedale raised hills, to keep the straggler
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to doubt :

(Yet never was there help, but love could find it
§ Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night

(According to her name, to shew her nature right)
And underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep :

Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's keep,

Her fore intended course the wanton nymph doth run ;

As longing to embrace old Tame and Isis' son.

When Tames now understood what pains the Mole did take,

How far the loving nymph adventur'd for his sake,
Although with Medway matcht, yet never could remove

The often quick'ning sparks of his more ancient love.

So that it comes to pass, when by great nature's guide

The ocean doth return, and thrusteth in the tide ;
Up tow'rs the place, where first his much lov'd Mole was seen,

§ He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Shene (d).

Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved mate,

So amiable, fair, so pure, so delicate,
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous clear :

And first unto her Lord, at Wandsworth doth appear,
That in the goodly court of their great sovereign Tames,

There might no other speech be had amongst the streams,

But only of this nymph, sweet Wandal, what she wore ;

Of her complexion, grace, and how herself she bore.
But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage prest
(That found how with his strength, his beauties still increast,

From where brave Windsor stood on tiptoe to behold

The fair and goodly Tames, so far as e'er he could,
With kingly houses crown'd, of more than earthly pride,

Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long course pursue,

Where Otlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond he doth view,

Then Westminster the next great Tames doth entertain ;

That vaunts her palace large, and her most sumptuous fane :

The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for her's,
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchres.

Then goes he on along by that more beauteous strand,

Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the land.
(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little space,
The all-beholding sun scarce sees in all his race.)
And on by London leads, which like a crescent lies,

Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreckled skies ;

Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves that show,

As do the bristling reeds within his banks that

(a) Coming by Fernham, so called of fern there growing.

(b) Isis.

(c) A very woody vale in Surry.

(d) Tames ebbs and flows beyond Richmond.

There sees his crowded wharfs and people-pep-
t' red shores, [oars :
His bosom overspread with shoals of labouring
With that most costly bridge that doth him most
renown,

By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.

Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to
state,

Desired by the floods (his greatness which await)
That as the rest before, so somewhat he would
sing,

Both worthy of their praise, and of himself their
king,

A catalogue of those, the sceptre here that sway'd,
The princely Thames recites, and thus his song he
laid :

' As bastard William first, by conquest hither
' came, [name :

' And brought the Norman rule upon the English

' So with a tedious war, and almost endless toils,

' Throughout his troubled reign, here held his
' hard-got spoils.

' Decreasing at the last, through his unsettled state,

' § Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.

' For, dying at his home, his eldest son abroad

' (Who in the holy war his person then bestow'd)

' His second, Rufus, next usurp'd the wronged
' reign :

' And by a fatal dart in his new forest slain,

' Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,

' Through craft into the throne, the younger
' Beauclerk crept.

' From whom his sceptre, then, whilst Robert
' strove to wrest,

' The other (of his power that amply was possess'd)

' With him in battle join'd : and in that dreadful
' day

' (Where Fortune shew'd herself all human pow-
' er to sway)

' Duke Robert went to wreck ; and taken in the
' flight,

' § Was by that cruel king deprived of his fight,

' And in close prison put ; where miserably he
' dy'd :

' But Henry's whole intent was by just heav'n
' deny'd.

' For, as of light and life he that sad lord bereft ;

' So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have
' left,

' The (b) raging seas devour'd, as hitherward
' they fail'd.

' When in this line direct, the conqueror's is-
' sue fail'd,

' 'Twixt Henry's daughter Mauld, the Almain
' emperor's bride

' (Which after to the earl of Anjou was affy'd)

' And Stephen Earl of Blois, the Conqueror's sis-
' ter's son,

' A fierce and cruel war immediately begun ;

' Who with their several powers arriv'd here
' from France,

' By force of hostile arms their titles to advance.

' But Stephen, what by coin, and what by fo-
' reign strength,

' Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious
' goal at length.

' But, left without an heir, the empress' issue
' next,

' No title else on foot ; upon so fair pretext,

' The second Henry soon upon the throne was
' set,

' (Which Mauld to Jeffrey bare) the first Plan-
' tagenet.

' Who held strong wars with Wales, that his sub-
' jection spurn'd :

' Which often times he beat, and, beaten oft, re-
' turn'd :

' With his stern children vex'd : who (whilst he
' strove t' advance

' His right within this isle) rais'd war on him in
' France.

' With his high fame in fight, what cold breast
' was not fir'd ?

' Through all the western world, for wisdom
most admir'd.

' Then Richard got the rule, his most renown-
' ed son, [won.

' Whose courage, him the name of *Cœur de Lion*

' With those first earthly gods had this brave
' prince been born,

' His daring hand had from Alcides' shoulders torn

' The Nemean lion's hide : who in the Holy
' Land

' So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Nep-
' tune's hand,

' The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trident he
' had rest, [left.

' And him to rule their charge they only then had
' Him John again succe ; who having put

' away

' Young Arthur (Richard's son) the sceptre took
' to sway.

' Who, of the commonwealth first havoc having
' made,

' § His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,
' In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign ;

' That his outrageous lust and courses to restrain,
' The baronage were forc'd defensive arms to

' raise,

' Their daughters to redeem, that he by force
' would seize,

' Which the first civil war in England here begun.

' And for his sake such hate his son young Henry
' won,

' That to depose their prince, th' revengeful peo-
' ple thought ;

' And from the line of France young Lewis to
' have brought

' To take on him our rule : but, Henry got the
' throne,

' By his more forceful friends : who, wise and
' puissant grown,

' § The general charter seiz'd : that into slave-
' ry drew

' The freest born English blood. Of which such
' discord grew,

(b) See the last note of the 4th song.

- ' And in the barons breasts so rough combustions
 ' rais'd [appeas'd,
 ' With much expence of blood as long was not
 ' By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side,
 ' Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power
 ' and pride.
 ' He knew the worst of war, match'd with the ba-
 ' rons strong; [long.
 ' Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and
 ' This long-liv'd prince expir'd: the next suc-
 ' ceeded; he,
 ' Of us, that for a good might well related be.
 ' Our Longshanks, Scotland's scourge: who to the
 ' Orcads raught
 ' His sceptre, and with him from wild Albania
 ' brought
 ' The relics of her crown (by him first placed here)
 ' § The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.
 ' He tam'd the desperate Welsh, that out so long
 ' had stood,
 ' And made them take a (k) prince, sprung of the
 ' English blood.
 ' This isle from sea to sea, he generally controul'd,
 ' And made the other parts of England both to hold.
 ' This Edward, first of ours, a second then en-
 ' sued; [abuse:
 ' Who both his name and birth, by looseness did
 ' Fair Ganymedes and fools who rais'd to princely
 ' places; [faces.
 ' And chose not men for wit, but only for their
 ' In parasites and knaves, as he repos'd his trust
 ' Who sooth'd him in his ways apparently unjust;
 ' For that preposterous sin wherein he did offend,
 ' In his posterior parts had his preposterous end.
 ' A third then of that name, amends for this
 ' did make: [take.
 ' Who from his idle fire seem'd nought at all to
 ' But as his grandfire did his empire's verge ad-
 ' vance: [France.
 ' So led he forth his powers into the heart of
 ' And fast'ning on that right he by his mother had,
 ' Against the Salique law, which utterly forbad
 ' Their women to inherit; to propagate his cause,
 ' At Cressley with his sword first cancelled those
 ' laws:
 ' Then like a furious storm, through troubled
 ' France he ran; [wan
 ' And by the hopeful hand of brave Black Edward
 ' Proud Poitiers, where King John he valiantly
 ' subdu'd, [hew'd;
 ' The miserable French and there in mammoicks
 ' Then with his battering rams made earthquakes
 ' in their towers,
 ' Till trampled in the dust herself she yielded ours.
 ' As mighty Edward's heir, to a second Richard
 ' then [of men,
 ' (Son to that famous Prince Black Edward, man
 ' Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)
 ' Too soon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth
 ' apply'd
 ' To wantonness and spoil, and did to favour draw
 ' Unworthy ignorant lots, with whose dull eyes he
 ' saw:
 ' Who plac'd their like in court, and made them
 ' great in state
 ' (Which wise and virtuous men, beyond all
 ' plagues, might hate.)
 ' To whom he blindly gave: who blindly spent
 ' again,
 ' And oft oppress'd his land, their riot to maintain.
 ' He hated his allies, and the deserving starv'd;
 ' His minions and his will, the gods he only serv'd:
 ' And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend
 ' To ribaulds, so again by villains had his end.
 ' Henry the son of Gaunt, supplanting Richard
 ' then
 ' Ascended to the throne: when discontented men,
 ' Desirous first of change, which to that height
 ' him brought,
 ' Deceived of their ends, into his actions sought;
 ' And as they set him up, assay'd to pluck him
 ' down [crown;
 ' For whom he hardly held his ill-achieved
 ' That treason to suppress which oft he did disclose,
 ' And raising public arms against his powerful foes,
 ' His usurpation still being troubled to maintain,
 ' His short disquiet days scarce raught a peaceful
 ' reign. [got
 ' A fifth succeeds the fourth: but how his father
 ' The crown, by right or wrong, the son respect-
 ' eth not.
 ' Nor farther hopes for that e'er leaveth to pursue;
 ' But doth his claim to France courageously renew;
 ' Upon her wealthy shores unlades his warlike
 ' fraught;
 ' And shewing us the fields where our brave fa-
 ' thers fought, [light,
 ' First drew his sun-bright sword, reflecting such a
 ' As put sad guilty France into so great a fright,
 ' That her pale genius sunk; which trembling
 ' seem'd to stand,
 ' When first he set his foot on her rebellious land.
 ' That all his grandfire's deeds did over, and there-
 ' to [not do:
 ' Those high achievements add the former could
 ' At Agincourt's proud fight, that quite put Poic-
 ' tiers down; [renown.
 ' Of all, that time who liv'd, the king of most
 ' Whose too untimely end the Fates too soon did
 ' haste:
 ' Whose nine years noble acts, nine worlds deserve
 ' to last.
 ' A sixth in name succeeds, born great, the
 ' mighty son [had won.
 ' Of him, in England's right that spacious France
 ' Who coming young to reign, protected by the
 ' peers
 ' Until his non-age out: and grown to riper years,
 ' Prov'd upright, soft, and meek, in no wise loving
 ' war;
 ' But fitter for a cowl, than for a crown by far.
 ' Whose mildness over-much did his destruction
 ' bring:
 ' A wond'rous godly man, but not so good a king.
 ' Like whom yet never man try'd fortune's change
 ' so oft;
 ' So many times thrown down, so many times aloft

(k) See Song ninth.

' (When with the utmost power their friends
 ' could them afford,
 ' The Yorkists put their right upon the dint of
 ' sword)
 ' As still he lost and won, in that long bloody war,
 ' § From those two factions stil'd, of York and
 ' Lancaster. [power,
 ' But by his foes inforc'd to yield him to their
 ' His wretched reign and life both ended in the
 ' Tower.
 ' Of th' Edward's name the fourth put on the
 ' regal wreath:
 ' Whom furious bloody war (that seem'd a while
 ' to breath,
 ' Not utterly forsook. For Henry's queen and heir
 ' Their once-possest reign still seeking to repair)
 ' Put forward with their friends their title to
 ' maintain. [distain,
 ' Whose blood did Barnet's streets and Teuksbury's
 ' Till no man left to stir. The title then at rest,
 ' The old Lancastrian line being utterly suppress'd,
 ' Himself the wanton king to amorous pleasures
 ' gave; [grave.
 ' § Yet jealous of his right, descended to his
 ' His son an infant left: who had he liv'd to
 ' reign,
 ' Edward the fifth had been. But justly see again,
 ' As he a king and prince before had caus'd to die
 ' (The father in the Tower, the son at Teuksbury)
 ' So were his children young, being left to be pro-
 ' tected [pected.
 ' By Richard: who nor God, nor human laws res-
 ' This viper, this most vile devourer of his kind
 ' (Whom his ambitious ends had struck so grossly
 ' blind)
 ' From their dear mother's lap them seizing for a
 ' prey, [away)
 ' Himself in right the next, could they be made
 ' Most wrongfully usurp'd, and them in prison
 ' kept;
 ' Whom cruelly at last he smothered as they slept.
 ' As his unnatural hands were in their blood im-
 ' bru'd:
 ' So (guilty in himself) with murder he pursu'd
 ' Such, on his heinous acts as look'd not fair and
 ' right; [might
 ' Yea, such as were not his expressly, and had
 ' T' oppose him in his course; 'till (as a monster
 ' loath'd, [betroth'd)
 ' The man, to hell and death himself that had
 ' They brought another in, to thrust that tyrant
 ' down;
 ' In battle who at last resign'd both life and crown.
 ' A seventh Henry, then, the imperial feat at-
 ' tain'd, [main'd,
 ' In banishment who long in Britain had re-
 ' What time the Yorkists fought his life to have
 ' bereft,
 ' Of the Lancastrian house then only being left
 ' (Deriv'd from John of Gaunt) whom Richmond
 ' did beget,
 ' § Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset.
 ' Elizabeth of York this noble prince affy'd,
 ' To make his title strong thereby on either side.

' And grafting of the white and red rose firm to-
 ' gether, [of Tether.
 ' Was first, that to the throne advanc'd the name
 ' In Bosworth's fatal field, who having Richard
 ' slain, [reign,
 ' Then in that prosperous peace of his successful
 ' Of all that ever rul'd, was most precise in state.
 ' And in his life and death a king most fortunate,
 ' This seventh that was of ours, the eighth suc-
 ' ceeds in name: [came
 ' Who by Prince Arthur's death (his elder brother)
 ' Unto a land with wealth abundantly that flow'd:
 ' Abundantly again so he the same bestow'd,
 ' In banquets, masks, and tilts, all pleasures prone
 ' to try,
 ' Besides his secret 'scapes who lov'd polygamy.
 ' The abbeyes he suppress'd; a thousand ling'ring
 ' year, [to rear.
 ' Which with revenues large the world had sought
 ' And through his awful might, for temporal
 ' ends did save,
 ' To other uses erst what frank devotion gave;
 ' And here the papal power, first utterly deny'd,
 ' *Defender of the Faith* that was instil'd, and dy'd.
 ' His son the empire had, our Edward sixth
 ' that made;
 ' Untimely as he sprang, untimely who did fade.
 ' A Protestant being bred; and in his infant reign,
 ' Th' religion then receiv'd, here stoutly did
 ' maintain: [rest,
 ' But e'er he raught to man, from his sad people
 ' His sceptre he again unto his sisters left.
 ' Of which the eldest of two, Queen Mary,
 ' mounts the chair:
 ' The ruin'd Roman state who striving to repair,
 ' With persecuting hands the Protestants pursu'd;
 ' Whose martyr'd ashes oft the wond'ring streets
 ' bestrew'd.
 ' She match'd herself with Spain, and brought
 ' King Philip hither, [together.
 ' Which with an equal hand, the sceptre sway'd
 ' But issueless she dy'd: and under six years reign,
 ' To her wife sister gave the kingdom up again.
 ' Elizabeth, the next, this falling sceptre hent;
 ' Digressing from her sex, with manlike govern-
 ' ment [extend
 ' This island kept in awe, and did her power
 ' Afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend;
 ' Against th' Iberian rule, the Flemings sure de-
 ' fence:
 ' Rude Ireland's deadly scourge; who sent her
 ' navies hence
 ' Unto the either Inde, and to that shore so green,
 ' Virginia which we call of her, a virgin queen:
 ' In Portugal 'gainst Spain, her English ensigns
 ' spread; [fled.
 ' Took Cales, when from her aid the brav'd Iberia
 ' Most flourishing in state: that, all our kings
 ' among [so long.
 ' Scarce any rul'd so well: but (1) two, that reign'd
 ' Here suddenly he staid: and with his kingly song,
 ' Whilst yet on every side the city loudly rung,
 ' He with the eddy turn'd, a space to look about:
 ' The tide, retiring soon, did strongly thrust him out,

(1) Hen. III. & Ed. III.

And soon the pliant muse, doth her brave wing
 advance,
 Tow'rd's those sea-bord'ring shores of ours, that
 point at France;
 The harder Surrey heath, and the Suffexian
 down [not crown,
 Which with so great increase though nature do
 As many other shires of this environ'd isle,
 Yet on the (1) weather's head, when as the sun
 doth smile, [blow,
 Nurst by the southern winds, that soft and gently
 Here doth the lusty sap as soon begin to flow;
 The earth as soon puts on her gaudy summer's
 sute; [with fruit.
 The woods are soon in green, and orchards great
 To seaward, from the feat where first our song
 begun,
 Exhaled to the south by the ascending sun,
 Four stately wood-nymphs stand on the Suffexian
 ground,
 Great (m) Andredsweld's sometime: who, when
 she did abound
 In circuit and in growth, all other quite supprest:
 But in her wane of pride, as she in strength de-
 creast, [delight.
 Her nymphs assum'd the names, each one to her
 As, Water-down, so call'd of her depressed site:
 And Ash-down, of those trees that most in her do
 grow,
 Set higher to the downs, as th' other standeth low.
 St. Leonard's, of the feat by which she next is
 plac'd, [grac'd.
 And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be
 These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald
 (That in their heavy breasts had long their grief
 conceal'd)
 Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,
 Under the ax's stroke fetcht many a grievous groan,
 When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dread-
 ful sound,
 Even rent the hollow woods, and shook the
 queachy ground,
 So that the trembling nymphs, oppress'd through
 ghastly fear, [hair.
 Ran madding to the downs, with loose dishevell'd
 The Sylvans that about the neighbouring woods
 did dwell,
 Both in the tufty frith and in the mossy fell,
 Forsook their gloomy bow'rs, and wand'ring far
 abroad,
 Expell'd their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
 When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily
 trade, [shade.
 Where they in summer wont to sport them in the
 ' Could we, say they, suppose, that any would us
 ' cherish, [perish?
 ' Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to
 ' Or to our daily want to minister supply?
 ' These iron times breed none that mind posterity.
 ' 'Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,
 ' Or changes of the world, that we in time have
 ' seen;

(1) The sun in Aries.

(m) A forest, containing most part of Kent, and Surrey.

' When, now devising how to spend our wealth
 ' with waste,
 ' We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast,
 ' But now, alas! ourselves we have not to sustain,
 ' Nor can our tops suffice to shield our roots from
 ' rain.
 ' Jove's oak, the warlike ash, vein'd elm, the softer
 ' beech, [wych,
 ' Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending
 ' Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether
 ' burn: [ger's turn;
 ' What should the builder serve, supplies the for-
 ' When under public good, base private gain takes
 ' hold,
 ' And we poor woful woods to ruin lastly sold.'
 This uttered they with grief: and more they
 would have spoke, [broke;
 But that the envious downs, in t' open laughter
 As joying in those wants, which nature them had
 given,
 Sith to as great distress the forests should be driven.
 Like him that long time hath another's state envy'd,
 And sees a following ebb, unto his former tide;
 The more he is deprest, and bruis'd with for-
 tune's might,
 The larger rein his foe doth give to his despight;
 So did the envious downs; but that again the
 floods
 (Their fountains that derive from these unpitied
 woods,
 And so much grace thy downs, as through their
 dales they creep,
 Their glories to convey unto the Celtic deep)
 It very hardly took, much murmuring at their
 pride. [side
 Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southamptonian
 (Dividing it well near from the Suffexian lands
 That Selfey doth survey, and Solent's troubled
 sands)
 To Chichester their wrongs impatiently doth tell:
 § And Arun (which doth name the beauteous A-
 rundel)
 As on her course she came, it to her forest told.
 Which, nettled with the news, had not the power
 to hold:
 But breaking into rage, with tempests them might
 rive;
 And on their barren scalps, still flint and chalk
 might thrive,
 The brave and nobler woods which basely thus
 upbraid.
 § And Adur coming on, to Shoreham softly said,
 "The downs did very ill, poor woods so to de-
 "base."
 But now, the Ouse, a nymph of very scornful
 grace,
 So touchy waxt therewith, and was so squeamish
 grown,
 That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be
 known.
 Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,
 The lately-passed times denominate the new.
 So Cucmer with the rest, put to her utmost might:
 As Ashburn undertakes to do the forests right

(At Pemsey, where she pours her soft and gentler flood) And Aften, once distain'd with native English blood (Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain, § Doth blush; as put in mind of those there sadly slain,	When Hastings harbour gave unto the Norman powers, [ours) Whose name and honours now are denizen'd for That boding ominous brook, it through the forests rung: Which echoing it again the mighty Weald along, Great stir was like to grow; but that the muse did charm Their furies, and herself for nobler things did arm.
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER your travels (thus led by the muse) through the inlands, out of the Welsh coast maritime, here are you carried into Surrey and Suffex, the southern shires from London to the ocean: and Thames, as king of all our rivers, summarily sings the kings of England, from Norman William to yesterday's age.

Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night.

The Mole runs into the earth, about a mile from Dorking in Surrey, and after some two miles sees the light again, which to be certain hath been affirmed by inhabitants thereabout reporting trial made of it. Of the river Deveril near Warminster in Wiltshire is said as much; and more of Alpheus running out of Elis (a part of the now Morea, anciently Peloponnesus in Greece) through the vast Ocean to Arethusa in a little isle (close by Syracuse of Sicily) called Ortygia, and thither thus coming unmixt with the sea, which hath been both tried by a (a) cup, lost in Elis, and other stuff of the Olympian sacrifices there cast up, and is justified also by express assertion of an old (b) oracle to Archias, a Corinthian, advising him he should hither deduce a colony.

————— 'In Ολφειν ποταμὸν ἐλάττει,
 Μισγόμενον πηγῶν ἑὐρωπαϊκῆς Ἀρβύρας.

Like this, (c) Pausanias reckons more; (d) Erasm in Greece, Lucus (e) that runs into Meander, (f) Tiger, and divers others, some remember for such quality. And Guadiana (the ancient limit of Portugal and the Bætique Spain) is specially fa-

mous for this form of subterranean course: which although hath been thought fabulous, yet by some learned and judicious of that (g) country, is put for an unfeigned truth.

He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Sheene.

Mole's fall into Thames is near the utmost of the flood, which from the German Ocean, is about sixty miles, scarce equalled (I think) by any other river in Europe; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course, unless to the diurnal motion of the heavens, or moon, from east to west (which hardly in any other river of note falling into so great a sea, will be found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the channel being not over creeky, I cannot guess. I incline to this of the heavens, because such (h) testimony is of the ocean's perpetual motion in that kind; and whether it be for frequency of a winding, and thereby more resisting shore, or for any other reason judicially not yet discovered, it is certain, that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences by ebbs and floods, before all other whatsoever.

Left with his ill-got crown unnatural debate.

See what the matter of descent to the fourth song tells you of his title; yet even out of his own mouth, as part of his last will and testament, these words are reported; (i) "I constitute no heir of the crown of England: but to the universal creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all things, I recommend it. For I had it not by

(a) Strab. Geograph. 6.
 (b) Pausan. Eliac. 1.
 (c) There Alpheus springeth again, embracing fair Arethusa.
 (d) Herodot. hist. 6.

(e) Idem. 2 Palibym.
 (f) Justin. hist. 42.
 (g) Ludov. Nonius in Fluv. Hispa.
 (h) Scalig. de subtilit. exercitat. 52.
 (i) Guil. Pictavens. in hist. Cadomens.
 D d iij

"inheritance, but with direful conflict, and much effusion of blood I took it from that perjured Harold, and by death of his favourites, have I subdued it to my empire." And somewhat after: "Therefore I dare not bequeath the sceptre of this kingdom to any but to God alone, lest after my death worse troubles happen in it by my occasion. For my son William (always, as it became him, obedient to me) I wish that God may give him his graces, and that, if so it please the Almighty, he may reign after me." This William the Second (called Rufus) was his second son, Robert his eldest having upon discontent (taken because the Dukedom of Normandy, then, as it were, by birthright, nearly like the principality of Wales anciently, or duchy of Cornwall at this day, belonging to our kings heirs apparent, was denied him) revolted unnaturally, and moved war against him, aided by Philip First of France, which caused his merited disinheritation. Betwixt this William and Robert, as also betwixt him and Henry I. all brothers (and sons to the Conqueror) were divers oppositions for the kingdom and dukedom, which here the author alludes to. Our stories in every hand inform you: and will discover also the Conqueror's adoption by the Confessor, Harold's oath to him, and such institutions of his lawful title enforced by a case (*k*) reported of one English, who, deriving his right from Seisin before the conquest, recovered by judgment of King William I. the manor of Sharbon in Norfolk against one Warren a Norman, to whom the king had before granted it: which had been unjust, if he had by right of war only gotten the kingdom; for then had (*l*) all titles of subjects before, been utterly extinct. But, (admit this case as you please, or any cause of right beside his sword) it is plain that his will and imperious affection (moved by their rebellions which had stood for the sworn Harold) disposed all things as a conqueror. Upon observation of his subjection of all lands to tenures, his change of laws, disinheriting the English, and such other reported (which could be but where the profitable dominion, as civilians call it, was universally acquired into the prince's hand) and in reading the disgraceful account then made of the English name, it will be manifest.

Who by a fatal dart in vast New Forest slain.

His death by an unfortunate loosing at a deer out of one Walter Tirrel's hand in New Forest, his brother Richard being blasted there with infection, and Richard, Duke Robert's son, having his neck broken there in a bough's twist catching him from his horse, have been thought as divine revenges on William I. who destroy'd in Hants-shire 36 parish churches to make dens for wild beasts; although it is probable enough, that it

was for security of landing new forces there, if the wheel of fortune, or change of Mars, should have dispossessed him of the English crown. Our stories will of these things better instruct you; but if you seek Matthew Paris for it, amend the absurdity of both the London and Tigurin prints in an. 1086, and for *Rex magnificus & bonæ indolis adolescens*, read *Rich. magnificus*, &c. for Richard brother to this Red William

Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight.

Thus did the conqueror's posterity unquietly possess their father's inheritance. William had much to do with his brother Robert, justly grudging at his usurping the crown from right of primogeniture: but so much the less, in that Robert with divers other German and French princes left all private respects for the holy war, which after the cross undertaken (as those times used) had most fortunate success in recovery of Palestine. Robert had no more but the duchy of Normandy, nor that without swords often drawn, before his holy expedition; about which (having first offer of, but refusing the kingdom of Jerusalem) after he had some five years been absent, he returned into England, finding his younger brother (Henry I.) exalted into his hereditary throne. For, although it were undoubtedly agreed that Robert was eldest son of the Conqueror; yet the pretence which gave Henry the crown) beside the means of his working favourites) was, that he was the only issue born after his father was a king; upon which point a great question is disputed among (*o*) civilians. Robert was no sooner returned into Normandy, but presently (first animated by Randal bishop of Durham, a great disturber of the common peace betwixt the prince and subject by intolerable exactions and unlimited injustice under William II. whose (*p*) chief justice it seems he was, newly escaped out of prison (whither for those state misdemeanors he was committed by Henry) he dispatches and interchanges intelligence with most of the barenage, claiming his primogeniture right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gain'd to him most of the English nobility, he lands with forces at Portsmouth, thence marching towards Winchester: but before any encounter the two brothers were persuaded to a peace; covenant was made and confirmed by oath of 12 barons, on both parts, that Henry should pay him yearly 2000 pounds of silver, and that the survivor of them should inherit, the other dying without issue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, because, at request of Queen Maud, the Duke prodigally released his 2000 pounds the next year after the covenant) was soon broken. The king (to prevent what mischief might follow a second arrival of his bro-

(*k*) Antiq. Sched. in Icen. Camd.

(*l*) Atqui ad hanc rem enucleatius dilucidandum, Jure & Gentium & Anglicano, visendi sunt Hottonian. Illust. quæst. 5. Alberic. Gentil. de

Jure Belli 3 cap. 5. & cas. Calv. in D. Coke l. 7.

(*o*) Hotton. Illust. quæst. 2.

(*p*) Placitator & Exactor totius regni, Flor. Wig. & Monachorum turba.

ther) assisted by the greatest favours of Normandy and Anjou, besieged Duke Robert in one of his castles, took him, brought him home captive, and at length using that course (next secure to death) so often read of in Choniates, Cantacuzen, and other oriental stories, put out his eyes, being all this time imprisoned in Cardiff Castle in Glamorgan, where he miserably breathed his last. It is by Polydore added, out of some authority, that King Henry after a few years imprisonment released him, and commanded that within 40 days and 12 hours (these hours have in them time of two floods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring England and Normandy, pass the seas as in perpetual exile; and that in the mean time, upon new treasons attempted by him, he was secondly committed, and endured his punishment and death, as the common monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me believe it: Yet, because it gives some kind of example of our obsolete law of abjuration (which it seems had its beginning from one of the statutes published under name of the Confessor) a word or two of the time prescribed here for his passage: which being examined upon Bracton's credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he seems confident that the forty days in abjuration, were afterward induced upon the statute of (q) Clarendon, which gave the accused of felony or treason, although acquitted by the Ordel (that is, judgment by water or fire, but the statute published, speaks only of water, being the common trial of meaner (r) persons) forty days to pass out of the realm with his substance, which to other felons taking sanctuary and confessing to the coroner, he affirms not grantable; although John le Breton is against him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary, for provision of their voyage necessities, after which complete, no man, on pain of life and member, is to supply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricate to determine, observing these opposite authors and no express resolution. Since then, the oath of abjuration published among our manual statutes nearly agrees with this of Duke Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In it, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; *I will* (proceeds the oath) *diligently endeavour to pass over at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have passage in that space; if not, I will every day go into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and unless I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; so God me help, &c.* So here the 40 days are to be spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary; compare this with other (s) authorities, and you

shall find all so dissonant, that reconciliation is impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (Earl of Kent, and Chief Justice of England under Henry III.) having incurred the king's high displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yet that the sheriffs of Hereford and Essex were commanded to ward him there, and prevent all sustenance to be brought him, which they did, *decermentes (t) ibi XI. dierum excubiis observare*: And whether also the same reason (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of embarkment out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for return? as in case of *disseisin*, the law hath (u) been that the disseisor could not re-enter without action, unless he had as it were made a present and continual claim, yet if he had been out of the kingdom in single pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land) or in the king's service in France, or so, he had allowance of 40 days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and 15 days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been so beyond sea, he might have been effoigned *de ultra Mare*, and for a year and a day, after which he had 40 days, one flood, and one ebb (which is easily understood as the other for two floods) to come into England. This is certain, that the space of 40 days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the assize of Freshforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's quarentine, which seems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of administration, as in another (x) country the reason of the like is given; or else from the 40 days in the effoign of child-birth allowed by the Norman customs. But you mislike the digression. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry asked him what he would give him? *100. pounds of silver* (saith he) *and be contented, my son; for, in time, thou shalt have all which I possess, and be greater than either of thy brethren.*

His sacrilegious hands upon the Churches laid.

The great controversy about electing the archbishop of Canterbury (the king, as his right bade him, commanding that John Bishop of Norwich should have the prelacy, the Pope, being Innocent III. for his own gain, aided with some disloyal monks of Canterbury, desiring, and at last consecrating Stephen of Langton a cardinal) was first

(q) Hen. 2. ap. Rog. Hoved fol. 314.

(r) Glanvil. lib. 14. cap. 1. ceterum, si placet, adeas Janum nostrum lib. 2. §. 67.

(s) Itin. North. 3. Ed. 3. Coron. 313. Lectur. ap. Br. tit. Coron. 181. V. Stamfordum lib. 2. cap. 40. qui de his graviter & modeste, se ipse testatur.

(t) Math. Par. pag. 507.

(u) Bract. lib. 4. tract. assis. Nov. Diff. cap. 5. & lib. 5. tract. de Esson, cap. 3. Vid. de Consuetudine in Oxoniâ 21. Ed. 3. fol. 46. b.

(x) Cust. Generaux. de Artois art 164.

cause of it. For king John would by no means endure this Stephen, nor permit him the dignity after his unjust election at Rome, but banished the monks, and stoutly menaces the Pope. He presently makes delegation to William Bishop of London, Eustace of Ely, and Malgere of Worcester, that they should, with monitory advice, offer persuasion to the king of conformity to the Romish behest; if he persisted in constancy, they should denounce England under an interdict. The bishops tell king John as much, who suddenly, mov'd with imperious affection and scorn of papal usurpation, swears, *by God's tooth, if they or any other, with unadvised attempt, subject his kingdom to an interdict, he would presently drive every prelate and priest of England to the pope, and confiscate all their substance, and of all the Romans amongst them, he would first pull out their eyes, and cut off their noses, and then send them all packing*, with other like threatening terms, which notwithstanding were not able to cause them to desist; but within little time following in public denunciation they performed their authority: and the king, in some sort, his threatnings; committing all abbeys and priories to laymens custody, and compelling every priest's concubine to a grievous fine. Thus for a while continued the realm without divine sacraments or exercise, excepted only confession, extreme unction, and baptism; the king being also excommunicated, and burials allowed only in highways and ditches without ecclesiastic ceremony, and (but only by indulgence procur'd by Archbishop Langton, who purchas'd favour that in all the monasteries, excepting of White-friers, might be divine service once a week) had no change for some four or five years, when the Pope in a solemn council of cardinals, according to his pretended plenary power, depos'd king John, and immediately by his legate Pandulph offered to Philip II. of France the kingdom of England. This, with suspicion of the subjects hearts at home, and another cause then more esteem'd than either of these, that is, the prophecy of one Peter an hermit in Yorkshire, foretelling to his face *that before holy Thursday following he should be no king*, altered his stiff, and resolute, but too disturbed affections; and persuaded him by oath of himself and 16 more of his barons, to make submission to the Church of Rome, and condescended to give for satisfaction, 100. clo. clo. clo. pounds Sterling (that name of Sterling (*y*) began, as I am instructed, in time of Henry II. and had its original of name from some esterling, making that kind of money, which hath its essence in particular weight and fineness, not of the starling bird, as some, nor of Sterling in Scotland under Edward I. as others absurdly; for in (*z*) records much more ancient the express name *Sterlingorum* I have

read) to the clergy, and subject (*a*) all his dominions to the Pope; and so had absolution, and after more than four years, release of the interdict (*b*). I was the willinger to insert it all, because you might see what injurious opposition, by papal usurpation, he endured, and then conjecture that his violent dealings against the church were not without intolerable provocation, which mad-ed rather than amended his troubled spirits. Easily you shall not find a prince more beneficial to the holy cause than he, if you take his former part of reign, before this ambitious Stephen of Langton's election exasperated desire of revenge. Most kind habitude then was betwixt him and the Pope, and for alms toward Jerusalem's aid he gave the fortieth part of his revenue, and caused his baronage to second his example. Although therefore he be noways excusable of many of those faults, both in government and religion which are laid on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was so besieged with continual and undigestable incentives of the clergy with traiterous confidence striking at his crown, and in such sort, as humanity must have exceeded itself, to have endured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever shall I impute that his wicked attempt of sending ambassadors, Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, and Robert of London, to Amiramully, king of Morocco, for the Mahometan religion, so much to his own will and nature, as to the persecuting bulls, interdicts, excommunications, deposings, and such like, published and acted by them, which counterfeiting the vain name of pastors, shearing, and not feeding their sheep, made this poor king (for they brought him so poor, that he was call'd (*c*) *Johannes sine terra*) even as a phrenetique, commit what posterity receives now among the worst actions (and in themselves they are so) of princes.

His Baronage were forc'd defensive arms to raise.

No sooner had Pandulph transacted with the king and Stephen of Langton was quietly possessor of his archbishoprick, but he presently, in a council of both orders at Paul's stirs up the hearts of the barons against John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an instauration of St Edward's laws, as they were amended by the conqueror, and provoking them to challenge observation thereof as an absolute duty to subjects of free state. He was easily heard, and his thoughts seconded with rebellious designs; and after denials of this purpose request, armies were mustered to extort these liberties. But at length by treaty in Runningmede near Stanes, he gave them two charters;

(*y*) Jo. Stou. in Notit. Londini pag. 52. Vid. Camd. in Scot. Buchan. aliis.

(*z*) Polydor. hist. 16.

(*a*) Norff. 6. Rich. I. fin. rot. 13. & in alibi

eisdem Archivis V.

(*b*) Ante alios de his consulendus sit Matth. Paris.

(*c*) John Hadland.

the one, of liberties general, the other of the forest; both which were not very different from our Grand Charter and that of the Forest. The Pope at his request confirmed all; but the same year, discontentment (through too much favour and respect given by the king to divers strangers, whom since the composition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high esteem entertained) renewing among the barons, ambassadors were sent to advertise the Pope what injury the see of Rome had by this late exaction of such liberties out of a kingdom, in which it had such great interest (for king John had been very prodigal to it, of his best and most majestic titles) and with what commotion the barons had rebelled against him, soon obtain'd a bull cursing in thunder all such as stood for any longer maintenance of those granted charters: This (as how could it be otherwise?) bred new, but almost incurable broils in the state betwixt king and subject: but in whom more, than in the Pope and his Archbishop, was cause of this dissention? Both, as wicked boute-seus, applying themselves to both parts; sometimes animating the subject by censorious exauthorizing the prince, then assisting and moving forward his proneness to faithless abrogation, by pretence of an interceding universal authority.

The general charter seiz'd

The last note somewhat instructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the grand charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by King John; his son Henry III. of some nine years age (under protection first of William Marshal Earl of Pembroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches Bishop of Winchester) in the ninth year of his reign, in a parliament held at Westminster desired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Burch proposing it) a fifteenth: whereto upon deliberation, they gave answer, *quod legis petitionibus gratanter adquisierent, si illis diu petitis Libertates concedere voluisset.* The king agreed to the condition, and presently under the great seal delivered charters of them into every county of England, speaking as those of king John (saith Paris) *ita quod Chartæ utrorumque Regum in nullo inveniunt, & dissimiles.* Yet those, which we have, published want of that which is in king John's, wherein you have a special chapter that, if a Jew's debtor die, and leave his heir within age subject to payment, the usury during the nonage should cease, which explains the meaning of the statute of Merton chap. V. otherwise but ill interpreted in some of our year (*f*) books: after this, follows further, that no aid, except to redeem the king's person out of captivity (example of that was in Richard I. whose ransom out of the hands of Leopold Duke of Austria, was near

ccclxxx. pounds of silver, collected from the subject) make his eldest son knight, or marry his eldest daughter, should be levied of the subject, but by Parliament. Yet, reason why these are omitted in Henry III. his charter, it seems, easily may be given; seeing ten years before time of Edward Longshank's exemplification (which is that whereon we now rely, and only have) all Jews were banished the kingdom: and among the petitions and grievances of the commons at time of his instauration of this charter to them, one was thus consented to (*g*) *Nullum tallagium vel auxilium, per nos vel heredem nostrum de cetero in regno nostro imponatur seu levetur sine voluntate & consensu communi Archiepiscoporum, Episcoporum, Abbatum & aliorum Prælatorum, Comitum, Baronum, Militum, Burghensium, & aliorum liberorum hominum;* which although compar'd with that of aids by tenure, be no law, yet I conjecture that upon this article was that chapter of aids omitted. But I return to Henry; he, within some three years, summons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his Protection; but taking all upon his personal government, by pretence of past nonage, caused all the charters of the forest to be cancell'd, and repeal'd the rest, (for so I take it, although my author speak chiefly of that of the forest) and made the subject with price of great sums, rated by his chief Justice Hugh de Burch, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore so defeasible: which, with its like (in disinheriting and seizing on his subjects possessions, without judicial course, beginning with those two great potentates Richard Earl of Cornwall his brother, and William le Marshal Earl of Pembroke) bred most intestine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguish'd even till his declining days of enthroned felicity. Observe among this, that where our historians and chronologers, talk of a desire by the baronage, to have the constitutions of Oxford restored, you must understand those charters cancelled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but provoked oppositions, the king at last, by oath of himself and his son Edward, in full parliament (*h*) (having nevertheless oft times before made show of as much) granted again their desired freedom: which in his spacious reign was not so much impeach'd by himself, as through ill counsel of alien caterpillars crawling about him, being as scourges then sent over into this kingdom. But Robert of Gloucester shall summarily tell you this, and give your palate variety.

*The mesle two that live wel bi king Henry's day
In this lond, ichelle beginne to tell yuf ich may.
He adde (i) thre brethren that is modre's sons were,*

(*f*) 35 Hen. 6. fol. 61. & 3. Eliz. Plowd. 1 fol. 236. atqui vid, Bract. lib. 2. cap. 26. § 2.

(*g*) Thom. de Wallingham in 26. Ed. 1. Polyd. hist. 17.

(*h*) 42. Hen. 3.

(*i*) Guy of Lusignan, William of Valence, and Athelmar, his half brothers, sons of Isabel king John's dowager, daughter to Aimar Earl of Engolisme, married to Hugh Brown Earl of March in Poitiers.

And the (k) king of Almaine the verthe that to beie
them here.

At Sir William de Valance and Sir (l) Eimer
thereto.

Glit of Wincetre and Sir Guy de Liferwi also
Thoru bom and thoru the (m) quene was so much
Frensh folt ibrought

That of Englistmen me told as right nought,
And the king bom let her will that each was as king
And nome poure men God, and ne paiede nothing.
To eni of this brethren yuf ther pleinide eny twight
Hii sede, yuf we doth ou wrong, wo shall ou do right:
As wo seith we beth kings, ur wille we morwe do,
And many Englist alas bulde mid bom also.

So that thorou Godes grace the erls at last,
And the bisshops of the lond, and barons bespeake vaste,
That the kind Englistmen of Londe hii wolde out caste,
And that long bring adoun, yuf her poer laste.
Thereof (n) hii nome conseil, and to the king hii send,
To (o) abbe pite of his lond and suiche manners
amend.

So ther at laste hii brought him thereto
To make a purveiance amendment to do,
And made it was at Oxenford, that lond wor to septe,
Twelf hundred as in yer of grace and fifty and
eyghte,

Right aboute missomer fourtene night it laste
The erles and the barons were well stude (p) vaste
Nor to amendi that lond as the erle of Gloucetre,
Sir Richard, and Sir Simond erle of Leicetre,
And Sir John le Fiz-Geffry and other barons inowe,
So that at last the king thereto hii drowe,
To remue the Frensh men to (q) libbe beyonde se
Bi bor londs her and ther and ne come noght (r) age.
And to granti (s) god lawes and the Old Charter
also

That so ofte was igranted er, and so ofte undo.
Hereof was the chartre imade and cfeled vast there
Of the king and of other beye men that there were,
Tho nome (t) tende tapers the bisshops in bor bond
And the king himself and other beye men of the lond,
The bisshops (u) amansed all that there agon were
And ever est undude the lawes that loked were there,
Mid berninge taperes; and such as laste,
The king and others seid Amen and the tapers adoun
caste.

If particulars of the story, with precedents and
consequents be desired, above all I send you to
Matthew Paris, and William Rishanger, and end
in adding, that these so controverted charters had
not their settled surety until Ed. I. since whom
they have been more than thirty times in parlia-
ment confirmed.

The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.

Which is the chair and stone at Westminster,
whereon our sovereigns are inaugurated. The
(w) Scottissh stories (on whose credit, in the first
part hereof I importune you not to rely) affirm
that the stone was first in Gallicia of Spain at Bri-
gantia (whether that he Compostella, as Francis
Tarapha wills, or Corunna, as Florian del Campo
conjectures, or Betanfos, according to Mariana, I
cannot determine) where Gathel, king of Scots there
sat on it as his throne: Thence was it brought
into Ireland by Simon Brech, 1st king of Scots,
transplanted into that isle about 700 years before
Christ; out of Ireland, king Ferguze (in him, by
some, is the beginning of the now continuing Scot-
tish reign) about 370 years afterwards, brought
it into Scotland; king Kenneth, some 850 of the
incarnation, placed it at the abbey of Scone (in
the sheriffdom of Perth) where the coronation of
his successors was usual, as of our monarchs now
at Westminster, and in the Saxon times at King-
ston upon Thames. This Kenneth, some say,
caused that distich to be engraven on it.

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

—(Whereupon it is called *fatule marmor* in Hect.
Boetius) and inclosed it in a wooden chair. It is
now at Westminster, and on it are the coronations
of our sovereigns; thither first † brought (as the
author here speaks) among infinite other spoils, by
Edward Longshanks after his wars and victories
against king John Balliol.

Their women to inherit——

So they commonly affirm: but that denial of so-
vereignty to their women cost the lives of many
thousands of their men, both under this victorious
Edward, and his son the Black Prince, and others
of his successors. His case stood briefly thus:
Philip IV. surnamed the Fair, had issue three sons,
Lewis the (x) Contentious, Philip the Long, and
Charles the Fair, (all these successively reigned af-
ter him, and died without issue inheritable:) he
had likewise a daughter Isabel (I purposely omit
the other, being out of the present matter,) mar-
ried to Edward II. and so was mother to Edward
III. The issue male of Philip the Fair thus fail-
ing, Philip son and heir of Charles earl of Valois,
Beaumont, Alençon, &c. (which was brother to
Philip the Fair,) challenged the crown of France

(k) Richard Earl of Cornwal, son to king John.

(l) Athelmarus.

(m) Elianor daughter to Raymund Earl of Pro-
vence.

(n) They took.

(o) Have.

(p) Stedfast.

(q) Live.

(r) Again.

(s) Good.

(t) Kindled tapers.

(u) Cursed.

(w) Hector Boeth. hist. I. 10. & 14. Buchan.
rer. Scotie. 6. & 8.

† 1297. 24 Ed. I.

(x) Hunting.

as next heir male against this Edward, who answered to the objections of the Salique law, that (admitting it as their assertion was, yet) he was heir male, although descended of a daughter: and in a public assembly of the states first about protectorship of the womb, (for queen Joan dowager of the Fair Charles, was left with child, but afterward delivered of a daughter, Blanch, afterwards duchess of Orleans) was this had in a solemn disputation by lawyers on both sides, and applied at length also to the direct point of inheriting the crown. What followed upon judgment given against his right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his English, recorded in Walsingham, Froissart, Æmilius, and the multitude of later collected stories make manifest. But for the law itself, every mouth speaks of it; few, I think, understand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient laws made among the Salians (the same with Franks) under king Pharamond, about 1200 years since, hath thence denomination; and Goropius (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this than many other of his etymologies) deriving the Salians name from *Sal*, which in contraction he makes from *Sadel* (y) * (inventors whereof the Franks, saith he, were) interprets them as it were horsemen, a name fitly applied to the warlike and most noble of any nation, as (z) *chivalers* in French, and *equites* in Latin allows likewise. So that, upon collection, the Salique law by him is as much as a chivalrous law, and Salique land, *que ad equestris ordinis dignitatem & in capite summo, & in ceteris membris conservandum pertinebat*: which very well agrees with a (a) sentence given in the parliament at Bourdeaux upon an ancient testament devising all the testator's Salique lands, which was, in point of judgment interpreted (b) Fief. And who knows not that Fiefs were originally military gifts. But then, if so, how comes Salique to extend to the crown, which is merely without tenure? Therefore (c) *Ego scio* (saith a later lawyer) *legem privato salicam agere de patrimonio tantum*. It was composed (not this alone, but with others, as they say) by Wisogast, Bodogast, Salogast, and Windogast, wise counsellors about that Pharamond's reign. The text of it in this part is offered us by Claude de Seissell bishop of Marilles, Bodin, and divers others of the French, as it were as ancient as the origin of the name, and in these words, *De terra salica nulla portio hereditatis mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum tota terræ hereditas perveniat*; and in substance, as referred to the person of the king's heir female; so much is remembered by that great civilian (d) Baldus, and divers others,

but rather as custom than any particular law, as one (f) of that kingdom also hath expressly and newly written; *Ce n'est point une loy ecrite, mais nee avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventee, mais l'avons puissee de la nature meme, qui le nous a ainsi appris & donne cet instinct*: But why the same author dares affirm that king Edward yielded upon this point to the French Philip de Valois, I wonder, seeing all story and carriage of state in those times is so manifestly opposite. Becanus undertakes a conjecture of the first cause, which excluded Gynæcocracy among them, guessing it to be upon their observation of the misfortune in war, which their neighbours the Bructerans (a people about the now Over-Yssel in the Netherlands, from near whom he, as many other, first derive the Franks) endured in time of Vespasian, under the conduct and empire of one (g) Velleda, a lady even of divine esteem amongst them. But howsoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill beseem me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certain, that to this day, they have an use of ancient (b) time which commits to the care of some of the greatest peers, that they, when the queen is in childbirth, be present, and warily observe lest the ladies privily should counterfeit the inheritable sex, by supposing some other made when the true birth is female, or, by any such means, wrong their ancient custom royal, as of the birth of this present Lewis the XIII. on the last of September in 1601, is after other such remembered.

Of these two factions stil'd, of York and Lancaster.

Briefly their beginning was thus: Edward the III. had seven sons, Edward the Black Prince, † William of Hatfield, Lionel Duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, Edmund of Langley Duke of York, Thomas of Woodstock, and William of Windsor; in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his father, leaving Richard of Bourdeaux (afterward the II.) William of Hatfield died without issue; Henry Duke of Lancaster (son to John of Gaunt the fourth brother) deposed Richard the II. and to the Vth and VIth of his name left the kingdom, descending in right line of the family of Lancaster. On the other side Lionel Duke of Clarence, the 3d brother, had only issue Philip a daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, (who upon this title was designed heir apparent to Richard II.) Edmund, by her had Roger; to Roger was issue two sons and two daughters; but all died without posterity, excepting

(y) Francic. lib. 2.

* As our word saddle.

(z) Knights.

(a) Bodin. de Repub. 6. cap. 5. vid. Barth. Ghassan. Conf. Burgund. Rubric. 3. § 5. num. 70

(b) Knights fees, or lands held.

(c) Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 17.

(d) Ad l. ff. de Senatorib.

(f) Hierome Bignon. de l'excel. des Roies, Livre 3.

(g) V. Tacit. hist. 4.

(b) Rodolph. Boter. Commentar. 8.

† Ex Archiv. Parl. 1. Ed. 4. in lucem edit. 9. Ed. 4. fol. 9.

Anne; through her, married to Richard Earl of Cambridge, son to Edmund of Langley, was conveyed (to their issue Richard Duke of York, father to king Edward IV.) that right which Lionel (whose heir she was) had before the rest of that royal stem. So that Lancaster derived itself from the fourth brother; York from the blood of the third and fifth united. And in time of the sixth Henry was this fatal and enduring misery over England, about determination of these titles, first conceived in the 30th year of his reign, by Richard Duke of York, whose son Edward IV. deposed Henry some nine years after; and having reigned near like space, was also, by re-adoption of Henry, deprived for a time, but restored, and died of it posselt, in whose family it continued until after death of Richard III. Henry Earl of Richmond, and heir of Lancaster, marrying Elizabeth the heir of York, made that happy union. Some have referred the utmost (i) root of the Lancastrian title to Edmund, indeed eldest son to Henry III. but that by reason of his unfit deformity, his younger brother Edward had the succession, which is absurd and false. For one whom I believe before most of our monks, and the king's chronologer of those times, Matthew Paris, tells expressly the days and years of both their births, and makes Edward four years elder than Crookback. All these had that most honoured surname (k) Plantagenet; which hath been extinct among us ever since Margaret Countess of Salisbury, (daughter to George Plantagenet Duke of Clarence) was beheaded in the tower. By reason of John of Gaunt's device being a red rose, and Edmund of Langley's a white rose, these two factions afterward, as for cognisances of their descent and inclinations, were by the same flowers distinguished.

Yet jealous of his right, descended to his grave.

So jealous, that towards them of the Lancastrian faction, nought but death (as, there, reason of state was enough) was his kindness. Towards strangers, whose slipping words were in wrested sense, seeming interpretable to his hurt, how he carried himself, the relations of Sir John Markham, his chief justice, Thomas Burdet an esquire of Warwickshire, and some citizens, for idle speeches are testimony. How to his own blood in that miserable end of his brother George Duke of Clarence, is shewed: Whose death hath divers reported causes, as our late chroniclers tell you. One is supposed upon a prophecy fore-speaking that Edward's successor's name should begin with G; which made him suspect this George (a kind of superstition not exemplified, as I remember, among our princes; but in proportion very frequent in the oriental empire, as passages of the names in Alexius, Manuel, and others, dis-

cover in Nicetas Choniates) and many more serious, yet insufficient faults (tasting of Richard Duke of Gloucester's practices) are laid to his charge. Let Polydore, Hall, and the rest, disclose them. But of his death, I cannot omit what I have newly seen. You know it is commonly affirmed, that he was drowned in a hoghead of malmsey at the Tower. One (l) that very lately would needs dissuade men from drinking healths to their princes, friends, and mistresses, as the fashion is, a bachelor of divinity, and professor of history and Greek at Cologn, in his division of drunken natures, makes one part of them, *Qui in balenas mutari cuperent, dummodo mare in generosissimum vinum transformaretur*: and for want of another example, dares deliver, that such a one was George (m) Earl of Clarence, who, when for suspicion of treason he was judged to die by his brother Edward IV. and had election of his form of death given him, made choice to be drowned in malmsey. First, why he calls him Earl of Clarence, I believe not all his profest history can justify; neither indeed was ever among us any such honour. Earls of (n) Clare long since were: but the title of Clarence began when that earldom was converted into a dukedom by creation of Lionel (who married with the heir of the Clares) Duke of Clarence, third son to Edward III. since whom never have been other than dukes of that dignity. But unto what I should impute this inexcusable injury to the dead prince, unless to Icarus's shadow dazzling the writer's eyes, or Bacchus his revengeful causing him to slip in matter of his own profession, I know not. Our stories make the death little better than a tyrannous murder, privily committed without any such election. If he have other authority for it, I would his margin had been so kind as to have imparted it.

Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had issue by Catharine Swinford, John of Beaufort Earl of Somerset, and Marquis Dorset: To him succeeded his second son, John (Henry the eldest dead) and was created first Duke of Somerset by Henry V. Of this John's loins was Margaret, mother to Henry VII. His father was Edmund of Hadam (made Earl Richmond by Henry VI.) son to Owen Tyddour (deriving himself from the British Cadwalader) by his wife queen Catharine, dowager to Henry V. and hence came that royally ennobled name of Tyddour, which in the late queen of happy memory ended.

Defender of the faith.————

When amongst those turbulent commotions of Luthereans and Romanists under Charles V. such oppositions increased, that the Pope's three crowns

(i) Ap. Polyd. hist. 16.

(k) 33 Hen. 8. J. Stow. p. 717.

(l) Francisc. Matenes. de ritu bibend. i. cap. i. edit. superioribus Nundinis.

(m) Comes Clarentia. Cæterum ævo Normani-

co indiscriminatim Comes & Dux usurpantur, & Will. Conquestor sæpius dictus Comes Norm.

(n) From Clare in Suffolk, V. Polydor. hist. 19. & Camd. in Icenis.

even tottered at such arguments as were published against his pardons, mass, monastic profession, and the rest of such doctrine; this king Henry (that Luther might want no sort of antagonists) wrote particularly against him in defence of pardons, the papacy, and of their seven sacraments: of which is yet remaining the original in the (o) Vatican at Rome, and with the king's own hand thus inscribed.

Anglorum Rex! HENRICUS, LEONI X. mittit hoc opus, & fidei testem & amicitia.

Hereupon, this Leo sent him the title of (p) *Defender of the Faith*: which was as ominous to what ensued. For towards the 25th year of his reign he began so to examine their traditions, doctrine, lives, and the numerous faults of the corrupted time, that he was indeed founder of reformation for inducement of the true ancient faith: which by his son Edward VI. Queen Elizabeth, and our present sovereign, hath been to this piously established and defended.

To ease your conceit of these kings here sung, I add this chronology of them:

- 1066. William I. conquered England.
- 1087. William the Red (Rufus) second son of the Conqueror.
- 1100. Henry I. surnamed Beauclerc, third son to the first William.
- 1135. Stephen Earl of Moreton and Bologna, son to Stephen Earl of Blois by Adela daughter to the Conqueror. In both the prints of Math. Paris, (anno 1086) you must mend Beccensis Comitibus, and read Blefensis Comitibus; and howsoever it comes to pass, he is, in the same author, made son to Tedbald Earl of Blois, which indeed was his brother.
- 1154. Henry II. son to Geffery Plantagenest Earl of Anjou, and Maude the empress, daughter to Henry Beauclerc.
- 1189. Richard I. *Cœur de Lion*, son to Henry II.
- 1199. John, brother to *Cœur de Lion*.
- 1216. Henry III. son to King John.
- 1273. Edward I. Longshanks, son to Henry III.
- 1308. Edward II. of Caernarvan, son to Edward I. deposed by his wife and son.
- 1326. Edward III. son to Edward II.
- 1387. Richard II. of Bourdeaux (son to Edward the Black Prince, son to Ed-

ward III.) deposed by Henry Duke of Lancaster.

- 1399. Henry IV. of Bolingbroke; son to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, 4th son to Edward III.
- 1413. Henry V. of Monmouth, son to Henry IV.
- 1422. Henry VI. of Windsor, son to Henry V. deposed by Edward Earl of March, son and heir to Richard Duke of York, deriving title from Lionel Duke of Clarence, and Edmund of Langley, 3d and 5th sons of Edward III.
- 1460. Edward IV. of Roan, son and heir of York. In the 10th of his reign Henry VI. got again the crown, but soon lost both it and life.
- 1483. Edward V. son to the IV. of that name, murdered with his brother Richard Duke of York, by his uncle Richard Duke of Gloucester.
- 1483. Richard III. brother to Edward IV. slain at Bosworth-field, by Henry Earl of Richmond. In him ended the name of Plantagenet in our kings.
- 1485. Henry VII. heir to the Lancastrian family, married with Elizabeth, heir to the House of York. In him the name of Tyddour, began in the crown.
- 1509. Henry VIII. of Greenwich, son to Henry VII.
- 1546. Edward VI. of Hampton-court, son to Henry VIII.
- 1553. Mary, sister to Edward VI.
- 1558. Elizabeth, daughter to Henry VIII.

Great Andredswald sometime——

All that maritime tract comprehending Suffex, and part of Kent, (so much as was not mountains, now called the Downs, which in (q) British, old Gaulish, Low Dutch, and our English, signifies but hills) being all woody, was called Andredswald, i. e. (r) Andred's wood, often mentioned in our stories, and Newenden in Kent by it Andredchester (as most learned Camden upon good reason guesses) whence perhaps the wood had his name. To this day we call those woody lands, by north the Downs, the Weald: and the channel of the river that comes out of those parts, and discontinues the Downs about Bramber, is yet known in Shoreham-ferry, by the name of Weald-ditch; and, in another Saxon word equivalent to it, are many of the parishes terminations on this side the Downs, that is, Herst, or Hurst, that is, a wood.

(o) Francisc. Swert. in Delic. orbis Christi.

(p) Defensor. Ecclesiæ I. Sleidano Comment. 3.

(q) Dunum uti ex Clitophonte apud Plut. habet Camd. & Suynem Belgis dicuntur tumuli Arenarii,

& Q. Curt. Oceano objecti Gorop. Gallic. I. alii.

(r) We yet call a desert, a wilderness from this root.

It is called by Ethelwerd expressly *Immanis sylva*, quæ vulgo *Andredsfuuda* nuncupatur, and was (s) 120 miles long, and 30 broad. The author's conceit of these forests being nymphs of this great Andredsfuuda, and their complaint for loss of woods in Suffex, so decayed, is plain enough to every reader.

As Arun which doth name the beauteous Arundel.

So it is conjectured, and is without controversy justifiable, if that be the name of the river. Some fable it from Arundel, the name of Bevis' horse: it were so as tolerable as (t) Bucephalon, from Alexander's horse, (u) Tymenna in Lycia from a goat of that name, and such like, if time would endure it: But Bevis was about the Conquest, and this town is by name of Erundele, known in time of King Alfred, (w) who gave it with others to his nephew Athelm. Of all men (x) Goropius had somewhat a violent conjecture, when he derived Harondell, from a people called Charudes (in Ptolomey, towards the utmost of the now Jutland) port of whom he imagines (about the Sax-

on and Danish irruptions) planted themselves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch sprung of their country title.

And Adur coming on to Shoreham.

This river, that here falls into the ocean, might well be understood in that (y) port of Adur, about this coast, the reliques whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the author here so calls it Adur.

Doth blub, as put in mind of those there sadly slain.

In the plain near Hastings, where the Norman William after his victory found King Harold slain, he built Battle-abbey, which at last (as divers other monasteries) grew to a town enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after rain always looks red, which some (z) have (by that authority the muse also) attributed to a very bloody sweat of the earth, as crying to heaven for revenge of so great a slaughter.

(s) Hen. Huntingd. hist. 5. in Alfredo.

(t) Plutarch in Alex. & Q. Curt. lib. 9.

(u) Steph. περι περιλ.

(w) Testament Alfred. ubi etiam. Ritheram-Teild, Diccalingum, Armeringum, Feltham, & alia

in hoc agro villæ legantur Osfertho ejusdem cognat.

(x) Gothodanic. lib. 7.

(y) Portus Adurni innotit. provinc.

(z) Guil. Parvus hist. 1. cap. 1.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE EIGHTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Rother through the Weald doth rove,
Till he with Oxney fall in Love :
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,
And win the river from the isle.
Medway, with her attending streams,
Goes forth to meet her Lord great Thames :
And where in breadth she her disperfes,
Our famous captains she rehearfes,
With many of their valiant deeds,
Then with Kent's praise the muse proceed's,
And tells when Albion o'er sea rode,
How he his daughter-isles bestow'd ;
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets ;
Where to this Song an end she sets,

Our Argus scarcely yet delivered of her son,
When as the river down, through Andred's weald
doth run :
Nor can the aged hill have comfort of her child.
For, living in the woods, her Rother waxed wild ;
His banks with aged oaks, and bushes overgrown,
That from the Sylvans kind he hardly could be
known :
Yea, many a time the nymphs, which hapt this
flood to see,
Fled from him, whom they sure a satyr thought
to be ;
As satyr-like he held all pleasures in disdain,
And would not once vouchsafe, to look upon a
plain ;
Till chancing in his course to view a goodly plot,
Which Albion in his youth upon a sea-nymph got,

For Oxney's love he pines : who being wildly
chaste, [brac'd.
And never woo'd before, was coy'd to be em-
But, what obdurate heart was ever so perverse,
Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could
not pierce ?
For, in this conflict she being lastly overthrown,
In isled in his arms, he clips her for his own.
Who being gross and black, she lik'd the river well.
Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney marsh
heard tell,
Whilst in his youthful course himself he doth apply,
And falleth in her sight into the sea at Rye,
She thinketh with herself how she a way might
find
To put the homely isle quite out of Rother's
mind ;

Appearing to the flood, most bravely like a queen,
Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy summer's
green;

Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers
and weeds;

Her moistful temples bound, with wreaths of
quivering reeds:

Which loosely flowing down, upon her lusty
thighs, [eyes.

Most strongly seem to tempt the river's amorous
And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling
plait,

Imboss'd with well-spread horse, large sheep, and
full-fed neat.

Some wallowing in the grafs, there lie a while to
batten; [fatten;

Some sent away to kill; some thither brought to
With villages amongst, oft powthered here and
there; [appear)

And (that the same more like to landskip should
With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat
(In summer when the fly doth prick the gadding
neat,

Forc'd from the brakes, where late they brouz'd
the velvet buds)

In which, they lick their hides, and chew their
favoury cuds.

Of these her amorous toys, when Oxney came
to know,

Suspecting lest in time her rival she might grow,
'Th' allurements of the marsh the jealous isle doth
move, [love:

That to a constant course, she thus persuades her
' With Rumney though for dower I stand in no
' degree;

' In this, to be belov'd yet liker far than she:

' Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour
' lack, [black.

' The foul is said deform'd: and she, extremely
' And though her rich attire, so curious be and
' rare, [air:

' From her there yet proceeds unwholesome putrid

' Where my complexion more suits with the high-
' er ground,

' Upon the lusty Weald, where strength doth still
' abound.

' The wood-gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for
' grace,

' Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee suff'ring to embrace;

' Where, to great Neptune she may one day be a
' prey:

' The sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.

' And what, though of her strength she seem to
' make no doubt? [out.'

' Yet put unto the proof she'll hardly hold him
With this persuasive speech which Oxney lately
us'd;

With strange and sundry doubts, whilst Rother
stood confus'd,

Old (a) Andredfweald at length doth take her
time to tell

The changes of the world, that since her youth
befel,

(a) See Song 17.

When yet upon her soil, scarce human foot had
trod;

A place where only then the Sylvans made abode.
Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,
And every where walk'd free, a burges of the
wood;

Until those Danish routs, whom hunger-starv'd at
home, [roam.

(Like wolves pursuing prey) about the world did
And stemming the rude stream dividing us from
France,

Into the spacious mouth of Rother fell (by chance)
& That Lymen then was nam'd, when (with most
irksome care)

The heavy Danish yoke, the servile English bare.
And when at last she found, there was no way to
leave [receive;

Those, whom she had at first been forced to
And by her great resort, she was through very
need,

Constrained to provide her peopled towns to feed.
She learn'd the churlish ax and twybill to prepare,
The steel the coulter's edge, and sharp the furrow-
ing share:

And more industrious still, and only hating sloth,
A housewife she became, most skill'd in making
cloth.

That now the draper comes from London every
year,

And of the Kentish sorts makes his provision there,
Whose skirts ('tis said) at first that fifty furlongs
went, [Kent.

Have lost their ancient bounds, now (b) limited in
Which strongly to improve, she Medway forth
did bring, [spring

From Sussex who ('tis known) receives her silver
Who tow'rs the lordly Thames, as she along
doth strain,

Where Teise, clear Beule, and Len bear up her
limber train

As she removes in state: so for her more renown,
Her only name she leaves, t' her only (c) christ'n-
ed town;

And Rochester doth reach, in ent'ring to the
bower [ramour.

Of that most matchless Thames, her princely pa-
Whose bosom doth so please her sovereign (with
her pride)

Whereas the royal fleet continually doth ride,
That where she told her Thames, she did intend
to sing

What to the English name immortal praise should
bring;

To grace his goodly queen, Thames presently pro-
claims, [names,

That all the Kentish floods, resigning him their
Should presently repair unto his mighty hall,
And by the posting tides, towards London sends
to call

Clear Ravensburn (though small, remembered
them among) [along,

At Deptford ent'ring. Whence as down she comes

(b) The Weald of Kent.

(c) Maidstone, i. e. Medway's town.

She Darent thither warns : who calls her sister
 Cray, [may.
 Which hasten to the court with all the speed they
 And but that Medway then of Thames obtain'd
 such grace,
 Except her country nymphs, that none should be
 in place,
 More rivers from each part, had instantly been
 there,
 Than at their marriage, first, by (d) Spenser
 numb'red were.

This Medway still had nurs'd those navies in
 her road,
 Our armies that had oft to conquest borne abroad ;
 And not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,
 Whom she not going out, or coming in hath seen :
 Or by some passing ship, hath news to her been
 brought,
 What brave exploits they did ; as where, and how
 they fought.

Wherefore, for audience now, she to th' assembly
 calls,

The captains to recite when seriously she falls.

' Of noble warriors now, faith she, shall be my
 ' song ; [sprung.
 ' Of those renowned spirits, that from the conquest
 ' Of th' English Norman blood : which, matchless
 ' for their might,
 ' Have with their flaming swords, in many a
 ' dreadful fight,
 ' Illustrated this isle, and bore her fame so far ;
 ' Our heroes, which the first wan, in that holy war,
 ' Such fear from every foe, and made the east
 ' more red,
 ' With splendour of their arms, than when from
 ' Tithon's bed
 ' The blushing dawn doth break ; towards which
 ' our fame begun,
 ' By Robert (Curt-hose call'd) the Conqueror's
 ' eldest son,
 ' Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit
 ' went
 ' The sepulchre to free, with most devout intent.
 ' And to that title which the Norman William got,
 ' When in our conquest here, he strove t' include
 ' the Scot,
 ' The general of our power, that stout and war-
 ' like earl, [merle ;
 ' Who English being born, was stil'd of Aube-
 ' Those Lacyes then no less courageous, which
 ' had there [were.
 ' The leading of the day, all brave commanders
 ' Sir Walter Especk, matcht with Peverel,
 ' which as far [war,
 ' Adventur'd for our fame : who in that bishops
 ' Immortal honour got to Stephen's troubled reign :
 ' That day ten thousand Scots upon the field were
 ' slain.
 ' The Earl of Strigule then our Strongbow, first
 ' that won
 ' Wild Ireland with the sword (which, to the glo-
 ' rious sun,

(d) In the Fairy Queen.

Volt III.

' Lifts up his nobler name) amongst the rest may
 ' stand.

' In Cœur de Lyon's charge unto the holy land,
 ' Our Earl of Le'ster, next, to rank with them we
 ' bring :

' And Turnham, he that took th' impost'rous Cy-
 ' prian king.

' Strong Tuchet chose to wield the English stan-
 ' dard there ;

' Pole, Gourney, Nevil, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Mor-
 ' timer :

' And more, for want of pens whose deeds not
 ' brought to light, [right.

' It grieves my zealous soul, I cannot do them
 ' The noble Pembroke then, who, Strongbow
 ' did succeed,

' Like his brave grandfire, made th' revolting
 ' Irish bleed,

' When yielding oft, they oft their due subjection
 ' broke ; [lish yoke,

' And when the Britons scorn'd to bear the Eng-
 ' Lewellin Prince of Wales in battle overthrew,

' Nine thousand valiant Welsh and either took or
 ' slew.

' Earl Richard, his brave son, of Strongbow's
 ' matchless strain,

' As he a Marshal was, did in himself retain

' The nature of that word, being martial, like his
 ' name :

' Who, as his valiant sire, the Irish oft did tame.

' With him we may compare Marisco (king of
 ' men [then

' That Lord Chief Justice was of Ireland, whereas
 ' Those two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard,

' had their place,

' Which through the bloodied bogs, those Irish
 ' oft did chase ;

' Whose deeds may with the rest deservedly be read.
 ' As those two Lacyes then, our English powers

' that led :

' Which twenty thousand, there, did in one battle
 ' quell,

' Amongst whom (trodden down) the King of
 ' Conaught fell.

' Then Richard, that lov'd Earl of Cornwall,
 ' here we set :

' Who, rightly of the race of Great Plantagenet,

' Our English armies shipt, to gain that hallowed
 ' ground,

' With Long-sword the brave son of beauteous
 ' Rosamond :

' The Pagans through the beasts, like thunder-
 ' bolts that shot ;

' And in the utmost east such admiration got,

' That the shril-founding blast, and terror of our
 ' fame [came :

' Hath often conquered, where our swords yet never
 ' As Gifford, not forgot, their stout associate there.

' So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous
 here,

' Guy Beauchamp, that great Earl of Warwick,
 ' place shall have :

' From whom the Cambrian hills the Welchmen
 ' could not save ;

E c

- ' Whom he, their general plague, impetuously
 ' pursu'd, [imbru'd.
 ' And in the British gore his slaughtering sword
 ' In order as they rise (next Beauchamp) we
 ' prefer [Mortimer;
 The Lord John Gifford, match'd with Edmond
 ' Men rightly moulded up, for high advent'rous
 ' deeds.
 ' In this renowned rank of warriors then suc-
 ' ceeds [guide;
 ' Walwin, who with such skill our armies oft did
 ' In many a dangerous straight, that had his
 ' knowledge try'd,
 ' And in that fierce assault, which caus'd the fatal
 ' flight, [right,
 ' Where the distressed Welsh resign'd their ancient
 ' Stout Frampton: by whose hand, their Prince
 ' Lewellin fell.
 ' Then followeth (as the first who have deserv'd
 ' as well)
 ' Great St. John; from the French, which twice
 ' recovered Guyn: [shine,
 ' And he, all him before that clearly did out-
 ' Warren, the puissant Earl of Surrey, which led
 ' forth
 ' Our English armies oft into our utmost north;
 ' And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to
 ' hear,
 ' When Tweed hath sunk down flat, within her
 ' banks for fear.
 ' On him there shall attend, that most adventu-
 ' rous Twining, [bring
 ' That at Scambekin fight, the English off did
 ' Before the furious Scot, that else were like to fall.
 ' As Basset, last of these, yet not the least of all
 ' Those most renowned spirits that Fowkerk
 ' bravely fought; [brought.
 ' Where Longshanks, to our lore, Albania lastly
 ' As, when our Edward first his title did ad-
 ' vance, [France,
 ' And led his English hence, to win his right in
 ' That most deserving Earl of Derby we prefer,
 ' Henry's third valiant son, the Earl of Lancaster,
 ' That only Mars of men; who (as a general
 ' scourge,
 ' Sent by just-judging heaven, outrageous France
 ' to purge)
 ' At Cagant plagu'd the power of Flemings that
 ' she rais'd, [seas'd,
 ' Against the English force: which as a handsell
 ' Into her very heart he marcht in warlike wise;
 ' Took Bergera, Langobek, Mountdurant, and
 ' Mountguise;
 ' Leau, Poudra, and Punach, Mount-Segre, Forfa
 ' won;
 ' Mountpessans, and Beaumont, the Ryal, Aiguil-
 ' lon,
 ' Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angolisme
 ' surpris'd;
 ' With castles, cities, forts, nor provinces suffic'd.
 ' Then took the Earl of Leylé: to conduct whom
 ' there came
 ' Nine viscounts, lords, and earls, astonish'd at his
 ' name.
- ' To Gascoyne then he goes (to plague her, being
 ' prest)
 ' And manfully himself of Mirabel posselt;
 ' Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain
 ' struck:
 ' And with a fearful siege, he Taleburg lastly took;
 ' With prosperous success, in lesser time did win
 ' Maximien, Lusingham, Mount-sorrel, and Bo-
 ' vin; [treasure hold;
 ' Sackt Poitiers: which did, then, that country's
 ' That not a man of ours would touch what was
 ' not gold.
 ' With whom our (e) Maney here deservedly
 ' doth stand,
 ' Which first inventor was of that courageous
 ' band, [freed,
 Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be
 ' Till there they had atchiev'd some high adven-
 ' t'rous deed.
 ' He first into the preys at Cagant conflict flew;
 ' And from amidst a grove of gleaves, and hal-
 ' berds drew
 ' Great Derby beaten down; t' amaze the men of
 ' war, [Lancaster:
 ' When he for England cry'd, St. George, and
 ' And as mine author tells (in his high courage
 ' proud)
 ' Before his going forth, unto his mistress vow'd,
 ' He would begin the war: and, to make good the
 ' fame,
 ' Then setting foot in France, there first with ho-
 ' stile flame
 ' Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neigh-
 ' bouring towns to light;
 ' That suddenly they caught a fever with the
 ' fright. [made;
 ' Thin castle (near the town of Cambray) ours he
 ' And when the Spanish powers came (f) Britain
 ' to invade,
 ' Both of their aids and spoils, them utterly bereft.
 ' This English Lion, there, the Spaniards never left,
 ' Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis
 ' fly.
 ' And fame herself, to him, so amply did apply,
 ' That when the most unjust Calicians had fore-
 ' thought,
 ' Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to
 ' have brought,
 ' The (g) king of England's self, and his renown-
 ' son [done)
 ' By those perfidious French to see what would be
 ' Under his guydon march, as private soldiers
 ' there. [were;
 ' So had we still of ours, in France that famous
 ' Warwick, of England then high-constable that
 ' was,
 ' As other of that race, here well I cannot pass;
 ' That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamps,
 ' which so long
 ' Them Earls of Warwick held; so hardy, great,
 ' and strong,

(e) Sir Walter Maney.

(f) Little Britain in France.

(g) Edward III. and the Black Prince.

' That after of that name it to an adage grew,
 ' If any man himself advent'rous hapt to shew,
 ' (b) Bold Beauchamp men him term'd, if none
 ' so bold as he.
 ' With those our Beauchamps, may our Bour-
 ' chers reck'ned be,
 ' Of which, that valiant lord, most famous in
 ' those days, [frays;
 ' That hazarded in France so many dangerous
 ' Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the French
 ' and us,
 ' Like to a blazing star was ever ominous;
 ' A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.
 ' Next him, stout Cobham comes, that with as
 ' prosp'rous lot.
 ' Th' Englishmen hath led; by whose auspicious
 ' hand,
 ' We often have been known the Frenchmen to
 ' command.
 ' And Harcourt, though by birth an alien; yet,
 ' ours won,
 ' By England after held her dear adopted son:
 ' Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to
 ' do,
 ' Who with the hard'st attempts fame earnestly
 ' did woo: [stealth
 ' To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by
 ' (Within her mighty walls to have inclos'd their
 ' wealth) [took;
 ' Before her bulwark'd gates the burgesses he
 ' Whilst the Parisians, thence that sadly stood to
 ' look, [stead,
 ' And saw their faithful friends so woefully be-
 ' Not once durst issue out to help them, for their
 ' head.
 ' And our John Copland; here courageously
 ' at home
 ' (Whilst every where in France, those far abroad
 ' do roam)
 ' That at Newcastle fight (the battle of the queen,
 ' Where most the English hearts were to their so-
 ' vereign seen)
 ' Took David king of Scots, his prisoner in the
 ' fight, [might:
 ' Nor could these wars employ our only men of
 ' But as the queen by these did mighty things
 ' achieve;
 ' So those, to Britain sent the countess to relieve,
 ' As any yet of ours, two knights as much that
 ' dar'd,
 ' Stout Danghorn, and with him strong Hartwel
 ' honour shar'd;
 ' The dreaded Charles de Bloys, that at Rochdar-
 ' ren beat, [set.
 ' And on the royal seat, the countess Mountfort
 ' In each place where they came so fortunate
 ' were ours,
 ' Then, Audly, most renowned amongst those
 ' valiant powers,
 ' That with the Prince of Wales at conquer'd
 ' Poitiers fought;
 ' Such wonders that in arms before both armies
 ' wrought;

(b) Bold Beauchamp; a proverb.

' The first that charg'd the French; and, all tha
 ' dreadful day,
 ' Through still renewing worlds of danger made
 ' his way;
 ' The man that scorn'd to take a prisoner (through
 ' his pride)
 ' But by plain down-right death the title to de-
 ' cide.
 ' And after the retreat that famous battle done,
 ' Wherein rich spacious France was by the English
 ' won, [bestow'd
 ' Five hundred marks in fee, that noblest prince
 ' For his so brave attempts, through his high
 ' courage show'd.
 ' Which to his four Esquires (i) he freely gave,
 ' who there
 ' Vy'd valour with their lord; and in despite
 ' of fear,
 ' Oft fetcht that day from death, where wounds
 ' gap'd wide as hell;
 ' And cries, and parting groans, whereas the
 ' Frenchmen fell, [were,
 ' Even made the victors grieve, so horrible they
 ' Our Dabridgecourt the next shall be remem-
 ' bred here, [horse,
 ' At Poitiers who brake in upon the Alman
 ' Through his too forward speed: but, taken by
 ' their force,
 ' And after, by the turn of that so doubtful fight,
 ' Being rescu'd by his friends in Poitiers' fearful
 ' fight,
 ' Then like a lion rang'd about th' enemy's host:
 ' And where he might suppose the danger to be
 ' most, [dismay,
 ' Like lightning entred there, to his French foes
 ' To gratify his friends which rescued him that
 ' day.
 ' Then Chandos: whose great deeds found
 ' fame so much to do,
 ' That she was lastly forc'd, him for her ease to
 ' woo; [shone
 ' That minion of dread Mars, which almost over-
 ' All those before him were, and for him none
 ' scarce known, [won;
 ' At Cambray's scaled wall his credit first that
 ' And by the high exploits in France by him were
 ' done,
 ' Had all so over-aw'd, that by his very name
 ' He could remove a siege; and cities where he
 ' came
 ' Would at his summons yield. That man, the
 ' most belov'd,
 ' In all the ways of war so skilful and approv'd,
 ' The (k) Prince at Poitiers chose his person to
 ' assist.
 ' This stout Herculean stem, this noble martialist,
 ' In battle 'twixt brave Bloys and noble Mount-
 ' fort, try'd
 ' At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,
 ' Rag'd like a furious storm beyond the power of
 ' man, [English wan
 ' Where valiant Charles was slain, and the stern

(i) The honourable bounty of the Lord Audley.

(k) The Black Prince.

- ' The royal British rule to Mountfort's nobler
 ' name.
 ' He took strong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did
 ' tame.
 ' Gavaches he regain'd, and us Rochmador got.
 ' Where-ever lay'd he siege that he invested not?
 ' As this brave warrior was, so no less dear to
 ' us,
 ' The rival in his fame, his only æmulus,
 ' Renown'd Sir Robert Knowles, that in his glo-
 ' ries shar'd,
 ' His chivalry and oft in present perils dar'd;
 ' As nature should with time, at once by these
 ' consent [spent.
 ' To show, that all their store they idly had not
 ' He Vermandoise o'er-ran with skill and courage
 ' high;
 ' Notoriously he plagu'd revolting Picardy:
 ' That up to Paris walls did all before him win,
 ' And dar'd her at her gates (the king that time
 ' within)
 ' A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame.
 ' Then those stout Percyes, John, and Thomas,
 ' men of name.
 ' The valiant Gourney, next, deservedly we grace,
 ' And Howet, that with him assumes as high a
 ' place.
 ' Strong Trivet, all whose ends at great adven-
 ' tures shot: [lot,
 ' That conquer'd us Mount Pin, and castle Carci-
 ' As famous in the French, as in the Belgic war;
 ' Who took the Lord Brimewe; and with the
 ' great Navarre,
 ' In Papaloon, attain'd an everlasting praise.
 ' Courageous Carill next, than whom those glo-
 ' rious days
 ' Produc'd not any spirit that through more dan-
 ' gers swam.
 ' That princely Thomas next, the Earl of Buck-
 ' ingham,
 ' To Brittany through France that our stout En-
 ' glish brought,
 ' Which under his command with such high for-
 ' tune fought
 ' As put the world in fear Rome from her cin-
 ' ders rose,
 ' And of this earth again meant only to dispose.
 ' Thrice valiant Hackwood then, out-shining all
 ' the rest,
 ' From London at the first a poor mean soldier
 ' prest
 ' (That time but very young) to those great wars
 ' in France,
 ' By his brave service there himself did so ad-
 ' vance, [done
 ' That afterward, the heat of those great battles
 ' (In which he to his name immortal glory won)
 ' Leading six thousand horse, let his brave guy-
 ' don fly.
 ' So, passing through east France, and ent'ring
 ' Lombardy,
 ' By th' greatness of his fame, attain'd so high
 ' command,
 ' That to his charge he got the white Italian
 ' band,
 ' With (I) Mountferato then in all his wars he
 ' went:
 ' Whose clear report abroad by fames still trum-
 ' pet sent,
 ' Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan
 ' after won, [gun;
 ' To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then be-
 ' By (m) Barnaby, there made the Milanese
 ' guide:
 ' His daughter, who, to him, fair Domina, affy'd.
 ' For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous
 ' battles stroke,
 ' And with a noble siege revolted Pavia took.
 ' And there, as fortune rose, or as she did decline,
 ' Now with the Pisan serv'd, then with the Flo-
 ' rentine:
 ' The use of th' English bows to Italy that
 ' brought;
 ' By which he, in those wars, seem'd wonders to
 ' have wrought.
 ' Our Henry Hotspur next, for high achieve-
 ' ment meet,
 ' Who with the thundering noise of his swift
 ' courfers feet,
 ' Aston'd the earth, that day, that he in Holm-
 ' don's strife
 ' Took Douglas, with the Earls of Angus, and of
 ' Fyfe.
 ' And whilst those hardy Scots, upon the firm
 ' earth bled,
 ' With his revengeful sword swicht after them
 ' that fled.
 ' Then Calverly, which keeps us Calais with
 ' such skill, [fill:
 ' His honour'd room shall have our catalogue to
 ' Who, when th' rebellious French, their liberty
 ' to gain,
 ' From us our ancient right unjustly did detain
 ' (T' let Bullen understand our just conceived ire)
 ' Her suburbs, and her ships, sent up to heaven in
 ' fire:
 ' Estaples then toke in that day she held her fair,
 ' Whose merchandise he let his soldiers freely
 ' share;
 ' And got us back Saint Marks, which loosely we
 ' had lost. [most,
 ' Amongst these famous men, of us deserving
 ' In these of great'st report, we gloriously prefer,
 ' For that his naval fight, John Duke of Exeter;
 ' The puissant fleet of Jean (which France to her
 ' did call)
 ' Who mercilessly sunk, and slew her admiral.
 ' And one, for single fight, amongst our mar-
 ' tial men,
 ' Deserves remembrance here as worthily again;
 ' Our Clifford, that brave, young, and most cou-
 ' rageous squire:
 ' Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great desire
 ' Unto the English name a high report to win,
 ' Slew Bockmel hand to hand at castle Jocelin,
 ' Suppos'd the noblest spirit that France could
 ' then produce. [muse,
 ' Now, forward to thy task proceed, industrious

(I) The Marquis of Montferato.

(m) Brother to Galeazzo, Viscount of Milan.

' To him, above them all, our power that did ad-
 ' vance ;
 ' John Duke of Bedford, styl'd the fire-brand to
 ' sad France : [sent,
 ' Who to remove the foe from sieged Harflew,
 ' Affrighted them like death ; and as at sea he
 ' went,
 ' The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Nep-
 ' tune roar'd,
 ' The whilst those mighty ships out of their scup-
 ' pers pour'd [face.
 ' Their trayterous cluttred gore upon his wrinkled
 ' He took strong Ivery in : and like his kingly
 ' race,
 ' There down before Vernoyle the English stand-
 ' ard stuck : [luck,
 ' And having on his helm his conquering brother's
 ' Alanzon on the field and doughty Douglass laid,
 ' Which brought the Scottish power unto the
 ' Dauphin's aid ;
 ' And with his fatal sword, gave France her fill
 ' of death,
 ' Till wearied with her wounds, she gasping lay
 ' for breath. [abet,
 ' Then, as if powerful heaven our part did there
 ' Still did one noble spirit, a noble spirit beget.
 ' So, Salisbury arose ; from whom, as from a
 ' source [force.
 ' All valour seem'd to flow, and to maintain her
 ' From whom not all their forts could hold our
 ' treacherous foes. [lose.
 ' Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did
 ' Against the envious French, at Cravant then
 ' came on ;
 ' As sometime at the siege of high-rear'd Ilion,
 ' The gods descending, mix'd with mortals in the
 ' fight : [might,
 ' And in his leading, shaw'd such valour and such
 ' As though his hand had held a more than earth-
 ' ly power ;
 ' Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,
 ' The French and Scottish force that day, which
 ' bravely led ; [fled.
 ' Where few at all escap'd, and yet the wounded
 ' Mount Aguilon, and Mouns, great Salisbury
 ' surpris'd :
 ' § What time (I think in hell) that (p) instru-
 ' ment devis'd,
 ' The first appeared in France, as a prodigious
 ' birth
 ' To plague the wretched world, sent from the
 ' envious earth ;
 ' Whose very roaring seem'd the mighty round
 ' to shake,
 ' As though of all again it would a chaos make.
 ' This famous general then got Gwerland to our
 ' use,
 ' And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and
 ' La Suise, [Lyle,
 ' St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Susan, Mayon,
 ' The Hermitage, Mountseure, Baugency, and
 ' Yanvile.

(p) Great ordnance.

' Then he (in all her shapes that dreadful war
 ' had seen,
 ' And that with danger oft so conversant had been,
 ' As for her threats at last he seem'd not once to
 ' care,
 ' And fortune to her face advent'rously durst dare)
 ' The Earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marshal that
 ' great day
 ' At Agincourt, where France before us prostrate
 ' lay
 ' (Our battles every where that Hector-like sup-
 ' ply'd,
 ' And march'd o'er murder'd piles of French-
 ' men as they dy'd)
 ' Invested Aubemerle, rich Cowcy making our's,
 ' And at the Bishop's Park o'erthrew the dau-
 ' phin's powers.
 ' Through whose long time in war, his credit so
 ' increas'd,
 ' That he supply'd the room of Salisbury deceas'd.
 ' In this our warlike rank, the two stout Af-
 ' tons then,
 ' Sir Richard and Sir John, so truly valiant men,
 ' That ages yet to come shall hardly over-top 'em,
 ' Umfrevil, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton,
 ' Popham.
 ' All men of great command, and highly that de-
 ' serv'd :
 ' Courageous Ramston next, so faithfully that
 ' serv'd
 ' At Paris, and St. James de Beneon, where we
 ' gave,
 ' The French those deadly foils, that ages since
 ' deprave
 ' The credit of those times, with these so won-
 ' d'rous things,
 ' The memory of which, great Warwick for-
 ' ward brings.
 ' Who (as though in his blood he conquest did
 ' inherit,
 ' Or in the very name there were some secret spirit)
 ' Being chosen for these wars in our great re-
 ' gent's place
 ' (A deadly foe to France, like his brave Ro-
 ' man rage)
 ' The castilets of Loyre, of Maiet, and of Lund,
 ' Mountdublian, and the strong Pountorson beat
 ' to ground.
 ' Then he, above them all, himself that fought
 ' to raise,
 ' Upon some mountain top, like a Piramides ;
 ' Our Talbot, to the French so terrible in war,
 ' That with his very name their babes they us'd
 ' to scar,
 ' Took in the strong Lavall, and Main all over ran,
 ' As the betrayed Mons he from the marshal wan,
 ' And from the treacherous foe our valiant Suf-
 ' folk freed.
 ' His sharp and dreadful sword made France so
 ' oft to bleed,
 ' Till fainting with her wounds, she on her wreck
 ' did fall ;
 ' Took Ioling, where he hung her traitors on the
 ' wall ;

And with as fair success won Beaumont upon
 Oyse,
 The new town in Esmoy, and Crispin in Valloies:
 Creile, with St. Maxine's-Bridge; and at Au-
 ranthe's aid,
 Before whose batter'd walls the foe was strong-
 ly laid,
 March'd in, as of the siege at all he had not
 known;
 And happily reliev'd the hardly-gotten Roan:
 Who at the very hint came with auspicious feet,
 Whereas the traiterous French he miserably beat.
 And having overspread all Picardy with war,
 Proud Burgaine to the field he lastly sent to dare,
 Which with his English friends so oft his faith
 had broke:
 Whose countries he made mourn in clouds of
 smouldring smoak:
 Then Guyfours he again, then did St. Denis raze:
 His parallel, with him, the valiant Scales we
 praise;
 Which oft put sword to sword, and foot to foot
 did set:
 And that the first alone the garland might not get,
 With him hath hand in hand leap'd into dan-
 ger's jaws;
 And oft would forward put, where Talbot stood
 to pause;
 Equality in fame, which with an equal lot,
 Both at St. Denis' siege, and batter'd Guyfours got.
 Before Pont-Orson's walls, who, when great
 Warwick lay
 (And he with soldiers sent a foraging for prey)
 Six thousand French o'erthrew with half their
 numbred powers,
 And absolutely made both Main and Anjou ours.
 To Willoughby the next, the place by turn
 doth fall; [all:
 Whose courage likely was to bear it from them
 With admiration oft on whom they stood to
 look,
 St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges
 shook:
 In Burgundy that forc'd the recreant French to
 fly, [dy:
 And beat the rebels down disordering Norman-
 That Amiens near laid waste (whose strengths
 her could not save)
 And the perfidious French out of the country
 drave.
 With these, another troop of noble spirits
 there sprung,
 That with the foremost prest into the warlike
 throng.
 The first of whom we place that stout Sir Phi-
 lip Hall,
 So famous in the fight against the Count St. Paul,
 That Crotoy us regain'd: and in the conflict
 'twixt
 The English and the French, that with the Scot
 were mix'd,
 On proud Charles Clermont won that admira-
 ble day.
 Strong Fastolph with this man compare we
 justly may,

By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd
 In many a brave attempt, the general foe an-
 noy'd:
 With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought:
 And many a bulwark there into our keeping
 brought;
 And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in war,
 Most resolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre-
 The valiant Draytons then, Sir Richard and
 Sir John,
 By any English spirits yet hardly overgone;
 The fame they got in France, with costly wounds
 that bought: [fought.
 In Gascony and Guyne, who oft and stoutly
 Then, valiant Matthew Gough: for whom
 the English were
 Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles
 there,
 Or sieging or besieg'd that never fail'd our force,
 Oft hazarding his blood in many a desperate
 course.
 He beat the Bastard Balme with his selected band,
 And at his castle-gate surpriz'd him hand to
 hand,
 And spight of all his power away him prisoner
 bare.
 Our hardy Burdet then with him we will
 compare,
 Besieg'd within St. James de Beneon, issuing out,
 Crying Salisbury, St. George, with such a horrid
 shout,
 That cleft the wand'ring clouds; and with his
 valiant crew
 Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,
 And Arthur Earl of Eure and Richmond took
 in fight:
 Then following them (in heat) the army put
 to flight:
 The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a geno-
 ral sack,
 As, flying, one fell still upon another's back;
 Where our six hundred slew so many thousands
 more.
 At our so good success, that once a Frenchman
 swore [fide,
 That God was wholly turn'd unto the English.
 And to assist the French the Devil had deny'd.
 Then here our Kerril claims his room amongst
 the rest, [best.
 Who justly, if compar'd, might match our very
 He in our wars in France with our great Tal-
 bot oft,
 With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and
 then aloft,
 Endur'd the sundry turns of often varying fate;
 At Clermont seiz'd the earl before his city gate,
 Eight hundred faithless French who took or put
 to sword;
 And, by his valour, twice to Artois us restor'd.
 In this our service then great Arondel doth
 ensue,
 The marshal Boufack who in Beuvoys overthrew;
 And in despight of France and all her power,
 did win [lin;
 The castles Darle, Nellay, St. Lawrence, Bome-

' Took Silly, and Count Lore at Sellerin subdu'd,
 ' Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he
 'imbru'd :
 ' Revolted Loveers sack'd, and manfully suppress'd
 ' Those rebels that so oft did Normandy molest.
 ' As Poynings, such high praise in Guelder-
 ' land that got,
 ' On the Savoyan side, that with our English shot
 ' Struck warlike Aisk, and Straule, when Flanders
 ' shook with fear.
 ' As Howard, by whose hand we so renowned
 ' were :
 ' Whose great success at sea, much fam'd our
 ' English fleet :
 ' That in a naval fight the Scottish Barton beat ;
 ' And setting foot in France, her horribly did
 ' fright :
 ' (As if great Chandos' ghost, or feared Talbot's
 ' sp'rit
 ' Had come to be their scourge, their fame again
 ' to earn)
 ' Who having stoutly sack'd both Narbin and De-
 ' verne,
 ' The castles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took us there,
 ' Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Da-
 ' veere ;
 ' In Scotland, and again the marches east to west,
 ' Did with invasive war most terribly infest.
 ' A nobler of that name, the Earl of Surry then,
 ' That famous heroe fit both for the spear and pen
 ' (From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward
 ' Scottish king
 ' In his victorious troop who home with him
 ' did bring)
 ' Rebellious Ireland scourg'd, in Britany and wan
 ' Us Morles. Happy time that breed'd so brave
 ' a man !
 ' To Cobham, next, the place deservedly doth
 ' fall : [miral,
 ' In France who then employed with our great ad-
 ' In his successful road blew Sellois up in fire,
 ' Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Samkerke
 ' and Mansier.
 ' Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas, shall
 ' be hid,
 ' That at the field of Spurres by Tirwyn stoutly
 ' did.
 ' Sands, Guyldford, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams
 ' and with them,
 ' Brave Dacres, Musgrave, Bray, Coe, Wharton,
 ' Jerningham,
 ' Great martialists, and men that were renowned far
 ' At sea ; some in the French, some in the Scot-
 ' tish war.
 ' Courageous Randolph then, that serv'd with
 ' great command,
 ' Before Newhaven first, and then in Ireland.
 ' The long-renown'd Lord Gray, whose spirit we
 ' oft did try ;
 ' A man that with dread Mars stood in account
 ' most high.
 ' Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us
 ' that wan, [gan :
 ' When in our maiden reign the Belgic war be-

' Who with our friends the Dutch, for England
 ' stoutly stood,
 ' When Netherland first learn'd to lavish gold
 ' and blood.
 ' Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales
 ' might vaunt)
 ' His martial compeer then, and brave commili-
 ' tant :
 ' Whose conflicts, with the French and Spanish
 ' manly fought,
 ' Much honour to their names, and to the Britons
 ' brought.
 ' Th' Lord Willoughby may well be reckon'd
 ' with the rest,
 ' Inferior not a whit to any of our best ;
 ' A man so made for war, as though from Pal-
 ' las sprung.
 ' Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,
 ' Himself in Belgia well, and Ireland, who did
 ' bear ;
 ' Our only schools of war this later time that were.
 ' As Stanly, whose brave act at Zurphen's service
 ' done, [won.
 ' Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood
 ' Our noblest Norris next, whose fame shall ne-
 ' ver die [tany :
 ' Whilst Belgia shall be known ; or there's a Bri-
 ' In whose brave height of spirit, time seem'd as
 ' to restore
 ' Those, who to th' English name such honour
 ' gain'd of yore.
 ' Great Essex of our peers the last that e'er we
 ' knew ; [new ;
 ' Th' old world's heroes lives who likeli'st did re-
 ' The soldier's only hope, who stoutly serv'd in
 ' France ; [vance
 ' And on the towers of Cales as proudly did ad-
 ' Our English ensigns then, and made Iberia quake.
 ' When as our warlike fleet rode on the surging
 ' lake,
 ' T' receive that city's spoil, which set her bat-
 ' ter'd gate
 ' Wide ope, t' affrighted Spain to see her wretch-
 ' ed state.
 ' Next, Charles, Lord Mountjoy, sent to Ire-
 ' land to suppress
 ' The envious rebel there ; by whose most fair
 ' success,
 ' The trowzed Irish led by their unjust Tyrone,
 ' And the proud Spanish force were justly over-
 ' thrown.
 ' That still Kingsale shall keep and faithful record
 ' bear,
 ' What by the English prowess was executed there.
 ' Then liv'd those valiant Veres, both men of
 ' great command
 ' In our employments long : whose either martial
 ' hand
 ' Reach'd at the highest wreath, it from the top
 ' to get. [set.
 ' Which on the proudest head, fame yet had ever
 ' Our Dokwray, Morgan next, Sir Samuel Bag-
 ' nall, then [pen ;
 ' Stout Lambert, such as well deserve a living

' True martialists, and knights, of noble spirit
 ' and wit. [fit,
 ' The valiant Cecil last, for great employment
 ' Deservedly in war the lat'st of ours that rose:
 ' Whose honour every hour, and fame still great-
 ' er grows.' [her song,
 When now the Kentish nymphs do interrupt
 By letting Medway know she tarried had too long
 Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,
 Yet for their nobler Kent she nought or little said.
 When as the pliant muse, straight turning her
 about,
 And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,
 Saluting the dear soil, ' O famous Kent, quoth she,
 ' What country hath this isle that can compare
 ' with thee, [with?
 ' Which hast within thyself as much as thou canst
 ' Thy conies, ven'son, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and
 ' fish:
 ' As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy
 ' corn, thy wood:
 ' Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.
 ' Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots
 ' upon the rise,
 ' Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice
 ' With cherries, which we say, the summer in
 ' doth bring,
 ' Where with Pomona crowns the plump and
 ' lustful spring;
 ' From whose deep ruddy cheek, sweet Zephyr
 ' kisses steals,
 ' With their delicious touch his love-sick heart
 ' that heals.
 ' Whose golden gardens seem th' Hesperides to
 ' mock: [cock,
 ' Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apri-
 ' Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the
 ' king,
 ' The apple-orange; then the savoury russettan:
 ' The pear-main, which to France long e'er to us
 ' was known, [own.
 ' Which careful fruit'ers now have denizen'd our
 ' The renat: which though first it from the pip-
 ' pin came,
 ' Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that
 ' curious name,
 ' Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set;
 ' As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget
 ' (Both by the fire and dame being anciently de-
 ' scended [amended.
 ' The issue born of them, his blood hath much
 ' The sweetening, for whose sake the plowboys oft
 ' make war: [water,
 ' The wilding, costard, then the well-known pom-
 ' And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several
 ' taste,
 ' That have their sundry names in sundry coun-
 ' tries plac'd:
 ' Unto whose dear increase the gardner spends
 ' his life,
 ' With piercer, wimble, saw; his mallet, and his
 ' knife; [root,
 ' Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned
 ' As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly sute:

' And their selected plants doth workman-like
 ' bestow,
 ' That in true order they conveniently may grow.
 ' And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labour.
 ' ing ant, [plant:
 ' Which many times annoy the graft and tender
 ' Or else maintains the plot much starved with
 ' the wet,
 ' Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set:
 ' Or scrapeth off the moss, the trees that oft annoy.'
 But with these trifling things why idly do I toy,
 Who any way the time intend not to prolong?
 To those Thamisian isles now nimbly turns my
 song,
 Fair Shepey and the Greane sufficiently supply'd,
 To beautify the place where Medway shews her
 pride.
 But Greane seems most of all the Medway to
 adore, [shore,
 And Tenet standing forth to the (q) Rhutupian
 shore,
 By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again
 From Gaul; where after he by Hercules was slain.
 For earth-born Albion then, then Great Neptune's
 eldest son,
 Ambitious of the fame by stern Alcides won,
 Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard
 fight, [might;
 Twelve labours which before accomplish'd by his
 His daughters then but young (on whom was all
 his care)
 Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare:
 With whom those isles he left; and will'd her for
 his sake,
 That in their grandfire's court she much of them
 would make:
 But Tenet, th' eld'st of three, when Albion was
 to go,
 Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave
 him so,
 There at the giant raught: which was perceiv'd
 by chance: [France;
 This loving isle would else have followed him to
 To make the channel wide that then he forced
 was, [pass.
 § Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to
 Thus Tenet being stay'd, and surely settled
 there, [bear,
 Who nothing less than want and idleness could
 Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground.
 With sundry sorts of grain whilst thus she doth
 abound,
 She falls in love with Stour, which coming down
 ' by Wye, [ply.
 And towards the goodly isle, his feet doth nimbly
 To Canterbury then as kindly he resorts,
 His famous country thus he gloriously reports;
 ' O noble Kent, quoth he, this praise doth thee
 ' belong, [wrong.
 ' The hard'st to be controul'd, impatientest of
 ' Who, when the Norman first with pride and
 ' horror sway'd, [laid;
 ' Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English
 (q) Near Sandwich.

' And with a high resolve, most bravely didst
 ' restore
 ' That liberty so long enjoy'd by thee before.
 ' § Not suff'ring foreign laws should thy free cus-
 ' toms bind, [kind.
 ' Then only shew'd'st thyself of th' ancient Saxon
 ' Of all th' English shires be thou furnam'd the
 ' Free,
 ' § And foremost ever plac'd, when they shall
 ' reckon'd be.
 ' And let this town, which chief of thy rich coun-
 ' try is,
 ' Of all the British sees be still Metropolis.
 Which having said, the Stour to Tenet him
 doth hie,
 Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,
 Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth
 lay,
 The other thrusting out into the Celtic sea.
 § Grim Goodwin all this while seems grievously
 to lowre,
 Nor cares he of a straw for Tenet, nor her Stour;
 Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France
 Since mighty Albion's fall by war's uncertain
 chance.
 Who, since his wish'd revenge not all this while
 is had,
 'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad;
 That when the rolling tide doth stir him with
 her waves,
 Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he
 raves,

And strives to swallow up the sea-marks in his
 deep, [keep.
 That warn the wand'ring ships out of his jaws to
 The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply,
 If possibly, to cure his grievous malady:
 As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmost prove,
 By all the means they could, his madness to re-
 move.
 From Greenwich to these sands, some scurvy-
 grafs do bring, [thing.
 That inwardly apply'd's a wond'rous sovereign
 From Shepey, sea-moss some, to cool his boiling
 blood;
 Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,
 Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of sampyre, to
 excite
 His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.
 Now, Shepey, when she found she could no
 farther wade
 After her mighty fire, betakes her to his trade,
 With sheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to
 heed,
 And cherisheth the kind of those choice Kentish
 breed.
 Of villages she holds as husbandly a port,
 As any British isle that neighboureth Neptune's
 court.
 But Greane, as much as she her father that did
 love [move)
 (And, then the inner land, no farther could re-
 In such continual grief for Albion doth abide,
 That almost understood she weepeth every tide.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUT of Suffex, into its eastern neighbour, Kent, this canto leads you. It begins with Rother, whose running through the woods, in inisling Oxney, and such like, poetically here described is plain enough to any apprehending conceit; and upon Medway's song of our martial and heroic spirits, because a large volume might be written to explain their glory in particular action, and in less comprehension, without wrong to many worthies it is not performable, I have omitted all illustration of that kind, and left you to the muse herself.

That Limen then was named.—

So the author conjectures; that Rother's mouth was the place called Limen, at which the Danes in the time of King Alfred made irruption; which he must (I think) maintain by adding like-

lihood that Rother then fell into the ocean about Hith; where (as the relics of the name in Lime, and the distance from Canterbury in Antoninus, making (a) Portus Lemanis, which is misprinted in Surata's edition, Pontem Lemanis, sixteen miles off) it seems Limen, then also, there was it discharged out of the land. But for the author's words read this; *Equesfris Paganorum exercitus cum suis equis CCL. navibus Cantiam transvectus in Ostio Amnis Limen qui de sylva magna Andred nominata decurrit, applicuit, à cujus ostio llll. milliariis in eandem sylvam naves suas sursum traxit, ubi quandam arcem semistructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt, aliamque sibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur Apultrea construxerunt*, which are the syllables of Florence of Worcester; and with him in substance fully agrees Matthew of Westminster; nor can I think but

(v) Lemanis in novt. utr. provinc.

that they imagined Ryē (where now Rother hath its mouth) to be this port of Limen, as the muse here; if you respect her direct terms. Henry of Huntingdom names no river at all, but lands them *ad portum Limene cum 250 navibus qui portus est in Orientalie parte Gnet juxta magnum nemus Andredslaige*. How Rother's mouth can be properly said in the east (but rather in the south part) of Kent, I conceive not, and am of the adverse part, thinking clearly that Hith must be Portus Lemani, which is that coast, as also learned Camden teaches, whose authority cited out of Huntingdon, being near the same time with Florence might be perhaps thought but as of equal credit; therefore I call another witness that (b) lived not much past L. years after his arrival) in these words: *In Limneo portu constituunt puppes, Apoldre*, (so I read, for the print is corrupted) *loco condito Orientali Cantie parte, destruantque ibi prisco opere castrum propter quod rustica manus exigua quippe intrinsecus erat, illicque biberna castra confirmant*. Out of which you note both that no river, but a port only, is spoken of, and that the ships were left in the shore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed their companies to Appledore. The words of this Ethelred I respect much more than the later stories, and I would advise my reader to incline so with me.

What time I think in bell that instrument devised.

He means a gun; wherewith that most noble and right martial Thomas Montague Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Orleans in the time of Henry VI. was slain. The first inventor of them (I guess you dislike not the addition) was one (c) Berthold Swartz (others say Constantius Anklitzen a Dutch monk and chymist) who having in a mortar, sulphurous powder for medicine, covered with a stone, a spark of fire by chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame removed the stone; which he observing, made use afterwards of the like in little pipes of iron, and shewed the use to the Venetians in their war with the Genoese at Chioggia about 1380. Thus is the common assertion: but I see as good (d) authority, that it was used above twenty years before in the Danish seas. I will not dispute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with Salmonius's imitation of thunder, Archimedes's engines, and such like; nor tell you that the Chinese had it, and printing, so many ages before us, as Mendoza Maffey and others deliver; but not with persuading credit to all their readers.

Whereas some say before he used on foot to pass.

The allusion is to Britain's being heretofore joined to Gaul in this straight betwixt Dover and

Calais (some thirty miles over) as some moderns have conjectured. That learned antiquary I. Twine is very confident in it, and derives the name from *Brith*, signifying (as he says) as much as *Duith*, i. e. a separation in Welsh, whence the (e) Isle of Wight was so called; Guith and Wight being soon made of each other. Of this opinion is the late Verstegan, as you may read in him; and for examination of it, our great light of antiquity Camden hath proposed divers considerations, in which, experience of particulars must direct. Howsoever this was in truth, it is as likely, for ought I see, as that Cyprus was once joined to Syria, Eubœa (now Negropont) to Bœotia, Atalante to Eubœa, Belbicum to Bithynia, Leucônia to Thrace, as is (f) affirmed; and Sicily (whose like our island is) was certainly broken off from the continent of Italy, as both Virgil expressly, Strabo and Pliny deliver; and also the names of Rhegium, (g) *ῥαῖονα τὸ Πηγυρῶνας*, and of the self Sicily; which rather than from *Secare*, I derive from (h) *Sicilire*, which is of the same signification and nearer in analogy: Claudian calls the isle

———— *Diducta Britannia Munda;*

and Virgil hath

———— *Toto divisos orbe Britannos.*

Where Servius is of opinion, that, for this purpose, the learned poet used that phrase. And it deserves inquisition, how beasts of rapine, as foxes and such like, came first into this island, (for England and Wales, as now Scotland and Ireland, had store of wolves, until some three hundred years since) if it were not joined to a firm land, that either by like conjunction, or narrow passage of swimming, might receive them from that continent where the ark rested, which is Armenia. That men desired to transport them, is not likely; and a learned (i) Jesuit hath conjectured, that the West-Indies are therefore, or have been, joined with firm land, because they have lions, wolves, panthers, and such like, which in the Bremudas, Cuba, Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and other remote isles, are not found. But no place here to dispute the question.

Not suffering foreign laws should thy free customs bind.

To explain it, I thus English you a fragment of an old (k) monk: "When the Norman Conqueror had the day, he came to Dover castle, that he might with the same subdue Kent also; wherefore, Stigand archbishop, and Egelfin ab-

(b) Ethelwerd. lib. 4. cap. 4.

(c) v. Polyd. de Invent. rer. 7. cap. 3. & Salmonuth. ad G. Panciroll. 2. tit. 18.

(d) Achilles Gassar. ap. Munst. Cosmog. 3.

(e) Sam. Beulan. ad Nennium.

(f) Plin. hist. Nat. 2. cap. 88.

(g) From breaking off. Trog. hist. 4. & Strab. 2.

(h) Varr. de re rustic 1. cap. 49.

(i) Joseph. Acoft. de natur. novi orbis 1. cap. 20 & 21.

(k) Tho. Spotus ap. Lamb. in explic. verb.

“bot, as the chief of that shire, observing that
 “now whereas heretofore no villains” (*the Latin*
is, nullus fuerat servus, and applying it to our law-
phrase, I translate it) “had been in England, they
 “should be now all in bondage to the Nor-
 “mans, they assembled all the county, and shew-
 “ed the imminent dangers, the insolence of the
 “Normans, and the hard condition of Villainage:
 “They, resolving all rather to die than lose their
 “freedom, purpose to encounter with the duke
 “for their country’s liberty. Their captains are
 “the archbishop and abbot. Upon an appointed
 “day they meet all at Swanescumb, and harbour-
 “ing themselves in the woods, with boughs in
 “every man’s hand, they encompass his way.
 “The next day, the duke coming by Swanescumb,
 “seemed to see with amazement, as it were, a
 “wood approaching towards him; the Kentish
 “men, at the sound of a trumpet, take themselves
 “to arms, when presently the archbishop and ab-
 “bot were sent to the duke, and saluted him with
 “these words: Behold, sir duke, the Kentish
 “men come to meet you, willing to receive you
 “as their liege lord, upon that condition, that
 “they may for ever enjoy their ancient liberties
 “and laws used among their ancestors; other-
 “wise presently offering war; being ready rather
 “to die, than undergo a yoke of bondage; and
 “lose their ancient laws. The Norman in this
 “narrow pinch, not so willingly, as wisely, granted
 “the desire; and hostages given on both sides, the
 “Kentish men direct the Normans to Rochester,
 “and deliver them the county and the castle of
 “Dover.” Hither is commonly referred the re-
 taining of ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is
 certain, that special customs they have in their
 Gavelkind (although now many of their gentle-
 men’s possessions (*l*) are altered in that part) suf-
 fering for felony, without forfeiture of estate, and
 such like, as in particular, with many other dili-
 gent traditions you have in Lambard’s perambu-
 lation; yet the report of Thomas Spot, is not,
 methinks, of clear credit, as well by reason that
 no warrant of the historians about the conquest
 affirms it (and this monk lived under Ed. I.) as
 also for his commixture of a fauxete about vil-
 lainage, saying it was not in England before that
 time, which is apparently false by divers testi-

monies. (*m*) *Gif weow* (says King Ines’s laws)
wyrce on Sunnan dag. be his Hlafordes hæst sy befreo;
 and, under Edward the Confessor, *Thorold of Beau-*
chenale grants to the abbey of Crowland his man-
 nor of Spalding, with all the apurtenances, *scilicet*
Colgrinum præpositum meum, & totam sequelam suam,
cum omnibus bonis & catallis, quæ habet in dicta villa,
&c. Item Hardingum fabrum & totam sequelam suam;
 and the young wench of Andover, that Edgar
 was in love with, was a Nief. But for Kent,
 perhaps it might be true, that no villains were in
 it, seeing since that time it hath been adjudged in
 our (*n*) law, that one born there could not, with-
 out consents of record, be a villain.

And foremost ever plac’d when they shall reckon’d be.

For this honour of the Kentish, hear one (*o*)
 that wrote it about Henry II. *Enodus* (as some
 copies are, but others, *Cinidus*; and perhaps it
 should be so, or rather *Cnodus*, for King Cnut;
 or else I cannot conjecture what) *quantâ virtute*
Anglorum, Dacos Danosque fregerit motusque compescue-
rit Noricorum, vel ex eo perspicuum est, quod ob egregiæ
virtutis meritum quam ibidem potentur & patenter ex-
ercuit, Cantia nostra, primæ cohortis honorem &
primus congressus hostium usque in bodiænum diem in
omnibus præliis obtinet. Provincia quoque Severiana,
quæ moderno usu & nomine ab incolis Wiltesira vocatur,
eadem jure sibi vendicat Cohortem subsidiariam, adjecit
sibi Devoniâ & Cornubiâ. Briefly, it had the first
 English king, in it was the first Christianity a-
 mong the English, and Canterbury then honour-
 ed with the metropolitick see; all which give note
 of honourable prerogative.

Grim Goodwin but the while seems grievously to
lowre.

That is, Goodwin sands, which is reported to
 have been the patrimony (*p*) of that Goodwin
 Earl of Kent, under Edward the Confessor, swal-
 lowed into the ocean by a strange tempest some-
 what after the conquest, and is now as a floating
 isle or quicksand, very dangerous to sailors, some-
 times as fixt, sometimes moving, as the muse
 describes.

(*l*) Stat. 31. Hen. 8. cap. 3.

(*m*) If a villain work on Sunday by his Lord’s
 command, he shall be free.

(*n*) Itin. Cornub. 30. Ed. 1. *Dillenage* 46.

& Mich. 5. Ed. 2. MS. in Bibliothec. Int. Templ.
 cas. John de Garton.

(*o*) Joh. Sarisbur. de Nugis curial. 6. cap. 18.

(*p*) Hecl. Boeth. hist. Scotic. 12. & Jo. Twin.
 Albion. 1.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE NINETEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The muse, now over Thames makes forth,
Upon her progress to the north,
From Cauney with a full carrer,
She up against the stream doth bear;
Where Waltham Forest's pride exprest,
She points directly to the East.
And shews how all those rivers strain
Through Essex to the German main;
When Stour, with Orwel's aid prefers,
Our British brave sea-voyagers;
Half Suffolk in with them she takes,
Where of this song an end she makes,

BEAR bravely up my muse, the way thou went'st
before, [shore,
And cross the kingly Thames to the Essexian
Stem up his tideful stream, upon that side to rise,
Where (a) Cauney, Albion's child in-isled richly
lies,
Which, though her lower scite doth make her
seem but mean,
Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,
And him as dearly lov'd; for when he would
depart,
With Hercules to fight, she took it so to heart,

(a) An island lying in the Thames, on Essex side.

That falling low and flat, her blubber'd face to
hide,
By Thames she well near is surrounded every tide,
And since of wordly state, she never taketh keep:
But only gives herself, to tend and milk her sheep.
But muse, from her so low, divert thy high-set
song [along
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee
The forests, and the floods, and most exactly show,
How these in order stand, how those directly
flow;
For in that happy soil, doth pleasure ever won,
Through forests, where clear rills in wild mead-
ders run;

Where dainty summer bowers, and arborets are made,

Cut out of bushy thicks, for coolness of the shade.
Fools gaze at painted courts, to th' country let

me go, [low;
To climb the easy hill, then walk the valley
No gold-embossed roofs, to me are like the woods;

No bed like to the grass, no liquor like the floods:
A city's but a sink, gay houses gawdy graves,
The muses have free leave, to starve or live in caves. [estate,

But (b) Waltham forest still in prosperous
As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)
Above her neighbour nymphs, and holds her head aloft;

A turf beyond them all, so fleke and wondrous soft,

Upon her setting side, by goodly London grac'd,
Upon the north by Lea, her south by Thames embrac'd.

Upon her rising point, she chanced to espy,
A dainty forest nymph of her society.

Fair (c) Hatfield, which in height all other did surmount,

And of the Dryades held in very high account;
Yet in respect of her stood far out of the way,
Who doubting of herself, by others late decay,
Her sister's glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,
Whom Waltham wisely thus reproveth by and by.

' Dear sister rest content, nor our declining rue,
' What thing is in this world, that we can say is new;

' The ridge and furrow shews, that once the crooked plough,

' Turn'd up the grassy turf, where oaks are rooted now: [tear

' And at this hour we see, the share and coulter

' The full corn-bearing glebe, where sometimes forests were;

' And those but caitiffs are, which most do seek our spoil, [foil;

' Who having sold our woods, do lastly sell our

' 'Tis virtue to give place to these ungodly times,

' When as the fostred ill proceeds from others crimes;

' 'Gainst lunatics, and fools, what wise folk spend their force; [course:

' For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the

' And when God gives men up, to ways abhor'd and vile, [while

' Of understanding he deprives them quite, the

' They into error run, confounded in their sin,

' As simple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gin.

' And for those pretty birds, that wont in us to sing, [spring,

' They shall at last forbear to welcome in the

' When wanting where to perch, they sit upon the ground,

' And curse them in their notes, who first did woods confound.

(b) The situation of Waltham forest.

(c) Hatfield forest lying lower towards the east, between Stortford and Dunmow.

' Dear sister Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping head,

' We feel no such decay, nor is all succour fled:

' For Essex is our dower, which greatly doth abound

' With every simple good, that in the isle is found;

' And though we go to wreck in this so general waste,

' This hope to us remains, we yet may may be the last.'

When Hatfield taking heart, where late she sadly stood,

Sends little Roding forth, her best beloved flood;
Which from her chrystal font, as to enlarge her fame,

To many a village lends her clear and noble name,
Which as she wandreth on, through Waltham holds her way,

With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her wond'rous gay;

But making at the last into the watry marsh,
Where though the blady grass unwholesome be and harsh,

Those wreaths away she casts, which bounteous Waltham gave,

With bulrush, flags, and reed, to make her wond'rous brave,

And herself's strength divides, to sundry lesser streams,

So wantoning she falls into her sovereign Thames.
From whose vast beechy banks a rumour straight resounds,

Which quickly ran itself through the Essexian grounds,

That Crouch amongst the rest, a river's name should seek,

As scorning any more the nickname of a creek,
Well furnish'd with a stream, that from the fill to fall, [withal.

Wants nothing that a flood should be adorn'd
On (d) Benges' batful side, and at her going out,

With Walnot, Foulness fair, near watred round about. [stand

Two isles for greater state to stay her up that
Thrust far into the sea, yet fixed to the land;

As nature in that sort them purposely had plac'd,
That she by sea and land, should every way be grac'd.

Some sea-nymphs and besides, her part, (there were) that took,

As angry that their Crouch should not be call'd a brook; [wrong.

And bade her to complain to Neptune of her
But whilst these grievous stirs thus hap'n'd them among,

Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph most neatly clear,

Which well near through the midst doth cut the wealthy shire,

By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds her chase,

To which she gives the name, which as she doth embrace

(d) The fruitfulest hundred of Essex.

Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with
Chelmer close :

With whose supply (though small as yet) she
greater grows. [by,

She for old Maldon makes, where in her passing
She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,

And all those ominous signs her fall that did
forego, [throw;

As that which most express'd their fatal over-
Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas she
stood, [blood.

And the vast greenish sea, discolour'd like to
Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their
deaths at hand,

The pourtraitures of men imprinted in the sand.

When Chelmer scarce arrives in her most wished
bay,

But Blackwater comes in, through many a crook-
ed way. [exil'd,

Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time
She Froshell after hight, then Blackwater instil'd,

But few such titles have the British floods among.
When Northey near at hand, and th' isle of Ousey

runge. [arrive,

With shouts the sea-nymphs gave, for joy of their
As either of those isles in courtesy do strive,

To Tethis' darlings, which should greatest ho-
nour do

And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.

But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colchester
her name, [fame)

(On all th' Essexian shore, the town of greatest
Perceiving how they still in courtship did con-
tend,

Quoth she, 'Wherefore the time thus idly do
you spend? [worth,

'What is there nothing here, that you esteem of

'That our big-bellied sea, or our rich land brings
'forth? [praise?

'Think you our oysters here, unworthy of your

'Pure (e) Walfleet, which do still the daintiest
'palates please,

'As excellent as those, which are esteemed most.

'(f) Cyzic shells, or those on the Lucrinian
'coast; [fends;

'Or cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter

'Whose tack the hungry clown, and ploughman
'so commends. [ground,

'If you esteem not these, as things above the

'Look under, where the urns of ancient times
'are found; [dust,

'The Roman emp'rors coins, oft dig'd out of the

'And warlike weapons, now consum'd with
'cankering rust; [ful men,

'The huge and massy (g) bones, of mighty fear-

'To tell the world's full strength, what creatures
'lived then; [earth

'When in her height of youth, the lusty fruitful

'Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants
'in their birth.'

(e) Walfleet oysters.

(f) Cyzicum is a city of Bythinia. Lucrinia is a city of Apulia upon the Adriatic sea; the oysters of which places were reckoned for great delicacies with the Romans.

(g) The bones of giant-like people found in those parts.

Thus spoke she, when from sea they suddenly
do hear

A strong and horrid noise, which struck the land
with fear;

For with their crooked trumps, his Tritons Nep-
tune sent, [nent

To warn the wanton nymphs, that they inconti-
Should straight repair to Stour, in Orwell's plea-
sant road;

For it had been divulg'd the ocean all abroad,
That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting in one

bay,

Two, that each other's good, intended every way,
Prepar'd to sing a song, that should precisely

shew,
That (b) Medway for her life, their skill could
not out-go;

For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth divide

Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her other side;

By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth shew,

The even course she keeps; when far she doth

not flow, [brings;

But Breton a bright nymph, fresh succour to her

Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous springs,

But Orwell coming in from Ipswich thinks that she,

Should stand for it with Stour, and lastly they
agree,

That since the Britons hence their first discove-
ries made, [trade.

And that into the east they first were taught to

Besides, of all the roads, and havens of the east,

This harbour where they meet, is reckoned for

the best.

Our voyages by sea, and brave discoveries known,

Their argument they make, and thus they sing

their own;

In (i) Severn's late tun'd lay, that empress of

the west, [press'd;

In which great Arthur's acts are to the life ex-

His conquests to the North, who Norway did in-

vade,

Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lapland last-

ly made [among,

His awful empire's bounds, the Britons acts

This god-like hero's deeds exactly have been sung;

His valiant people then, who to those countries

brought,

Which many an age since that, our great'st disco-

veries thought.

This worthiest then of ours, our (k) Argonauts

shall lead.

Next Malgo, who again that conqueror's steps

to tread,

Succeeding him in reign, in conquests so no less,

Plough'd up the frozen sea, and with as fair suc-

cess.

By that great conqueror's claim, first Orkney

over-ran;

Proud Denmark then subdu'd, and spacious Nor-

way won,

(b) Medway in the 18th song, recited the catalogue of the English warriors.

(i) See the 4th song.

(k) Sea voyages.

Seiz'd Iceland for his own, and Gothland to each shore,

Where Arthur's full-sail'd fleet had ever touch'd before. [cline,

And when the Britons reign came after to de- And to the Cambrian hills their fate did them confine, [reign,

The Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful Our English Ofter put a fleet to sea again, Of th' huge Norwegian hills, and news did hither bring, [travelling.

Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days But leaving Norway then a starboard, forward kept, [swept,

And with our English sails that mighty ocean Where those stern people won, whom hope of gain doth call,

In hulks with grappling hooks, to hunt the dreadful whale;

And great (l) Duina down from her first spring- ing place,

Doth roll her swalling waves in churlish Nep- tune's face. [found,

Then Woolstan after him discovering Dantzic Where (m) Wexel's mighty mouth is pour'd in- to the found,

And towing up his stream, first taught the En- glish oars, [shores.

The useful way of trade to these most gainful And when the Norman stem here strong and potent grew,

And their successful sons did glorious acts pursue, One Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where first he breath'd the air,

Though Oxford taught him art, and well may hold him dear;

I' th' mathematics learn'd (although a friar pro- fess'd) [possess'd,

To see those northern climes, with great desire Himself he thither ship'd, and skilful in the globe, Took every several height with his true astrolabe;

The (n) whirlpools of the seas, and came to un- derstand,

From the four card'nal winds, four indraughts that command;

In t' any of whose falls, if th' wandering bark doth light,

It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight, Into that swallowing gulph, which seems as it would draw

The very earth itself into th' infernal maw.

Four such immeasur'd pools, philosophers agree, I' th' four parts of the world undoubtedly to be;

From which they have supposed, nature the winds doth raise,

And from them to proceed the flowing of the seas.

And when our civil wars began at last to cease, And these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace, Gave leisure to great minds, far regions to descry; That brave advent'rous knight, our Sir Hugh Willoughby,

Ship'd for the northern seas, 'mongst those con- gealed piles.

Fashion'd by lasting frosts, like mountains, and like isles,

(In all her fearful'st shapes saw horror, whose great mind,

In lesser bounds than these, that could not be confin'd; [keep;

Adventur'd on those parts, where winter still doth When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep) In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland took, Where Keger from her scite, on those grim seas doth look.

Two others follow then, eternal fame that won, Our Chancellor, and with him, compare we Jen- kinson;

For Russia both embark'd, the first arriving there, Ent'ring Duina's mouth, up her proud stream did steer,

To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Russian state, Muscovia measuring then, the other with like fate; Both those vast realms survey'd, then into Bactria past, [waste,

To Boghar's bulwark walls, then to the liquid Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far-distant shores, [oars,

And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untired Adventured to view rich Persia's wealth and pride, Whose true report thereof the English since have tried. [is,

With Fitch, our Eldred next, deserv'dly placed Both travelling to see the Syrian Tripolis.

The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was shewn)

To view those parts, to us that were the most unknown,

On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then To vast Zelabdim, thence to Echubar, again Cross'd Ganges' mighty stream, and his large banks did view,

To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu; And for Mallaccan then, Zeiten, and Cochin cast, Measuring with many a step, the great East-Indi- an waste.

The other from that place, the first before had gone,

Determining to see the broad-wall'd Babylon, Cross'd Euphrates, and row'd against his mighty stream;

Licia, and Gaya saw, with great Hierusalem, And our dear Saviour's seat, blest'd Bethlehem did behold, [told.

And Jordan, of whose waves much is in scripture Then Macham, who (through love to long ad- ventures led

Madera's wealthy isles, the first discovered, Who having stole a maid, to whom he was affy'd, Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites deny'd, Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger pass'd,

Upon an isle of those, at length by tempest cast; And putting in, to give his tender love some ease, Which very ill had brook'd the rough and boist'- rous seas;

(l) The great river of Russia.

(m) The greatest river of Dantzick.

(n) The greatest wonder of nature.

And ling'ring for her health, within quiet bay,
The mariners most false, fled with the ship away,
When as it was not long, but she gave up her
breath;

When he whose tears in vain bewail'd her time-
less death; [have,

That their deserved rites her funeral could not
A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.

When with his folk but few, not passing two or
three, [tree,

(e) There making them a boat, but rudely of one
Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw,
Such as before themselves, scarce mortal ever saw;
Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,
Now swallowed with the waves, and then spew'd
up again;

At length were on the coast of sun-burnt Afric
thrown. [own.

T' amaze that further world, and to amuse our
Then Windham who new ways, for us and
ours to cry,

For great Morocco made, discovering Barbary.

Lock, Towerfon, Fenner next, vast Guinea
forth that fought,

And of her ivory home in great abundance
brought. [caster,

Th' East-Indian voy'ger then, the valiant Lan-
To Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanziber,

To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,

Till his strong bottom struck Mollucco's continent;
And failing to Brazil another time he took

Olynda's chiefest town, and harbour Farnambuke,
And with their precious wood, sugar and cotton
fraught,

It by his safe return into his country brought.

Then Forbisher, whose fame flew all the ocean
o'er,

Who to the north-west sought huge China's
wealthy shore,

When nearer to the north, that wand'ring sea-
man set [met

Where he in our hot't months of June and July
With snow, frost, hail, and fleet, and found stern
winter strong, [long.

With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and

Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal
Light [night.

Makes half the year still day, and half continual
Then for those bounds unknown, he bravely set
again,

As he a sea-god were, familiar with the main.

The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we prefer,
Both voyagers, that were with famous Frobisher.

And Davies, three times forth that for the

north-west made;
Still striving by that course; t' enrich the English
trade;

As he well deserv'd to his eternal fame,
There by a mighty sea, immortaliz'd his name.

With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who

took in hand,
To clear the course scarce known into the New-
foundland,

(e) The wonderful adventure of Machan.

And view'd the plenteous seas, and fishful ha-
vens, where

Our neighbouring nations since have stor'd them
every year.

Then globe-ingirdling Drake, the naval palm
that won,

Who strove in his long course to emulate the sun;
Of whom the Spaniard us'd a prophesy to tell,

That from the British isles should rise a dragon fell,
That with his armed wings, should strike th' Ibe-
rian main,

And bring in after time much horror upon Spain.
This more than man (or what) this demi-god at
sea,

Leaving behind his back, the great America,
Upon the surging main his well-stretch'd tack-
lings flew'd,

To forty-three degrees of north'ly latitude;
Unto that land before to th' Christian world un-
known, [bion;

Which in his country's right he nam'd New Al-
And in the western Inde, spight of the power of
Spain,

He Saint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagene;
And leaving of his prowess, a mark in every bay,

Saint Augustine surpriz'd, in Terra Florida.

Then those that forth for sea, industrious Raw-
leigh wrought,

And them with every thing, fit for discovery
fraught;

That Amadas, (whose name doth scarcely English
found) [found.

With Barlow, who the first Virginia thoroughly
As Greenville, whom he got to undertake that sea,

Three sundry times from hence, who touch'd
Virginia.

(In his so rare a choice, it well approv'd his wit;
That with so brave a spirit, his turn so well could
fit.

O Greenville, thy great name for ever be renown'd,
And borne by Neptune still, about this mighty
round;

Whose naval conflict won thy nation so much fame,
And in th' Iberians bread fear of the English name.

Nor should fame speak her loud'st, of Lane, she
could not lie,

Who in Virginia left, with th' English colony,
Himself so bravely bare, amongst our people there,

That him they only lov'd, when others they did
fear.

And from those barbarous, brute, and wild Virgi-
ans wan

Such reverence, as in him there had been more
than man.

Then he which favoured still such high attempts
as these,

Rawleigh, whose reading made him skill'd in all
the seas,

Embark'd his worthy self, and his adventurous
crew, [flew,

And with a prosperous sail to those fair countries
Where Oronoque, as he on in his course doth roll,

Seems as his greatness meant, grim Neptune to
controul;

Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far,

That many a potent prince his tributaries are.
So are his branches seas, and in the rich Guiana,
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brim'd Orellana :

And on the spacious firm Manoa's mighty seat,
The land (by nature's power) with wonders most replete.

So Leigh, Cape Breton saw, and Ramea's isles again ;
As Thompson undertook the voyage to New-Spain :

And Hawkins not behind the best of these before,
Who hoisting sail, to seek the most remotest shore,
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney fought his prize,

As one whose mighty mind small things could not suffice,

The son of this brave sire, who with his furrowing keel,
Long e'er that time had touch'd the goodly rich Brazil.

Courageous Ca'ndish then, a second Neptune here,
Whose fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every ear.

What man could in his time discourse of any seas,
But of brave Ca'ndish talk'd, and of his voyages ;
Who through the south seas pass'd, about this earthly ball,

And saw those stars, to them that only rise and fall,

And with his silken sails, stain'd with the richest ore,

Dar'd any one to pass where he had been before.

Count Cumberland, so hence to seek th' Azores sent,

And to the Western-Indies, to Porto-Rico went,
And with the English power it bravely did sur-prize.

Sir Robert Dudley then, by sea that fought to rise,

Hoist'd sails with happy winds to the isles of Tri-nidado :

Paria then he pass'd, the islands of Granado ;
As those of Sancta Cruz, and Porto Rico : then
Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching men,

Is Preston sent to sea, with Summers forth to find,
Adventures in the parts upon the Western-Inde ;

Vol. III.

Porto Santo who surpriz'd, and Coches, with the fort

Of Coro, and the town, when in submissive fort,
Cumana ransom crav'd, St. James of Leon sack'd ;
Jamaica went not free, but as the rest they wreck'd.

Then Sherley, (since whose name such high renown hath won)

That voyage undertook, as they before had done :
He St. Iago saw, Domingo, Margarita,
By Terra-firma sail'd to th' islands of Jamaica,
Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a prosperous hand,
Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-foundland,

Where at Jamaica's isles, courageous Parker met
With Sherley, and along up Rio Dolce set,
Where bidding him adieu, on his own course he ran,

And took Campeche's town, the chief'st of Juca-tan.

A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain bring,

With most strange tribute fraught, due to that In-dian king.

At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they their song,

When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,
Great claps and shouts were heard resounding to the shore,

Wherewith th' Essexian nymphs applaud their loved Stour,

From the Suffolcean side yet those which Stour prefer

Their princely Orwell praise, as much as th' other her :

For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her spring,

Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth bring,

Yet Deben of herself a stout and steadfast friend,
Her succour to that sea, near Orwell's road doth send.

When Waueney to the north, rich Suffolk's only meere,

As Stour upon the north, from Essex parts this shire ;

Left Stour and Orwell thus might steal her nymphs away,

In Neptune's name commands, that here their force should stay :

For that herself and Yar in honour of the deep,
Were purposed a feast in Loving-land to keep.

F f

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTIETH SONG.

The Argument.

The muse that part of Suffolk sings,
That lyes to Norfolk, and then brings
The bright Norfolcean nymphs, to guest
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feast;
To Ouze the less then down she takes,
Where she a flight at river makes :
And thence to Marsh-land she descends,
With whose free praise this song she ends.

FROM Suffolk rose a sound, through the Norfol-
cean shore
That ran itself, the like had not been heard before :
For he that doth of sea the powerful trident wield,
His Tritons made proclaim, a nymphal to be held
In honour of himself, in Loving-land, where he
The most selected nymphs appointed had to be.
Those sea-maids that about his secret walks do
dwell, [fell,
Which tend his mighty herds of whales, and fishes
As of the rivers those, amongst the meadows rank,
That play in every ford, and sport on every bank,
Were summon'd to be there, on pain of Nep-
tune's hate
For he would have his feast observ'd with god-
like state.
When those Suffolcean floods that sided not
with Stour, [pour,
Their streams but of themselves into the ocean

As Or, through all the coast a flood of wond'rous
fame, [name
Whose honoured fall begets a (a) haven of her
And Blyth a dainty brook, their speedy course
do cast, [haste :
For Neptune with the rest, to Loving-land to
When Waueney in her way, on this Septentrional
side,
That these two eastern shires doth equally divide,
From Laphamford leads on, her stream into the
east,
By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when posselt
Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms she
throws, [inclose.
With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who
And her an island make, fam'd for her scite so far.
But leave her muse a while, and let us on with
Yar,

(a) Orford-haven.

Which Gariena some, some Hier, some Yar do
name;
Who rising from her spring not far from Wal-
tingham,
Through the Norfolkian fields seems wantonly
to play,
To Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth
on her way,
Where Wentsum from the south, and Bariden
do bear
Up with her, by whose wealth she much is ho-
noured there,
To entertain her Yar, that in her state doth
stand
With towns of high'st account the fourth of all
the land:
That hospitable place to the industrious Dutch,
Whose skill in making stuffs, and workmanship is
such,
(For refuge hither come) as they our aid deserve,
By labour sore that live, whilst oft the English
starve;
On roots and pulse that feed, on beef and mutton
spare,
So frugally they live, not gluttons as we are.
But from my former theme, since thus I have
digress'd
I'll borrow more of time, until my nymphs be
dress'd:
And since these floods fall out so fitly in my way,
A little while to them I will convert my lay.
The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their
season,
The rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening
peas;
The onion, scallion, leek, which housewives high-
ly rate;
Their kinsman garlic then, the poor man's Mith-
ridate;
The favoury parsnip next, and carrot, pleasing food;
The skirret (which some say) in fallads stirs the
blood;
The turnip, tasting well to clowns in winter
weather:
Thus in our verse we put, roots, herbs, and fruits
together.
The great moist pumpkin then, that on the ground
doth lie,
A purer of this kind, the sweet musk-mellon by;
Which dainty palates now, because they would
not want,
Have kindly learnt to set, as yearly to transplant:
The radish somewhat hot, yet urine doth pro-
voke;
The cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke;
The citrons, which our soil not eas'ly doth af-
ford;
The rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.
But in these trivial things, muse, wander not
too long,
But now to nimble Yar, turn we our active song,
Which in her winding course, from Norwich to
the main,
By many a stately feat lasciviously doth strain,

To Yarmouth till she come, her only christ'ned
town,
Whose fishing through the realm doth her so much
renown,
Where those that with their nets still haunt the
boundless lake,
Her such a sumptuous feast of salted herrings
make,
As they had robb'd the sea of all his former store,
And past that very hour, it could produce no more.
Her own selves harbour here, when Yar doth
hardly win,
But kindly she again, saluted is by Thrin,
A fair Norfolkian nymph, which gratifies her fall.
Now are the Tritons heard, to Loving-land to
call,
Which Neptune's great commands, before them
bravely bear,
Commanding all the nymphs of high account that
were,
Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy
plashes,
Or play them on the sands, upon the foamy washes,
As all the wat'ry brood, which haunt the Ger-
man deeps,
Upon whose briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,
To Loving-land to come, and in their best attires,
That meeting to observe, as now the time requires.
When Erix, Neptune's son by Venus, to the
shore
To see them safely brought, their herald came be-
fore,
And for a mace he held in his huge hand, the horn
Of that so much esteem'd, sea honouring unicorn.
Next (k) Proto wond'rous swift, led all the rest
the way,
Then she which makes the calms, the mild
(k) Cymodice,
With god-like (k) Dorida, and (k) Galatea fair,
With dainty nets of pearl, cast o'er their braided
hair:
(k) Analiis which the sea doth salt, and seasoned
keep;
And (k) Batheas, most supreme and sovereign in
the deep,
Brings (k) Cyane, to the waves which that green
colour gives;
Then (k) Atmis, which in fogs and misty vapours
lives:
(k) Phrinax, the billows rough, and surges that
bestrides, [rides;
And (k) Rothion, that by her on the wild waters
With (k) Iethias, that of frye the keeping doth
retain,
As (k) Pholoë, most that rules the monsters of the
main:
Which brought to bear them out, if any need
should fall,
The dolphin, sea-horse, gramp, the wherlpoole,
and the whale.

(k) The virtual properties incident to waters, as well
seas, as rivers, expressed by their names in the persons of
nymphs, as hath been used by the ancients.

An hundred more besides, I readily could name,
With these as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land
that came.

These nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the sea-gods
to delight : [white ;
Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the
With many sundry shells, the scallop large and fair ;
The cockle small and round, the periwinkle spare,
The oyster, wherein oft the pearl is found to
breed,

The mussel, which retains that dainty orient seed :
In chains and bracelets made, with links of sundry
twists,

Some worn about their waists, their necks, some
on the wrists.

Great store of amber there, and jet they did not
miss ;

Their lips they sweet'ned had with costly amber-
grease.

Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the seas,
But from the fresher streams the brighter Naides,
The Loving-land make haste with all the speed
they may,

For fear their fellow-nymphs should for their com-
ing stay.

Glico the running streams in sweetness still that
keeps,

And Clymene which rules, when they surround
their deeps.

Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide :
With Opis that doth bear them backward with the
tide.

Semaia that for sights doth keep the water clear :
Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appear,
Then Drymo for the oaks that shadow every bank,
Phylodice, the boughs for garlands fresh and rank.
Which the clear Naides make them Anadems
withal,

When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's migh-
ty hall.

Then Ligea, which maintains the birds harmoni-
ous lays,

Which sing on rivers banks amongst the slender
sprays,

With Rhodia, which for them doth nurse the
roseat fets,

Ioida, which preserves the azure violets.

Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general
charge,

And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the
marge.

Some of these lovely nymphs wore on their flax-
en hair [were :

Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd
With water-cans again, some wantonly them dight,
Whose larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful de-
light

To those that wistly view'd their beauties: some
again,

That sovereign places held among the wat'ry train,
Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the
sedge doth grow,

Which neatly woven were, and some to grace
the show,

Of lady-smocks most white, do rob each neigh-
bouring mead,

Wherewith their looser locks most curiously they
braid.

Now thus together come, they friendly do devise,
Some of light toys, and some of matters grave and
wise.

But to break off their speech, her reed when Sy-
rinx sounds,

Some cast themselves in rings, and fell to horn-
pipe rounds :

They ceasing, as again to others turns it falls,
The lusty galiards tread, some others jiggs, and
braules.

This done, upon the bank together being set,
Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were
met,

In mighty Neptune's praise, these sea-born vir-
gins sing :

' Let earth, and air, say they, with the high
praises ring,

' Of Saturn by his Ops, the most renowned son,

' From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,

' Whose offspring wife and strong, dear nymphs,
' let us relate,

' On mountains of vast waves, know he that sits in
' state,

' And with his trident rules the universal stream,

' To be the only sire of mighty Polypheme.

' On fair Thoosa got old Phorcus loved child,

' Who in a feigned shape that god of sea beguil'd.

' Three thousand princely sons, and lovely nymphs
' as we, [be :

' Were to great Neptune born, of which we sparing

' Some by his goodly queen, some in his lemmans
' bed ;

' Chrysaor grim begot, on stern Medusa's head.

' Swart Brontes, for his own so mighty Neptune
' takes,

' One of the Cyclops strong, Jove's thunderbolts
' that makes.

' Great Neptune, Nelius got (if you for wisdom
' seek)

' Who was old Nestor's sire, the grav'st and wisest
' Greek.

' Or from this king of waves, of such thou lov'st
' to hear, [were ;

' Of famous nations first, that mighty founders

' Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes
' contriv'd,

' From Neptune god of sea, his pedigree deriv'd,

' By Agenor his old sire, who rul'd Phœnicia long:

' So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and strong

' Claim'd kindred of his king, and by some beau-
' teous niece,

' So did Pelafgus too, who peopled ancient Greece.

' A world of mighty kings and princes I could
' name,

' From our god Neptune sprung ; let this suffice,
' his fame [rise,

' Incompasseth the world ; those stars which never

' Above the lower south, are never from his eyes :

' As those again to him do every day appear,

' Continually that keep the northern hemisphere ;

' Who like a mighty king, doth cast his watched
 ' robe. [globe.
 ' Far wider than the land, quite round about the
 ' Where is there one to him that may compared
 ' be, [see;
 ' That both the poles at once continually doth
 ' And giant-like with heaven as often maketh
 ' wars;
 ' The islands in his power as numberless as stars,
 ' He washeth at his will, and with his mighty
 ' hands,
 ' He makes the even shores, oft mountainous with
 ' sands:
 ' Whose creatures, which observe his wide impe-
 ' rial seat,
 ' Like his immeasured self, are infinite and great.'
 Thus ended they their song, and off th' assem-
 bly brake,
 When quickly towards the west, the muse her
 way doth take;
 Whereas the swelling foil, as from one bank doth
 bring
 This (l) Waueney sung before and (l) Ouse-the-
 less, whose spring
 Towards Ouse-the-greater points, and down by
 Thetford glides, [divides,
 Where she clear Thet receives, her glory that
 With her new-named town, as wond'rous glad
 that she, [be:
 For frequency of late, so much esteem'd should
 Where since these confluent floods, so fit for hawk-
 ing lie, [lie.
 And store of fowl entice skill'd falconers there to
 Now of a flight at Brooke shall my description
 be: [me.
 What subject can be found, that lies not fair for
 Of simple shepherds now, my muse exactly sings,
 And then of courtly loves, and the affairs of kings.
 Then in a buskin'd strain, the warlike spear and
 shield,
 And instantly again of the disports of field;
 What can this ille produce, that lies from my re-
 port, [sport.
 Industrious muse, proceed then to my hawking
 When making for the brook, the falconer doth
 espy, [doth lie,
 One river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl
 Whence forced over land, by skilful falconer's
 trade,
 A fair convenient flight, may easily be made.
 He whistleth of his hawks, whose nimble pinions
 streight,
 Do work themselves by turns, into a stately height:
 And if that after check, the one or both do go,
 Sometimes he them the lure, sometimes doth wa-
 ter shew;
 The trembling fowl that hear the jigging hawk-
 bells ring,
 And find it is too late, to trust them to their wing,
 Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted
 hawks,
 Then being lords alone, in their ethereal walks,

(l) The fountains of these rivers, not far a'under, yet one running northward, the other to the east.

Aloft so bravely stir, their bells so thick that shake,
 Which when the falconer sees, that scarce one
 plane they make;
 The gallant'st birds, said he, that ever flew on
 wing, [king.
 And swears there is a flight, were worthy of a
 Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to
 rise,
 The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from
 the skies, [reach,
 Make sundry canceleers e'er they the fowl can
 Which then to save their lives, their wings do
 lively stretch.
 But when the whizzing bells the silent air do
 cleave, [deceive;
 And that their greatest speed, them vainly do
 And the sharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do
 view,
 Themselves for very fear they instantly (m) ineaw.
 The hawks get up again into their former
 place, [race:
 And ranging here and there, in that their airy
 Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,
 With many a stouping brave, them in again they
 lay.
 But when the falconers take their hawking-poles
 in hand,
 And crossing of the brook, do put it over land;
 The hawk gives it a souse, that makes it to re-
 bound,
 Well near the height of man, sometimes above
 the ground;
 Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
 And oft from neck to nail, the back in two
 doth shread.
 With many a wo ho ho, and jocund lure again,
 When he his quarry makes upon the grassy plane.
 But to my floods again; when as this Ouse-the-
 less, [cess,
 Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free ac-
 To Ouse-the-great she goes, her queen that cometh
 crown'd,
 As such a river sits, so many miles renown'd;
 And pointing to the north, her crystal front she
 dashes,
 Against the swelling sands of the surrounded
 washes;
 And Neptune in her arms, so amply doth embrace,
 As she would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her
 place.
 Which when rich Marshland sees, lest she should
 lose her state,
 With that fair river thus, she gently doth debate.
 'Disdain me not, dear flood, in thy excessive
 pride,
 ' There's scarcely any foil that fitteth by thy side,
 ' Whose turf so batful is, or bears so deep a swath;
 ' Nor is there any Mark in all Great Britain, hath
 ' So many goodly seats, or that can truly shew,
 ' Such rareties as I, so that all Marshes owe
 ' Much honour to my name, for that exceeding
 ' grace, [place,
 ' Which they receive by me, so sovereign in my
 (m) Lay the fowls again in water.
 F f iij

' Though Rumney, as some say, for fineness of her
 ' grafs,
 ' And for her dainty scite, all others doth surpass;
 ' Yet are those seas but poor, and rivers that con-
 ' fine,
 ' Her greatness but mean rills, be they compar'd
 ' with mine.
 ' Nor hardly doth she tythe th' abundant fowl
 ' and fish,
 ' Which nature gives to me, as I myself can wish.
 ' As Amphitrite oft, calls me her sweet and fair,
 ' And sends the northern winds to curl my braid-
 ' ed hair,
 ' And makes the Washes stand, to watch and ward
 ' me still,
 ' Left that rough god of sea, on me should work
 ' his will.
 ' Old Wisbitch to my grace, my circuit sits within,
 ' And near my banks I have the neighbourhood
 ' of Lynn.

' Both towns of strength and state, my profits still
 ' shall vent, [tinent.]
 ' No Marsh hath more of sea, none more of con-
 Thus Marshland ends her speech, as one that
 thoroughly knew, [due.
 What was her proper praise, and what was Ouse's
 With that the zealous muse, in her poetic rage,
 To Walsingham would needs have gone a pilgrim-
 age,
 To view those farthest shores, whence little Niger
 ' flows, [grows,
 Into the northern main, and see the glebe where
 That saffron (which men say) this land hath not
 the like, [strike.
 All Europe that excels; but here she sail doth
 For that Apollo pluck'd her easily by the ear;
 And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were
 Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,
 When for the greater Ouse, her wing she doth
 display.

P O L Y - O L B I O N ;

THE TWENTY-FIRST SONG.

The Argument.

Now from Newmarket comes the muse,
Whose spacious heath, she wistly views,
Those ancient ditches and surveys,
Which our first Saxons here did raise;
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,
And shews you Ring-tail's pleasant vale.
And to do Cambridge all her rites,
The muses to her town invites.
And lastly, Ely's praise she sings,
An end which to this canto brings.

By this our little rest, thus having gotten breath,
And fairly in our way, upon Newmarket heath;
That great and ancient (a) ditch, which us expected long,
Inspired by the muse, at her arrival song;
' O time, what earthly thing with thee itself can
' trust, [unjust!
' When thou in thine own course art to thyself
' Dost thou contract with death, and to oblivion
' give [live?
' Thy glories after them, yet shamefully dar'st
' O time, had'st thou preserv'd, what labouring
' man hath done,
' Thou long before this day, might'st to thyself
' have won
' A deity with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd,
' But sacrilegious thou, hast all great works defac'd;

(a) The Devil's Ditch.

' For though the things themselves have suffer'd
' by thy theft, [left,
' Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might'st have
' Those monuments who rear'd, and not have suffer'd thus
' Posterity so much, t' abuse both thee and us.
' I, by th' East Angles first, who from this heath
' arose,
' The long'st and largest ditch, to check their
' Mercian foes;
' Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely
' doth exceed,
' Men's low and wretched thoughts, they constantly decreed,
' That by the Devil's help, I needs must raised
' be,
' Wherefore the Devil's Ditch they basely named
' me;

' When ages long before, I bare St. Edmond's
 ' name, [came
 ' Because up to my side, (some have supposed)
 ' The liberties bequeath'd to his most sacred shrine.
 ' Therefore my fellow Dykes, ye ancient friends
 ' of mine,
 ' That out of earth were rais'd, by men whose
 ' minds were great,
 ' It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.
 ' First, Flemditch next myself, that art of greatest
 ' strength,
 ' That do't extend thy course full seven large
 ' miles in length;
 ' And thou the Fivemile call'd, yet not less dear
 ' to me,
 ' With Brenditch, that again is shortest of the three,
 ' Can you suppose yourselves at all to be respected,
 ' When you may see my truth's bely'd, and so ne-
 ' glected; [estate,
 ' Therefore dear Heath, live still in prosperous
 ' And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to
 ' evening late,
 ' (By careful shepherds kept) rejoice thee with
 ' their praise,
 ' And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
 ' Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,
 ' Though of the world contem'd yet gracious in
 ' thine eye.'

Thus said, these ancient Dykes neglected in
 their ground, [found,
 Through the sad aged earth, sent out a hollow
 To gratulate her speech; when as we met again,
 With one whose constant heart, with cruel love
 was slain;

Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,
 Which near to Cambridge set, o'erlooks that
 ' learn'd town.

Of Balsam's pleasant hills, that by the name was
 known,

But with the monstrous times, he rude and bar-
 barous grown,

A giant was become; for man he cared not,
 And so the fearful name of Gogmagog had got:
 Who long had borne good-will to most delicious
 Grant, [supplant.

But doubting lest some god his greatness might
 For as the dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her
 course,

He found their muses left their old Bœotian source;
 Resorting to her banks, and every little space,
 He saw bright Phœbus gaze upon her crystal face,
 And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked
 red, [to bed.

To leave his loved nymph, when he went down
 Wherefore this hill with love, being foully over-
 gone;

And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,
 Thus wooes her; ' Sweeting mine, if thou mine
 ' own wilt be,

' I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for
 ' thee,

' A nest of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins
 ' too, [wooe:

' Nay, nymph, take heed of me, when I begin to

' And better yet than this, a bulchin two years
 ' old, [sold:

' A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been
 ' And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps

 ' twa, [play,
 ' Full dainty for my joy, when she's dispos'd to

' And twenty fowes of lead, to make our wedding
 ' ring; [thing:

' Besides, at Sturbridge fair, I'll buy thee many a
 ' I'll smouch thee every morn, before the sun can

 ' rise, [eyes.
 ' And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring

Thus said, he smug'd his beard, and stroaked
 up his hair,

As one that for her love he thought had offered
 fair:

Which to the muses, Grant did presently report,
 Wherewith they many a year shall make them
 wond'rous sport. [dale,

When Ringdale in herself, a most delicious
 Who having heard too long the barbarous moun-
 tain's tale,

Thus thinketh in herself, ' Shall I be silenc'd, when
 ' Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by discontented

 ' men,
 ' Are aided by the muse; their minds at large to

 ' speak,
 ' Besides my sister vales, supposing me but weak,

' Judge meanly of my state, when she no longer
 ' staid,

' But in her own behalf, thus to the other said.
 ' What though betwixt two (b) shires, I be

 ' by fortune thrown, [own;
 ' That neither of them both can challenge me her

' Yet am I not the less, nor less my fame shall be;
 ' Your figures are but base, when they are set by me:

' For nature in your shapes, notoriously did err,
 ' But skilful was in me, cast pure orbicular.

' Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,
 ' By him that would express my shape, as to a

 ' ring:
 ' For nature bent to sport, and various in her

 ' trade,
 ' Of all the British vales, of me a circle made:

' For in my very midst, there is a swelling ground,
 ' About which Ceres nymphs dance many a wan-

 ' ton round.
 ' The frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,

' Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;
 ' And catching drops of dew in their lascivious

 ' chaces,
 ' Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.

' What they in largeness have, that bear them-
 ' selves so high,

' In my most perfect form, and delicacy, I,
 ' For greatness of my grain, and fineness of my

 ' grass; [surpass.
 ' This isle scarce hath a vale, that Ringdale doth

When more she would have said, but suddenly
 there sprung,

A confident report, that through the country
 rung,

(b) This vale standeth part in Hertfordshire, part in
 Cambridgehire.

That Cam her daintiest flood, long since entitled
Grant,
Whose fountain Ashwell crown'd, with many an
upright plant.
In fallying on for Ouse, determin'd by the way,
To entertain her friends the muses with a lay.
Wherefore to shew herself e'er she to Cambridge
came,
Most worthy of that town to which she gives the
name,
Takes in her second head, from Linton coming in,
By Shelford having slid, which straightway she
doth win :
Than which, a purer stream, a delicates brook,
Bright Phœbus in his course, doth scarcely over-
look.
Thus furnishing her banks; as sweetly she doth
glide
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth
on either side;
And with the muses oft, did by the way con-
verse:
Wherefore it her behoves, that something she re-
hearse,
The sisters that concern'd, who whisper'd in her
ear,
Such things as only she, and they themselves
should hear,
A wond'rous learned flood; and she that had
been long
(Though silent, in herself, yet) vexed at the
wrong
Done to Apollo's priests, with heavenly fire infus'd,
Oft by the worthless world, unworthily abus'd :
With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen
well,
She meant to have a bout, even in despite of
hell,
When humbly lowting low, her due obedience
done,
Thus like a satyr she, deliberately begun.
' My invective, thus quoth she, I only aim at
' you,
' Of what degree soe'er) ye wretched worldly
' crew,
' In all your brainless talk, that still direct your
' drifts
' Against the muses sons, and their most sacred
' gifts,
' That hate a poet's name, your vileness to ad-
' vance,
' For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
' Slave, he whom thou dost think, so mean and
' poor to be,
' Is more than half divine, when he is set by thee.
' Nay more, I will avow, and justify him then,
' He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.
' His brave and noble heart, here in a heaven doth
' dwell
' Above those worldly cares, that sink such sots to
hell;
' A caitif if there be yet viler than thyself,
' If he through baseness light upon this wordly
' pelf,

' The chimney-sweep, or he that in the dead of
' night,
' Doth empty loathsome vaults, nay purchase all
' your right;
' When not the greatest king, should he his trea-
' sure rain,
' The muses sacred gifts, can possibly obtain;
' No, were the monarch of the universal earth,
' Except that gift from heav'n, he breath'd into
' his birth.
' How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,
' Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefest
' good?
' Perhaps to your fond sons, your ill-got goods
' you leave,
' You scarcely buried are, but they your hopes
' deceive.
' Have I not known a wretch, the purchase of
' whose ground,
' Was valued to be sold, at threescore thousand
' pound;
' That in a little time, in a poor threadbare coat,
' Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a silly
' groat!
' When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods
' been left,
' Except poor widows cries, to memorize your
' theft.
' That curse the serpent got in paradise for hire,
' Descend upon you all, from him your devilish
' fire,
' Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your
' breast,
' And lick the loathsome dust, like that abhorred
' beast.
' But leave these hateful herds, and let me now
' declare,
' I th' Heliconian font, who rightly christ'ned
' are;
' Not such as basely sooth the humour of the
' time,
' And slubberingly patch up some flight and shal-
' low rhyme,
' Upon Parnassus' top, that strive to be install'd,
' Yet never to that place were by the muses
' call'd.
' Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging
' pride,
' That fain would seem to be, what nature them
' deny'd;
' Whose verses hobbling run, as with disjointed
' bones,
' And make a viler noise, than carts upon the
' stones;
' And these serfssooth must be, the muses only
' heirs.
' When they but standards are, and foundlings
' none of theirs,
' Inforcing things in verse for poetry unfit,
' Mere filthy stuff, that breaks out of the fores of
' wit;
' What poet recks the praise upon such antics
' heap'd,
' Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept?

' Though some fantastic fool promote their rag-
 ' ged rhymes,
 ' And do transcribe them o'er a hundred several
 ' times,
 ' And some fond women wins, to think them
 ' wond'rous rare,
 ' When they lewd beggary trash, nay very gib-
 ' berish are.
 ' Give me those lines (whose touch the skilful ear
 ' to please)
 ' That gilding flow in state, like swelling Eu-
 ' phrates,
 ' In which things natural be, and not in falsely
 ' wrong;
 ' The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full
 ' and strong;
 ' Not bombasted with words, vain ticklish ears to
 ' feed,
 ' But such as may content the perfect man to read.
 ' What is of painters said, is of true poets rife,
 ' That he which doth express things nearest to the
 ' life,
 ' Doth touch the very point, nor needs he add
 ' thereto,
 ' For that the utmost is, that art doth strive to do.
 ' Had Orpheus, whose sweet harp (so musically
 ' strung)
 ' Enticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;
 ' Th' morality of which, is, that his knowledge
 ' drew, [ness knew,
 ' The stony, blockish rout, that nought but rude-
 ' T' embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays.
 ' Had he compos'd his lines, like many of these
 ' days,
 ' Which to be understood, to take it in disdain,
 ' Nay Oedipus may fail, to know what they would
 ' mean.
 ' If Orpheus had so play'd, not to be understood,
 ' Well might those men have thought the harper
 ' had been wood;
 ' Who might have sit him down, the trees and
 ' rocks among,
 ' And been a verier block than those to whom he
 ' sung. [town,
 ' O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved
 ' In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown;
 ' In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem
 ' right, [light.
 ' Whose one hand holds a cup, the other bears a
 ' Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from Parnassus
 ' fall,
 ' Let Cirtha seek to her, nor be you least of all,
 ' Ye fair Boeotian Thebes, and Thespia still to
 ' pay [way.
 ' My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrhea send this
 ' O let the thrice-three maids, their dews upon
 ' the rain,
 ' From Aganippa's font, and hoof-plow'd Hip-
 ' pocrane. [place
 ' Mount Pindus, thou that art the muses sacred
 ' In Thessaly; and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thrace
 ' They chose for their own hill, then thou Par-
 ' nassus high,
 ' Upon whose by-cliff top, the sacred company

' About Apollo sit; and thou, O flood, with these
 ' Pure Helicon, below'd of the Pierides.
 ' With Tempe, let thy walks, and shades, be
 ' brought to her,
 ' And all your glorious gifts upon my town con-
 ' fer.'
 This said, the lovely Grant glides eas'ly on
 along,
 To meet the mighty Ouse, which with her wat'ry
 throng,
 The Cantabrigian fields had entered, taking in
 Th' inisled Ely's earth, which strongly she doth
 win
 From Grant's soft-neighbouring grounds, when
 as the fruitful isle,
 Much wondering at herself, thought surely all
 this while,
 That by her silence she had suffered too much
 wrong,
 ' Wherefore in her self-praise, lo thus the island
 sung.
 ' Of all the Marshland isles, I Ely am the
 ' Queen,
 ' For winter each where sad, in me looks fresh
 ' and green.
 ' The horse, or other beast, o'erweigh'd with his
 ' own mass,
 ' Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in
 ' grass;
 ' And in the place where grows rank fodder for
 ' my neat,
 ' The turf which bears the hay, is wood'rous
 ' needful peat:
 ' My full and bat'ning earth, needs not the plow-
 ' man's pains,
 ' The rills which run in me, are like the branched
 ' veins [hand
 ' In human bodies seen; those ditches cut by
 ' From the surrounding Meres, to win the mea-
 ' sur'd land,
 ' To those choice waters, I most fitly may com-
 ' pare,
 ' Wherewith nice women use to blanch their
 ' beauties rare.
 ' Hath there a man been born in me, that never
 ' knew
 ' Of Watersey the Lane, or th' other call'd the
 ' New.
 ' The Frithdike near'st my midst, and of ano-
 ' ther sort,
 ' Whoever fish'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make
 ' report
 ' Of sundry Meres at hand, upon my western
 ' way,
 ' As Ramsey-mere, and Ug, with the great Whit-
 ' telsey;
 ' Of the abundant store of fish and fowl that
 ' bred,
 ' Which whilst of Europe's isles Great Britain is
 ' the head.
 ' No Meres shall truly tell, in them, than at one
 ' draught,
 ' More store of either kinds hath with the net
 ' been caught;

' Which though some petty isles do challenge
 'them to be
 ' Their own, yet must those isles likewise ac-
 'knowledge me
 ' Their sovereign. Nor yet let that islet Ramsey
 'shame,
 ' Although to Ramsey-mere she only gives the
 ' name;
 ' (c) Nor Huntingdon, to me though she extend
 ' her grounds,
 ' 'Twit me that I at all usurp upon her bounds.

(c) Though Ely be in part of Cambridgeshire, yet are these Meres for the most part in Huntingdonshire.

' Those Meres may well be proud, that I will
 'take them in,
 ' Which otherwise perhaps forgotten might have
 'been.
 ' Besides my tow' red (d) Phane, and my rich ci-
 'ty'd seat,
 ' With villages, and dorps, to make me most
 ' compleat.
 Thus broke she off her speech, when as the
 muse a while,
 Desirous to repose, and rest her with the isle,
 Here consummates her song, and doth fresh cou-
 rage take,
 With war in the next book, the muses to awake

(d) The town and church of Ely.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-SECOND SONG.

The Argument.

The muse, Ouse from her fountain brings
Along by Buckingham, and sings :
The earth that turned wood to stone,
And th' holy wells of Harlweston :
Then shews wherefore the fates do grant,
That she the civil wars should chant :
By Huntingdon she Waybridge meets,
And thence the German ocean greets.

INVENTION as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions
rouze,
Exactly to set down how the far-wandering Ouse,
Through the Bedfordian fields deliciously doth
strain,
As holding on her course, by Huntingdon again,
How bravely she herself betwixt her banks doth
bear,
Ere Ely she inisle, a goddess honoured there ;
From Brackley breaking forth, through soils most
heavenly sweet,
By Buckingham makes on, and crossing Watling-
street, [twin,
She with her lesser Ouse, at Newport next doth
Which from proud Chiltern near, comes eas'ly
ambling in.
The brook which on her bank doth boast that
earth alone : [stone.
(Which noted) of this isle, converteth wood to

That little Asply's earth we anciently instile,
'Mongst fundry other things, a wonder of the isle;
Of which the lesser Ouse oft boasteth in her way,
As she herself with flowers doth gorgeously ar-
ray.
Ouse having Oulency past, as she were waxed
mad, [gad;
From her first stayder course immediately doth
And in meandred gyres doth whirl herself about,
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, in,
and out,
And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,
Through those rich fields doth run, till lastly in
her pride, [vide,
The shire's hospitious town, she in her course di-
Where she her spacious breast in glorious breadth
displays [ways,
And varying her clear form a thousand fundry

Streaks through the verdant meads; but far she
 hath not gone, [on,
 When Ivel a clear nymph from Shefford fallying
 Comes deftly dancing in through many a dainty
 flade, [swade,
 Crown'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bickle-
 Encouraged the more her mistress to pursue,
 In whose clear face the sun delights himself to
 view: [make,
 To mix herself with Ouse, as on she thus doth
 And lovingly at last hath apt to overtake;
 She in her chrystal arms her sovereign Ouse doth
 cling,
 Which flood in her ally, as highly glorying,
 Shoots forward to St. Neot's, into those nether
 grounds,
 Towards Huntingdon, and leaves the lov'd Bed-
 fordian bounds.
 Scarce is she ent'red yet upon this second shire,
 Of which she sovereign is, but that two fountains
 clear, [sweet,
 At Harlweston near hand, th' one salt, the other
 At her first entrance, thus her greatness gently
 greet.
 ' Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortu-
 ' nately prov'd,
 ' The pleasures of the woods, and faithfully be-
 ' lov'd [here;
 ' Of two such Sylvan gods, by hap that found us
 ' For then their Sylvan kind most highly honour-
 ' ed were,
 ' When this whole country's face was foresty,
 ' and we
 ' Liv'd loosely in the weilds, which now thus
 ' peopled be. [sent,
 ' Oft interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous looks we
 ' Oft whispering our dear loves, our thoughts oft
 ' did we vent [play,
 ' Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groves did
 ' And in our sports our joys, and sorrows did be-
 ' wray.
 ' Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then embrac'd,
 ' Still languish'd in desire, yet liv'd we ever chaste.
 ' And quoth the saltish spring, as one day mine
 ' and I, [eye
 ' Set to recount our loves, from his more tender
 ' The brinish tears drop'd down, on mine im-
 ' pierced breast,
 ' And instantly therein so deeply were impress'd,
 ' That brackish I became; he finding me de-
 ' priv'd
 ' Of former freshness quite, the cause from him
 ' deriv'd, [quite,
 ' On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetness to re-
 ' That I should ever cure the dimness of the sight.
 ' And, quoth the fresher spring, the wood-god
 ' me that woo'd,
 ' As one day by my brim, surpris'd with love he
 ' stood,
 ' On me bestow'd this gift, that ever after I
 ' Should cure the painful itch, and lothsome le-
 ' profy. [run,
 Held on with this discourse, she on not far hath
 But that she is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon;

Where she no sooner views her darling and de-
 light,
 Proud (a) Portholme, but became so ravish'd
 with the sight,
 That she her limber arms lasciviously doth throw
 About the islets waift, who being embraced so,
 Her flowry bosom shows to the enamour'd
 brook;
 On which when as the Ouse amazedly doth look
 On her brave damask'd breast, bedeck'd with ma-
 ny a flow'r
 (That grace this godly mead) as though the
 spring did pour
 Her full abundance down, whose various dyes so
 thick,
 Are intermix'd as they by one another stick,
 That to the gazing eye that standeth far, they
 show
 Like those made by the sun in the celestial bow.
 But now t' advance this flood, the fates had
 brought to pass,
 As she of all the rest the only river was:
 That but a little while before that fatal war,
 'Twixt that divided blood of York and Lancaster,
 Near Harleswood, above in her Bedfordian trace,
 By keeping back her stream, for near three fur-
 longs space,
 Laying her bosom bare unto the public view;
 Apparently was prov'd by that which did ensue,
 In her prophetic self, those troubles to foresee:
 Wherefore (even as her due) the destinies agree,
 She should the glory have our civil fights to sing,
 When swelling in her banks, from her abundant
 spring,
 Her sober silence she now resolutely breaks,
 In language fitting war, and thus to purpose
 speaks.
 ' With that most fatal field, I will not here be-
 ' gin,
 ' Where Norman William first the Conqueror,
 ' did win
 ' The day at (b) Hastings, where the valiant Ha-
 ' rold slain [retain,
 Resign'd his crown, whose soil the colour doth,
 Of th' English blood there shed, as th' earth still,
 ' kept the scar:
 ' Which since not our's begot, but an invasive war,
 ' Amongst our home-fought fields, hath no de-
 ' scription here. [year,
 ' In Normandy nor that, that same day forty
 ' That bastard William brought a conquest on this
 ' isle,
 ' 'Twixt Robert his eld'st son, and Henry, who
 ' the while [pight,
 ' His brother's warlike tents in Palestine were
 ' In England here usurp'd his eld'st-born brother's
 ' right;
 ' Which since it foreign was, not struck within
 ' this land,
 ' Amongst our civil fights here number'd shall
 ' not stand.

(a) A little island made by this river, lying near Hun-
 tingdon.

(b) In Sussex, near the sea.

' But Lincoln battle now we as our first will
 ' lay,
 ' Where Maud the empress stood to try the
 ' doubtful day,
 ' With Stephen, when he here had well-near
 ' three years reign'd,
 ' Where both of them their right courageously
 ' maintain'd, [put,
 ' And marshaling their troops, the king his person
 ' Into his well-arm'd main, of strong and va-
 ' liant foot:
 ' The wings that were his horse, in th' one of
 ' them he plac'd
 ' Young Alan that brave Duke of Britain whom
 ' he grac'd
 ' With th' Earls of Norfolk, and Northampton,
 ' and with those, [pose.
 ' He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did dis-
 ' The other no whit less, that this great day might
 ' sted;
 ' The Earl of Aubemerle, and valiant Ipres led.
 ' The Empress' powers again, but in two squa-
 ' drons were: [rear;
 ' The vaward Chester had, and Gloucester the
 ' Then were there valiant Welsh, and desperate
 ' men of our's,
 ' That when supplies should want, might rein-
 ' force their powers. [dash'd
 ' The battles join, as when two adverse seas are
 ' Against each other's waves, that all the plains
 ' were wash'd
 ' With showers of sweltring blood, that down
 ' the furrows ran, [won.
 ' Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or
 ' Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurse those valiant knights,
 ' were seen
 ' To charge the Empress' horse, as though dread
 ' Mars had been
 ' There in two sundry shapes: the day that
 ' beauteous was, [glafs,
 ' Twinkled as when you see the sun-beans in a
 ' That nimbly being stir'd, flings up the tremb-
 ' ling flame
 ' At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.
 ' With their resplendent swords, that glister'd
 ' gainst the sun; [won.
 ' The honour of the day, at length the Empress
 ' King Stephen prisoner was, and with him ma-
 ' ny a lord,
 ' The common soldiers put together to the sword,
 ' The next, the battle near St Edmundsbury
 ' fought,
 ' By our Fitz-empress' force, and Flemings hi-
 ' ther brought [strife.
 ' By th' Earl of Le'ster, bent to move intestine
 ' For young king (c) Heney's cause, crown'd in
 ' his father's life;
 ' Which to his kingly fire much care and sorrow
 ' bred, [spread,
 ' In whose defiance then that earl his ensigns
 ' Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the Earl of
 ' Norfolk then,
 ' By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.

(c) Henry II,

' 'Gainst Bohun, England's great high constable
 ' that sway'd
 ' The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for his aid
 ' Chief justice, and with them the German
 ' powers, t'expel [dell,
 ' The Earls of Cornwal came, Glo'ster, and Arun-
 ' From Bury, that with them St. Edmuud's ban-
 ' ner bring,
 ' Their battles in array; both wisely ordering
 ' The armies chanc'd to meet upon the marshy
 ' ground,
 ' Betwixt St. Edmund's town, and Fornham (fitly
 ' found) [charge,
 ' The bellowing drums beat up a thunder for the
 ' The trumpets rend the air, the ensigns let at
 ' large,
 ' Like waving flames far off, to either host appear:
 ' The bristling pikes do shake, to threat their
 ' coming near; [view,
 ' All clouded in a mist they hardly could them
 ' So shadow'd with the shafts from either side that
 ' flew.
 ' The wings came wheeling in, at joining of
 ' whose forces,
 ' The either part were seen to tumble from their
 ' horses,
 ' Which empty put to rout, are paunch'd with
 ' gleaves and piles,
 ' Lest else by running loose, they might disfrank
 ' their files.
 ' The bill-men come to blows, that with the cruel
 ' thacks,
 ' The ground lay stray'd with male, and shreds of
 ' tatter'd jacks:
 ' The plains like to a shop, look'd each where to
 ' behold,
 ' Where limbs of mangled men on heaps lay to
 ' be sold;
 ' Stern discontented war did never yet appear
 ' With a more threatening brow, than it that
 ' time did there.
 ' O Leicester (alas) in ill time wast thou won
 ' To aid this graceful youth, the most ungrateful
 ' son [days,
 ' Against his natural fire, who crown'd him in his
 ' Whose ill-requited love did him much sorrow
 ' raise, [show'd,
 ' At Le'ster by this war against King Henry
 ' Upon so bad a cause, O courage ill bestow'd;
 ' Who had thy quarrel been, as thou thyself was
 ' skill'd [fill'd
 ' In brave and martial feats, thou evermore had
 ' This isle with thy high deeds, done in that
 ' bloody field: [yield
 ' But Bigot and this lord, enforc'd at length to
 ' Them to the other part, when on that fatal
 ' plain,
 ' Of th' English and the Dutch, ten thousand
 ' men lay slain. [those
 ' As for the second fight at Lincoln, betwixt
 ' Who sided with the French, by seeking to de-
 ' pose, [vance
 ' Henry the son of John, then young, and to ad-
 ' The Dauphin Lewis, son to Philip King of
 ' France,

' Which Lincoln castle, then most straitly did
 ' besiege; [liege.
 ' And William Marshal Earl of Pembroke for his
 (Who led the faithful lords) although so many
 ' there,
 ' Or in the conflict slain, or taken prisoners were;
 ' Yet but for a surprise, no field appointed fight
 ' 'Mongst our set battles here, may no way claim
 ' a right. [fought
 ' The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry
 ' Who Edward his brave son unto that conflict
 ' brought; [son
 ' With Richard then the King of Almain, and his
 ' Young Henry, with such lords as to his part he
 ' won,
 ' With him their sovereign liege, their lives that
 ' durst engage.
 ' And the rebellious league of the proud baronage,
 ' By Simon Mountford Earl of Le'ster their chief
 ' head,
 ' And th' Earl of Glo'ster, Clare, against King
 ' Henry led;
 ' For th' ancient freedoms here that bound their
 ' lives to stand,
 ' The aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,
 ' Whilst for this dreadful day, their great designs
 were meant; [sent
 ' From Edward the young prince, defiance were
 ' To Mountford's valiant sons, Lord Henry, Sim,
 ' and Guy,
 ' And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, fly
 ' To th' earl of Le'ster's tents, and publicly pro-
 ' claim [name,
 ' Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's
 ' And say to his proud sons, say boldly thus from
 ' me;
 ' That if they be the same, that they would seem
 ' to be, [known,
 ' Now let them in the field be by their band-rouls
 ' Where as I make no doubt, their valour shall be
 ' shown: [pride,
 ' Which if they dare to do, and still uphold their
 ' There will we vent our spleens, where swords
 ' shall it decide.
 ' To whom they thus reply'd, tell that brave
 ' man of hope,
 ' He shall the Mountfords find in th' head of all
 ' their troop, [good
 ' To answer his proud braves; our bilboes be as
 ' As his, our arms as strong; and he shall find
 ' our blood
 ' Sold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,
 ' Tell him we'll hold so fast, his crown shall go
 ' withal. [vide,
 ' The king into three fights his forces doth di-
 ' Of which his princely (d) son the vaward had
 ' to guide:
 ' The second to the King of Almain, and his son,
 ' Young Henry he betook, in the third legion
 ' Of knights, and men of arms, in person he ap-
 ' pears.
 ' Into four several fights, the desperate barons
 ' theirs.

(d) Prince Edward, after called Edward I.

' I th' first those valiant youths, the sons of
 ' Le'ster came, [name:
 ' Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the
 ' The Earl of Glo'ster brought the second battle
 ' on,
 ' And with him the lords Mountchency, and
 ' Fitz-John: [plac'd,
 ' The third wherein alone the Londoners were
 ' The stout lord Segrave led; the greatest, and
 ' the last, [took.
 ' Brave Leicester himself, with courage under-
 ' The day upon the host affrightedly doth look,
 ' To see the dreadful shock, their first encounter
 ' gave,
 ' As though it with the roar, the thunder would
 ' out-brave. [been:
 ' Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had
 ' The Mountfords all in plumes, like ostriches
 ' were seen,
 ' To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death
 ' they go; [fro.
 ' The crowds like to a sea seem'd waving to and
 ' Friend falling by his friend, together they ex-
 ' pire:
 ' He breath'd, doth charge afresh; he wounded,
 ' doth retire.
 ' The Mountfords with the prince vye valour all
 ' the day,
 ' Which should for knightly deeds excel, or he,
 ' or they, [throws,
 ' To them about his head, his glist'ring blade he
 ' They waft him with their swords, as long with
 ' equal shows: [Guy,
 ' Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngest
 ' Kept by his brothers back, thus stoutly doth re-
 ' ply,
 " What though I be but young, let death me
 " overwhelm,
 " But I will break my sword upon his plumed
 " helm."
 ' The younger Bohun there, to high atchieve-
 ' ments bent, [went,
 ' With whom two other lords, Lucy and Hastings
 ' Which charging but too home, all sorely wound-
 ' ed were, [to bear,
 ' Whom living from the field, the barons strove
 ' Being on their party fix'd; whilst still Prince
 ' Edward spurs,
 ' To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,
 ' T' whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with
 ' their force, [horse,
 ' Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern
 ' He putting them to flight, four miles in chase
 ' them flew: [drew
 ' But ere he could return, the conquest wholly
 ' To the stout Barons side: his father fled the
 ' field, [yield.
 ' Into the abbey there, constrained thence to
 ' The lords Fitz-warren slain, and Wilton that
 ' was then
 ' Chief Justice (as some say) with them five
 ' thousand men;
 ' And Bohun that great Earl of Her'ford over-
 ' thrown, [known.
 ' With Bardolfe, Somery, Patshul, and Percie

' By their coat-armours they, for barons, prison-
 ' ers ta'en;
 ' Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'fter
 ' yet did reign,
 ' Now for the conflict next, at Chesterfield that
 ' chanc'd [advanc'd
 ' 'Gainst Robert that proud Earl of Derby, who
 ' His ensigns 'gainst the king, (contrary to his
 ' oath)
 ' Upon the barons part, with the lord Deuell, both
 ' Surpris'd by Henry Prince of Almain with his
 ' power,
 ' By coming at so strange an unexpected hour:
 ' And taking them unarm'd; since merely a
 ' defeat, [repeat.
 ' With our well-ordered fights, we will not here
 ' The fatal battle then at fertile Eufham struck,
 ' Though with the self-same hands, not with the
 ' self-same luck:
 ' For both the king and prince at Lewes prisoners
 ' taken,
 ' By fortune were not yet so utterly forsaken:
 ' But that the prince was got from Le'fter, and
 ' doth gather
 ' His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his
 ' father;
 ' And th' Earl of Glo'fter won, who through the
 ' Mountfords' pride [side.
 ' Disgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial
 ' When now those lords, which late at Lewes won
 ' the day, [lay,
 ' The sacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to
 ' Until the king should yield th' old charter to
 ' maintain. [again,
 ' King Henry and his son prince Edward swore
 ' They would repeal those laws that were at Ox-
 ' ford made, [wade.
 ' Or through this bloody war to their destruction
 ' But since the king remain'd in puissant Le'fter's
 ' power,
 ' The remnant of his friends whom death did
 ' not devour
 ' At Lewes' battle late, and durst his part partake.
 ' The prince excites again, an army up to make,
 ' Whom Roger Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, doth af-
 ' sist, [martialist,
 ' England's high marshal then, and that great
 ' Old Henry Bohun, Earl of Her'ford, in this
 ' war, [timer,
 ' Gray, Basset, and Saint-John, Lisle, Percie, La-
 ' All barons, which to him their utmost strengths
 ' do lay,
 ' With many a knight for power their equal
 ' every way;
 ' And William Valencè, Earl of Pembroke, who
 ' had fled
 ' From Lewes' field, to France, then with fresh
 ' succour sped.
 ' Young Humphry Bohun still, doth with great
 ' Le'fter go, [foe.
 ' Who for his country's cause becomes his father's
 ' Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Rosse, Se-
 ' grave, Vessey, Gifford.
 ' Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion,
 ' Hastings, Clifford.

' In that black night before this sad and dismal
 ' day, [bewray
 ' Were apparitions strange, as dread heaven would
 ' The horrors to ensue, O most amazing fight!
 ' Two armies in the air, discerned were to fight,
 ' Which came so near to earth, that in the morn
 ' they found
 ' The prints of horses feet remaining on the
 ' ground,
 ' Which came but as a shew, the time to entertain,
 ' 'Till th' angry armies join'd, to act the bloody
 ' scene.
 ' Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each way the
 ' air do fill, [kill:
 ' And not a word was heard from either side, but
 ' The father 'gainst the son, the brother 'gainst
 ' the brother,
 ' With gleaves, swords, bills, and pikes, were
 ' murdering one another. [blood,
 ' The full luxurious earth, seems surfeited with
 ' Whilst in his uncle's gore th' unnatural nephew
 ' stood;
 ' Whilst with their charged staves, the desperate
 ' horsemen meet,
 ' They hear their kinsmen groan under their hor-
 ' ses feet. [abound;
 ' Dead men, and weapons broke, do on the earth
 ' The drums bedash'd with brains, do give a dis-
 ' mal sound.
 ' Great Le'fter there expir'd, with Henry his
 ' brave son, [done.
 ' When many a high exploit they in that day had
 ' Scarce was there noble house, of which those
 ' times could tell, [fell;
 ' But that some one thereof, on this, or that side
 ' Amongst the slaughter'd men, that there lay
 ' heap'd on piles:
 ' Bohuns, and Beauchamps were, Bafets, and Man-
 ' deviles: [all,
 ' Segraves, and Saint-Johns seek, upon the end of
 ' To give those of their names their christian bu-
 ' rial.
 ' Ten thousand on both sides were ta'en and slain
 ' that day: [away.
 ' Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears the palm
 ' All Edward Longshank's time, her civil wars
 ' did cease, [increase.
 ' Who strove his country's bounds by conquest to
 ' But in th' ensuing reign of his most riotous son,
 ' As in his father's days, a second war begun;
 ' When as the stubborn heirs of the stout barons
 ' dead, [Eufham shed,
 ' Who for their country's cause, their blood at
 ' Not able to endure the Spencers hateful pride,
 ' The father and the son, whose counsels then did
 ' guide
 ' Th' inconsiderate king, conferring all his graces,
 ' On them who got all gifts, and bought and sold
 ' all places,
 ' Them raising to debase the baronage the more
 ' For Gaveston, whom they had put to death be-
 ' fore.
 ' Which urg'd too far, at length to open arms
 ' they brake, [make.
 ' And for a speedy war they up their powers do

' Upon King Edward's part, for this great ac-
 ' tion bent, [Kent,
 ' His brother Edmund came, the valiant Earl of
 ' With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who
 ' engage,
 ' Their powers, (three powerful earls) against the
 ' baronage.
 ' And on the barons side, great master of the
 ' war, [ter,
 ' Was Thomas (of the blood) the Earl of Lancas-
 ' With Henry Bohun, Earl of Hereford, his peer,
 ' With whom (of great command and martialists)
 ' there were
 ' Lyle, Darcy, Denville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne,
 ' Bernvile, Knovile,
 ' With Badlesmer, and Bercks, Fitz-William, Ley-
 ' burne, Lovell,
 ' Tuchet, and Talbot stout, do for the barons stand,
 ' Mandute, and Mowbray, with great Clifford
 that command
 ' Their tenants to take arms, that with their land-
 ' lords run; [ton;
 ' With these went also Hugh, and Henry Willing-
 ' Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmesbridge,
 ' Wither,
 ' Earls, barons, knights, esquires, embodied all
 ' together,
 ' At Burton upon Trent who having gather'd head,
 ' Tow'rd's them with all his power the king in
 ' person sped;
 ' Who at his near approach (upon his march) de-
 ' scry'd,
 ' That they against his power the bridge had for-
 ' tify'd:
 ' Which he by strong assault, assays from them to
 ' win,
 ' Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin,
 ' When he to beat them off, assays them first by
 ' shot;
 ' And they to make that good, which they before
 ' had got,
 ' Defend them with the like, like hailstones from
 ' the sky,
 ' From cross-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd
 ' arrows fly:
 ' But friended with the flood, the barons hold
 ' their strength,
 ' Forcing the king by boats, and piles of wood
 ' at length,
 ' T' attempt to land his force upon the other side.
 ' The barons, that the more his stratagems defy'd,
 ' Withstand them in the stream, when as the
 ' troubled flood,
 ' (Within a little time) was turned all to blood;
 ' And from the boats and bridge, the mangled
 ' bodies fell'd, [expeil'd.
 ' The poor affrighted fish, their wat'ry walks
 ' While at the bridge the fight still strongly doth
 ' abide, [guide,
 ' The king had learn'd to know, that by a skilful
 ' He by a ford not far might pass his power of
 ' horse,
 ' Which quickly he performs, which drove the ba-
 ' rons force

' From the defended bridge, t' affront th' ap-
 ' proaching foe, [go,
 ' Imbattelling themselves, when to the shock they
 ' (On both sides so assail'd) till th' water, and the
 ' shore [gore.
 ' Of one complexion were, distain'd with equal
 ' Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven
 from their ground,
 ' That when by their much loss, too weak them-
 ' selves they found,
 ' Th' afflicted barons fly, yet still together keep.
 ' The king his good success, not suff'ring so to
 ' sleep,
 ' Pursues them with his power, which northward
 ' still do bear;
 ' And seldom 'scapes a day, but he doth charge
 ' their rear:
 ' Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too
 soon were staid
 ' By Andrew Herckley, Earl of Carlisle, with
 ' fresh aid
 ' Being lately thither come, King Edward's part
 ' to take.
 ' The barons range their fights, still good their
 ' ground to make;
 ' But with long marches tir'd, their wearied breath
 ' they draw,
 ' After the desp'rat' fight the sun yet ever saw,
 ' Brave Bohun there was slain, and Lancaster for-
 ' faken
 ' Of Fortune, is surpriz'd; the barons prisoners
 ' taken.
 ' For these rebellions, firs, commotions, up-
 ' roars, here
 ' In (e) Richard Bourdeaux reign, that long so
 ' usual were;
 ' As that the first by Straw, and Tyler, with their
 ' rout [stout,
 ' Of rebels brought from Kent, most insolent and
 ' By ent'ring London, thought the island to sub-
 ' due: [slew;
 ' The first of which the mayor of London bravely
 ' Walworth, which won his name much honour
 ' by the deed: [ceed,
 ' As they of Suffolk next, those rascals that suc-
 ' By (f) Litster led about, their captain who en-
 ' stil'd
 ' Himself the commons' king, in hope to have
 ' exil'd
 ' The gentry from those parts, by those that were
 ' his own,
 ' By that brave bishop (then) of Norwich over-
 ' thrown.
 ' By such unruly slaves, and that in Essex rais'd
 ' By Thomas that stout Duke of Glo'ster strongly
 ' ceas'd,
 ' As that at Radcot-bridge, where the last named
 ' peer,
 ' With four brave (g) earls his friends, encounter'd
 ' Robert Vere

(e) Richard II. born at Bourdeaux.

(f) John Litster, a dyer of Norwich.

(g) Warwick, Derby, Arundel, and Nottingham.

- ' Then Duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard so cre-
 ' ated,
 ' And 'gainst those lords maintain'd, whom they
 ' most deadly hated;
 ' Since they but garboyles were, in a deformed
 ' mass,
 ' Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpass.
 ' I choose the battle next of Shrewsbury to chant,
 ' Betwixt Henry the Fourth, the son of John of
 ' Gaunt,
 ' And the stout Percies, Henry Hotspur and his
 ' Eame
 ' The Earl of Worcester, who the rightful diadem
 ' Had from King Richard rest, and heav'd up to
 ' his seat
 ' This Henry, whom (too soon) they found to be
 ' too great,
 ' Him seeking to depose, and to the rule prefer
 ' Richard's proclaimed heir, their cousin Mortimer,
 ' Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a priso-
 ' ner staid,
 ' Whom to their part they won, and thus their
 ' plot they laid,
 ' That Glendour should have Wales, along as Se-
 ' vern went,
 ' The Percies all the north, that lay beyond the
 ' Trent;
 ' And Mortimer from thence the south to be his
 ' share;
 ' Which Henry having heard, doth for the war
 ' prepare,
 ' And down to Cheshire makes (where gathering
 ' powers they were)
 ' At Shrewsbury to meet, and doth affront them
 ' there:
 ' With him his peerless son, the princely Henry
 ' came, [name,
 ' With th' Earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of
 ' Blunt, Shyrley, Clifton, men that very powerful
 ' were,
 ' With Cockayne, Calverly, Maffy, and Mortimer,
 ' Gausell, and Wendfley, all in friends and tenants
 ' strong,
 ' Resorting to the king still as he past along;
 ' Which in the open field before the ranged fights,
 ' He with his warlike son, there dub'd his maiden
 ' knights.
 ' Th' Earl Douglas for this day doth with the
 ' Percies stand,
 ' To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northum-
 ' berland
 ' Some feignories and holds, if they the battle got,
 ' Who brought with him to field full many an an-
 ' gry Scot,
 ' At Holmdon battle late that being overthrown,
 ' Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain
 ' their own;
 ' With almost all the power of Cheshire got to-
 ' gether,
 ' By Venables, (there great) and Vernon mus-
 ' ter'd thither.
 ' The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to
 ' guide.
 ' The vaward of the lords upon the other side,
 ' Consisted most of Scots, which joining, made
 ' such spoil,
 ' As at the first constrain'd the English to recoil,
 ' And almost broke their ranks, which when King
 ' Henry found,
 ' Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,
 ' The Percies bring up theirs, again to make it
 ' good.
 ' Thus whilst the either host in opposition stood,
 ' Brave (b) Douglass with his spurs, his furious
 ' courser strake,
 ' His lance set in his rest, when desperately he
 ' brake
 ' In, where his eye beheld th' imperial ensign piglit,
 ' Where soon it was his chance, upon the king to
 ' light,
 ' Which in his full career he from his courser
 ' threw;
 ' The next Sir Walter Blunt, he with three other
 ' slew,
 ' All armed like the king, which he dead sure
 ' accounted;
 ' But after when he saw the king himself re-
 ' mounted:
 ' This hand of mine (quoth he) four kings this
 ' day hath slain,"
 ' And swore out of the earth he thought they
 ' sprang again,
 ' Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd.
 ' When Henry Hotspur, so with his high deeds
 ' inflam'd,
 ' Doth second him again, and through such dan-
 ' gers press,
 ' That Douglass' valiant deeds he made to seem
 ' the less,
 ' As still the people cried, A Percy Espirance.
 ' The king which saw then time, or never to ad-
 ' vance
 ' His battle in the field, which near from him was
 ' won, [son,
 ' Aided by that brave prince, his most courageous
 ' Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them
 ' chase, [face;
 ' It chanc'd he with a shaft was wounded in the
 ' Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would
 ' bear away,
 ' He strongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to say:
 ' Time never shall report, prince Henry left the
 ' field,
 ' When Harry Percy staid, his trait'rous sword
 ' to wield."
 ' Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their
 ' bloods, [floods
 ' And the main battles join, as do two adverse
 ' Met in some narrow arm, should'ring as they
 ' would shove
 ' Each other from their path, or would their banks
 ' remove.
 ' The king his trait'rous foes, before him down
 ' doth hew,
 ' And with his hands that day, near forty persons
 ' slew:
 (b) The high courage of Douglass won him that addition
 of Doughty Douglass, which after grew to a proverb.

' When conquest wholly turns to his victorious
 ' side, [tide;
 ' His power surrounding all, like to a furious
 ' That Henry Hotspur dead upon the cold earth
 ' lies,
 ' Stout Wor'ster taken was, and Doughty Dou-
 ' glas flies.
 ' Five thousand from both parts left dead upon
 ' the ground,
 ' 'Mongst whom the king's fast friend, great Staf-
 ' ford's corse was found;
 ' And all the knights there dub'd the morning
 ' but before, [gore.
 ' The evening's sun beheld there swelter'd in their
 ' Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in should
 ' bring,
 ' Of which Earl Piercie had the greatest managing,
 ' With the Lord Bardolfe there, against the coun-
 ' ty's power,
 ' Fast cleaving to his friend, even to his utmost
 ' hour:
 ' In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having
 ' been abroad [road
 ' To raise them present powers, intending for a
 ' On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore;
 ' His son and brother's blood augmenting it the
 ' more,
 ' Which in his mighty spirit still rooted did re-
 ' main,
 ' By his too much default, whom he imputed slain
 ' At Shrewsbury before, to whom if he had brought
 ' Supply, (that bloody field, when they so brave-
 ' ly fought),
 ' They surely it had won; for which to make
 ' amends,
 ' Being furnished with men, amongst his foreign
 ' friends,
 ' By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand
 ' Upon those castles seiz'd within Northumberland
 ' His earldom, which the king, (who much his
 ' truth did doubt,
 ' Had taken to himself, and put his people out)
 ' Toward Yorkshire coming on, where (soon re-
 ' paid his own)
 ' At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully over-
 ' thrown:
 ' Which though it were indeed, a long and mor-
 ' tal fight,
 ' Where many men were maim'd, and many slain
 ' outright:
 ' Where that courageous earl, all hopes there see-
 ' ing past,
 ' Amongst his murder'd troops (even) fought it
 ' to the last:
 ' Yet for it was achiev'd by multitudes of men,
 ' Which with Ralph Rokby rose, the sh'rif of
 ' Yorkshire then,
 ' No well proportion'd fight, we of description
 ' quit,
 ' Amongst our famous fields; nor will we here
 ' admit
 ' That of that rakehell Cades, and his rebellious
 ' crew, [flew
 ' In Kent and Suffex rais'd, at Se'noak fight that

' The Staffords with their power, that thither him
 ' pursu'd,
 ' Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the
 ' commons rude,
 ' Encamp'd against the king: then goodly Lon-
 ' don took,
 ' There ransoming some rich, and up the prisons
 ' broke,
 ' His sensual beastly will, for law that did prefer,
 ' Beheaded the Lord Say, then England's treasurer,
 ' And forc'd the king to flight, his person to secure,
 ' The muse admits not here, a rabble so impure.
 ' But brings that battle on of that long dread-
 ' ful war,
 ' Of those two houses nam'd of York and Lan-
 ' caster,
 ' In fair Saint Albans fought, most fatally betwixt
 ' Richard then Duke of York, and Henry call'd
 ' the Sixth,
 ' For that ill gotten crown, which him his
 ' (i) grandfire left,
 ' That likewise with his life, he from King Rich-
 ' ard rest,
 ' When underhand the duke doth but promote
 ' his claim, [came,
 ' Who from the elder son, the Duke of Clarence
 ' For which he raised arms, yet seem'd but to abet
 ' The people, to pluck down the Earl of Somerset,
 ' By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had
 ' lost,
 ' And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roast.
 ' With Richard Duke of York, (into his fac-
 ' tion won)
 ' Salisbury and Warwick came, the father and
 ' the son;
 ' The Nevils nobler name, that have renown'd so
 ' far.
 ' So likewise with the king in this great action are,
 ' The Dukes of Somerset, and Buckingham, with
 ' these [plices,
 ' Were thrice so many earls, their stout accom-
 ' As Pembroke great in power, and Stafford with
 ' them stand,
 ' With Devonshire, Dorset, Wilt, and fierce Nor-
 ' thumberland,
 ' With Sidley, Berns, and Rofs, three barons with
 ' the rest,
 ' When Richard Duke of York, then marching
 ' from the west;
 ' Towards whom, whilst with his power King
 ' Henry forward set,
 ' Unluckily as't hapt, they at Saint Albans met;
 ' Where taking up the street, the buildings them
 ' inclose,
 ' Where front doth answer front, and strength
 ' doth strength oppose;
 ' Whilst like two mighty walls, they each to other
 ' stand,
 ' And as one sinketh down under his enemy's hand,
 ' Another thrusting in, his place doth still supply,
 ' Betwixt them whilst on heaps the mangled bo-
 ' dies lie:

(i) Henry the Fourth.

' The stalls are overthrown with the unwieldy
 ' thrust,
 ' The windows with the shot, are shiver'd all to
 ' dust.
 ' The winter's fleet or hail was never seen so thick;
 ' As on the houses sides the bearded arrows stick,
 ' Where Warwick's courage first most comet-like
 ' appear'd,
 ' Who with words full of spirit, his fighting sol-
 ' diers cheer'd;
 ' And ever as he saw the slaughter of his men,
 ' He with fresh forces fill'd the places up again.
 ' The valiant (k) Marchmen thus the battle still
 ' maintain,
 ' That when King Henry found on heaps his sol-
 ' diers slain,
 ' His great commanders calls, who when they
 ' sadly saw,
 ' The honour of the day would to the Yorkists
 ' draw,
 ' Their persons they put in, as for the last to
 ' stand; [land,
 ' The Duke of Somerset, Henry Northumber-
 ' Of those brave warlike earls, the second of that
 ' name; [ham,
 ' The Earl of Stafford, son to th' Duke of Bucking-
 ' And John Lord Clifford then, which shed their
 ' noble gore
 ' Under the castle's sign, (of which not long before,
 ' A prophet bad the Duke of Somerset beware)
 ' With many a valiant knight, in death that had
 ' his share:
 ' So much great English blood, for others lawless
 ' guilt,
 ' Upon so little ground before was never spilt.
 ' Proud York hath got the goal, the king of all
 ' forsaken,
 ' Into a cottage got, a woful prisoner taken.
 ' The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next
 ' supply, [bury,
 ' Twixt Richard Nevil, that great Earl of Salis-
 ' Who with the Duke of York, had at Saint Al-
 ' bans late,
 ' That glorious battle got with uncontrouled fate:
 ' And James Lord Audley stir'd by that revenge-
 ' ful queen,
 ' To stop him on his way, for the inveterate spleen
 ' She bare him, for that still he with the Yorkists
 ' held,
 ' Who coming from the north (by sundry wrongs
 ' compell'd
 ' To parley with the king), the queen that time
 ' who lay
 ' In Staffordshire, and thought to stop him on
 ' his way,
 ' That valiant Tucket stir'd, in Cheshire powerful
 ' then,
 ' T' affront him in the field, where Cheshire gen-
 ' tlemen
 ' Divided were, th' one part made valiant Tucket
 ' strong,
 ' The other with the earl rose as he came along,

(k) Men brought out of the marches of Wales;

' Encamping both their powers, divided by a brook,
 ' Whereby the prudent Earl, this strong advan-
 ' tage took:
 ' For putting in the field his army in array,
 ' Then making as (with speed) he meant to march
 ' away,
 ' He caus'd a flight of shafts to be discharged first.
 ' The enemy, who thought that he had done his
 ' worst,
 ' And cowardly had fled in a disorder'd rout,
 ' Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (soon)
 ' about,
 ' Set fiercely on that part, which then were passed
 ' over;
 ' Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover
 ' The other rising bank, to lend the vaward aid.
 ' The earl who found the plot take right that he
 ' had laid,
 ' On those that forward prest, as those that did
 ' recoil,
 ' As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous
 ' spoil:
 ' There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done doth kill a
 ' Done;
 ' A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is over-
 ' thrown;
 ' A Venables, against a Venables doth stand;
 ' A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand to
 ' hand;
 ' There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,
 ' And Egerton, the strength of Egerton doth try.
 ' O! Cheshire wert thou mad, of thine own native
 ' gore
 ' So much until this day thou never shed'st before!
 ' Above two thousand men upon the earth were
 ' thrown, [own.
 ' Of which the greatest part were naturally thine
 ' The stout Lord Audley slain, with many a cap-
 ' tain there;
 ' To Salisbury it sorts the palm away to bear.
 ' Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place
 ' shall take,
 ' Which of the imperial war, the third fought field
 ' doth make,
 ' Twixt Henry call'd our Sixth, upon whose par-
 ' ty came [ham,
 ' His near and dear allies, the Dukes of Bucking-
 ' And Somerset, the Earl of Shrewsbury of ac-
 ' count,
 ' Stout Viscount Beaumont, and the young Lord
 ' Egremount,
 ' 'Gainst Edward Earl of March, son to the Duke
 ' of York,
 ' With Warwick, in that war, who set them all at
 ' work,
 ' And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike
 ' the other;
 ' A Nevil nobly born, his puissant father's brother,
 ' Who to the Yorkists claim, had evermore been
 ' true,
 ' And valiant Bourcher, Earl of Essex, and of Eau.
 ' The king from out the town, who drew his
 ' foot and horse,
 ' As willingly to give full field-room to his force,

' Doth pass the river Nen, near where it down
 ' doth run
 ' From his first fountain's head, is near to Harfing-
 ' ton,
 ' Advised of a place, by nature strongly wrought,
 ' Doth there encamp his power: the Earl of March
 ' who fought
 ' To prove by dint of sword, who should obtain
 ' the day,
 ' From Towcester train'd on his powers in good
 ' array.
 ' The vaward Warwick led, (whom no attempt
 ' could fear;)
 ' The middle March himself, and Falconbridge
 ' the rear.
 ' Now July enter'd was, and e'er the restless sun
 ' Three hours ascent had got, the dreadful fight
 ' begun
 ' By Warwick, who a straight from Viscount
 ' Beaumont took,
 ' Defeating him at first, by which he quickly broke
 ' In, on th' imperial host, which with a furious
 ' charge,
 ' He forc'd upon the field, it self more to enlarge.
 ' Now English bows, and bills, and battle-axes
 ' walk.
 ' Death up and down the field in ghastly sort
 ' doth stalk.
 ' March in the flower of youth, like Mars him-
 ' self doth bear;
 ' But Warwick as the man, whom fortune seem'd
 ' to fear,
 ' Did for him what he would, that wherefoe'er he
 ' goes,
 ' Down like a furious storm, before him all he
 ' throws:
 ' So Shrewsbury again of Talbot's valiant strain,
 ' (That fatal scourge of France) as stoutly doth
 ' maintain
 ' The party of the king, so princely Somerset,
 ' Whom th' other's knightly deeds, more eagerly
 ' doth whet,
 ' Bears up with them again: by Somerset oppos'd
 ' At last King Henry's host being on three parts
 ' enclos'd,
 ' And aids still coming in upon the Yorkists side,
 ' The summer being then at height of all her pride,
 ' The husbandman, then hard upon his harvest was:
 ' But yet the cocks of hay, nor swaths of new-
 ' shorn grass,
 ' Strew'd not the meads so thick, as mangled bo-
 ' dies there,
 ' When nothing could be seen, but horror every
 ' where:
 ' So that upon the banks, and in the stream of
 ' (I) Nen,
 ' Ten thousand well resolv'd, stout native English-
 ' men
 ' Left breathless, with the rest great Buckingham
 ' is slain,
 ' And Shrewsbury, whose loss those times did
 ' much complain,

(I) The river running by Northampton.

' Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead up-
 ' on the field,
 ' The miserable king, enforc'd again to yield.
 ' Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bed-
 ' roul bring,
 ' Fought by Prince Edward, son to that oft-con-
 ' quer'd king,
 ' And Richard Duke of York, still struggling for
 ' the crown,
 ' Whom Salisbury assists, the man with whose re-
 ' nown
 ' The mouth of fame seem'd fill'd, there having
 ' with them then
 ' Some few selected Welsh, and southern gentle-
 ' men:
 ' A handful to those powers, with which Prince
 ' Edward came;
 ' Of which amongst the rest, the men of noblest
 ' name,
 ' Were those two great-born dukes, which still
 ' his right prefer,
 ' His cousin Somerset, and princely Exeter,
 ' The Earl of Wiltshire still, that on his part stuck
 ' close:
 ' With those two valiant peers, Lord Clifford, and
 ' Lord Ross,
 ' Who made their march from York to Wakefield,
 ' on their way
 ' To meet the duke, who then at Sandal Castle lay,
 ' Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they
 ' dar'd,
 ' Whose long expected powers not fully then pre-
 ' par'd,
 ' That March his valiant son, should to his suc-
 ' cours bring.
 ' Wherefore that puissant lord, by speedy mus-
 ' tering
 ' His tenants and such friends, as he that time
 ' could get,
 ' Five thousand in five days, in his battalion set
 ' 'Gainst their twice doubled strength; nor could
 ' the duke be stay'd, [aid;
 ' Till he might from the south be seconded with
 ' As in his martial pride, disdainning his poor foes,
 ' So often us'd to win, he never thought to lose.
 ' The prince, which still provok'd th' incensed
 ' duke to fight,
 ' His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty fight,
 ' In which he, and the duke's, were seen in all
 ' their pride:
 ' And as York's powers should pass, he had on
 ' either side
 ' Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place
 ' assign'd
 ' His rearward should enclose, which as a thing di-
 ' vin'd,
 ' Just caught as he forecast; for scarce his army
 ' comes
 ' From the descending banks, and that his rat-
 ' tling drums
 ' Excites his men to charge; but Wiltshire with
 ' his force,
 ' Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Ross with
 ' his light-horse,

- ' Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain
 ' thrown,
 ' In number to the dukes, by being four to one.
 ' Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance
 ' have caught
 ' A beast out of the herd, which long time they
 ' have fought;
 ' Upon him all at once courageously do set,
 ' Him by the dewlaps some, some by the flank do
 ' get:
 ' Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their
 ' hold, [would,
 ' Till falling on the ground, they have him as they
 ' With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to
 ' wend,
 ' What with their horns and hoofs, could then
 ' themselves defend.
 ' Thus on their foes they fell, and down the York-
 ' ists fall;
 ' Red slaughter in her arms encompasseth them all.
 ' The first of all the fights in this unnatural war,
 ' In which blind fortune smil'd on woful Lancaster.
 ' Here Richard Duke of York, down beaten,
 ' breath'd his last,
 ' And Salisbury so long with conquest still that past,
 ' Enforced was to yield; Rutland a younger son
 ' To the deceased duke, as he away would run,
 ' (A child scarce twelve years old) by Clifford
 ' there surpris'd,
 ' Who whilst he thought with tears his rage to
 ' have suffic'd,
 ' By him was answer'd thus, thy father hath slain
 ' mine,
 ' And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this
 ' blood of thine,
 ' And stabb'd him to the heart: thus the Lan-
 ' castrians reign,
 ' The Yorkists in the field on heaps together slain.
 ' The battle at that cross, which to this day doth
 ' bear
 ' The great and ancient name of th' English Mor-
 ' timer,
 ' The next shall here have place, betwixt that
 ' Edward fought,
 ' Entitled Earl of March, (revengefully that fought
 ' To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately
 ' shed,
 ' But then he Duke of York, his father being dead)
 ' And Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, in this war,
 ' That stood to underprop the house of Lancaster,
 ' Half brother to the king, that strove to hold his
 ' crown,
 ' With Wiltshire, whose high prowess had bravely
 ' beaten down
 ' The Yorkists' swelling pride in that successful
 ' war
 ' At Wakefield, whose great power of Welsh and
 ' Irish are.
 ' The dukes were Marchers most, which still
 ' stuck to him close,
 ' And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed
 ' cross;
 ' As either general there for his advantage found,
 ' For wisely they survey'd the fashion of the ground)
- ' They into one main fight their either forces make,
 ' When to the Duke of York (his spirits asto awake)
 ' Three suns at once appear'd, all severally that
 ' shone,
 ' Which in a little space were joined all in one,
 ' Auspicious to the duke, as after it fell out,
 ' Who with the weaker power, (of which he
 ' seem'd to doubt)
 ' The proud Lancastrian part had quickly put to
 ' chase, [place,
 ' Where plainly it should seem, the genius of the
 ' The very name of March should greatly favour
 ' there,
 ' A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer:
 ' To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had
 ' the soil. [spoil,
 ' The Yorkists here enrich'd with the Lancastrian
 ' Are masters of the day; four thousand being slain,
 ' The most of which were those, there standing to
 ' maintain
 ' The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot
 ' Was to be taken then; who this young earl begot
 ' On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth King
 ' Henry's bride,
 ' Who too untimely dead, this Owen had affy'd.
 ' But he a prisoner then, his son and Ormond fled,
 ' At Hereford was made the shorter by the head;
 ' When this most warlike duke, in honour of that
 ' sign,
 ' Which of his good success so rightly did divine,
 ' And thankful to high Heaven, which of his cause
 ' had care,
 ' Three suns for his devise still in his ensign bare,
 ' Thy second battle now, St. Albans, I record,
 ' Struck 'twixt Queen Marg'ret's power, to ran-
 ' som back her lord,
 ' Ta'en prisoner at that town, when there those
 ' factions fought,
 ' Whom now the part of York had thither with
 ' them brought,
 ' Whose force consisted most of southern men, be-
 ' ing led [head
 ' By Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, and the
 ' Of that proud faction then, stout Warwick still
 ' that sway'd,
 ' In every bloody field (the Yorkists only aid)
 ' When either's power approach'd, and they them-
 ' selves had fix'd,
 ' Upon the south and north, the town them both
 ' betwixt,
 ' Which first of all to take, the Yorkists had fore-
 ' cast, [plac'd
 ' Putting their vaward on, and their best archers
 ' The market-sted about, and them so fitly laid,
 ' That when the foe came up, they with such ter-
 ' ror play'd
 ' Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.
 ' The northern mad with rage upon the first defeat,
 ' Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,
 ' Which when Great Warwick heard, he sent his
 ' vaward forth,
 ' To oppose them in what place foe'er they made
 ' their stand, [hand,
 ' Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near as

' Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,
 ' Where presently began a fierce and deadly fight.
 ' But those of Warwick's part, which scarce four
 ' thousand were,
 ' To th' vaward of the queen's, that stood so stout-
 ' ly there,
 ' Though still with fresh supplies from her main
 ' battle fed; [stead,
 ' When they their courage saw so little them to
 ' Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,
 ' By passages too straight, and close ambushments
 ' staid:
 ' Their succours that forflow'd, to flight them-
 ' selves betake,
 ' When after them again, such speed the northern
 ' make,
 ' Being follow'd with the force of their main battle
 ' strong, [among,
 ' That this disorder'd route, these breathless men
 ' They enter'd Warwick's host, which with such
 ' horror struck
 ' The southern, that each man began about to look
 ' A way how to escape, that when Great Norfolk
 ' cry'd,
 ' Now as you favour York, and his just cause, abide.
 ' And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have
 ' stood
 ' Yet neither of them both, should they have spent
 ' their blood,
 ' Could make a man to stay, or look upon a foe:
 ' Where fortune, it should seem, to Warwick
 ' meant to shew,
 ' That she this tide of his could turn when e'er
 ' she would. [feld;
 ' Thus when they saw the day was for so little
 ' The king, which (for their ends) they to the
 ' field had brought,
 ' Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of
 ' nought,
 ' Which serv'd them to no use: who when his queen
 ' and son
 ' There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being
 ' done,
 ' With many a joyful tear, each other they em-
 ' brace;
 ' And whilst blind fortune look'd with so well
 ' pleas'd a face:
 ' Their swords with the warm blood of Yorkists
 ' so imbru'd
 ' Their foes but lately fled, courageously pursu'd.
 ' Now followeth that black scene, born up so
 ' wond'rous high
 ' That but a poor dumb shew before a tragedy,
 ' The former battles fought have seem'd to this to
 ' be; [thee,
 ' O Towton, let the blood Palm-Sunday spent on
 ' Affright the future times, when they the muse
 ' shall hear,
 ' Deliver it so to them; and let the ashes there
 ' Of forty thousand men, in that long quarrel slain,
 ' Arise out of the earth, as they would live again,
 ' To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were
 ' wrought [fought)
 ' In that most fatal field, (with various fortunes

' Twixt Edward Duke of York, then late pro-
 ' claimed king, [panying,
 ' Fourth of that royal name, and him accom-
 ' The Nevils, (of that war maintaining still the
 ' stream)
 ' Great Warwick, and with him his most coura-
 ' geous Eame,
 ' Stout Falconbridge; the third a firebrand like
 ' the other,
 ' Of Salisbury surnam'd, that Warwick's bastard
 ' brother.
 ' Lord Fitzwalter, who still the Yorkists power
 ' assists, [martialists,
 ' Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved
 ' And Henry the late king, to whom they still
 ' durst stand,
 ' His true as powerful friend, the Great Northum-
 ' berland, [prefer
 ' With Westmoreland, his claim who ever did
 ' His kinsman Somerset, his chosen Exeter,
 ' Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that
 ' were,
 ' And little less than those, the Earl of Devonshire,
 ' Th' Lord Dacres, and Lord Wells, both wise
 ' and warlike wights,
 ' With him of great command, Nevil, and Tro-
 ' lop, knights.
 ' Both armies then on foot, and on their way
 ' set forth,
 ' King Edward from the south, King Henry from
 ' the north.
 ' The latter crowned king doth preparation make,
 ' From Pomfret (where he lay) the passage first to
 ' take
 ' O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that service
 ' sends
 ' A most selected troop of his well-chosen friends,
 ' To make that passage good, when instantly began
 ' The dire and om'nous signs, the slaughter that
 ' foreran.
 ' For valiant Clifford there, himself so bravely quit,
 ' That coming to the bridge (e'er they could
 ' strengthen it)
 ' From the Lancastrian power, with his light troop
 ' of horse,
 ' And early in the morn defeating of their force,
 ' The Lord Fitzwalter flew, and that brave bastard
 ' son
 ' Of Salisbury, themselves who into danger run:
 ' For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all;
 ' But hearing sudden noise, suppos'd some broil to
 ' fall
 ' Mongst their misgovern'd troops, unarmed rush-
 ' ing out
 ' By Clifford's soldiers soon encompassed about,
 ' Were miserably slain: which when Great War-
 ' wick hears, [ears,
 ' As he had felt his heart transpierced through his
 ' To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,
 ' And with distracted eyes, in most stern manner
 ' shews
 ' The slaughter of those lords. This day alone,
 ' quoth he,
 ' Our utter ruin shall, or our sure rising be.

- ' When soon before the host, his glittering sword
 ' he drew, [flew.
 ' And with relentless hands his sprightly courser
 ' Then stand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not
 ' to fly;
 ' This day shall Edward win, or here shall War-
 ' wick die.
 ' Which words by Warwick spoke, so deeply
 ' seem'd to sting [king,
 ' The much distemper'd breast of that courageous
 ' That straight he made proclaim'd, that every
 ' fainting heart
 ' From his resolved host had licence to depart:
 ' And those that would abide the hazard of the
 ' fight,
 ' Rewards and titles due to their deserved right:
 ' And that no man, that day, a prisoner there
 ' should take;
 ' For this the upshot was, that all must mar or
 ' make.
 ' A hundred thousand men in both the armies
 ' stood, [blood,
 ' That native English were: O, worthy of your
 ' What conquest had there been? but ensigns fly
 ' at large, [charge.
 ' And trumpets every way sound to the dreadful
 ' Upon the Yorkists part, there flew the ireful
 ' bear: [there.
 ' On the Lancastrian side, the crescent waving
 ' The southern on this side, for York a Warwick
 ' cry,
 ' A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.
 ' The two main battles join, the four large wings
 ' do meet;
 ' What with the shouts of men, and noise of
 ' horses feet,
 ' Hell through the troubled earth, her horror
 ' seem'd to breath; [neath:
 ' A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt be-
 ' As when the evening is with darkness over-
 ' spread,
 ' Her star-befreckled face with clouds enveloped,
 ' You oftentimes behold the trembling lightning
 ' fly,
 ' Which suddenly again, but turning of your eye,
 ' Is vanished away, or doth so swiftly glide,
 ' That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either
 ' side.
 ' So through the smoke of dust, from ways, and
 ' fallows rais'd,
 ' And breath of horse and men, that both together
 ' ceas'd
 ' The air on every part, sent by the glimmering
 ' sun, [run:
 ' The splendour of their arms doth by reflection
 ' Till heaps of dying men, and those already dead,
 ' Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted
 ' them that fled. [tends,
 ' Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so far ex-
 ' That fullen night begins, before their fury ends.
 ' Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilst still with
 ' murdering hands,
 ' Expecting the next morn, the weak't uncon-
 ' quer'd stands;
 ' Which was no sooner come, but both begin again
 ' To wreck their friends dear blood the former
 ' evening slain.
 ' New battles are begun, new fights that newly
 ' wound,
 ' Till the Lancastrian part, by their much less'n-
 ' ing found
 ' Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,
 ' When lastly to their foe their recreant backs they
 ' turn.
 ' Thy channel then, O (l) Cock, was fill'd up
 ' with the dead
 ' Of the Lancastrian side, that from the Yorkists
 ' fled,
 ' That those of Edward's part, that had the rear
 ' in chase, [pass.
 ' As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies
 ' That Wharfe to whose large banks thou contri-
 ' but'st thy store,
 ' Had her more crystal face discolour'd with the
 ' gore
 ' Of forty thousand men, that up the number made,
 ' Northumberland the Great, and Westmoreland
 ' there laid
 ' Their bodies: valiant Wells, and Dacres there
 ' do leave [deceive.)
 ' Their carcases, (whose hope too long did them
 ' Trolop and Nevil found massacred in the field,
 ' The Earl of Wiltshire forc'd to the stern foe to
 ' yield.
 ' King Henry from fair York, upon this sad mis-
 ' chance [France,
 ' To Scotland fled, the queen sail'd over into
 ' The Duke of Somerset, and Exeter do fly,
 ' The rest upon the earth together breathless lie.
 ' Muse turn thee now to tell the field at Hexam
 ' struck, [luck
 ' Upon the Yorkists' part, with the most prosp'rous
 ' Of any yet before, where to themselves they
 ' gain'd [sustain'd,
 ' Most safety, yet their powers least damage there
 ' 'Twixt John Lord Montacute, that Nevil, who
 ' to stand [land
 ' For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumber-
 ' A sort of valiant men, consisting most of horse,
 ' Which were again supply'd with a most puissant
 ' force,
 ' Sent thither from the south, and by King Ed-
 ' ward brought
 ' In person down to York, to aid if that in ought
 ' His general should have need, for that he durst
 ' not trust
 ' The northern, which so oft to him had been
 ' unjust:
 ' Whilst he himself at York, a second power doth
 ' hold, [would.
 ' To hear in this rough war, what the Lancastrians
 ' And Henry with his queen, who to their pow-
 ' ers had got, [Scot,
 ' The lively daring French, and the light hardy
 ' To enter with them here, and to their part do
 ' get,
 ' Their faithful lov'd ally, the Duke of Somerset,
 (l) A little rivulet near to Towton, running into Wharfe

' And Sir Ralph Percie, then most powerful in
 ' those parts, [hearts
 ' Who had been reconcil'd to Edward, but their
 ' Still with King Henry staid, to him and ever
 ' true, [drew :
 ' To whom by this revolt, they many northern
 ' Sir William Taylboys, (call'd of most) the Earl
 ' of Kime,
 ' With Hungerford, and Rosse, and Mullins, of
 ' that time
 ' Barons of high account, with Nevil, Tunstall,
 ' Gray, [sway.
 ' Hussy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty
 ' As forward with his force, brave Montacute
 ' was set,
 ' It hap'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met
 ' With Hungerford, and Rosse, and Sir Ralph
 ' Percie, where
 ' In sign of good success (as certainly it were)
 ' They and their utmost force were quickly put to
 ' flight;
 ' Yet Percie as he was a most courageous knight,
 ' Ne'er budg'd till his last breath, but in the field
 ' was slain. [again,
 ' Proud of this first defeat, then marching forth
 ' Towards Livells, a large waste, which other
 ' plains outbraves,
 ' Whose verge fresh (m) Dowell still is wat'ring
 ' with her waves,
 ' Whereas his posting scouts, King Henry's power
 ' descry'd,
 ' Tow'rd's whom with speedy march, this valiant
 ' general hy'd,
 ' Whose haste there likewise had such prosperous
 ' event,
 ' That luckless Henry yet, had scarcely clear'd his
 ' tent,
 ' His captains hardly set his battles, nor enlarg'd
 ' Their squadrons on the field, but this Great Ne-
 ' vil charg'd :
 ' Long was this doubtful fight on either side
 ' maintain'd,
 ' That rising whilst this falls, this losing whilst
 ' that gain'd :
 ' The ground which this part got, and there as
 ' conquerors stood,
 ' The other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,
 ' To either as blind chance her favours will dispose :
 ' So to this part it ebb'd, and to that side it flows.
 ' At last, 'till whether 'twere that sad and horrid
 ' fight,
 ' At Saxton that yet did their fainting spirits af-
 ' fright,
 ' With doubt of second loss, and slaughter, or the
 ' aid
 ' That Montacute receiv'd ; King Henry's power
 ' dismay'd
 ' And giving up the day, dishonourably fled,
 ' Whom with so violent speed the Yorkists fol-
 ' lowed, [swift,
 ' That had not Henry spur'd, and had a courser
 ' Besides a skilful guide, through woods and hills
 ' to shift,

(m) A little river near Hexam.

' He sure had been surpris'd, as they his hench-
 ' men took,
 ' With whom they found his helm ; with most
 ' disastrous luck,
 ' To save themselves by flight, ne'er more did any
 ' strive,
 ' And yet so many men ne'er taken were alive,
 ' Now Banbury we come thy battle to report,
 ' And shew th' efficient cause, as in what wond'-
 ' rous fort
 ' Great Warwick was wrought in to the Lancast-
 ' rian part,
 ' When as that wanton king so vex'd his mighty
 ' heart :
 ' Whilst in the court of France, that warrior he
 ' bestow'd,
 ' (As potent here at home, as powerful else abroad)
 ' A marriage to entreat with Bonabright and sheen,
 ' Of the Savoyan blood, and sister to the queen,
 ' Which whilst this noble earl negociated there,
 ' The widow Lady Gray, the king espoused here.
 ' By which the noble earl in France who was dis-
 ' grac'd, [haste)
 ' (In England his revenge doth but too quickly
 ' T' excite the northern men doth secretly begin,
 ' (With whom he powerful was) to rise, that co-
 ' ming in,
 ' He might put in his hand, (which only he desir'd)
 ' Which rising before York, were likely to have
 ' fir'd
 ' The city, but repuls'd, and Holdorn them that
 ' led [head.
 ' Being taken, for the cause made shorter by the
 ' Yet would not they desist, but to their captains
 ' drew
 ' Henry the valiant son of John the Lord Fitz-
 ' Hugh,
 ' With Coniers that brave knight, whose valour
 ' they prefer,
 ' With Henry Nevil, son to the Lord Latimer,
 ' By whose allies and friends, they every day grew
 ' strong, [along.
 ' And so in proud array tow'rd's London march
 ' Which when King Edward saw the world began
 ' to side
 ' With Warwick, till himself he might of power
 ' provide, [stand.
 ' To noble Pembroke sends, those rebels to with-
 ' Six thousand valiant Welsh, who must'ring out
 ' of hand,
 ' By Richard Herbert's aid, his brother doth them
 ' bring, [king)
 ' And for their greater strength (appointed by the
 ' Th' Lord Stafford (of his house) of Powick
 ' named then, [men
 ' Eight hundred archers brought, the most selected
 ' The Marchers could make out : these having
 ' Severn croft,
 ' And up to Cotswold come, they heard the nor-
 ' thern host,
 ' Being at Northampton then, itself tow'rd's War-
 ' wick wayd,
 ' When with a speedy march, the Herberts that
 ' forlay'd

- * Their passage, charg'd their rear with near two
 ' thousand horse,
 * That the Lancastrian part suspecting all their force,
 * Had followed them again, their army bring about,
 * Both with such speed and skill, that e'er the
 ' Welsh got out,
 * By having charg'd too far, some of their vaward
 ' lost,
 * Beat to their army back; thus as these legions
 ' coast,
 * On Danemore they are met, indifferent for this
 ' war,
 * Whereas three easy hills that stand triangular,
 * Small Edgcoat overlook; on that upon the west
 * The Welsh encamp themselves; the northern
 ' them possess
 * Of that upon the south, whilst (by war's strange
 ' event)
 * Young Nevil, who would brave the Herberts in
 ' their tent,
 * Leading a troop of youth, (upon that fatal plain)
 * Was taken by the Welsh, and miserably slain,
 * Of whose untimely death, his friends the next
 ' day took
 * A terrible revenge, when Stafford there forsook
 * The army of the Welsh, and with his archers bad
 * Them fight that would for him; for that proud
 ' Pembroke had
 * Displac'd him of his inn, in Banbury, where he
 * His paramour had lodg'd; where since he might
 ' not be,
 * He backward shapes his course, and leaves the
 ' Herberts there,
 * T' abide the brunt of all: with outcries every
 ' where
 * The clamorous drums and fifes to the rough
 ' charge do sound,
 * Together horse and man come tumbling to the
 ' ground:
 * Then limbs like boughs were lopp'd, from shoul-
 ' ders arms do fly;
 * They fight as none could 'scape, yet 'scape as
 ' none could die.
 * The ruffling northern lads, and the stout Welsh-
 ' man try'd it;
 * Then head-pieces hold out, or brains must fore
 ' abide it.
 * The northern men St. George for Lancaster do
 ' cry:
 * A Pembroke for the king, the lusty Welsh reply;
 * When many a gallant youth doth desperately
 ' assay,
 * To do something that might be worthy of the
 ' day:
 * Where Richard Herbert bears into the northern
 ' press,
 * And with his pole-ax makes his way with such
 ' success,
 * That breaking through the ranks, he their main
 ' battle past,
 * And quit it so again, that many stood aghast,
 * That from the higher ground beheld him wade
 ' the crowd,
 * As often ye behold in tempests rough and proud,
 * O'ertaken with a storm, some shell or little cress,
 * Hard labouring for the land, on the high-work-
 ' ing sea,
 * Seems now as swallow'd up, then floating light
 ' and free
 * O' th' top of some high wave; then think that
 ' you it see
 * Quite sunk beneath that waste of waters, yet
 ' doth clear [near:
 * The main, and safely gets some creek or harbour
 * So Herbert clear'd their host; but see th' event
 ' of war,
 * Some spials on the hill discerned had from far
 * Another army come to aid the northern side,
 * When they which Clapham's craft, so quickly not
 ' espy'd,
 * Who with five hundred men about Northampton
 ' rais'd [pleas'd,
 * All discontented spirits, with Edward's rule dis-
 * Displaying in the field Great Warwick's dreaded
 ' bear:
 * The Welsh who thought the earl in person had
 ' been there,
 * Leading a greater power (dishearten'd) turn the
 ' back [wreck.
 * Before the northern host, that quickly go to
 * Five thousand valiant Welsh are in the chase
 ' o'erthrown,
 * Which but an hour before had thought the day
 ' their own.
 * Their leaders (in the flight) the high-born Her-
 ' berts ta'en,
 * At Banbury must pay for Henry Nevil slain.
 * Now Stamford in due course, the muse doth
 ' come to tell,
 * Of thine own named field, what in the fight befel,
 * Betwixt brave youthful Wells, from Lincolnshire
 ' that led
 * Near twenty thousand men, tow'rd London ma-
 ' king head, [abet,
 * Against the Yorkists' power, great Warwick to
 * Who with a puissant force prepared forth to set,
 * To join with him in arms, and jointly take their
 ' chance.
 * And Edward with his friends, who likewise do
 ' advance
 * His forces, to resist that desp'rate daring foe;
 * Who for he durst himself in open arms to shew,
 * Nor at his dread command them down again
 ' would lay. [sway
 * His father the Lord Wells, who he suppos'd might
 * His so outrageous son, with his lov'd law-made
 ' brother,
 * Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much to rule
 ' the other,
 * He strangely did to die, which so incens'd the
 ' the spleen [teene
 * Of this courageous youth, that he to wreak his
 * Upon the cruel king, doth every way excite
 * Him to an equal field, that come where they
 ' might smite [met:
 * The battle: on this plain it chanc'd their armies
 * They rang'd their several fights, which once in
 ' order set,

' The loudly-brawling drums, which seemed to
 ' have fear'd [heard,
 ' The trembling air at first, soon after were not
 ' For outcries, shrieks, and shouts, whilst noise doth
 ' noise confound.
 ' No accents touch the ear, but such as death do
 ' sound [guide:
 ' In thirsting for revenge, whilst fury them doth
 ' As slaughter seems by turns to seize on either side.
 ' The southern expert were, in all to war belong,
 ' And exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and
 ' strong, [retreat,
 ' Which to the battle stick, and if they make
 ' Yet coming on again, the foe they back do get,
 ' And Wells for Warwick cry, and for the rightful
 ' crown;
 ' The other call a York to beat the rebels down:
 ' The worst that war could do, on either side she
 ' shews, [bows;
 ' Or by the force of bills, or by the strength of
 ' But still by fresh supplies, the Yorkists' power
 ' increase: [press,
 ' And Wells, who sees his troops so overborn with
 ' By hazarding too far into the boist'rous throng,
 ' Encouraging his men the adverse troops among,
 ' With many a mortal wound, his wearied breath
 ' expir'd:
 ' Which sooner known to his, than his first hopes
 ' desir'd,
 ' Ten thousand on the earth before them lying slain,
 ' No hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,
 ' Cast off their country's coats, to haste their speed
 ' away,
 ' (Of them) which Loose-coat field is call'd (even)
 ' to this day.
 ' Since need'ly I must stick upon my former
 ' text, [next,
 ' The bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth
 ' 'Twixt Edward, who before he settled was to
 ' reign, [again,
 ' By Warwick hence expuls'd; but here arriv'd
 ' From Burgundy brought in munition, men and
 ' pay,
 ' And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.
 ' Whose brother (f) George came in, with War-
 ' wick that had stood,
 ' Whom nature wrought at length t' adhere to his
 ' own blood: [friend
 ' His brother Richard Duke of Glo'ster, and his
 ' Lord Hastings, who to him their utmost powers
 ' extend;
 ' And Warwick, whose great heart so mortal
 ' hatred bore
 ' To Edward, that by all the sacraments he swore
 ' Not to lay down his arms, until his sword had
 ' raz'd [disgrac'd;
 ' That proud king from his seat, that so had him
 ' And Marquis Mountacute, his brother, that
 ' brave stem
 ' Of Nevil's noble stock, who joined had to them
 ' The Dukes of Somerset, and Exeter, and take
 ' The Earl of Oxford in; the armies forward
 ' make,

(f) George Duke of Clarence.

' And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,
 ' That to this very day, is called Gladmore there.
 ' Duke Richard to the field, doth Edward's va-
 ' ward bring; [king,
 ' And in the middle came that most courageous
 ' With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then
 ' most dear;
 ' His friend Lord Hastings had the guiding of
 ' the rear, [pute.)
 ' A man of whom the king most highly did re-
 ' On puissant Warwick's part, the Marquis
 ' Mountacute
 ' His brother and his friend the Earl of Oxford led
 ' The right wing; and the left which most that
 ' day might sted,
 ' The Duke of Exeter; and he himself do guide
 ' The middle fight (which was the army's only
 ' pride)
 ' Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could
 ' get,
 ' Directed by his friend the Duke of Somerset.
 ' O Sabbath ill-bestow'd, O dreary Easter-day,
 ' In which (as some suppose) the sun doth use to
 ' play,
 ' In honour of that God for sinful man that dy'd,
 ' And rose on that third day, that sun which now
 ' doth hide
 ' His face in foggy mists; nor was that morning
 ' seen,
 ' So that the space of ground those angry hosts
 ' between,
 ' Was overshadow'd quite with darkness, which
 ' so cast [past,
 ' The armies on both sides, that they each other
 ' Before they could perceive advantage where to
 ' fight; [fight,
 ' Besides the envious mist so much deceiv'd their
 ' That where eight hundred men, which valiant
 ' Oxford brought,
 ' Wore comets on their coats: Great Warrick's
 ' force which thought
 ' They had King Edward's been, which so with
 ' suns were drest,
 ' First made their shot at them, who by their
 ' friends distress,
 ' Constrained were to fly, being scatter'd here and
 ' there.
 ' But when this direful day at last began to clear,
 ' King Edward then beholds that height of his
 ' first hopes,
 ' Whose presence gave fresh life to his oft-fainting
 ' troops,
 ' Prepar'd to scourge his pride, there daring to
 ' defy
 ' His merey, to the host proclaiming publicly
 ' His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and shame,
 ' And what might make him vile; so Warwick
 ' heard that name
 ' Of York, which in the field he had so oft advanc'd,
 ' And to that glorious height, and greatness had
 ' inhanc'd,
 ' Then cry'd against his power, by those which
 ' oft had fled,
 ' Their swift pursuing foe, by him not bravely led,

' Upon the enemy's back, their swords bath'd in
 ' the gore
 ' Of those from whom they ran, like heartless
 ' men before,
 ' Which Warwick's nobler name injuriously defy'd,
 ' Even as the ireful host then joined side to side.
 ' Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main
 ' battle, when
 ' Proud Somerset therein, with his approved men
 ' Stood stoutly to the shock, and flang out such a
 ' flight
 ' Of shafts, as well-near seem'd t' eclipse the
 ' welcom'd light,
 ' Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreat
 ' again,
 ' That great battalion next approacheth the fair
 ' plain,
 ' Wherein the king himself in person was to try,
 ' Proud Warwick's utmost strength : when War-
 ' wick by and by
 ' With his left wing came up, and charg'd so
 ' home and round,
 ' That had not his light horse by disadvantageous
 ' ground
 ' Been hinder'd, he had struck the heart of Ed-
 ' ward's host :
 ' But finding his defeat, his enterprize so lost,
 ' He his swift couriers sends, to will his valiant
 ' brother, [other,
 ' And Oxford, in command being equal to the
 ' To charge with the right wing, who bravely up
 ' do bear;
 ' But Hastings that before raught thither with
 ' his rear,
 ' And with king Edward join'd, the host too
 ' strongly arm'd.
 ' When every part with spoil, with rape, with
 ' fury charm'd, [swill
 ' Are prodigal of blood, that slaughter seems to
 ' Itself in human gore, and every one cries kill.
 ' So doubtful and so long the battle doth abide,
 ' That those, which to and fro, 'twixt that and
 ' London ride,
 ' That Warwick wins the day for certain news
 ' do bring, [king,
 ' Those following them again, said certainly the
 ' Until great Warwick found his army had the
 ' worse, [horse,
 ' And sore began to faint, alighting from his
 ' In with the foremost puts, and wades into the
 ' throng;
 ' And where he saw death stern'st, the murder'd
 ' troops among,
 ' He ventures; as the sun in a tempestuous day,
 ' With darkness threaten'd long, yet sometimes
 ' doth display
 ' His cheerful beams, which scarce appear to the
 ' clear eye, [do fly,
 ' But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds
 ' Do muffle him again within them, till at length
 ' The storm (prevailing still with an unusual
 ' strength)
 ' His clearness quite doth close, and shut him up
 ' in night :
 ' So mighty Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.

' The cruel lions thus enclose the dreaded bear,
 ' Whilst Mountacute, who strives (if any help
 ' there were)
 ' To rescue his belov'd and valiant brother fell :
 ' The loss of two such spirits at once, time shall
 ' not tell; [fled,
 ' The Duke of Somerset, and th' earl of Oxford
 ' And Exeter being left for one amongst the dead,
 ' At length recovering life, by night escap'd away;
 ' York never safely sat, 'till this victorious day.
 ' This fortune to his end this mighty Warwick
 ' brings,
 ' This puissant setter-up, and plucker down of
 ' kings.
 ' He who those battles won, which so much
 ' blood had cost, [lost.
 ' At Barnet's fatal fight, both life and fortune.
 ' Now Tewksbury it rests, thy story to relate,
 ' Thy sad and dreadful fight, and that most dire-
 ' ful fate [day.
 ' Of the Lancastrian line, which happen'd on that
 ' Fourth of that fatal month, that still-remem-
 ' ber'd May :
 ' 'Twixt Edmund that brave Duke of Somerset
 ' who fled
 ' From Barnes's bloody field, (again there gather-
 ' ing head)
 ' And Marquis Dorset bound in blood to aid him
 ' there,
 ' With Thomas Courtney Earl of powerful De-
 ' vonshire :
 ' With whom king Henry's son, young Edward
 ' there was seen,
 ' To claim his doubtless right, with that undaunt-
 ' ed queen
 ' His mother, who from France with succours
 ' came on land
 ' That day when Warwick fell at Barnet, which
 ' now stand,
 ' Their fortune yet to try upon a second fight.
 ' And Edward who employ'd the utmost of his
 ' might, [feel,
 ' The poor Lancastrian part (which he doth eas'ly
 ' By Warwick's mighty fall, already faintly reel)
 ' By battle to subvert, and to extirp the line;
 ' And for the present act, his army doth assign
 ' To those at Barnet field so luckily that sped;
 ' As Richard late did there, he here the vaward
 ' led,
 ' The main the king himself, and Clarence took
 ' to guide; [plied
 ' The rearward as before by Hastings was sup-
 ' The army of the queen, into three battles cast,
 ' The first of which the Duke of Somerset, and
 ' (fast
 ' To him) his brother John do happily dispose;
 ' The second, which the prince for his own safety
 ' chose [third,
 ' The barons of St. John, and Wenlock; and the
 ' To Courtney that brave Earl of Devonshire re-
 ' fer'd.
 ' Where in a spacious field they set their armies
 ' down;
 ' Behind, hard at their back, the abbey and the
 ' town,

' To whom their foe must come, by often banks
 ' and steep,
 ' Through quickset narrow lanes, cut out with
 ' ditches deep,
 ' Repulsing Edward's power, constraining him
 ' to prove ' move
 ' By thund'ring cannon-shot, and culverin, to re-
 ' Them from that chosen ground, so tedious to as-
 ' fail;
 ' And with the shot came shafts, like stormy
 ' showers of hail: [fore,
 ' The like they sent again, which beat the other
 ' Who with the ordnance strove the Yorkists to
 ' out-roar,
 ' And still make good their ground, that whilst
 ' the pieces play, [say
 ' The Yorkists hasting still to hand-blows, do as-
 ' In strong and boist'rous crowds to scale the
 ' cumb'rous dikes; ' pikes,
 ' But beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and
 ' Are forced to fall off; when Richard there that
 ' led [sted,
 ' The vaward, saw their strength so little them to
 ' As he a captain was, both politic and good,
 ' The stratagems of war that rightly understood,
 ' Doth seem as from the field his forces to with-
 ' draw. [saw,
 ' His sudden, strange retire, proud Somerset that
 ' (A man of haughty spirit, in honour most pre-
 ' cise;
 ' In action yet far more adventurous than wife)
 ' Supposing from the field for safety he had fled,
 ' Straight giving him the chase; when Richard
 ' turning head,
 ' By his encounter let the desperate duke to know,
 ' 'Twas done to train him out, when soon began
 ' the show
 ' Of slaughter every where; for scarce their equal
 ' forces
 ' Began the doubtful fight, but that three hun-
 ' dred horses,
 ' That out of fight this while on Edward's part
 ' had staid,
 ' To see that near at hand no ambushes were laid,
 ' Soon charg'd them on the side, disord'ring quite
 ' their ranks,
 ' Whilst this most warlike king had won the clim-
 ' bing banks,
 ' Upon the equal earth, and coming bravely in
 ' Upon the adverse power, there likewise doth be-
 ' gin [side,
 ' A fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancastrian
 ' The first and furious shock not able to abide
 ' The utmost of their strength, were forced to be-
 ' stow, [low,
 ' To hold what they had got; that Somerset be-
 ' Who from the second force had still expected
 ' aid,
 ' But frustrated thereof, even as a man dismay'd,
 ' Scarce shifts to save himself, his battle over-
 ' thrown; [grown
 ' But faring as a man that frantic had been
 ' With Wenlock hap'd to meet (preparing for his
 ' flight) [spight,
 ' Upbraiding him with terms of baseness and de-

' That cowardly he had fail'd to succour him with
 ' men: [again,
 ' Whilst Wenlock with like words requiteth him
 ' The duke (to his stern rage, as yielding up the
 ' reins)
 ' With his too pond'rous axe dash'd out the ba-
 ' ron's brains.
 ' The party of the queen in every place are
 ' kill'd,
 ' The ditches with the dead, confusedly are fill'd,
 ' And many in the flight, i'th' neighbouring rivers
 ' drown'd,
 ' Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering
 ' Yorkists crown'd.
 ' Three thousand of those men, on Henry's part
 ' that stood, [blood,
 ' For their presumption paid the forfeit of their
 ' John Marquiss Dorset dead, and Devonshire
 ' that day [fray,
 ' Drew his last vital breath, as in that bloody
 ' Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor,
 ' who had there,
 ' Their several brave commands, all valiant men
 ' that were,
 ' Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Ed-
 ' ward's own,
 ' And through his enemies tents he march'd into
 ' the town,
 ' Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth
 ' could bring
 ' Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a king,
 ' His person to be safe. Sir Richard Crofts who
 ' thought
 ' His prisoner to disclose, before the king then
 ' brought
 ' That fair and goodly youth; whom when proud
 ' York demands,
 ' Why thus he had presum'd by help of trai-
 ' t'rous hands
 ' His kingdom to disturb, and impiously display'd,
 ' His ensigns: the stout prince as not a jot dis-
 ' may'd [right,
 ' With confidence replies, To claim his ancient
 ' Him from his grandfres left; by tyranny and
 ' might, [reply,
 ' By him his foe usurp'd: with whose so bold
 ' Whilst Edward thoroughly vex'd, doth seem to
 ' thrust him by;
 ' His second brother George, and Richard near
 ' that stood,
 ' With many a cruel stab let out his princely
 ' blood;
 ' In whom the line direct of Lancaster doth cease,
 ' And Somerset himself surpris'd in the press;
 ' With many a worthy man, to Glo'ster prisoners
 ' led,
 ' There forfeited their lives: Queen Margaret
 ' being fled
 ' To a religious cell, (to Tewksbury too near)
 ' Discover'd to the king, with sad and heavy
 ' cheer,
 ' A prisoner was convey'd to London, woeful
 ' queen,
 ' The last of all her hopes, that buried now had
 ' seen.

- ' But of that outrage here, by that bold bas-
 ' tard son
 ' Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd Lord Falconbridge,
 ' which won
 ' A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Essex rais'd,
 ' Who London here besieg'd, and Southwark
 ' having seiz'd,
 ' Set fire upon the bridge; but when he not
 ' prevail'd,
 ' The suburb's on the east he furiously assayl'd;
 ' But by the city's power was lastly put to flight:
 ' Which being no set field, nor yet well order'd
 ' fight, [be.
 ' Amongst our battles here, may no way reckon'd
 ' Then, Bosworth, here the muse now lastly
 ' bids for thee,
 ' Thy battle to describe, the last of that long war,
 ' Entitled by the name of York and Lancaster;
 ' 'Twixt Hedry Tudor Earl of Richmond only left
 ' Of the Lancastrian line, who by the Yorkists
 ' rest
 ' Of liberty at home, a banish'd man abroad,
 ' In Britany had liv'd; but late at Milford road,
 ' Being prosperously arriv'd, though scarce two
 ' thousand strong,
 ' Made out his way through Wales, where as he
 ' came along,
 ' First Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next
 ' doth meet
 ' Him, with their several powers, as offering at
 ' his feet
 ' To lay their lands, and lives; Sir Rice ap Tho-
 ' mas then,
 ' With his brave band of Welsh, most choice and
 ' expert men,
 ' Comes lastly to his aid; at Shrewsbury arriv'd,
 ' (His hopes so faint before, so happily reviv'd)
 ' He on for England makes, and near to Newport
 ' town,
 ' The next ensuing night setting his army down,
 ' Sir Gilbert Talbot still for Lancaster that stood,
 ' (To Henry near ally'd in friendship as in blood)
 ' From th' Earl of Shrewsbury his nephew (under
 ' age) [page,
 ' Came with two thousand men, in warlike equi-
 ' Which much his power increas'd; when easily
 ' setting on,
 ' From Litchfield, as the way leads forth to A-
 ' therston,
 ' Brave Boucher and his friend stout Hunger-
 ' ford, whose hopes
 ' On Henry long had lain, stealing from Richard's
 ' troops, [appear,
 ' (Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do
 ' Which with a high resolve, most strangely
 ' seem'd to cheer [most
 ' His oft-appall'd heart, but yet the man which
 ' Gave fail to Henry's self, and fresh life to his
 ' host, [fy'd
 ' The stout lord Stanley was, who for he had af-
 ' The mother of the earl, to him so near ally'd:
 ' The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to
 ' have compell'd)
 ' The young lord Strange his son, in hostage
 ' strongly held,
- ' Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place
 ' could find, [bin'd
 ' His son-in-law to meet; yet he with him com-
 ' Sir William Stanley, know to be a valiant knight
 ' T' assure him of his aid. Thus growing tow'rd
 ' his height,
 ' A most selected band of Cheshire bow-men came,
 ' By Sir John Savage led, besides two men of
 ' name:
 ' Sir Brian Sanford, and Sir Simon Digby, who
 ' Leaving the tyrant king, themselves expressly
 ' show
 ' Fast friends to Henry's part, which still his
 ' power increas'd:
 ' Both armies well prepar'd, towards Bosworth
 ' strongly prest,
 ' And on a spacious moor, lying southward from
 ' the town,
 ' Indifferent to them both, they set their armies
 ' down
 ' Their soldiers to refresh, preparing for the fight:
 ' Where to the guilty king, that black fore-run-
 ' ning night,
 ' Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and his son,
 ' Of his own brother George, and his two ne-
 ' phews done [friend,
 ' Most cruelly to death; and of his wife and
 ' Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar'd as they
 ' would rend
 ' Him piece-meal; at which oft he rovet in his
 ' sleep. [peep,
 ' No sooner 'gan the dawn out of the east to
 ' But drums and trumpets chide the soldiers to
 ' their arms,
 ' And all the neighbouring fields are cover'd with
 ' the swarms
 ' Of those that came to fight, as those that came
 ' to see,
 ' (Contending for a crown) whose that great day
 ' should be.
 ' First, Richmond rang'd his fights, on Oxford
 ' and bestows [bows
 ' The leading, with a band of strong and finewy
 ' Out of the army pick'd; the front of all the
 ' field,
 ' Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wisely took to wield,
 ' The right wing, with his strengths, most nor-
 ' thern men that were;
 ' And Sir John Savage, with the power of Lanca-
 ' shire,
 ' And Cheshire (chief of men) was for the left
 ' wing plac'd:
 ' The middle battle he in his fair person grac'd;
 ' With him the noble Earl of Pembroke, who
 ' commands
 ' Their countrymen the Welsh, (of whom it main-
 ' ly stands, [force)
 ' For their great numbers found to be of greatest
 ' Which but his guard of gleaves, consisted all of
 ' horse.
 ' Into two several fights the king contriv'd his
 ' strength,
 ' And his first battle cast into a wondrous length,
 ' In fashion of a wedge, in point of which he set
 ' His archery, thereof and to the guidance let

' Of John the noble Duke of Norfolk, and his son
 ' Brave Surrey; he himself the second bringing on,
 ' Which was a perfect square; and on the other
 ' side,
 ' His horsemen had for wings, which by extend-
 ' ing wide,
 ' The adverse seem'd to threat, with an unequal
 ' power.
 ' The utmost point arriv'd of this expected hour,
 ' He to lord Stanley sends, to bring away his aid;
 ' And threats him by an oath, if longer he de-
 ' lay'd [die,
 ' His eldest son young Strange immediately should
 ' To whom stout Stanley thus doth carelessly re-
 ' ply:
 ' Tell thou the king I'll come, when I fit time
 ' shall see,
 ' I love the boy, but yet I have more sons than he.
 ' The angry armies meet, when the thin air
 ' was rent, [sent,
 ' With such re-echoing shots, from either soldiers
 ' That flying o'er the field the birds down tremb-
 ' ling dropt. [propt,
 ' As some old building long that hath been under-
 ' When as the timber fails, by the unweildy fall,
 ' Even into powder beats, the roof, and rotten
 ' wall,
 ' And with confused clouds of smouldring dust
 ' doth choak
 ' The streets and places near; so through the mis-
 ' ty smoke,
 ' By shot and ordnance made, a thundring noise
 ' was heard.
 ' When Stanley that this while his succours had
 ' defer'd,
 ' Both to the cruel king, and to the earl his son,
 ' When once he doth perceive the battle was be-
 ' gun,
 ' Brings on his valiant troops, three thousand ful-
 ' ly strong,
 ' Which like a cloud far off, that tempest threat-
 ' en'd long,
 ' Falls on the tyrant's host, which him with ter-
 ' ror struck,
 ' As also when he sees, he doth but vainly look
 ' For succours from the great Northumberland,
 ' this while, [mile,
 ' That from the battle scarce three quarters of a
 ' Stood with his power of horse, nor once was
 ' seen to stir:
 ' When Richard (that th' event no longer would
 ' defer)
 ' The two main battles mix'd, and that with
 ' weary'd breath,
 ' Some labour'd to their life, some labour'd to
 ' their death,
 ' (There for the better fought) even with a spirit
 ' elate, [fate
 ' As one that inly scorn'd the very worst that
 ' Could possibly impose, his lance set in his rest,
 ' Into the thick'et of death, through threat'ning
 ' peril prest, [drew,
 ' To where he had perceiv'd the earl in person
 ' Whose standard-bearer he, Sir William Bran-
 ' don slew,

' The pile of his strong staff into his arm-pit sent;
 ' When at a second shock, down Sir John Cheney
 ' went,
 ' Which scarce a lance's length before the earl
 ' was plac'd,
 ' Until by Richmond's guard environed at last,
 ' With many a cruel wound, was through the bo-
 ' dy gride. [dy'd;
 ' Upon this fatal field, John duke of Norfolk
 ' The stout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that
 ' had long [among
 ' Of Richard's counsels been, found in the field
 ' A thousand soldiers that on both sides here were
 ' slain,
 ' O Red-more, it then seem'd, thy name was not
 ' in vain,
 ' When with a thousand's blood the earth was co-
 ' lour'd red.
 ' Whereas th' imperial crown was set on Henry's
 ' head,
 ' Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there
 ' did win;
 ' The cruel tyrant strip'd to the bare naked skin,
 ' Behind a herald truss'd, was back to Le'ster sent,
 ' From whence the day before he to the battle
 ' went.
 ' The battle then at Stoke, so fortunately struck,
 ' (Upon king Henry's part, with so successful
 ' luck,
 ' As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave
 ' Unto his temples close, when Mars began to
 ' leave
 ' His fury, and at last to fit him down was brought)
 ' I come at last to sing, 'twixt that seventh Henry
 ' fought;
 ' With whom, to this brave field the Duke of
 ' Bedford came,
 ' With Oxford his great friend, whose praise did
 ' him inflame
 ' To all achievements great, that fortunate had
 ' been [in,
 ' In every doubtful fight, since Henry's coming
 ' With th' earl of Shrewsbury, a man of great com-
 ' mand,
 ' And his brave son lord George, for him that
 ' firmly stand. [son,
 ' And on the other side, John Duke of Suffolk's
 ' (John Earl of Lincoln call'd) who this stern war
 ' begun,
 ' Suborning a lewd boy, a false impostor, who
 ' By Simonds a worse priest instructed what to do,
 ' Upon him took the name of th' Earl of War-
 ' wick, heir
 ' To George the murther'd Duke of Clarence,
 ' who (for fear
 ' Left some that favour'd York, might under-
 ' hand maintain)
 ' King Henry in the Tower, did a time detain.
 ' (g) Which practise set on foot, this Earl of
 ' Lincoln fail'd
 ' To Burgundy, where he with Margaret prevail'd,

(g) The Duchess of Burgundy was sister to Edward IV. and so was this Earl's mother.

' Wife to that warlike Charles, and his most loved
 ' aunt, ' plant
 ' Who vexed that a proud Lancastrian should sup-
 ' The lawful line of York, whence she her blood
 ' deriv'd; [triv'd,
 ' Wherefore for Lincoln's sake she speedily con-
 ' And (b) Lovel, that brave lord, before him sent
 ' to land
 ' Upon the same pretence, to furnish them a band
 ' Of Almains, and to them for their stout captain
 ' gave
 ' The valiant Martin Swart, the man thought
 ' scarce to have
 ' His match for martial feats, and sent them with
 ' a fleet [meet,
 ' For Ireland, where she had appointed them to
 ' With Simonds that lewd clerk, and Lambert,
 ' whom they there
 ' The Earl of Warwick call'd, and publish'd eve-
 ' ry where
 ' His title to the crown, in Dublin, and proclaim
 ' Him England's lawful king, by the fifth Ed-
 ' ward's name:
 ' Then joining with the lord (i) Fitz-Gerald, to
 ' their aid [weigh'd,
 ' Who many Irish brought, they up their anchors
 ' And at the rocky pile of (k) Fowdray put to
 ' shore
 ' In Lancashire; their power encreasing more and
 ' more, [supply)
 ' By soldiers sent them in from (l) Broughton (for
 ' A knight that long had been of their confede-
 ' racy;
 ' Who making thence, direct their marches to
 ' the south. [mouth,
 ' When Henry saw himself so far in danger's
 ' From Coventry he came, still gathering up his
 ' host, [coast,
 ' Made greater on his way, and doth the country
 ' Which way he understood his enemies must pass:
 ' When after some few days (as it their fortune was)
 ' At Stoke, a village near to Neward upon Trent,
 ' Each in the other's fight pitch'd down their
 ' warlike tent.
 ' Into one battle soon, the Almains had dispos'd
 ' Their army in a place upon two parts enclos'd
 ' With dells, and fenced dykes (as they were ex-
 ' pert men.) [again,
 ' And from the open fields king Henry's host
 ' In three fair several fights came equally divided;
 ' The first of which, and fit'st, was given to be
 ' guided
 ' By Shrewsbury, which most of soldiers choice
 ' consisted: [list'd,
 ' The others plac'd as wings, which ever as they
 ' Came up as need requir'd, or fell back as they
 ' found
 ' Just cause for their retire; when soon the
 ' troubled ground, [awoke
 ' On her black bosom felt the thunder, which
 ' Her genius, with the shock that violently shook

(b) The Lord Francis Lovel.

(i) The lord Thomas Geraldine.

(k) On the coast of Lancashire.

(l) Sir Thomas Broughton,

' Her entrails; this sad day when there ye might
 ' have seen
 ' Two thousand Almains stand, of which each
 ' might have been
 ' A leader for his skill, which when the charge
 ' was hot,
 ' That they could hardly see the very sun for shot,
 ' Yet they that motion kept that perfect soldiers
 ' should;
 ' That most courageous Swart there might they
 ' well behold,
 ' With most unusual skill that desperate fight
 ' maintain,
 ' And valiant De-la-Poole, most like his princely
 ' strain, [fit;
 ' Did all that courage could, or nobles might be-
 ' And Lovel that brave lord, behind him not a
 ' whit,
 ' For martial deeds that day; stout Broughton
 ' that had stood
 ' With York (even) from the first, there lastly
 ' gave his blood
 ' To that well-foughten field; the poor trowz'd
 ' Irish there,
 ' Whose mantles stood for mail, whose skins for
 ' corselets were, [darts,
 ' And for their weapons had but Irish skains and
 ' Like men that scorn'd death, with most resolv-
 ' ed hearts,
 ' Give not an inch of ground, but all in pieces
 ' hewn,
 ' Where first they fought, they fell! With them
 ' was overthrown
 ' The leader Gerald's hope, amidst his men that
 ' fought,
 ' And took such part as they, whom he had hi-
 ' ther brought.
 ' This of that field be told: There was not one
 ' that fled,
 ' But where he first was plac'd, there found alive
 ' or dead;
 ' If in a foughten field a man his life should lose,
 ' To die as these men did, who would not gladly
 ' choose,
 ' Which full four thousand were' But in this
 ' tedious song,
 ' The too laborious muse hath tarried all too long.
 ' As for the blacksmith's rout, who did together
 ' rise,
 ' Encamping on Blackheath, t' annul the subsidies
 ' By parliament then given, or that of (m) Corn-
 ' wall call'd, [thral'd
 ' Enclosures to cast down, which over-much en-
 ' The subject; or proud Ket's, who with the same
 ' pretence [pence
 ' In Norfolk rais'd such stirs, as but with great ex-
 ' Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in
 ' Lent [vent,
 ' By (n) Wyat and his friends, the marriage to pre-
 ' That Mary did intend with Philip king of Spain:
 ' Since these but riots were, nor fit the other's
 ' strain,

(m) Michael Joseph with the Cornish rebels.

(n) Sir Tho. Wyat.

She here her battles ends; and as she did before,
So travelling along upon her silent shore.

Waybridge a neighbouring nymph, the only rem-
nant left

Of all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft
Of all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did
abound,

And former times had seen the goodliest forest
ground,

This island ever had; but she so left alone,

The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.

The deep intranced flood, as thinking to awake,

Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake;

'O flood in happy plight, which to this time
'remain'st,

'As still along in state to Neptune's court thou
'strain'st;

'Revive thee with the thought of those forepas-
'sed hours,

'When the rough wood-gods kept, in their de-
'lightful bowers

'On thy embroider'd banks, when now this
'country fill'd

'With villages, and by the labouring ploughman
'till'd,

'Was forest, where the fir and spreading poplar
'grew. [new,

'O let me yet the thought of those past times re-

'When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous
'wild,

'Whence every living thing save only they exil'd,

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'In this their world of waste, the sovereign em-
'pire sway'd.

'O who would e'er have thought, that time could
'have decay'd

'Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so mas-
'sy weight,

'To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous
'height

'To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to
'shoot,

'As they in measuring were of acres, and their
'root,

'With long and mighty spurs to grapple with
'the land,

'As nature would have said, that they shall ever
'stand:

'So that this place where now this Huntingdon
'is set,

'Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,

'From that first took the name.' By this the
muse arrives

At Ely's isled marge, by having past St. Ives,

Unto the German sea she hasteth her along,

And here she shutteth up her two and twentieth
song, [now,

In which she quite hath spent her vigor, and must
As workmen often use, a while sit down and

blow;

And after this short pause, though less'ning of her
height,

Come in another key, yet not without delight.

H h

P O L Y - O L B I O N .

THE TWENTY-THIRD SONG.

The Argument.

From furious fights invention comes,
Deaf'ned with noise of rattling drums,
And in the Northamptonian bounds,
Shews Whittlewood's, and Sacy's grounds,
Then to Mount Helidon doth go,
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)
The surface which of England sings,
And Nen down to the Washes brings;
Then whereas Welland makes her way,
Shews Rockingham her rich array:
A course at Kelmarsh then she takes,
Where she Northamptonshire forakes.

ON tow'ards the mid-lands now, th' industrious
muse doth make, [take
The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth
As fruitful every way, as those by nature, which
The husbandman by art, with compost doth enrich,
This boasting of herself, that walk her verge
about,
And view her well within, her breadth and length
throughout:
The worst foot of her earth is equal with their best,
With most abundant store, that highliest think
them blest.
When Whittlewood betime th' unwearied muse
doth win
To talk with her a while; at her first coming in,
The forest thus that greets: ' With more success-
ful fate;
' Thrive then thy fellow nymphs, whose sad and
' ruinous state

' We every day behold, if any thing there be,
' That from this general fall, thee happily may
' free,
' 'Tis only for that thou dost naturally produce
' More under-wood and brake, than oak for great-
' ter use: [rest,
' But when this ravenous age, of those hath us be-
' Time wanting this our store, shall seize what thee
' is left.
' For what base avarice now enticeth men to do,
' Necessity in time shall strongly urge them to;
' Which each divining spirit most clearly doth
' foresee.
Whilst at this speech perplexed, the forest
seem'd to be,
A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-
nymph's side,
(As tow'ards her sovereign Ouse, she softly down
doth slide)

Tea, her delightful stream by Towcester doth
lead;

And sporting her sweet self in many a dainty mead,
She hath not sallied far, but Sacy soon again
Salutes her; one much grac'd among the sylvan
train:

One whom the queen of shades, the bright Diana
oft

Hath courted for her looks, with kisses smooth and
On her fair bosom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,
And call'd her, her dear heart; most lov'd, and
only chaste:

Yet Sacy after Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,
Till in the banks of Ouse the brook herself bestow.

Where in those fertile fields, the muse doth hap
to meet

Upon that side which sits the west of Watling-
With (a) Helidon a hill, which though it be but
small,

Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our
mountains call;

Yet hath three famous floods, that out of him do
flow,

That to three several seas, by their assistants go;
Of which the noblest, Nen, to fair Northampton
hies,

By Cundle fallying on, then Peterborough plies
Old (b) Medhamsted: where her the sea-maids
entertain,

To lead her through the fen into the German
The second, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting
Thames,

Is by his king convey'd into the (c) Celtic streams.
Then Leame as least, the last, to mid-land Avon
hastes,

Which flood again itself, into proud Severn casts:
As on (d) th' Iberian sea, herself great Severn
spends;

So Leame the dower she hath, to that wide ocean
lends.

But Helidon waxed proud, the happy sire to be
To so renowned floods, as these fore-named three,
Besides the hill of note, near England's midst that
stands,

Whence from his face, his back, or on his either
The land extends in breadth, or lays itself in length.
Wherefore, this hill to shew his state and natural
strength,

The surface of this part determineth to show,
Which we now England name, and through her
tracts to go.

But being plain and poor, professeth not that
height,

As falcon-like to soar, till less'ning to the sight.
But as the sundry soils, his style so alt'ring oft,
As full expressions fit, or verses smooth and soft,
Upon their several scites, as naturally to strain,
And wisheth that these floods, his tunes to enter-
tain,

The air with Halcion calms, may wholly have
possest,

As though the rough winds tir'd, were easily laid
to rest.

(a) A hill not far from Daventry.

(b) The ancient name of Peterborough.

(c) The French sea.

(d) The Spanish sea.

Then on the worth'est tract up tow'rds the mid-
day's sun,

His undertaken task, thus Helidon begun:

'From where the kingly Thames his stomach
doth discharge,

To Devonshire, where the land her bosom doth
enlarge;

And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,
Along the Celtic sea, call'd oftentimes the Sleeve:
Although upon the coast the Downs appear but
bare,

Yet naturally within the countries woody are.

Then Cornwall creepeth out into the western
main,

As (lying in her eye) she pointed still at Spain:

Or as the wanton soil, dispos'd to lustful rest,

Had laid herself along on Neptune's amorous
breast.

With De'nshire, from the firm, that beak of
land that fills,

What landskip lies in vales, and often rising hills,
So plac'd betwixt the French, and the Sabrinian
seas,

As on both sides adorn'd with many harb'rous
Who for their trade to sea, and wealthy mines of
tin,

From any other tract the praise doth clearly win.

From De'nshire by those shores, which Severn
oft surrounds,

The soil far lower sits, and mightily abounds

With sundry sort of fruits, as well-grown grass
and corn,

That Somerset may say, her bathing moors do
Our England's richest earth, for burden should
them stain;

And on the self-same tract, up Severn's stream
The vale of Eusham lays her length so largely
forth;

As though she meant to stretch herself into the
Where still the fertile earth depressed lies and
low,

Till her rich soil itself to Warwickshire do show.

Hence somewhat south by east, let us our course
incline,

And from these setting shores so merely maritime,
The isle's rich inland parts, let's take with us
along,

To set him rightly out, in our well-order'd song;
Whose prospects to the muse their sundry scites
shall show,

Where she from place to place, as free as air shall
Their superficies so exactly to descry,

Through Wiltshire, pointing how the plain of Sa-
lisbury

Shoots forth herself in length, and lays abroad a
train

So large, as though the land serv'd scarcely to con-
Her vastness, north from her, himself proud Cot-
swold vaunts,

And casts so stern a look about him, that he daunts
The lowly vales, remote that sit with humbler
eyes.

In Berkshire, and from thence into the Orient
lies

That most renowned Vale of White-horse, and
 by her,
 So Buckingham again doth Ailesbury prefer,
 With any English earth, along upon whose pale,
 That mounting country then, which maketh her
 a vale, [about,
 The chalky Chilterne, runs with beaches crown'd
 Through Bedfordshire that bears, till his bald front
 he shoot,
 Into that foggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow
 Much fenny, and surrounds with very little flow.
 So on into the east, upon the inland ground,
 From where that crystal Colne most properly doth
 bound,
 Rough Chilterne, from the soil, where in rich
 London sits,
 As being fair and flat it naturally befits
 Her greatness every way, which holdeth on along
 To the Essexian earth, which likewise in our song,
 Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,
 Although the several shires, by sundry soils do
 make
 It different in degrees; for Middlesex of sands
 Her soil compos'd hath; so are th' Essexian
 lands,
 Adjoining to the same, that sit by Isis' side,
 Which London over-looks: but as she waxeth
 wide,
 So Essex in her tides, her deep-grown marshes
 drowns,
 And to inclosures cuts her drier upland grounds,
 Which lately woody were, whilst men those woods
 did prize; [rise,
 Whence those fair countries lie, upon the pleasant
 (Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouse
 roughly dashes
 Her rude unwieldy waves, against the queachy
 washes)
 Suffolk and Norfolk near, so named of their scites,
 Adorned every way with wonderful delights,
 To the beholding eye, that every where are seen,
 Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and
 green,
 Fair havens to their shores, large heaths within
 them lie,
 As nature in them strove to shew variety.
 From Ely all along upon that eastern sea,
 Then Lincolnshire herself, in state at length do
 lay,
 Which for her fat'ning fens, her fish, and fowl
 may have
 Pre-eminence, as she that seemeth to outbrave
 All other southern shires, whose head the washes
 feels, [heels.
 Till wantonly she kick proud Humber with her
 Up tow'rs the navel then, of England from
 her flank,
 Which Lincolnshire we call so levelled and lank.
 Northampton, Rutland then, and Huntingdon,
 which three
 Do shew by their full soils, all of one piece to be,
 Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ster them is lent,
 From Bever's bat'ning vale, along the banks of
 Trent.

So on the other side, into the sea again,
 Where Severn tow'rs the sea from Shrewsbury
 doth strain,
 'Twixt which and Avon's banks (where (c) Ar-
 den when of old
 Her bushy curled front, she bravely did uphold,
 In state and glory stood) now of three several
 shires, [pears
 The greatest portions lie, upon whose earth ap-
 That mighty forest's foot, of Wor'stershire a part,
 Of Warwickshire the like, which sometime was
 the heart
 Of Arden that brave nymph, yet woody here and
 there, [bear
 Oft intermix'd with heaths, whose sand and gravel
 A turf more harsh and hard, where Stafford doth
 partake
 In quality with those, as nature strove to make
 Them of one self-same stuff, and mixture, as they
 lie,
 Which likewise in this tract, we here together tie.
 From these recited parts to th' north, more
 high and bleak,
 Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,
 From either's several scite, in either's mighty
 waste,
 A sterner luring eye, that every way do cast
 On their beholding hills, and countries round
 about;
 Whose soils as of one shape, appearing clear
 throughout.
 For Moreland which with heath most naturally
 doth bear,
 Her winter livery still, in summer seems to wear;
 As likewise doth the Peak, whose dreadful caverns
 found,
 And lead-mines, that in her, do naturally abound,
 Her superficies makes more terrible to show:
 So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth
 flow,
 The high Salopian hills lift up their rising sails:
 Which country as it is the near'st ally'd to Wales,
 In mountains, so it most is to the same alike.
 Now tow'rs the Irish seas a little let us strike,
 Where Cheshire, (as her choice) with Lancashire
 doth lie
 Along th' unlevel'd shores; this former to the eye,
 In her complexion shows black earth with gravel
 mix'd,
 A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,
 A good fast-feeding grass, most strongly that
 doth breed:
 As Lancashire no less excelling for her feed,
 Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts
 abound;
 As likewise to the sea, upon the lower ground,
 With mosses, flets, and fells, she shows most wild
 and rough,
 Whose turf, and square cut peat, is fuel good
 enough.
 So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,
 Where Sherwood her curl'd front, into the cold
 doth shove,

(c) See song 13th.

Light forest land is found, to where the floating
 Don, [won,
 In making tow'rds the main, her Doncaster hath
 Where Yorkshire's laid abroad, so many a mile
 extent,
 To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit lent,
 A province, then a shire, which rather seemeth :
 so
 It incidently most variety doth show.
 Here stony steril grounds, there wond'rous fruit-
 ful fields,
 Here champain, and there wood, it in abundance
 yields :
 Th' West-riding, and the North, be mountainous
 and high,
 But tow'rds the German sea the East more low
 doth lie.
 This isle hath not that earth, of any kind else-
 where,
 But on this part or that, epitomized here.
 Tow'rds those Scotch-Irish isles, upon that sea,
 again, [contain
 The rough Virgivian call'd, that tract which doth
 Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Westmoreland
 excels, [Fells,
 For roughness, at whose point lies rugged Fourness
 Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which
 do make
 Her wild superfluous waste, as nature sport did take
 In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whose threatening
 fronts do dare
 Each other with their looks, as though they
 would out-stare
 The starry eyes of heaven, which to out-face they
 stand.
 From these into the east, upon the other hand,
 The Bishopric, and fair Northumberland do bear
 To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the
 north elsewhere,
 Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face
 Upon the ocean look ; which kindly doth embrace
 Those countries all along, upon the rising side,
 Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,
 With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are blest,
 By which this tract remains renown'd above the
 rest :
 For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous
 road receives, [leaves,
 Yet Helidon not here, his lov'd description
 Though now his darling springs desir'd him to
 desist ; [list.
 But say all what they can, he'll do but what he
 As he the surface thus, so likewise will he show,
 The clownish blazons, to each country long ago,
 Which those unletter'd times, with blind devo-
 tion lent, [quent,
 Before the learned maids our fountains did fre-
 To shew the muse can shift her habit, and she
 now
 Of Palatins that sung, can whistle to the plow ;
 And let the curious tax his clownry, with their
 skill
 He reck's not, but goes on, and say they what
 they will.

(f) Kent first in our account, doth to itself
 apply, [ty.
 (Quoth he) this blazon first, Long tails and liber-
 Sussex with Surrey say, Then let us lead home
 logs.
 As Hampshire long for her, hath had the term
 of Hogs.
 So Dorsetshire of long, they Dorfers us'd to call.
 Cornwall and Devonshire cry, We'll wrestle for a
 fall.
 Then Somerset says, Set the bandog on the bull.
 And Glo'stershire again is blazon'd, Weigh thy
 wool.
 As Berkshire hath for hers, Let's to't and to's
 the ball. all.
 And Wiltshire will for her, Get home and pay for
 Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of Bread
 and Beef, [thief.
 Where if you beat a bush, 'tis odds you start a
 So Hertford blazon'd is, The club, and clouted
 shoon,
 Thereto, I'll rise betime, and sleep again at noon.
 When Middlesex bids, Up to London let us go,
 And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or
 two.
 As Essex hath of old been named, Calves and Stiles,
 Fair Suffolk, Maids and Milk, and Norfolk, Ma-
 ny Wiles.
 So Cambridge hath been call'd, Hold Nets, and
 Let us Win ;
 And Huntingdon, With Stilts we'll Stalk through
 Thick and Thin.
 Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon,
 Love,
 Below the girdle all, but little else above.
 An outcry Oxford makes, The scholars have been
 here, [cheer,
 And little though they paid, yet have they had good
 Quoth Warlike Warwickshire, I'll bind the stur-
 dy bear.
 Quoth Wor'stershire again, And I will squirt
 the pear.
 Then Staffordshire bids Stay, and I will beet the
 fire,
 And nothing will I ask, but good will for my hire.
 Bean belly Le'stershire, her attribute doth bear.
 And Bells and bagpipes next, belong to Lincoln-
 shire.
 Of Malt-horse, Bedfordshire long since that bla-
 zon wan.
 And little Rutlandshire is termed Raddleman.
 To Derby is assign'd the name of Wool and lead.
 As Nottingham's, of old (is common) Ale and
 bread.
 So Hereford for her says, Give me woof and warp.
 And Shropshire saith in her, That skins be ever
 sharp,
 Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my
 harp,
 And whilst the black bowl walks, we merrily
 will carp.

(f) The blazons of the Shires.
 H h iij

Old Cheshire is well known to be the Chief of men.

Fair women doth belong to Lancashire again.

The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,

Have for their blazon had the Snaffle, spur, and spear.

Now Nen extremely griev'd those barbarous things to hear,

By Helidon her sire, that thus deliver'd were :

For as his eld'st, she was to passed ages known,

Whom by Aufona's name the Romans did renown.

A word by them deriv'd of Avon, which of long The Britains call'd her by, expressing in their tongue

The full and general name of waters; wherefore she

Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew to be,

Left things so low and poor, and now quite out of date,

Should happily impair her dignity and state.

Wherefore from him her sire immediately she hastes;

And as she forth her course to Peterborough casts, She falleth in her way with Weedon, where 'tis said,

Saint Werburg princely born, a most religious maid,

From those peculiar fields, by prayer the wild-geese drove,

Thence through the champain she lasciviously doth rove

Tow'rds fair Northampton, which, whilst Nen was Avon call'd,

Resum'd that happy name, as happily install'd

Upon her (g) northern side, where taking in a rill, Her long impoverish'd banks more plenteously to fill,

She flourishes in state, along the fruitful fields;

Where whilst her waters she with wondrous pleasure yields,

To (h) Wellingborough comes, whose fountains in she takes,

Which quickening her again, immediately she makes

To Oundle, which receives contractedly the sound From Avondale, it express that river's lowest ground :

To Peterborough thence she maketh forth her way,

Where Welland hand in hand, goes on with her to sea;

When Rockingham, the muse to her fair forest brings,

Thence lying to the north, whose fundry gifts she sings.

'O dear and dainty nymph, most gorgeously array'd,

Of all the Drides known, the most delicious maid,

(f) Northampton, for Northavonton, the town upon the north of Avon.

(g) So called of his many wells or fountains.

With all delights adorn'd, that any way befeem

A sylvan, by whose state we verily may deem

A deity in thee, in whose delightful bowers

The fawns and fairies make the longest days but hours,

And joying in the soil, where thou assum'st thy seat,

Thou to thy handmaid haste, (thy pleasures to await)

Fair Benefield, whose care to thee doth surely cleave,

Which bears a grass as soft, as is the dainty fleave, And thrum'd so thick and deep, that the proud palmed deer,

Forake the closer woods, and make their quiet leir

In beds of platted fog, so eas'ly there they sit.

A forest and a chase in every thing so fit

This island hardly hath, so near ally'd that be,

Brave nymph, such praise belongs to Benefield and thee.

Whilst Rockingham was heard with these reports to ring,

The muse by making on tow'rds Welland's ominous spring,

With (i) Kelmarsh there is caught, for coursing of the hare,

Which scorns that any place should with her plains compare :

Which in the proper terms the muse doth thus report ;

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,

The (k) finder sendeth out, to seek out nimble Wat,

Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every flat,

Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found,

Then viewing for the course, which is the fairest ground,

The greyhounds forth are brought, for coursing then in case,

And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace ;

The finder puts her up, and gives her coursers law.

And whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw, She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,

Forc'd by some yelping (l) cute to give the greyhounds view,

Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go,

As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow, When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and notes

Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other (m) coats,

(i) A place in the north part of Northamptonshire, excellent for coursing with greyhounds.

(k) The hare-finder.

(l) A cur.

(m) When one greyhound outstrips the other in the course.

They wrench her once or twice, e'er she a turn
will take,
What's offer'd by the first, the other good doth
make;
And turn for turn again with equal speed they
ply,
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility:
A harden'd ridge or way, when if the hare do
win,
Then as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth
That strive to put her off, but when he cannot
reach her,
This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch

To him that comes behind, which seems the hare
to bear;
But with a nimble turn she casts them both
arrear:
Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they
make her,
The greyhounds both so spent, that they want
breath to take her.
Here leave I whilst the muse more serious things
attends,
And with my course at bare, my canto likewise
ends.

H. h. üü

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SONG.

The Argument.

The fatal Welland from her springs,
This song to th' Isle of Ely brings :
Our ancient English Saints revives,
Then in an oblique course contrives,
The rareties that Rutland shews,
Which with this Canto she doth close.

THIS way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us
led [head
At (a) Nafby to the north, where from a second
Runs Avon, which along to Severn shapes her
course, [source,
But pliant muse proceed, with our new-handled
Of whom from ages past, a prophecy there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and re-
verence wan)
That she alone should drown all Holland, and
should see; [be;
Her Stamford, which so much forgotten seems to
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd
there,
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were;
Whereby she in herself a holiness suppos'd,
That in her scantled banks, though wand'ring long
inclos'd,
Yet in her secret breast a catalogue had kept
Of our religious saints, which though they long
had slept,
Yet through the christen'd world, for they had
won such fame
Both to the British first, then to the English name,
For their abundant faith, and sanctimony known,
Such as were hither sent, or naturally our own,

(a) The fountain of Welland,

It much her genius griev'd, to have them now
neglected, [ted.
Whose piety so much those zealous times respec-
Wherefore she with herself resolved, when that she
To Peterborough came, where much she long'd
to be,
That in the wished view of Medhamsted, that
town,
Which he the great'st of Saints doth by his name
renown,
She to his glorious phane an off'ring as to bring,
Of her dear country's saints, the martyrologe
would sing :
And therefore all in haste to Harborough she hy'd,
Whence Le'stershire she leaves upon the north-
ward-side
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her
sustains,
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnshire she leans,
Upon her bank by north, against this greater
throng,
Northamptonshire to south still lies with her along,
And now approaching near to this appointed place,
Where she and Nen make shew as though they
would embrace;
But only they salute, and each holds on her way,
When holy Welland thus was wisely heard to say :

' I sing of faints, and yet my song shall not be
 ' fraught
 ' With miracles by them, but feigned to be
 ' wrought,
 ' That they which did their lives so palpably bely,
 ' To times have much impeach'd their holiness
 ' thereby :
 ' Though fools (I say) on them such poor impos-
 ' tures lay, [they,
 ' Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than
 ' Which think they have by this so great advan-
 ' tage got
 ' Their venerable names from memory to blot,
 ' Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art
 ' so pure,
 ' The name of such a faint that no way can endure;
 ' Know in respect of them to recompence that hate,
 ' The wretched'st thing, and thou have both one
 ' death and date :
 ' From all vain worship too; and yet I am as free
 ' As is the most precise, I pass not who he be.
 ' Antiquity I love, nor by the world's despight,
 ' I cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight.
 This spoke, to her fair aid her sister Nen she wins,
 When she of all her faints, now with that man
 begins.
 ' The first that ever told Christ crucify'd to us,
 ' (By Paul and Peter sent) just Aristobulus,
 ' Renown'd in holy writ, a labourer in the word,
 ' For that most certain truth, opposing fire and
 ' sword,
 ' By th' Britains murdered here, so unbelieving
 ' then.
 ' Next holy Joseph came, the merciful'st of men,
 ' The Saviour of mankind, in sepulchre that laid,
 ' That to th' Britons was th' apostle; in his aid
 ' St. Duvian, and with him St. Fagan, both which
 ' were
 ' His scholars, likewise left their sacred relics here :
 ' All denizens of ours, t' advance the Christian
 ' state,
 ' At Glastenbury long that were commemorate.
 ' When Amphibal again our martyrdom began
 ' In that most bloody reign of Dioclesian :
 ' This man into the truth, that blessed Alban led
 ' (Our Proto-martyr call'd) who strongly discipled
 ' In Christian patience, learnt his tortures to ap-
 ' pease :
 ' His fellow martyrs then, Stephen, and Socrates,
 ' At holy Alban's town, their festival should hold;
 ' So of that martyr nam'd, (which Ver'lam was of
 ' old.
 ' A thousand other faints, whom Amphibal had
 ' taught,
 ' Flying the Pagan foe, their lives that strictly
 ' fought,
 ' Were slain where Lichfield is, whose name doth
 ' rightly sound,
 ' (There of those Christians slain (Dead field, or
 ' burying ground.
 ' Then for the Christian faith, two other here
 ' that stood,
 ' And teaching, bravely seal'd their doctrine with
 ' their blood :

' St. Julius, and with him St. Aron, have their
 ' room,
 ' At Carleon suff'ring death by Dioclesian's doom;
 ' Whose persecuting reign tempestuously that rag'd,
 ' 'Gainst those here for the faith, their utmost that
 ' engag'd,
 ' St. Angule put to death, one of our holiest men,
 ' At London, of that see, the godly bishop then
 ' In that our infant church, so resolute was he.
 ' A second martyr too grace London's ancient see,
 ' Though it were after long, good Voadine who
 ' reprov'd
 ' Proud Vortiger his king unlawfully that lov'd
 ' Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial
 ' bed;
 ' For which by that stern prince unjustly murdered,
 ' As he a martyr dy'd, is fainted with the rest.
 ' The third faint of that see (though only he con-
 ' fess)
 ' Was Guithelme, unto whom those times that re-
 ' verence gave
 ' As he a place with them eternally shall have.
 ' So Melior may they bring, the Duke of Corn-
 ' wal's son, [done
 ' By his false brother's hands, to death who being
 ' In hate of Christian faith, whose zeal left time
 ' should taint,
 ' As he a martyr was, they justly made a faint.
 ' Those godly Romans then (who as mine au-
 ' thor saith) [Christian faith,
 ' Wan good King Lucius first t' embrace the
 ' Fugatius, and his friend St. Damian, as they were
 ' Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance
 ' here : [confess,
 ' As two more (near that time Christ Jesus that
 ' And that most lively faith by their good works
 ' exprest)
 ' St. Eluan with his pheere St. Midwin, who to win
 ' The Britons, (come from Rome, where christen'd
 ' they had been)
 ' Converted to the faith their thousands, whose
 ' dear grave, [have.
 ' That Glastenbury grac'd, there their memorial
 ' As they their sacred bones in Britain have
 ' bestow'd [broad :
 ' So Britain likewise sent her faints to them a-
 ' Marcellus that just man, who having gathered in
 ' The scatter'd Christian flock, instructed that had
 ' been
 ' By holy Joseph here; to congregate he wan
 ' This justly named faint, this never-wearied man,
 ' Next to the Germans preach'd, till (void of
 ' earthly fear [Trevere.
 ' By his courageous death, he much renown'd
 ' Then of our native faints, the first that dy'd
 ' abroad;
 ' Beatus next to him shall fitly be bestow'd,
 ' In Switzerland who preach'd, whom there those
 ' paynims slew, [ensue
 ' When greater in their place, though not in faith,
 ' St. Lucius (call'd of us) the primer christen'd
 ' king,
 ' Of th' ancient Britons then, who led the glo-
 ' rious ring

To all the Saxon race, that here did him succeed,
 Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,
 His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy'd,
 Where he a bishop liv'd, a martyr lastly dy'd.
 As Constantine the Great, that godly emperor,
 Here first the Christian church that did to peace
 restore,
 Whose ever-blessed birth, as by the power di-
 vine) [line,
 The Roman empire brought into the British
 Constantinople's crown, and th' ancient Britons
 glory.
 So other here we have to furnish up our story,
 St. Melon well-near when the British church
 began,
 (Even in the early time of Rome's Valerian)
 Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan
 was call'd, [install'd
 To preach unto the French, where soon he was
 Her bishop: Britain so may of her Gudwall vaunt,
 Who first the Flemings taught, whose feast is
 held at Gaunt.
 Soothers forth she brought to little Britain vow'd,
 St. Wenlock, and with him St. Sampson, both
 allow'd
 Apostles of that place, the first the abbot sole
 Of Tawrac, and the last fate on the see of Dole:
 Where dying, Maglor then thereof was bishop
 made,
 Sent purposely from hence that people to persuade
 To keep the Christian faith: so Goluin gave we
 thither, [gether.
 Who fainted being there, we set them here to-
 As of the weaker sex, that ages have enshrin'd
 Amongst the British dames, and worthily divin'd:
 The finder of the cross Queen Helena doth lead,
 Who though Rome set a crown on her imperial
 head, [here.
 Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely
 Emerita the next, King Lucius' sister dear,
 Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd;
 Bright Urfula the third, who undertook to guide
 Th' eleven thousand maids to Little Britain sent,
 By seas and bloody men devoured as they went:
 Of which we find these four have been for saints
 prefer'd,
 (And with their leader still do live encalender'd)
 St. Agnes, Cordula, Odillia, Florence, which
 With wond'rous sumptuous shrines those ages
 did enrich
 At Cullen, where their lives most clearly are
 express'd, [rest.
 And yearly feasts observ'd to them and all the
 But when it came to pass the Saxon powers
 had put
 The Britons from these parts, and them o'er Se-
 vern shut,
 The Christian faith with her, then Cambria had
 alone,
 With those that it receiv'd (from this now Eng-
 land gone,
 Whose Cambro-Britons so their saints as duly
 brought, [wrought,
 To advance the Christian faith, effectually that

Their David, (one deriv'd of th' royal British
 blood) [stood,
 Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd opinions
 And turn'd Menenia's name to David's sacred
 see,
 The patron of the Welsh deserving well to be:
 With Cadock, next to whom comes Canock, both
 which were
 Prince Brechan's sons, who gave the name to
 Brecknockshire;
 The first a martyr made, a confessor the other.
 So Clintack, Brecknock's prince, as from one
 self-same mother,
 A saint upon that seat, the other doth ensue,
 Whom for the Christian faith a Pagan soldier flew.
 So bishops can she bring, of which her saints
 shall be, [see:
 As Afaph, who first gave that name unto that
 Of Bangor, and may boast St. David which her
 wan [Telean,
 Much reverence, and with these Owdoek and
 Both bishops of Llandaff, and saints in their suc-
 cession; [profession,
 Two other following these, both in the same
 St. Dubric whose report old Carleon yet doth
 carry,
 And Elery in Northwales, who built a monastery,
 In which himself became the abbot, to his praise,
 And spent in alms and prayer the remnant of
 his days. [come,
 But leaving these divin'd, to Decuman we
 In Northwales who was crown'd with glorious
 martyrdom.
 Justinian, as that man a fainted place deserv'd,
 Who still to feed his soul, his sinful body starv'd:
 And for that height in zeal, whereto he did attain,
 There by his fellow monks, most cruelly was slain.
 So Cambria, Beno bare; and Gildas, which doth
 grace [embrace
 Old Bangor, and by whose learn'd writings we
 The knowledge of those times; the fruits of
 whose just pen,
 Shall live for ever fresh, with all true searching
 men. [aver,
 Then other, which for her's old Cambria doth
 St. Senan, and with him we set St. Deisferre,
 Then Tather will we take, and Cheyned to the
 rest, [blest
 With Baruk, who so much the Isle of Bardsey
 By his most powerful prayer, to solitude that liv'd,
 And of all worldly care his zealous soul depriv'd.
 Of these, some liv'd not long, some wond'rous
 aged were, [there,
 But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits here and
 O more than mortal men, whose faith and earnest
 prayers, [stairs,
 Not only bare ye hence, but were those mighty
 By which you went to Heaven, and God so
 clearly saw,
 As this vain earthly pomp had not the power
 to draw
 Your elevated souls, but once to look so low,
 As those depressed paths, wherein base world-
 lings go.

' What mind doth not admire the knowledge of
 ' these men?
 ' But zealous muse return unto thy task again.
 ' These holy men at home, as here they were
 ' bestow'd,
 ' So Cambria had such too, as famous were abroad.
 ' Sophy, King Gulick's son of Northwales, who
 ' had seen
 ' The sepulchre three times, and more, seven times
 ' had been
 ' On pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there
 ' The painful bishop made; by him so place we
 ' here, [sent,
 ' St. Macklove, from Northwales to Little Britain
 ' That people to convert, who resolutely bent,
 ' Of Athelney in time the bishop there became
 ' Which her first title chang'd, and took his proper
 ' name. [best:
 ' So she her virgins had, and vow'd as were the
 ' St. Keyne, Prince Brechan's child, a man so
 ' highly blest, [were.)
 ' That thirty born to him all saints accounted
 ' St. Inthwar so apart shall with these other bear,
 ' Who out of false suspect was by her brother slain
 ' Then Winifrid, whose name yet famous doth re-
 ' main, [name
 ' Whose fountain in Northwales entitled by her
 ' For moss, and for the stones that he about the
 ' fame, [age,
 ' Is founded through the isle, and to this latter
 ' Is of our Romists held the latest pilgrimage.
 ' But when the Saxons here so strongly did reside,
 ' And surely seated once, as owners to abide;
 ' When nothing in the world to their desire was
 ' wanting, [planting,
 ' Except the Christian faith, for whose substantial
 ' St. Augustine from Rome was to this island sent;
 ' And coming through large France, arriving first
 ' in Kent,
 ' Converted to the faith King Ethelbert, till then
 ' Unchristen'd that had liv'd, with all his Kentish
 ' men,
 ' And of their chiefest town, now Canterbury
 ' call'd, [install'd.
 ' The bishop first was made, and on that see
 ' Four other, and with him for knowledge great
 ' in name,
 ' That in his mighty work of our conversion came,
 ' Lawrence, Melitus then, with Justus, and Ho-
 ' norius, [laborious,
 ' In this great Christian work, all which had been
 ' To venerable age each coming in degree,
 ' Succeeded him again in Canterbury see,
 ' As Peter born in France, with these and made
 ' our own, [ing shewn.
 ' And Pauline whose great zeal was by his preach-
 ' The first to abbot's state, wife Austen did prefer,
 ' And to the latter gave the see of Rochester;
 ' All canoniz'd for saints, as worthy sure they
 ' were, [here.
 ' For 'stablishing the faith, which was received
 ' Few countries where our Christ had e'er been
 ' preached then
 ' But sent into this isle some of their godly men.

' From Persia led by zeal, so I've this island sought,
 ' And near our eastern fens a fit place finding,
 ' taught
 ' The faith: which place from him alone the name
 ' derives,
 ' And of that sainted man since call'd is St. Ives;
 ' Such reverence to herself that time devotion wan,
 ' So sun-burnt Afric sent us holy Adrian,
 ' Who preach'd the Christian faith here nine-and-
 ' thirty year,
 ' An abbot in this isle, and to this nation dear,
 ' That in our country two provincial synods call'd,
 ' T' reform the church that time with heresies
 ' enthrall'd.
 ' So Denmark Henry sent t' increase our holy store,
 ' Who falling in from thence upon our northern
 ' shore
 ' In th' Isle of (b) Cochet liv'd, near to the mouth
 ' of Tyne,
 ' In fasting as in prayer, a man so much divine,
 ' That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,
 ' And three times in the week himself he silenced,
 ' That in remembrance of this most abstemious man,
 ' Upon his blessed death the Englishmen began,
 ' By him to name their babes, which it so fre-
 ' quent brings,
 ' Which name hath honour'd been by many Eng-
 ' lish kings.
 ' So Burgundy to us three men most reverend
 ' bare, [share,
 ' Amongst our other saints, that claim to have their
 ' Of which was Felix first, who in th' East-Saxon
 ' reign,
 ' Converted to the faith King Sigbert: him again
 ' Ensueth Anselm, whom Augusta sent us in,
 ' And Hugh, whose holy life to Christ did many
 ' win,
 ' By (c) Henry th' empress' son help hither, and
 ' to have
 ' Him wholly to be ours, the see of Lincoln gave.
 ' So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfrank
 ' lent, [sent,
 ' For whom into this land King William Conqueror
 ' And Canterbury's see to his wife charge assign'd.
 ' Nor France to these for her's was any whit
 ' behind,
 ' For Grimbald she us gave, (as Peter long before,
 ' Who with St. Austen came to preach upon this
 ' shore)
 ' By Alfred hither call'd, who him an abbot made,
 ' Who by his godly life, and preaching did persuade
 ' The Saxons to believe the true and quick'ning
 ' word;
 ' So after long again she likewise did afford,
 ' St. Osmond, whom the see of Salisbury doth own,
 ' A bishop once of hers, and in our conquest known,
 ' When hither to that end their Norman William
 ' came, [fame,
 ' Regimius then, whose mind, that work of ours of
 ' Rich Lincoln minster shews, where he a bishop
 ' sat, [der at.
 ' Which (it should seem) he built for men to won-

(b) An islet upon the coast of Scotland, in the German sea.

(c) Henry II.

' So potent were the powers of churchmen in those
 ' days.
 ' Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who
 ' cross'd the seas,
 ' With Stephen Earlof Blois his brother, after king,
 ' In Winchester's rich see, who him establishing,
 ' He in those troublous times in preaching took
 ' such pain,
 ' As he by them was not canonized in vain.
 ' As other countries here their holy men be-
 ' stow'd; [abroad,
 ' So Britain likewise sent her saints to them
 ' And into neighbouring France our most reli-
 ' gious went,
 ' St. Clare that native was of Rochester in Kent,
 ' At Volcasyne came vow'd the French instructing
 ' there,
 ' So early e'er the truth amongst them did appear,
 ' That more than half a God they thought that
 ' reverend man.
 ' Our Judock, so in France such fame our nation
 ' wan,
 ' For holiness, where long an abbot's life he led
 ' At Pontoise, and so much was honour'd, that
 ' being dead, [dated)
 ' And after threescore years (their latest period
 ' His body taken up, was solemnly translated.
 ' As Ceofrid, that sometime of Waremouth abbot
 ' was,
 ' In his return from Rome, as he through France
 ' did pass
 ' At Langres left his life, whose holiness even yet,
 ' Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth sit.
 ' St. Alkwin so for ours, we English boast again,
 ' The tutor that became to mighty Charlemagne,
 ' That holy man, whose heart was so with good-
 ' ness fill'd,
 ' As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build
 ' That academy now at Paris, whose foundation
 ' Through all the Christian world hath so re-
 ' nown'd that nation,
 ' As well declares his wealth, that had the power
 ' to do it,
 ' As his most lively zeal, perswading him into it.
 ' As Simon call'd the saint of Bourdeaux, which
 ' so wrought, [brought
 ' By preaching there the truth, that happily he
 ' The people of those parts from paganism, wherein
 ' Their unbelieving souls so long had nuzled been.
 ' So in the Norman rule, two most religious were,
 ' Amongst ours that in France disperfed here and
 ' there,
 ' Preach'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who
 ' born our own,
 ' In our first Henry's rule sat on the see of Rohan,
 ' Where reverenc'd he was so long. St. Edmund
 ' so again, [reign,
 ' Who banished from hence in our third Henry's
 ' There led an hermit's life near Pontoise, (where
 ' before
 ' St. Judock did the like) whose honour to restore,
 ' Religious Lewis there interr'd with wond'rous
 ' cost, [boast.
 ' Of whose rich funeral France deservedly may

' Then Main we add to these, an abbot here of
 ' ours,
 ' To Little Britain sent, employing all the powers
 ' To bring them to the faith, which he so well ef-
 ' fected,
 ' That since he as a saint hath ever been respected,
 ' As these of ours in France, so had we those
 ' did shew
 ' In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,
 ' Their faith: in Friesland first St. Boniface our
 ' best, [possest,
 ' Who of the see of Mentz, while there he sat
 ' At Dockum had his death, by faithless Frisians
 ' slain,
 ' Whose anniversaries there did after long remain.
 ' So Wigbert full of faith, and heavenly wisdom
 ' went [tent;
 ' Unto the self same place, as with the same in-
 ' With Egmond, a man as great with God as he;
 ' As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,
 ' Both by Radbobius slain, who rul'd in Frisia
 ' then:
 ' So in the sacred roll of our religious men,
 ' In Frise that preach'd the faith we of St. Lullus
 ' read,
 ' Who in the see of Mentz did Boniface succeed;
 ' And Willihad that of Bren, that sacred seat sup-
 ' ply'd,
 ' So holy that him there, they halfly deify'd;
 ' With Marchelme, and with him our Plechelme,
 ' holy men,
 ' That to the Frises now, and to the Saxons then,
 ' In Germany abroad the glorious gospel spread,
 ' Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,
 ' Were at old Seell enshrin'd, their orbits yearly
 ' kept: [heap'd,
 ' Such as on them have had as many praises
 ' That in their lives the truth as constantly confest,
 ' As th' other that their faith by martyrdom ex-
 ' prest.
 ' In Frise, as these of ours, their names did fa-
 ' mous leave, [Cleve;
 ' Again so had we those as much renown'd in
 ' St. Swibert, and with him St. Wilick, which
 ' from hence, [defence
 ' To Cleveland held their way, and in the truth's
 ' Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went
 ' together,
 ' So one and self same place allotted was to either:
 ' For both of them at Wert in Cleveland seated
 ' were,
 ' St. Swibert bishop was, St. Wilick abbot there.
 ' So Gulderland again shall our most holy bring,
 ' As Edilbert the son of Edilbald the king
 ' Of our South-Saxon rule, incessantly that taught
 ' The Guelders, whose blest days unto their period
 ' brought, [gave;
 ' Unto his reverend corpse, old Harlem harbour
 ' So Werenfrid again, and Otger both we have,
 ' Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that
 ' country tells.
 ' What nation names a saint for virtue that excels
 ' St. German who for Christ his bishopric forsook,
 ' And in the Netherlands most humbly him betook,

- ' From place to place to pass, the secrets to reveal,
 ' Of our dear Saviour's death, and last of all to seal
 ' His doctrine with his blood: In Belgia so abroad,
 ' St. Wynock in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,
 ' Whose relics Wormshault (yet) in Flanders hath
 ' reserv'd.
 ' Of these, th' rebellious flesh (to win them
 ' heaven) that starv'd.
 ' St. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been
 ' A soldier, and the French and German wars had
 ' seen,
 ' A hermit last became, his sinful soul to save,
 ' To whom good Arnulph, that most Godly em-
 ' peror gave
 ' Some ground not far from Liege, his hermitage
 ' to set,
 ' Whose floor when with his tears he many a day
 ' had wet, [slain:
 ' He for the Christian faith upon the same was
 ' So did th' Erwaldi there most worthily attain
 ' Their martyrs glorious types, to Ireland first ap-
 ' prov'd, [mov'd,
 ' But after (in their zeal) as need requir'd re-
 ' They to Westphalia went, and as they brothers
 ' were, [there,
 ' So they, the Christian faith together preaching
 ' Th' old Pagan Saxons flew, out of their hatred
 ' deep
 ' To the true faith, whose shrines brave Cullen
 ' still doth keep.
 ' So Adler one of ours, by England set apart
 ' For Germany, and sent that people to convert,
 ' Of Erford bishop made, there also had his end.
 ' St. Liphard likewise to our martyrologe shall
 ' lend,
 ' Who having been at Rome on pilgrimage, to see
 ' The relics of the saints, supposed there to be,
 ' Returning by the way of Germany, at last,
 ' Preaching the Christian faith, as he through
 ' Cambray pass,
 ' The Pagan people flew, whose relics Huncourt
 ' hath: [path
 ' These others so we had, which trod the self same
 ' In Germany, which she most reverently embrac'd.
 ' St. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's see was
 ' plac'd;
 ' St. Willibald of Eist the bishop so became,
 ' And Burchard English born, the man most great
 ' of name, [rear'd
 ' Of Wirtzburg bishop was, at Hohemburg that
 ' The monastery, wherein he richly was interr'd.
 ' So Maestricht unto her St. Willibord did call,
 ' And seated him upon her see episcopal,
 ' As two St. Lebwins there amongst the rest are
 ' brought;
 ' Th' one o'er Isell's banks the ancient Saxons
 ' taught:
 ' At Over-Isell rests, the other did apply,
 ' The Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.
 ' St. Wynibald again, at Hidlemayne enjoy'd
 ' The abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd
 ' In their conversion there, which long time him
 ' withstood.
 ' St. Gregory then, with us sprung of the royal
 ' blood,
 ' And son to him whom we the elder Edward
 ' stile, [vile,
 ' Both court and country left, which he esteemed
 ' Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayn-
 ' iard led
 ' A strict monastic life, a saint alive and dead.
 ' So had we some of ours for Italy were prest,
 ' As well as these before, sent out into the east.
 ' King Inas having done so great and wondrous
 ' things, [kings,
 ' As well might be suppos'd the works of sundry
 ' Erecting beauteous phanes, and monuments so
 ' fair,
 ' As monarchs have not since been able to repair,
 ' Of many that he built, the least, in time when
 ' they
 ' Have (by weak mens neglect) been fall'n into
 ' decay:
 ' This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty pro-
 ' fess'd,
 ' In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he de-
 ' ceas'd.
 ' As Richard the dear son to Lothar king of Kent,
 ' When he his happy days religiously had spent;
 ' And feeling the approach of his declining age,
 ' Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage,
 ' Into thy country come at Lucca, left his life,
 ' Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are
 ' rise,
 ' The patron of that place, so Tuscany in thee,
 ' At fair Mount-fascon still the memory shall be
 ' Of holy Thomas there most reverently interr'd,
 ' Who sometime to the see of Hereford prefer'd;
 ' Thence travelling to Rome, in his return be-
 ' rest
 ' His life by sickness, there to thee his body left.
 ' Yet Italy gave not these honours all to them
 ' That visited her Rome, but from Jerusalem,
 ' Some coming back through thee, and yielding
 ' up their spirits,
 ' On thy rich earth receiv'd their most deserved
 ' merits.
 ' O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,
 ' Though to our country's praise, yet to thy great-
 ' er glory,
 ' Even to this day the shrines religiously dost
 ' keep [sleep:
 ' Of many a blessed saint which in thy lap doth
 ' As Eleutherius, come from visiting the tomb,
 ' Thou gav'st to him at Arke in thy Apulia room
 ' To set his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,
 ' Canonized her saint; so hast thou glorify'd
 ' St. Gerrard, one of ours, (above the former
 ' grac'd)
 ' In such a sumptuous shrine at Galinaro plac'd;
 ' At Sancto Padre so, St Fulke hath ever fame,
 ' Which from that reverend man 't should seem
 ' deriv'd the name,
 ' His relics there reserv'd; so holy Ardwin's
 ' shrine
 ' Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,
 ' For miracles, that thereby his strong faith were
 ' wrought.
 ' 'Mongst these selected men, the sepulchre that
 ' fought,

- ' And in thy realm arriv'd, their blessed souls re-
 sign'd :
 ' Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,
 ' Until this present time, her patronising saint.
 ' So countries more remote, with ours we did
 ' acquaint,
 ' As Richard for the fame his holiness had won,
 ' And for the wondrous things that through his
 ' prayers were done,
 ' From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
 ' And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was in-
 ' stall'd,
 ' For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to
 ' this land :
 ' St. William with this man, a parallel may stand,
 ' Through all the Christian world accounted so
 ' divine,
 ' That travelling from hence to holy Palestine,
 ' Desirous that most blest Jerusalem to see,
 ' (In which the Saviour's self so oft vouchsaf'd to
 ' be)
 ' Prior of that holy house by suffrages related,
 ' To th' sepulchre of Christ, which there was de-
 ' dicated ;
 ' To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little space,
 ' And in less time ordain'd archbishop of that
 ' place ; [fill'd,
 ' That God-inspired man, with heavenly goodness
 ' A saint amongst the rest deservedly is held.
 ' Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, those
 ' times
 ' Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,
 ' They wander'd through the world, their coun-
 ' tries that forsook.
 ' So Sigfrid sent from hence devoutly undertook
 ' Those pagans, wild and rude, of Gothia to con-
 ' vert, [girt,
 ' Who having labour'd long, with danger oft in-
 ' Was in his reverend age for his deserved fee,
 ' By Olaus king of Goths, set on Vexovia's see.
 ' To Norway, and to those great north-east coun-
 ' tries far ; [war
 ' So Gotebald gave himself holding a Christian
 ' With paynims, nothing else but heathenish rites
 ' that knew. [drew,
 ' As Suethia to herself these men most reverend
 ' St. Ulfrid of our saints as famous there as any,
 ' Nor scarcely find we one converting there so
 ' many.
 ' And Henry in those days of Oxfo bishop made,
 ' The first that Swethen king, which ever did
 ' persuade,
 ' On Finland to make war, to force them by the
 ' sword,
 ' When nothing else could serve to hear the
 ' powerful word ;
 ' With Eskill thither sent, to teach that barba-
 ' rous nation,
 ' Who on the passion day, there preaching on
 ' the passion, [pain,
 ' T' express the Saviour's love to mankind, taking
 ' By cruel paynims hands was in the pulpit slain,
 ' Upon that blessed day Christ died for sinful man,
 ' Upon that day for Christ his martyr's crown he
 ' won.
- ' So David drawn from hence into those farther
 ' parts,
 ' By preaching, who to pierce those paynims
 ' harden'd hearts,
 ' Incessantly proclaim'd Christ Jesus, with a cry
 ' Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.
 ' Into those colder climes to people beastly rude,
 ' So others that were ours courageously pursu'd
 ' The planting of the truth, in zeal three most
 ' profound,
 ' The relish of whose names by likeliness of sound,
 ' Both in their lives and deaths, a likeliness might
 ' show,
 ' As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,
 ' With Wynaman their friend, which martyr'd
 ' gladly were
 ' In Gothland, whilst they taught with Christian
 ' patience there.
 ' Nor those from us that went, nor those that
 ' hither came
 ' From the remotest parts, were greater yet in
 ' name,
 ' Than those residing here on many a goodly see ;
 ' (Great bishops in account, now greater saints
 ' that be)
 ' Some such selected ones for piety and zeal,
 ' As to the wretched world, more clearly could
 ' reveal,
 ' How much there might of God in mortal man
 ' be found
 ' In charitable works, or such as did abound,
 ' Which by their good success in after times were
 ' blest, [rest.
 ' Were then related saints, as worthier than the
 ' Of Canterbury here with those I will begin,
 ' That first archbishop's see, on which there long
 ' had been [high,
 ' So many men devout, as rais'd that church so
 ' Much reverence, and have won their holy hie-
 ' rarchy : [flame
 ' Of which he first that did with goodness so in-
 ' The hearts of the devout (that from his proper
 ' name)
 ' As one (even) sent from God, the souls of men
 ' to save
 ' The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.
 ' The bishops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we
 ' take, [make
 ' Whom time may say, that saints it worthily did
 ' Succeeding in that see directly even as they,
 ' Here by the muse are plac'd, who spent both
 ' night and day [good,
 ' By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing
 ' In raising them were fall'n, or strengthening
 ' them that stood.
 ' Then Odo the severe, who highly did adorn
 ' That see, (yet being of unchristen'd parents
 ' born,
 ' Whose country Denmark was, but in East Eng-
 ' land dwelt)
 ' He being but a child, in his clear bosom felt
 ' The most undoubted truth, and yet unbaptiz'd
 ' long ;
 ' But as he grew in years, in spirit so growing
 ' strong,

And as the Christian faith this holy man had
 taught,
 He likewise for that faith in sundry battles fought.
 So Dunstan as the rest arose through many sees,
 To this arch-type at last ascending by degrees,
 There by his power confirm'd, and strongly ere-
 dit won, [done.
 To many wond'rous things which he before had
 To whom when (as they say) the devil once ap-
 pear'd,
 This man so full of faith, not once at all afraid,
 Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most
 great.
 As Egelnath again much grac'd that sacred seat,
 Who for his godly deeds furnamed was the
 Good, [blood:
 Not boasting of his birth, though come of royal
 For that, nor at the first, a monk's mean cowl
 despis'd, [sic'd.
 With winning men to God, who never was suf-
 These men before express'd; so Eadwine next en-
 sues,
 To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuse;
 In Harold's time who liv'd, when William Con-
 queror came,
 For holiness of life, attain'd unto that fame,
 That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never
 knew, [view.
 Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his
 This man with those before, most worthily re-
 lated [crated.
 Arch-faints, as in their sees arch-bishops conse-
 St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did so
 much hery, [ry;
 As to his christen'd name they added Canterbu-
 There to whose sumptuous shrine the near suc-
 ceeding ages, [ages,
 So mighty off'rings sent, and made such pilgrim-
 Concerning whom, the world since then hath
 spent much breath,
 And many questions made both of his life and
 death:
 If he were truly just, he hath his right; if no,
 Those times were much to blame, that have him
 reckon'd so.
 Then these from York ensue, whose lives
 have as much grac'd
 That see, as these before in Canterbury plac'd:
 St. Wilfrid of her faints, we then the first will
 bring, [brian king,
 Who twice by Egfrid's ire, the stern Northum-
 Expuls'd his sacred seat, most patiently it bare,
 The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.
 Then Bosfr next to him as meek and humble
 hearted,
 As th' other, full of grace, to whom great God
 imparted
 His mercies sundry ways, as age upon him came.
 And next him followeth John, who likewise bare
 the name
 Of Beverley, where he most happily was born,
 Whose holiness did much his native place adorn,
 Whose vigils had by those devouter times be-
 quests
 The ceremonies due to great and solemn feasts.

So Oswald of that seat, and Cedwall fainted
 were,
 Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbishops, liv-
 ing there:
 The former to that see, from Worcester transf-
 fer'd,
 Deceased, was again at Worcester interr'd:
 The other in that see a sepulchre they chose,
 And did for his great zeal amongst the faints dif-
 pose, [strain,
 As William by descent come of the conqueror's
 Whom Stephen ruling here did in his time or-
 dain [fall,
 Archbishop of that see, among our faints doth
 Deriv'd from those two seats, styl'd archiepif-
 copal.
 Next these arch-sees of ours, now London
 place doth take,
 Which had those, of whom time faints worthily
 did make.
 As Ceda, (brother to that reverend bishop Chad,
 At Litchfield in those times, his famous seat that
 had)
 Is fainted for that see amongst our reverend men,
 From London though at length remov'd to Lef-
 tingen,
 A monastery, which then he richly had begun:
 Him Erkenwald ensues th' East-English Offa's
 son,
 His father's kingly court, who for a crozier fled,
 Whose works such fame him won for holiness,
 that dead,
 Time him enshrin'd in Paul's, (the mother of
 that see)
 Which with revenues large, and privileges he
 Had wondrously endow'd; to goodness so af-
 fected,
 That he those abbies great, from his own power
 erected
 At Chertsey near to Thames, and Barking fa-
 mous long. [throng,
 So Roger hath a room in these our fainted
 Who by his words and works so taught the way
 to heaven, [given.
 As that great name to him sure was not vainly
 With Winchester again proceed we, which
 shall store
 Us with as many faints, as any see (or more)
 Of whom we yet have sung, (as Heads there
 we have)
 Who by his godly life, so good instructions gave,
 As teaching that the way to make men to live
 well,
 Example us assur'd, did preaching far excel.
 Our Swithun then ensues, of him why ours I
 say,
 Is that upon his feast, his dedicated day,
 As it in harvest haps, so ploughmen note thereby,
 Th' ensuing forty days be either wet or dry,
 As that day falleth out, whose miracles may we
 Believe those former times, he well might faint-
 ed be.
 So Frithstan for a saint in calendar'd we find;
 With Brithstan not a whit the holiest man be-
 hind,

' Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect
 ' Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect
 ' To sit upon his see; who likewise dying there,
 ' To Ethelwald again succeeding did appear,
 ' The honour to a saint, as challenging his due.
 ' These formerly express'd, then Elpheg doth en-
 ' sue;
 ' Then Ethelwald, of whom this alms-deed hath
 ' been told, [fold,
 ' That in a time of dearth his church's plate he
 ' 'T relieve the needy poor; the church's wealth
 ' (quoth he)
 ' May be again repair'd, but so these cannot be.
 ' With these before express'd, so Britwald forth
 ' she brought, [wrought,
 ' By faith and earnest prayer his miracles that
 ' That such against the faith, that were most stony-
 ' hearted,
 ' By his religious life have lastly been converted.
 ' This man, when as our kings so much decayed
 ' were,
 ' As 'twas suppos'd their line would be extin-
 ' guish'd here,
 ' Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all-doing
 ' heaven, [en;
 ' The sceptre of this land in after-times had giv-
 ' Which in prophetic sort by him deliver'd was,
 ' And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to pass.
 ' So other southern sees, here either less or
 ' more,
 ' Have likewise had their saints, though not alike
 ' in store.
 ' Of Rochester we have St. Ithamar, being then
 ' In those first times first of our native English-
 ' men
 ' Residing on that seat; so as an aid to her,
 ' But singly fainted thus, we have of Chichester,
 ' St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do
 ' stand
 ' Inroll'd among the rest of this our mitred band,
 ' Of whom such wond'rous things, for truths de-
 ' livered are
 ' As now may seem to stretch our strait belief too
 ' far, [right,
 ' And Cimbert, of a saint had the deserved
 ' His yearly obits long, done in the Isle of Wight,
 ' A bishop, as some say, but certain of what see
 ' It scarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.
 ' Whilst Sherburne was a see, and in her glory
 ' shone,
 ' And Bodmin likewise had a bishop of her own,
 ' Whose diocese that time contained Cornwall;
 ' these [sees:
 ' Had as the rest their saints, derived from their
 ' The first, her Adelme had, and Hamond, and
 ' the last [past;
 ' Had Patrock, for a saint that with the other
 ' That were it fit for us but to examine now
 ' Those former times, these men for saints that
 ' did allow, [as well
 ' And from our reading urge, that others might
 ' Related be for saints, as worthy every deal.
 ' This scrutiny of ours, would clear that world
 ' thereby,
 ' And shew it to be void of partiality,

' That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd
 ' here, [year.
 ' But such whose lives by death had trial many a
 ' That see at Norwich now establish'd (long
 ' not stir'd)
 ' At Eltham planted first, to Norwich then transf-
 ' fer'd [bring,
 ' Into our bedd-roll here, her Humbert in doth
 ' (A counsellor that was to that most martyr'd
 ' king [slain,
 ' St. Edmund) who in their rude massacre then
 ' The title of a saint his martyrdom doth gain.
 ' So Hereford hath had on her cathedral seat,
 ' Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great,
 ' Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town
 ' which did subdue,
 ' (O most unhallow'd deed) unmercifully flew.
 ' So Wor'ter, (as those sees here sung by us
 ' before)
 ' Hath likewise with her saints renown'd our na-
 ' tive shore: [other,
 ' Saint Egwin as her eld'st, with Woolstan as the
 ' Of whom she may be proud to say she was the
 ' mother,
 ' The church's champions both, for her that stout-
 ' ly stood.
 ' Litchfield hath these no whit less famous, nor
 ' less good. [Chad,
 ' The first of whom is that most reverend bishop
 ' In those religious times for holiness that had
 ' The name above the best that lived in those days,
 ' That stories have been stuff with his abundant
 ' praise;
 ' Who on the see of York being formerly install'd,
 ' Yet when back to that place St. Wilfrid was re-
 ' call'd,
 ' The seat to that good man he willingly resign'd,
 ' And to the quiet clois of Lichfield him confin'd.
 ' So Sexulfe after him, then Owen did supply,
 ' Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for sanctity.
 ' As Lincoln to the saints, our Robert Grested
 ' lent,
 ' A perfect godly man, most learn'd and eloquent,
 ' Than whom no bishop yet walk'd in more up-
 ' right ways,
 ' Who durst reprove proud Rome in her most
 ' prosperous days,
 ' Whose life, of that next age the justice well did
 ' shew, [know,
 ' Which we may boldly say, for this we clearly
 ' Had Innocent the fourth the church's suffrage
 ' led, [nized.
 ' This man could not at Rome have been cano-
 ' Her fainted bishop John, so Ely adds to these,
 ' Yet never any one of all our several sees
 ' Northumberland, like thine, have to these times
 ' been blest,
 ' Which sent into this isle so many men profess,
 ' Whilst Hagustald had then a mother-church's
 ' style,
 ' And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy Isle,
 ' Was then a see before that Durham was so great,
 ' And long e'er Carlisle came to be a bishop's seat.
 ' Aidan, and Finan both, most happily were found
 ' Northumberland in thee, even whilst thou didst
 ' abound

' With Paganism, which them thy Oswin that
 good king, [bring :
 ' His people to convert, did in from Scotland
 ' As Etta likewise her's, from Malrorse that arose,
 ' Being abbot of that place, whom the Northum-
 bers chose
 ' The bishopric of Ferne, and Hagustald to hold.
 ' And Cuthbert of whose life such miracles are told,
 ' As story scarcely can the truth thereof maintain,
 ' Of th' old Scotch-Irish kings descended from the
 strain,
 ' To whom since they belong, I from them here
 must swerve,
 ' And till I thither come, their holiness reserve,
 ' Proceeding with the rest that on those fees have
 shewn,
 ' As Edbert after these born naturally our own.
 ' The next which in that see St. Cuthbert did suc-
 ceed,
 ' His church then built of wood, and thatch'd
 with homely reed, [lead,
 ' He builded up of stone, and cover'd fair with
 ' Who in St. Cuthbert's grave they buried being
 dead,
 ' As his sad people he at his departing will'd.
 ' So Higbald after him a saint is likewise held,
 ' Who when his proper see, as all the northern
 shore,
 ' Were by the Danes destroy'd, he not dismay'd
 the more,
 ' But making shift to get out of the cruel flame,
 ' His clergy carrying forth, preach'd wheresoe'er
 he came.
 ' And Alwyn who the church at Durham now,
 begun, [run
 ' Which place before that time was strangely over-
 ' With shrubs, and men for corn that plot had
 lately ear'd,
 ' Where he that goodly phane to after ages rear'd,
 ' And thither his late seat from (d) Lindisferne
 translated, [separated.
 ' Which his cathedral church by him was con-
 So Acca we account amongst those which
 have been call'd [staid,
 ' The saints of this our see, which sat at Hagen-
 ' Of which he bishop was, in that good age res-
 pected,
 ' In calendars preserv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,
 ' Which since would seem to shew the bishops as
 they came :
 ' Then Edilwald, which some (since) Ethelwoolf
 do name,
 ' At Durham by some men supposed to reside
 ' More rightly, but by some at Carlisle justify'd,
 ' The first which rul'd that see, which (e) Beau-
 clerk did prefer,
 ' Much gracing him, who was his only confessor.
 ' Nor were they bishops thus related saints alone ;
 ' Northumberland, but thou (besides) hast many
 a one,
 ' Religious abbots, priests, and holy hermits then,
 ' Canoniz'd as well as thy great mitred men :

(d) An isle near to Scotland, lying into the German Ocean, since that called Holy Island.

(e) Henry I.

Vol. III.

' Two famous abbots first are in the rank of these
 ' Whose abbeyes touch'd the walls of thy two an-
 cient seas.
 ' Thy Royfil (in his time the tutelage that had
 ' Of Cuthbert that great saint, whose hopes then
 but a lad,
 ' Express'd in riper years how greatly he might
 merit [spirit,
 ' The man who had from God a prophesying
 ' Foretelling many things ; and growing to be old,
 ' His very hour of death, was by an angel told.
 ' At Malroys this good man his fainting well did
 earn,
 ' St. Oswald his again at Holy Lindisferne,
 ' With Ive a godly priest, suppos'd to have his lere
 ' Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert like-
 wise there
 ' His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author saith)
 ' So great opinion had, of Cuthbert and his faith,
 ' That at one time and place, he with that holy
 man, [wan.
 ' Desir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he
 Our venerable Bede so forth that country
 brought, [fought
 ' And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages
 ' The truth to understand, impartially which he
 ' Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we
 ' Things left so far behind before us still may read,
 ' 'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is St.
 Bede. [brought,
 ' A sort of hermits then, by thee to light are
 ' Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world re-
 specting nought.
 ' Our Edilwald the priest, in Fern (now holy Isle)
 ' Which standeth from the firm to sea nine English
 mile,
 ' Sate in his reverent cell, as Godrick thou canst
 shew, [snow,
 ' His head and beard as white as swan or driven
 ' At Finchall threescore years, a hermits life to
 lead ;
 ' Their solitary way in thee did Alric tread,
 ' Who in a forest near to Carlisle, in his age,
 ' Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet hermitage.
 ' Of Wilgusse, so in thee Northumberland we tell,
 ' Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
 ' (Whose blood thou boasts to be of thy most royal
 strain)
 ' That Alkwin, master to that mighty Charlemain,
 ' In verse his legend writ, who of our holy men,
 ' He him the subject chose for his most learned
 pen.
 ' So Ofwyn, one of thy dear country thou canst
 shew, [owe
 ' To whom as for the rest for him we likewise
 ' Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that
 gave, [did save,
 ' Whose relics that great house of Lesting long
 ' To cinders till it sunk : so Benedict by thee,
 ' We have amongst the rest, for saints that reck-
 on'd be,
 ' Of Wyremouth worshipp'd long, her patron bu-
 ried there,
 ' In that most goodly church, which he himself
 did rear.

Li

' St. Thomas so to us Northumberland thou lent'st,
 ' Whom up into the south, thou from his country
 'sent'st;
 ' For sanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,
 ' Who since that of his name so many saints there
 'are,
 ' This man from others more, that times might
 'understand, [berland.
 ' They to his christen'd name added Northum-
 'Nor in one country thus our saints confined
 'were, [there:
 ' But through this famous isle dispersed here and
 ' As Yorkshire sent us in St. Robert to our store,
 ' At Knarborough most known, whereas he long
 'before [he,
 ' His blessed time bestow'd; then one as just as
 '(If credit to those times attributed may be)
 ' St. Richard with the rest deserving well a room,
 ' Which in that country once, at Hampool had a
 'tomb.
 ' Religious Alred so, from Rydal we receive,
 ' The abbot, who to all posterity did leave
 ' The fruits of his staid faith, delivered by his pen.
 ' Not of the least desert amongst our holiest men;
 ' One Eufac then we had, but where his life he led,
 ' That doubt I, but am sure he was canonized,
 ' And was an abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.
 'Then Woolsey will we bring, of Westminster
 'fo nam'd,
 ' And by that title known, in power and goodness
 'great;
 ' And meriting as well his fainting, as his feat.
 ' So have we found three Johns, of sundry places
 'here,
 ' Of which (three reverend men) two famous ab-
 'bots were. [had
 ' The first St. Albans shew'd, the second Lewes
 ' Another godly John we to these former add,
 ' To make them up a trine, (the name of saints
 'that won [lington.
 ' Who was a Yorkshire man, and prior of Bur-
 'So Biren can we boast, a man most highly blest
 ' With the title of a faint, whose ashes long did rest
 ' At Dorchester, where he was honour'd many a
 'day; [say,
 ' But of the place he held, books diversly dare
 ' As they of Gilbert do, who founded those di-
 'vines, [bertines:
 ' Monasties all that were, of him nam'd Gil-
 ' To which his order here, he thirteen houses
 'built,
 ' When that most thankful time, to shew he had
 'not spilt
 ' His wealth on it in vain, a faint hath made him
 'here, [shire.
 ' At Sempringham enshrin'd, a town of Lincoln-
 'Of fainted hermits then, a company we have,
 ' To whom devouter times this veneration gave,
 ' As Gwir in Cornwall kept his solitary cage,
 ' And Neoth by Hunstock there, his holy hermi-
 'tage,
 ' As Guthlake, from his youth, who liv'd a soldier
 'long, [throng,
 ' Detesting the rude spoils, done by the armed

' The mad tumultuous world contemptibly for-
 'fook,
 ' And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,
 ' Free from all public crowds, in that low fenny
 'ground.
 ' As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found:
 ' Then in a forest there, for solitude most fit,
 ' Blest in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.
 ' An hermith Arnulph so in Bedfordshire became,
 ' A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,
 ' Time after built a town, where this good man
 'did live,
 ' And did to it the name of Arnulphsbury give.
 ' These men, this wicked world respected not a hair,
 ' But true possessors were of poverty and prayer.
 'Amongst these men which times hath honour'd
 'with the stile
 ' Of confessors, (made saints) so every little while,
 ' Our martyrs have come in, who sealed with their
 'blood,
 ' That faith which th' other preach'd, 'gainst them
 'that it withstood;
 ' As Alnoth, who had liv'd a herdsman, left his
 'feat, [neat,
 ' Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his
 ' And leaving that his charge, he left the world
 'withal, [wall,
 ' An anchorite and became, within a cloister'd
 ' Enclosing up himself, in prayer to spend his
 'breath,
 ' But was too soon (alas) by Pagans put to death,
 ' Then Woolstan, one of these, by his own kinsman
 'slain
 ' At Eufham, for that he did zealously maintain
 ' The verity of Christ, As Thomas, whom we call
 ' Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr therewithal;
 ' For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did
 'withstand,
 ' From ransacking the church, when here they put
 'on land,
 ' By them was done to death, which rather he did
 'chuse, [abuse.
 ' Than see their heathen hands those holy things
 'Two boys of tender age, those elder saints
 'ensue,
 ' Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,
 ' Whom th' unbelieving Jews (rebellious that
 'abide)
 ' In mockery of our Christ at Easter crucify'd,
 ' Those times would every one should their due
 'honour have,
 ' His freedom or his life, for Jesus Christ that gave.
 'So Wiltshire with the rest her hermit Ulfrick
 'hath
 ' Related for a faint, so famous in the faith,
 ' That sundry ages since, his cell have sought to
 'find,
 ' At Haffelburg, who had his obiits him assign'd.
 'So had we many kings most holy here at home,
 ' As men of meaner rank, which have attain'd
 'that room:
 ' Northumberland, thy feat with faints did us
 'supply
 ' Of thy religious kings; of which high hierarchy

' Was Edwin, for the faith by heathenish hands
 ' inthrall'd, [call'd,
 ' Whom Penda which to him the Welsh Cadwallyn
 ' Without all mercy flew: but he alone not dy'd.
 ' By that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet
 ' beside, [gave
 ' Just Oswalk likewise flew, at Oswaldstree, who
 ' That name unto that place, as though time meant
 ' to save
 ' His memory thereby, there suff'ring for the faith,
 ' As one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.
 ' So likewise in the roll of these Northumbrian
 ' kings,
 ' With those that martyrs were, so forth that
 ' country brings
 ' Th' anointed Oswin next, in Deira to ensue,
 ' Whom Osway that brute king of wild Pernitia
 ' flew:
 ' Two kingdoms, which whilst then Northum-
 ' berland remain'd
 ' In greatness, were within her larger bounds con-
 ' tain'd;
 ' This kingly martyr so, a saint was rightly crown'd.
 ' As Alkmund one of hers for sanctity renown'd,
 ' King Alred's christen'd son, a most religious
 ' prince,
 ' Whom when the heathenish here by no means
 ' could convince,
 ' (Their Paganism apace declining to the wane)
 ' At Derby put to death, whom in a goodly phane,
 ' Call'd by his glorious name, his corpse the Chris-
 ' tians laid.
 ' What fame deserv'd your faith, (were it but
 ' rightly weigh'd)
 ' You pious princes then, in godliness so great,
 ' Why should not full-mouth'd fame your praises
 ' oft repeat?
 ' So Ethelwold her king, Northumbria notes again,
 ' In martyrdom the next, though not the next in
 ' reign, [deface
 ' Whom his false subjects flew, for that he did
 ' The heathenish Saxon gods, and bound them to
 ' embrace
 ' The lively quick'ning faith, which then began to
 ' spread.
 ' So for our Saviour Christ, as these were martyred:
 ' There other holy kings were likewise, who con-
 ' fess'd,
 ' Which those most zealous times have fainted
 ' with the rest, [hold,
 ' King Alfred that his Christ he might more surely
 ' Left his Northumbrian crown, and soon became
 ' encoul'd
 ' At Malroyse, in the land, whereof he had been
 ' king.
 ' So Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,
 ' To Oswold his next heir, his kingdom that
 ' resign'd,
 ' And presently himself at Lindisferne confin'd,
 ' Contemning courtly state, which earthly fools
 ' adore:
 ' So Ceonulph again as this had done before,
 ' In that religious house, a cloister'd man became,
 ' Which many a blessed saint hath honour'd with
 ' the name,

' Nor those Northumbrian kings the only mar-
 ' tyrs were, [bear,
 ' That in this seven-fold rule the sceptres once did
 ' But that the Mercian reign, which Pagan princes
 ' long,
 ' Did terribly infest, had some her lords among,
 ' To the true Christian faith much reverence which
 ' did add
 ' Our martyrologe to help: so happily she had
 ' Rufin, and Ulfad, sons to Wulphere, for desire
 ' They had t' embrace the faith, by their most
 ' cruel fire [grown,
 ' Were without pity slain, long e'er to manhood
 ' Whose tender bodies had their burying rites
 ' at (e) Stone.
 ' So Kenelme, that the King of Mercia should
 ' have been,
 ' Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,
 ' Was slain by his own guard, for fear lest waxing
 ' old, [hold.
 ' That he the Christian faith undoubtedly would
 ' So long it was e'er truth could Paganism expel.
 ' Then Fremund, Offa's son, of whom times
 ' long did tell,
 ' Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled
 ' His father's kingly court, and after meekly led
 ' An hermits life in Wales, where long he did re-
 ' main
 ' In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain
 ' By cruel Osway's hands, the most inveterate foe
 ' The Christian faith here found: so Etheldred
 ' shall go
 ' With these our martyr'd saints, though only he
 ' confess,
 ' Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly blest,
 ' Fair Bardney, where his life religiously he spent,
 ' And meditating Christ, thence to his Saviour
 ' went. [hind
 ' Nor our West-Saxon reign was any whit be-
 ' Those of the other rules (their best) whose zeal
 ' we find
 ' Amongst those fainted kings, whose fames are
 ' safest kept;
 ' As Cedwal, on whose head such praise all times
 ' have heap'd, [turn'd,
 ' That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim
 ' Repenting in his heart against the truth t' have
 ' spurn'd,
 ' To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
 ' And in the Christian faith there humbly was
 ' baptiz'd. [seat,
 ' So Ethelwold, who sat on Cedwal's ancient
 ' For charitable deeds, who almost was as great
 ' As any English king, at Winchester enshrin'd,
 ' A man amongst our saints, most worthily divin'd.
 ' Two other kings as much our martyrologe may
 ' sted,
 ' St. Edward, and with him comes in St. Ethelred,
 ' By Alfreda the first, his stepmother was slain,
 ' That her most loved son young Ethelbert might
 ' reign:
 ' The other in a storm, and deluge of the Dane,
 ' For that he christen'd was, receiv'd his deadly
 ' bane;

(e) A town in Staffordshire.

' Both which with wond'rous cost, the English did
 ' inter,
 ' At Wynburn this first faint, the last at Winchester
 ' Where that West-Saxon prince, good Alfred bu-
 ' ried was [pass
 ' Among our fainted kings, that well deserves to
 ' Nor were these western kings of the old Saxon
 ' strain,
 ' More studious in those times or stoutlier did
 ' maintain
 ' The truth, than these of ours, the Angles of the
 ' east, [invest
 ' Their near'st and dear'st allies, which strongly did
 ' The (f) island with their name, of whose most
 ' holy kings,
 ' Which justly have deserv'd their high canonisings,
 ' Are Sigfrid, whose dear death him worthily had
 ' crown'd, [nown'd,
 ' And Edmund in his end, so wond'rously re-
 ' For Christ's sake suffering death, by that blood-
 ' drowning Dane,
 ' To whom those times first built that (g) city and
 ' that phane,
 ' Whose ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory shew,
 ' When she will have the world of her past great-
 ' nefs know.
 ' As Ethelbert again allur'd with the report
 ' Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian
 ' court, [reign'd;
 ' From the East-Angles went, whilst mighty Offa
 ' Wherefore he christen'd was, and Christian-like
 ' abstain'd
 ' To idolatrize with them, fierce Quenred, Offa's
 ' queen
 ' Most treacherously him slew, out of th' inveterate
 ' spleen
 ' She bare unto the faith, whom we a saint adore.
 ' So Edward brother to St. Edmund, sung before,
 ' A confessor we call, whom past times did inter
 ' At Dorchester by Tame, (now in our calendar.)
 ' Amongst those kingdoms here, so Kent account
 ' shall yield [field
 ' Of three of her best blood, who in this Christian
 ' Were mighty, of the which, King Ethelbert
 ' shall stand
 ' The first; who having brought St. Augustine
 ' to land,
 ' Himself first christen'd was, by whose example
 ' then, [men.
 ' The faith grew after strong amongst his Kentish
 ' As Ethelbert again, and Ethelred his pheere,
 ' To Edwald King of Kent, who natural nephews
 ' were,
 ' For Christ there suff'ring death, assume them
 ' places high,
 ' Amongst our martyr'd saints, commemorate at
 ' Wye.
 ' To these two brothers, so two others come again,
 ' And as of great descent in the Southsaxon strain:
 ' Arwaldi of one name, whom e'er King Cedwal
 ' knew
 ' The true and lively faith, he tyrannously slew;

(f) A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to England, of Angles-land.

(g) St. Edmundsbury.

' Who still amongst the saints have their deserved
 ' right, [Wight
 ' Whose vigils were observ'd (long) in the Isle of
 ' Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,
 ' As of th' East Saxon line, King Sebba so became
 ' As most religious monk, at London, where he
 ' led
 ' A strict retired life, a saint alive and dead.
 ' Related for the like, so Edgar we admit,
 ' That king, who over eight did solely monarch sit,
 ' And with our holiest saints for his endowments
 ' great, [seat
 ' Bestow'd upon the church. With him we likewise
 ' That sumptuous shrined king, good Edward,
 ' from the rest
 ' Of that renowned name, by confessor express'd.
 ' To these our fainted kings, remember'd in
 ' our song,
 ' Those maids and widow'd queens, do worthily
 ' belong,
 ' Encloister'd that became, and had the self-same
 ' style, [ille,
 ' For fasting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our
 ' As those that forth to France, and Germany we
 ' gave,
 ' For holy charges there; but here first let us have
 ' Our maid-made-saints at home, as Hilderlie,
 ' with her
 ' We Theorid think most fit, for whom those
 ' times aver,
 ' A virgin strictlier vow'd hath hardly lived here.
 ' St. Wulfshild then we bring, all which of Bark-
 ' ing were,
 ' And reckon'd for the best, which most that
 ' house did grace, [place.
 ' The last of which was long the abbess of that
 ' So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that
 ' had been
 ' A persecuting king) by Ermineld his queen,
 ' At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother late,
 ' A recluse had remain'd, in her sole widow'd state:
 ' Of which good Audry was King Ina's daughter
 ' bright,
 ' Reflecting on those times so clear a vestal light;
 ' As many a virgin-breast she fired with her zeal,
 ' The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still
 ' reveal
 ' The glory of those times, by liberties she gave,
 ' By which those eastern shires their (b) privileges
 ' have.
 ' Of holy Audry's too, a sister here we have,
 ' St. Withburg, who herself to contemplation gave.
 ' At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours she
 ' kept, [bewept,
 ' Whose death with many a tear in Norfolk was
 ' And in that isle again, which beareth Ely's
 ' name,
 ' At Ramsey, Merwin so a veiled maid became
 ' Amongst our virgin-saints, where Elfled is in-
 ' roll'd,
 ' The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethelwold,
 ' A great East-Anglian earl, of Ramsey abbess
 ' long,
 ' So of our maiden-saints, the female sex among.

(b) St. Audrie's liberties.

' With Milburg, Milred comes, and Milwid,
 ' daughters dear [bear.
 ' To Mervald, who did then the Mercian sceptre
 ' At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a most religious
 ' maid) [laid :
 ' Of which great abbey she the first foundation
 ' And Thanet as her saint (even to this age) doth
 ' hery
 ' Her Mildred. Milwid was the like at Canterbury.
 ' Nor in this utmost Isle of Thanet may we pass
 ' St. Eadburg abbess there, who the dear daughter
 ' was
 ' To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's first christen'd
 ' king,
 ' Who in this place most fit't we with the former
 ' bring,
 ' Translated (as some say) to Flanders: but that I,
 ' As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify.
 ' King Edgar's sister so, St. Edith, place may
 ' have
 ' With these our maiden-saints, who to her Polt-
 ' worth gave
 ' Immunities most large, and goodly living laid.
 ' Which Modwen, long before, an holy Irish maid,
 ' Had founded in that place, with most devout in-
 ' tent.
 ' As Eanwine, Eadwald's child, one of the kings
 ' of Kent,
 ' At Folkstone found a place (given by her father
 ' there)
 ' In which she gave herself to abstinence and
 ' prayer.
 ' Of the West-Saxon rule, born to three several
 ' kings,
 ' Four holy virgins more the muse in order brings :
 ' St. Ethelgive the child to Alfred, which we find
 ' Those more devouter times at Shaftsbury en-
 ' shrin'd.
 ' Then Tetta in we take, at Winburne on our way,
 ' Which Cuthred's sister was, who in those times
 ' did sway
 ' On the West-Saxon seat, two other sacred maids,
 ' As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their
 ' beads.
 ' St. Cuthbert, and with her St. Quinburg, which
 ' we here
 ' Succeedingly do set, both as they sisters were,
 ' And abbesses again of Wilton, which we gather
 ' Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their
 ' father
 ' Religious Ina, red with those that rul'd the west,
 ' Whose mother's sacred womb with other saints
 ' was blest,
 ' As after shall be shew'd: another virgin vow'd,
 ' And likewise for a saint amongst the rest allow'd;
 ' To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburgh,
 ' who for she
 ' As five related saints of that blest name that be)
 ' Of Wilton abbess was, they her of Wilton stil'd :
 ' Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,
 ' Or sanctimonious known? But muse, on in our
 ' song,
 ' With other princely maids, but first with those
 ' that sprung

' From Penda, that great king of Mercia; holy
 ' Tweed,
 ' And Kinisfred, with these their sisters, Kinisweed,
 ' And Eadburg, last not least, at Godmanchester all
 ' Encloister'd; and to these St. Tibba let us call,
 ' In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight,
 ' In Godmanchester made a constant anchorite.
 ' Amongst which of that house, for saints that
 ' reckon'd be, [she.
 ' Yet never any one more grac'd the same than
 ' Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfled then
 ' Neice to that mighty king, our English Athel-
 ' stan,
 ' At Glastenbury shrin'd; and one as great as she,
 ' Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd
 ' to see [known)
 ' The Conqueror enter here, saint Christian (to us
 ' Whose life by her clear name divinely was fore-
 ' shown.
 ' For holiness of life, that as renowned were,
 ' And not less nobly born, nor bred, produce we
 ' here;
 ' St. Hilda, and St. Hien, the first of noble name,
 ' At Strenshalt, took her vow, the other sister
 ' came [shore :
 ' To Colchester, and grac'd the rich Essexian
 ' Whose relicts many a day the world did there
 ' adore.
 ' And of our fainted maids, the number to supply,
 ' Of Eadburg we allow, sometime at Ailesbury,
 ' To Redwald then a king of the East-Angles
 ' born,
 ' A votress as sincere as she thereto was sworn.
 ' Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our na-
 ' tive isle,
 ' As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did
 ' instyle
 ' The holiest English maid, whose vigils long
 ' were held
 ' In Lincolnshire; yet not saint Frideswid excell'd,
 ' The abbess of an house in Oxford, of her kind
 ' The wonder; nor that place could hope the
 ' like to find,
 ' Two sisters so we have, both to devotion 'pleat,
 ' And worthily made saints; the elder Marga-
 ' rite,
 ' Of Katesby abbess was, and Alice, as we read,
 ' Her sister on that seat, did happily succeed
 ' At Abington, which first receiv'd their living
 ' breath.
 ' Then those Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as
 ' full of faith, [band,
 ' That country sent us in, 't increase our virgin-
 ' Fair Elfled, Oswald's child, king of Northum-
 ' berland,
 ' At Strenshalt that was veil'd. As 'monst those
 ' many there, [wear,
 ' O Ebba, whose clear fame, time never shall out-
 ' At Coldingham, far hence within that country
 ' plac'd;
 ' The abbess, who to keep the veiled virgins chaste,
 ' Which else thou fear'st the Danes would ravish,
 ' which possess'd
 ' This isle; first of thyself and then of all the rest,

- ' The nose and upper lip from your fair faces
 ' carv'd,
 ' And from pollution so your hallowed house
 ' preserv'd.
 ' Which when the Danes perceived, their hopes so
 ' far deluded, [cluded.
 ' Setting the house on fire, their martyrdom con-
 ' As Leofron; whose faith with others rightly
 ' weigh'd, [maid:
 ' Shall shew her not out-match'd by any English
 ' Who likewise when the Dane with persecution
 ' storm'd, [form'd.
 ' She here a martyr's part most gloriously per-
 ' Two holy maids again at Whitby were re-
 ' nown'd,
 ' Both abbeßes thereof, and confessors are crown'd;
 ' St. Ethelfrid, with her saint Congill, as a pair
 ' Of abeßes therein, the one of which by prayer
 ' The wild-geese thence expell'd, that island which
 ' annoy'd,
 ' By which their grafs and grain was many times
 ' destroy'd,
 ' Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air
 ' can get
 ' From the forbidden place, till they be fully set.
 ' As these within this isle in cloisters were en-
 ' clos'd:
 ' So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;
 ' As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our
 ' own,
 ' Were abbeßes of Bridge, whose zeal to France
 ' was known:
 ' And Ercongate again we likewise thither sent,
 ' (Which Ercombert begot, some time a king of
 ' Kent)
 ' A prioress of that place; Burgundofora bare,
 ' At Euxeu the chaste rule, all which renowned
 ' are [boast,
 ' In France, which as this isle of them may freely
 ' So Germany some grac'd, from this their na-
 ' tive coast.
 ' St. Walburg here extract from th' royal En-
 ' glish line, [tine.
 ' Was in that country made abbeßes of Heyden-
 ' St. Tecla to that place at Ochenford they chose:
 ' From Wynburne with the rest (in Dorsetshire)
 ' arose
 ' Chaste Agatha, with her went Lioba along.
 ' From thence, two not the least these sacred
 ' maids among,
 ' At Biscopfen, by time encloister'd and became.
 ' St. Lewen so attain'd an everliving name
 ' For martyrdom, which she at Wynokebergin
 ' wan, [man.
 ' Maids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest
 ' Nor had our virgins here for sanctity the prize,
 ' But widow'd queens as well, that being godly
 ' wife,
 ' Forsaking second beds, the world with them for-
 ' sook,
 ' To strict retired lives, and gladly them betook
 ' To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd.
 ' As when the fates of life king Ethelwold de-
 ' priv'd,
 ' That o'er th' East-Angles reign'd, bright Herif-
 ' wid his wife,
 ' Betaking her to lead a strict monastic life,
 ' Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy
 ' veil,
 ' And lived many a day encloister'd there at Cale.
 ' Then Keneburg in this our faintest front shall
 ' stand, [land,
 ' To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumber-
 ' Daughter to Penda king of Mercia, who though
 ' he
 ' Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age
 ' to see [crated
 ' Four virgins, and this queen, his children, confe-
 ' Of Godmanchester all, and after saints related.
 ' As likewise of this sex, with saints that doth
 ' us store, [more;
 ' Of the Northumbrian line so have we many
 ' Saint Eanfred widowed left, by Ofway reigning
 ' there, [pheere
 ' At Strenshalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the
 ' To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which
 ' possess'd
 ' Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest
 ' At Lymming far in Kent, which country gave
 ' her breath.
 ' So Edeth as the rest after king Sethrick's death,
 ' Which had the self same rule of Wilton abbeßes
 ' was,
 ' Where two West-Saxon queens for saints shall
 ' likewise pass, [succeed,
 ' Which in the self same house, saint Edeth did
 ' St. Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd
 ' weed, [again
 ' King Alfred's worthy wife, of Westsex; so
 ' Did Wilfrid, Edgar's queen, (so famous in his
 ' reign)
 ' Then Eadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,
 ' Who as a saint herself, so likewise was she mo-
 ' ther [show'd
 ' To two most holy maids, as we before have
 ' At Wilton (which we say) their happy time be-
 ' stow'd, [sef'd,
 ' Though she of Barking was, a holy nun pro-
 ' Who in her husband's time had reigned in the
 ' west:
 ' Th' East-Saxon line again, so others to us lent,
 ' As Sexburg sometime queen to Ercombert of
 ' Kent,
 ' Though Ina's loved child, and Audrey's sister
 ' known,
 ' Which Ely in those days did for her abbeßes own.
 ' Nor to saint Osth we less honour ought to give,
 ' King Sethred's widowed queen, who (when
 ' death did deprive
 ' The Essexian king of life) became enroll'd at
 ' Chich,
 ' Whose shrine to her there built, the world did
 ' long enrich. [became,
 ' Two holy Mercian queens so widowed, saints
 ' For sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
 ' King Wulphere's widowed pheere, queen Ermi-
 ' neld, whose life
 ' At Ely is renew'd, and Ermenburg, the wife

' To Merauld reigning there, a saint may safely
 ' pass, [was,
 ' Who to three virgin saints, the virtuous mother
 ' The remnant of her days, religiously that bare
 ' Immonaster'd in Kent, where first she breath'd
 ' the air.
 ' King Edgar's mother so, is for a saint prefer'd,
 ' Queen Algyve, who (they say) at Shipston was
 ' interr'd.
 ' So Edward Outlaw's wife, saint Agatha, we
 ' bring,
 ' By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king;
 ' Who when she saw the wrong to Edgar her dear
 ' son, [done,
 ' By cruel Harold first, then by the Conqueror
 ' Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to reco-
 ' ver, [over.
 ' A vestal habit took, and gave the false world
 ' St. Maud here not the least, though she be set the
 ' last,
 ' And scarcely over-match'd by any that is past,
 ' Our Beauclerk's queen, and born to Malcolm
 ' king of Scots,
 ' Whose sanctity was seen to wipe out all the spots
 ' Were laid upon her life, when she her cloyster
 ' fled, [bed,
 ' And chastely gave herself to her lov'd husband's
 ' Whom likewise for a saint those reverend ages
 ' chose, [close.
 ' With whom we at this time our catalogue will
 Now Rutland all this time, who held her high-
 ly wrong'd, [prolong'd,
 That she should for the saints thus strangely be
 As that the muse such time upon their praise
 should spend, [tend
 Sent in her ambling Wash, fair Welland to at-
 At Stamford, which her stream doth eas'ly over-
 take,
 Of whom her mistress flood seems wondrous much
 to make;
 For that she was alone the darling and delight
 Of Rutland, ravish'd so with her beloved sight,

As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be:
 Wherefore that she the least, yet fruitfull'st shire
 should see,
 The honourable rank she had amongst the rest,
 The ever-labouring muse her beauties thus ex-
 press'd.
 ' Love not thyself the less, although the least
 ' thou art,
 ' What thou in greatness want'st, wise nature doth
 ' impart
 ' In goodness of thy soil; and more delicious
 ' mould,
 ' Surveying all this isle, the sun did ne'er behold.
 ' Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so
 ' rare,
 ' But Catmus with that vale, for richness shall
 ' compare:
 ' What forest nymph is found, how brave foe'er
 ' she be, [she?
 ' But Lyfield shews herself as brave a nymph as
 ' What river ever rose from bank, or swelling hill,
 ' Than Rutland's wand'ring Wash, a delicater rill?
 ' Small shire that can produce to thy proportion
 ' good,
 ' One vale of special name, one forest, and one
 ' flood.
 ' O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in grass and
 ' corn, [scorn,
 ' That Bever ne'er be said thy sister-hood to
 ' And let thy Ocham boast, to have no little
 ' grace, [place,
 ' That her the pleased fates, did in thy bosom
 ' And Lyfield, as thou art a forest, live so free,
 ' That every forest nymph may praise the sports
 ' in thee.
 ' And down to Welland's course, O wash, run
 ' ever clear,
 ' To honour, and to be much honoured by this
 ' shire.
 And here my canto ends, which kept the muse
 so long,
 That it may rather seem a volume than a song.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SONG.

Tow'rd's Lincolnshire our progress laid,
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,
Fowling, and fishing in the fen;
Then come we next to Kestiven,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindsey light we last of all,
Her scite and pleasures to attend,
And with the isle of Axholme end.

The vast and queachy soil, with hosts of wallow-
ing waves,
From whose impetuous force, that who himself
not saves,
By swift and sudden flight is swallowed by the
deep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming sur-
ges sweep,
The sands which lay all naked, to the wide hea-
ven before,
And turneth all to sea, which was but lately shore,
From this our southern part of Holland, call'd the
Low,
Where Crowland's ruins yet, (though almost bu-
ried) show
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more Chris-
tian zeal
She by the muse's aid, shall happily reveal
Her sundry sorts of fowl, from whose abundance
she
Above all other tracts, may boast herself to be

The mistress, (and indeed) to sit without compare,
 And for no worthless soil should in her glory share,
 From her moist seat of flags, of bulrushes and reed,
 With her just proper praise, thus Holland doth proceed:
 ' Ye Acherusian fens, to mine resign your glory,
 ' Both that which lies within the goodly territory
 ' Of Naples, as that fen Thesposia's earth upon,
 ' Whence that infernal flood, the smutted Ache-
 ' ron [fen,
 ' Shoves forth her sullen head, as thou most fatal
 ' Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thrasimen,
 ' In history although thou highly seem'st to boast,
 ' That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman
 ' host. [shows,
 ' I scorn th' Egyptian fen, which Alexandria
 ' Proud Mareotis, should my mightiness oppose,
 ' Or Scythia, on whose face the sun doth hardly
 ' shine, [mine,
 ' Should her Meotis think to match with this of
 ' That cover'd all with snow continually doth
 ' stand.
 ' I stinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan sand.
 ' Marica (a) that wise nymph, to whom great
 ' Neptune gave
 ' The charge of all his shores, from drowning
 ' them to save,
 ' Abideth with me still upon my service press'd,
 ' And leaves the looser nymphs to wait upon the
 ' rest;
 ' In summer giving earth from which I square
 ' my (b) peat, [neat.
 ' And faster feedings by, for deer, for horse, and
 ' My various flocks for fowl, O who is he can tell,
 ' The species that in me for multitudes excel!
 ' The duck and mallard first, the falconer's only
 ' sport,
 ' (Of river-flights the chief, so that all other sort,
 ' They only green-fowl term) in every mere
 ' abound,
 ' That you would think they sate upon the very
 ' ground,
 ' Their numbers being so great, the waters cover-
 ' ing quite,
 ' That rais'd, the spacious air is darken'd with
 ' their flight;
 ' Yet kill the dangerous dykes, from shot do them
 ' secure,
 ' Where they from flash to flash, like the full epi-
 ' cure [meal;
 ' Waft, as they lov'd to change their diet every
 ' And near to them you see the lesser dabbler
 ' teale
 ' In (c) bunches, with the first that fly from mere
 ' to mere,
 ' As they above the rest were lords of earth and air.
 ' The gossander with them, my goodly fens do
 ' show
 ' His head as ebon black, the rest as white as
 ' snow,

(a) A nymph supposed to have the charge of the shore.

(b) Fuel cut of the marsh.

(c) The word in falconry for a company of teale.

' With whom the widgeon goes, the golden-eye
 ' the smeath,
 ' And in odd scatter'd pits, the flags and reeds
 ' beneath;
 ' The coot, bald, else clean black, that whiteness
 ' it doth bear [wear
 ' Upon the forehead star'd, the water-hen doth
 ' Upon her little tail, in one small feather set.
 ' The water-woofell next, all over black as jet,
 ' With various colours, black, green, blue, red,
 ' russet, white,
 ' Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,
 ' As do those sundry fowls, whose several plumes
 ' they be. [see,
 ' The diving dob-chick, here amongst the rest you
 ' Now up, now down again, that hard it is to
 ' prove,
 ' Whether under water most it liveth, or above:
 ' With which last little fowl, (that water may not
 ' lack;
 ' More than the dob-chick doth, and more doth
 ' love the (d) brack) [dish,
 ' The puffin we compare, which coming to the
 ' Nice palates hardly judge, if it be flesh or fish.
 ' But wherefore should I stand upon such toys
 ' as these, [please.
 ' That have so goodly fowls, the wandering eye to
 ' Here in my vaster pools, as white as snow or
 ' milk,
 ' (In water black as Styx) swims the wild swan,
 ' the like, [breath,
 ' Of Hollanders so term'd, no niggard of his
 ' (As poets say of swans, who only sing in death)
 ' But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roat,
 ' Which like a trumpet comes, from his long arch-
 ' ed throat, [brim,
 ' And tow'rs this wat'ry kind, about the flashes
 ' Some cloven-footed are, by nature not to swim.
 ' There stalks the stately crane, as though he
 ' march'd in war, [car)
 ' By him that hath the herne, which (by the fishy
 ' Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush
 ' and reed, [feed:
 ' Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often
 ' And under them again, (that water never take,
 ' But by some ditches side, or little shallow lake
 ' Lie dabbling night and day) the pallat-pleasing
 ' snite,
 ' The bidcock, and like them the redshank, that
 ' delight
 ' Together still to be, in some small reedy bed,
 ' In which these little fowls in summer's time were
 ' bred.
 ' The buzzing bitter sits, which through his hol-
 ' low bill,
 ' A sudden bellowing sends, which many times
 ' doth fill
 ' The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a
 ' bull did roar;
 ' But scarcely have I yet recited half my store:
 ' And with my wondrous flocks of wild-geese
 ' come I then, [fen,
 ' Which look as though alone they peopled all the
 ' (d) Salt water,

- ' Which here in winter time, when all is over-
 ' flow'd,
 ' And want of solid fward enforceth them abroad,
 ' T' abundance then is seen, that my full fens do
 ' yield, [field.
 ' That almost through the isle, do pester every
 ' The barnacles with them, which wherefoe'er
 ' they breed,
 ' On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my fens for feed
 ' Continually they come, and chief abode do make,
 ' And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake :
 ' Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine
 ' own, [known.
 ' Whose like I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly
 ' For sure unless in me, no one yet ever saw
 ' The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they
 ' draw : [accrue.
 ' From which to many a one, much profit doth
 ' Now such as flying feed, next these I must
 ' pursue ;
 ' The sea-meaw, sea-pye, gull, and curlew here
 ' do keep, [deep,
 ' As searching every shoal, and watching every
 ' To find their floating fry, with their sharp-
 ' piercing sight,
 ' Which suddenly they take, by stooping from
 ' their height. [kind)
 ' The cormorant then comes, (by his devouring
 ' Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth
 ' find
 ' The Fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his
 ' wings at full, [skull,
 ' As though he shot himself into the thicken'd
 ' He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,
 ' Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth
 ' choose [feeds.
 ' The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying
 ' The ospray oft here seen, though seldom here it
 ' breeds,
 ' Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
 ' But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
 ' Turning their bellies up, as though their death
 ' they saw [maw.
 ' They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous
 ' The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net :
 ' The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to set.
 ' One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth
 ' stalk ;
 ' Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk :
 ' There other with their spades, the peats are
 ' squaring out,
 ' And others from their cars, are busily about,
 ' To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and sto-
 ' ver fit,
 ' That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,
 ' Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes
 ' be stor'd,
 ' Than Germany, or France, or Tuscan can afford :
 ' And for that part of me, which men high Hol-
 ' land call, [fall,
 ' Where Boston seated is, by plenteous Wytham's
 ' I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field
 ' Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.
 ' For that of all the seas environing this isle,
 ' Our Irish, Spanish, French, howe'er we them enstile,
 ' The German is the great'st, and it is only I,
 ' That upon the same with most advantage lie.
 ' What fish can any shore, or British sea-town
 ' show,
 ' That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow
 ' Abundantly thereon ? the herring king of sea,
 ' The faster feeding cod, the mackrel brought by
 ' May,
 ' The dainty sole, and plaice, the dab, as of their
 ' blood ; [food ;
 ' The conger finely sous'd, hot summer's coolest
 ' The whiting known to all, a general wholesome
 ' dish ; [fish ;
 ' The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty
 ' The haddock, turbot, bert, fish nourishing and
 ' strong ; [among :
 ' The thornback, and the scate, provocative
 ' The weaver, which although his prickles ve-
 ' nom be,
 ' By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see :
 ' Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad ;
 ' The sea-flounder is here as common as the shad ;
 ' The sturgeon cutt to keggs, (too big to handle
 ' whole)
 ' Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty jole.
 ' Yet of rich Neptune's store, whilst thus I idly
 ' chat,
 ' Think not that all betwixt the whirlpool, and the
 ' sprat,
 ' I go about the name, that were to take in hand,
 ' The atomy to tell, or to cast up the sand ;
 ' But on the English coast, those most that usual
 ' are,
 ' Wherewith the stalls from thence do furnish us
 ' for fare ; [in,
 ' Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am
 ' I'll of our shell-fish speak, with these of scale
 ' and fin :
 ' The sperm-increasing crab, much cooking that
 ' doth ask, [task,
 ' The big-legg'd lobster, fit for wanton Venus'
 ' Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,
 ' And that the same effect which worketh in the
 ' blood
 ' The rough long oyster is, much like the lobster
 ' limb'd :
 ' The oyster hot as they, the mussle often trim'd
 ' With orient pearl within, as thereby nature
 ' show'd,
 ' That she some secret good had on that shell be-
 ' flow'd : [limp,
 ' The scallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and
 ' The periwinkle, prawn, the cockle, and the
 ' shrimp,
 ' For wanton women's tastes or for weak sto-
 ' machs bought.
 When Kestiven this while that certainly had
 thought,
 Her tongue would ne'er have stopt, quoth she,
 ' O how I hate, [prate,
 ' Thus of her foggy fens, to hear rude Holland
 ' That with her fish and fowl, here keepeth such a
 ' coil,
 ' As her unwholesome air, and more unwholesome
 ' soil,

' For these of which she boasts, the more might
 ' suffer'd be;
 ' When those her feather'd flocks she sends not out
 ' to me,
 ' Wherein clear Witham they, and many a little
 ' brook,
 ' In which the sun itself may well be proud to look)
 ' Have made their flesh more sweet by my refined
 ' food, [mud,
 ' From that so rammish taste of her most fulsome
 ' When the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen
 ' brings,
 ' The cook doth cast them out, as most unfavoury
 ' things.
 ' Besides, what is she else, but a foul woofy marsh,
 ' And that she calls her grafs, so blady is, and harsh,
 ' As cuts the catel's mouths, constrain'd thereon
 ' to feed,
 ' So that my poorest trash, which mine call rush
 ' and reed,
 ' For litter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
 ' Doth like the penny grafs, or the pure clover
 ' shew,
 ' Compared with her best : and for her fundry fish,
 ' Of which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.
 ' Did not full Neptune's fields so furnish her with
 ' store,
 ' Those in the ditches bred, within her muddy
 ' moor,
 ' Are of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow
 ' Will rather starve, thereon her stomach than
 ' bestow.
 ' From Stamford as along my tract toward
 ' Lincoln strains,
 ' What shire is there can shew more valuable veins
 ' Of soil than is in me? or where can there be
 ' found,
 ' So fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks near
 ' so found?
 ' Where doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter
 ' breath?
 ' What country can produce a delicater heath,
 ' Than that which her fair name from (e) Ancaf-
 ' ter doth hold?
 ' Through all the neighbouring shires, whose
 ' praise shall still be told,
 ' Which Flora in the spring doth with such wealth
 ' adorn,
 ' That Bever needs not much her company to scorn,
 ' Though she a vale lie low, and this a heath sit
 ' high,
 ' Yet doth she not alone, allure the wondring eye
 ' With prospect from each part, but that her plea-
 ' sant ground
 ' Gives all that may content, the well-breath'd
 ' horse and hound :
 ' And from the Britains yet, to show what then I
 ' was,
 ' One of the Roman ways near through my midst
 ' did pass :
 ' Besides to my much praise, there hath been in
 ' my mould
 ' Their painted pavements found, and arms of
 ' perfect gold.

(e) Ancafter Heath.

' They near the Saxons reign, that in this tract
 ' did dwell,
 ' All other of this isle, for that they would excel
 ' For churches every where, so rich and goodly
 ' rear'd
 ' In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd
 ' T' attempt so mighty works; yet one above the
 ' rest,
 ' In which it may be thought, they strove to do
 ' their best,
 ' Of pleasant Grantham is, that piramis so high,
 ' Rear'd (as it might be thought) to over-top
 ' the sky,
 ' The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,
 ' As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to
 ' gaze.
 When Wytham that this while a list'ning ear
 ' had laid,
 To hearken (for herself) what Kestiven had said,
 Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was
 ' the earth
 From whom she only had her sweet and season'd
 ' birth,
 From (f) Wytham which that name derived from
 ' her springs,
 Thus as she trips along, this dainty riv'let sings.
 ' Ye easy ambling streams, which way soe'er
 ' you run,
 ' Or tow'rd's the pleasant rise, or tow'rd's the mid-
 ' day sun :
 ' By which (as some suppose by use that have
 ' them try'd)
 ' Your waters in their course are neatly purify'd.
 ' Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,
 ' When Neptune shall command the Naiades t'
 ' appear.
 ' In river what is found, in me that is not rare :
 ' Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without com-
 ' pare.
 ' From Wytham mine own town, first water'd
 ' with my source,
 ' As to the eastern sea, I hasten on my course,
 ' Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,
 ' Whose swains in shepherds gray, and girls in
 ' Lincoln (g) green?
 ' Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the
 ' bag-pipes ply,
 ' Dance many a merry round, and many a hydeggy.
 ' I envy, any brook should in my pleasure share,
 ' Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.
 ' No land-floods can me force to over-proud a
 ' height ;
 ' Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too
 ' freight :
 ' My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet
 ' too broad,
 ' My fords with pebbles, clear as orient pearls, are
 ' strow'd ;
 ' My gentle winding banks, with fundry flowers
 ' are dress'd,
 ' The higher rising heaths, hold distance with my
 ' breast.

(f) A town so called.

(g) Lincoln anciently dyed the best green of England.

' Thus to her proper song, the burthen still she
' bare ;
' Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without com-
' pare.'

By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty scite,
Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful de-
light,

Enamour'd of the state, and beauty of the place,
That her of all the rest especially doth grace,
Leaving her former course, in which she first set
forth,

Which seemed to have been directly to the north:
She runs her silver front into the muddy Fen,
Which lies into the east, in her deep journey,
when

Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindsey com-
ing down,

Delicious Wytham leads to holy (b) Botolph's
town,

Where proudly she puts in amongst the great re-
fort,

That their appearance make in Neptune's wa-
try court.

Now Lindsey all this while, that duly did attend,
Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end
Of their so tedious talk, when lastly she replies ;

' Lo, bravely here she sits, that both your states
' defies.

' Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my
' fouth,

' As likewise to the north, great Humber's swell-
' ling mouth [lie :

' Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely

' O! who can me the best, before them both deny?

' Nor Britain in her bounds, scarce such a tract
' can show, [bow,

' Whose shore like to the back of a well bended

' The ocean beareth out, and every where so
' thick,

' The villages and dorps upon my bosom stick,

' That it is very hard for any to define,

' Whether up-land most I be, or most am mari-
' tine.

' What is there that complete can any country
' make,

' That in large measure I, (fair Lindsey) not par-
' take,

' As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and
' pleasant hills,

' All water'd here and there, with pretty creep-
' ing rills.

' Fat pasture, mellow glebe, and of that kind
' what can

' Give nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,

' A Kestiven doth boast, her Wytham so have I,

' My Ancum (only mine) whose fame as far doth
' fly,

' For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her
' (i) pike,

' Which makes the proverb up, the world hath
' not the like.

(b) Botolph's town contractedly Boston.

(i) Wytham eel, and Ancum pike,

In all the world there is none fyke.

' From Razin her clear springs, where first she
' doth arrive,

' As in an even course, to Humber forth doth
' drive,

' Fair Barton she salutes, which from her scite
' outbraves

' Rough Humber, when he strives to shew his
' sternest waves.

' Now for my (k) bounds to speak, few tracts
' (I think) there be,

' (And search through all this isle) to parallel
' with me :

' Great Humber holds me north, (as I have said
' before)

' To whom (even) all along, upon the eastern
shore,

' The German ocean lies; and on my southern
' side,

' Clear Wytham in her course, me fairly doth
' divide

' From Holland; and from thence the Fosdyke is
' my bound,

' Which our first Henry cut from Lincoln, where
' he found,

' Commodities by Trent, from Humber to con-
' vey:

' So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,
' Toward me on the west, though farther I ex-
' tend,

' And in my larger bounds do largely compre-
' hend

' Full Axholme, (which those near, the fertile do
' instile)

' Which Idle, Don, and Trent, embracing make
' an isle.

' But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I
' boast,

' When that which Holland seems to vaunt her
' on the most,

' By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which she doth
' breed:

' She in her foggy fens, so moorishly doth feed,

' That physic oft forbids the patient them for
' food,

' But mine more airy are, and make fine spirits
' and blood :

' For near this bathing isle in me is to be seen,

' More than on any earth, the plover gray, and
' green,

' The corn-land loving quail, the daintiest of our
' bits,

' The rail, which seldom comes, but upon rich
' mens spits :

' The puet, godwit, stint, the palate that allure,

' The miser, and do make a wasteful epicure :

' The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,

' Of that great king of Danes, his name that still
' doth hold,

' His appetite to please, that far and near was
' sought,

' For him (as some have said) from Denmark hi-
' ther brought

(k) The bounds of Kesteven,

' The dotterel, which we think a very dainty dish,
 ' Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more
 ' can wish;
 ' For as you creep, or cower, or lie, or stoop, or go,
 ' So marking you (with care) the apish bird doth
 ' do,
 ' And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,
 ' Till he be in the snare, which men for him have
 ' fet.
 ' The big-bon'd bustard then, whose body bears
 ' that size, [rise:
 ' That he against the wind must run, e'er he can

' The shouler, which so shakes the air with failly
 ' wings [sings.
 ' That ever as he flies, you still would think he
 ' These fowls, with other foils, although they fre-
 ' quent be,
 ' Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me.'
 Thus whilst she seems t' extol in her peculiar
 praise,
 The muse which seem'd too slack, in these too
 low-pitcht lays, [and casts
 For nobler height prepares, her oblique course,
 A new book to begin, and end of this she hastes.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SONG.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SONG.

The Argument.

Three shires at once this song assays,
By various and unufual ways.
At Nottingham first coming in,
The vale of Bever doth begin;
Tow'rds Le'fter then her course ſhe holds,
And failing o'er the pleaſant Oulds,
She fetcheth Soare down from her ſprings,
By Charnwood, which to Trent ſhe brings,
Then ſhows the braveries of that flood,
Makes Sherwood ſing her Robin Hood;
Then rouzes up the aged Peak,
And of her wonders makes her ſpeak:
Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.

Now ſcarcely on this tract the muſe had entrance
made,
Inclining to the ſouth, but Bever's bathing ſlade
Receiveth her to gueſt, whoſe coming had too
long
Put off her rightful praiſe, when thus herſelf ſhe
ſung.

' Three (a) ſhires there are (quoth ſhe) in me
their parts that claim,
Large Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th' north's eye
Nottingham.

But in the laſt of theſe ſince moſt of me doth lie,
To that my moſt-lov'd ſhire myſelf I muſt apply.

Not Eufham that proud nymph, although ſhe
ſtill pretend [ſend
Herſelf the firſt of v... and though abroad ſhe

(a) The vale of Bever bordereth upon three ſhires;

Her awful dread command, that all ſhould tribute
pay

To her as our great queen; nor White-horſe,
though her clay

Of ſilver ſeem to be, new melted, nor the vale
Of Alſbury, whoſe graſs ſeems given out by tale,
For it ſo ſilken is, nor any of our kind,

Or what, or where they be, or howſoe'er inclin'd,
Me (b) Bever ſhall outbrave, that in my ſtate do
ſcorn,

Be any of them all (once) to be overborn,
With theirs, do but compare the country where
I lie,

My Hill, and Oulds will ſay, they are the iſ-
land's eye.

(b) Not a more pleaſant vale in all Great Britain, than
Bever.

Consider next my scite, and say it doth excel;
Then come unto my soil, and you shall see it swell
With every grafs and grain, that Britain forth
can bring:

I challenge any vale, to shew me but that thing
I cannot shew to her, (that truly is mine own)
Besides I dare thus boast, that I as far am known,
As any of them all, the south their names doth
found,

The spacious north doth me, that there is scarcely
found,

A roomth for any else, it is so fill'd with mine,
Which but a little wants of making me divine:
Nor barren am of brooks, for that I still retain
Two neat and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and
Deane,

That from the lovely Oulds, their beauteous pa-
rent sprung [along,

From the Leicestrian fields, come on with me
Till both within one bank, they on my north are
meint, [Trent.]

And where I end, they fall, at Newark, into
Hence wandring as the muse delightfully be-
holds [Oulds,

The beauty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd
She on the left hand leaves old Leicester, and flies,
Until the fertile earth glut her insatiate eyes,
From rich to richer still, that riseth her before,
Until she come to cease upon the head of Soare,
Where (c) Fosse, and (c) Watling cut each other
in their course

At (d) Sharnford, where at first her soft and gen-
tle source,

To her but shallow banks, begineth to repair,
Of all this beauteous isle, the delicatest air;
Whence softly sallying out, as loth the place to
leave,

She Sence a pretty rill doth courteously receive:
For Swift, a little brook, which certainly she
thought [brought,

Down to the banks of Trent would safely her have
Because their native springs so nearly were ally'd,
Her sister Soare forsook, and wholly her apply'd
To Avon, as with her continually to keep,
And wait on her along to the Sabrinian deep.

Thus with her handmaid Sence, the Soare doth
eas'ly slide

By Leicester, where yet her ruins show her pride,
Demolish'd many years, that of the great founda-
tion [tion;

Of her long buried walls, men hardly see the sta-
Yet of some pieces found, so sure the cement locks
The stones, that they remain like perdurable rocks:
Where whilst the lovely Soare, with many a dear
embrace,

Is solacing herself with this delightful place,
The (e) forest, which the name of that brave
town doth bear,

With many a goodly wreath, crowns her dishe-
vel'd hair,

And in her gallant green, her lusty livery shows
Herself to this fair flood, which mildly as she flows,
Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,
As also how she keeps her fertile purlues free:
The herds of fallow deer she on the lawns doth
feed,

As having in herself to furnish every need.
But now since gentle Soare, such leisure seems to
take, [make,

The muse in her behalf this strong defence doth
Against the neighbour floods, for that which tax
her so,

And her a channel call, because she is so flow.
The cause is that she lies upon so low a flat,
Where nature most of all befriended her in that,
The longer to enjoy the good she doth possess:
For had those (with such speed that forward seem
to press)

So many dainty meads, and pastures theirs to be,
They then would wish themselves to be as flow
as she,

Who well may be compar'd to some young ten-
der maid,

Entring some prince's court, which is for pomp
array'd,

Who led from room to room amazed is to see
The furnitures and states, which all embroideries be,
The rich and sumptuous beds, with tester cover-
ing plumes,

And various as the futes, so various the perfumes,
Large galleries, where piece with piece doth seem
to strive,

Of pictures done to life, landskip, and perspective,
Thence goodly gardens sees, where antique sta-
tues stand

In stone and copper, cut by many a skilful hand,
Where every thing to gaze, her more and more
entices,

Thinking at once she sees a thousand paradises,
Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,
She long'd again to see, what she had slightly past.
So the enticing soil the Soare along doth lead,
As wondring in herself, at many a spacious mead;
When Charnwood from the rocks salutes her wish-
ed sight, [light,

(Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and de-
Whose beauty whilst that Soare is pausing to be-
hold

Clear Wreakin coming in, from Waltham on
the Ould,

Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her silver train,
Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the
plain,

Here finding her surpriz'd with proud Mount-
sorrel's sight, [invite

By quickening of her course, more eas'ly doth
Her to the goodly Trent, whereas she goes along
By Loughborough, she thus of that fair forest sung.

O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choicest of
thy kind, [find?

The like in any place, what flood hath hapt to
No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,
Can shew a sylvan nymph, for beauty like to
thee:

(c) The two famous ways of England. See the 13th song.

(d) A little village at the rising of Soare.

(e) Leicester forest.

The satyrs, and the fawns, by Dian set to keep,
 Rough Hills, and forest holts, were sadly seen to
 weep,
 When thy high-palmed harts the sport of bows
 and hounds, [grounds.
 By gripple borderers hands, were banished thy
 The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to
 rove,
 To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove
 to grove,
 On (f) Sharpley that were seen, and (f) Cad-
 man's aged rocks,
 Against the rising sun, to braid their silver locks;
 And with the harmless Elves, on heathy (g) Bar-
 don's height,
 By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night
 by night,
 Exil'd their sweet abode, to poor bare commons
 fled.
 They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks
 are dead.
 Who will describe to life, a forest, let him take
 Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make
 Another form at all, where oft in thee is found
 Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are
 crown'd
 With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and
 sheep,
 (To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep,
 To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steep sides that
 grow;
 Upon whose other part, on some descending brow,
 Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down
 would drop,
 Where under-growing oaks, on their old shoulders
 prop
 The others hoary heads, which still seem to decline,
 And in a dimble near, (even as a place divine,
 For contemplation fit) an ivy-ceiled bower,
 As nature had therein ordain'd some sylvan power;
 As men may very oft at great assemblies see,
 Where many of most choice, and wond'ered beau-
 ties be:
 For stature one doth seem the best away to bear;
 Another for her shape, to stand beyond compare;
 Another for the fine composure of a face:
 Another short of these, yet for a modest grace
 Before them all prefer'd; amongst the rest yet one,
 Adjudg'd by all to be, so perfect paragon,
 That all those parts in her together simply dwell,
 For which the other do so severally excel.
 My Charnwood like the last, hath in herself alone,
 What excellent can be in any forest shewn'
 On whom when thus the Soare had these high
 praises spent,
 She easily slid away into her sovereign Trent,
 Who having wander'd long, at length began to
 leave
 Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth
 receive
 The lesser Tame, and Mefs, the Mefs a dainty rill,
 Near Charnwood rising first, where she begins to fill

(f) Two mighty rocks in the forest.
 (g) A hill in the forest.

Her banks, which all her course on both sides do
 abound
 With heath and finny olds, and often gleaby
 ground,
 Till Croxall's fertile earth doth comfort her at last
 When she is ent'ring Trent; but I was like t'
 have past
 The other Sence, whose source doth rise not far
 from hers,
 By Ancor, that herself to famous Trent prefers,
 The second of that name, allotted to this (b) shire
 A name but hardly found in any place but here;
 Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.
 But muse return at last, attend the princely Trent,
 Who straining on in state, the north's imperious
 flood, [wood,
 The third of England call'd, with many a dainty
 Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood
 where she flows
 Herself in all her pomp; and as from thence she
 flows,
 She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin
 clear, [shire;
 Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derby-
 And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent
 upon,
 Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.
 Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroul'd she
 ranges,
 Her often varying form, as variously and changes.
 First Erwash, and then Lyne, sweet Sherwood
 sends her in;
 Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had
 been, [height,
 Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud
 So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the sight,
 That she from running wild, but hardly can re-
 frain, [strain,
 To view in how great state, as she along doth
 That brave exalted feat, beholdeth her in pride,
 As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,
 All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries
 dress'd. [blefs'd.
 In which she sees herself above her neighbours
 As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect
 brings,
 In her peculiar praise, lo thus the river sings:
 'What should I care at all, from what my name
 I take,
 That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;
 My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
 That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat:
 Or thirty kinds of fish that in my streams do live,
 To me this name of Trent did from that number
 give. [tune he
 What reck I? let great Thames, since by his fort-
 Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
 From Isis, and old Tame, his pedigree derive:
 And for the second place, proud Severn that doth
 strive,
 Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud
 mountain sprung,
 Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,

(b) Two rivers of one name in one shire.

As of that princely maid, whose name she boasts
to bear, [heir.

Bright Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted
Let these imperious floods draw down their long
descent

From these so famous stocks, and only say of Trent,
That Mooreland's barren earth me first to light
did bring,

Which though she be but brown, my clear com-
plexion'd spring

Gain'd with the nymphs such grace, that when I
first did rise,

The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,
And on her spacious breast, (with heaths that
doth abound)

Encircled my fair fount with many a lusty round:
And of the British floods, though but the third I
be, [me

Yet Thames and Severn both in this come short of
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the south, on my so either
sides, [extent,

That reckoning how these tracts in compass be
Men bound them on the north, or on the south
of Trent;

Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd
with mine,

Through my perspicuous breast, the pearly pee-
bles shine:

I throw my crytal arms along the flow'ry vallies,
Which lying sleek and smooth as any garden-alleys,
Do give me leave to play, whilst they do court
my stream,

And crown my winding banks with many an
anadem:

My silver-scaled skulls about my streams do sweep,
Now in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So that of every kind, the new spawn'd numerous
fry

Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.

The barbell, than which fish a braver doth not
swim,

Nor greater for the ford within my spacious brim,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth
please; [pease;

The greling, whose great spawn is big as any
The perch with pricking fins, against the pike
prepar'd,

As nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger
guard, [proof]

His daintiness to keep, (each curious palate's
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the
ruffe,

His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,
The pretty slender dace, of many call'd the dace,
Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his
face,

Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,
But with such nimble flight, that e'er ye can dis-
close

His shape, out of your sight like lightning he is
shot. [spot,

The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson

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As though the curious were in him above the rest,
And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best:
The roche, whose common kind to every flood
doth fall;

The chub, (whose neater name) which some a
chevin call,

Food to the tyrant pike, (most being in his power)
Who for their numerous store he most doth them
devour;

The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry
realm,

When as his season serves, stemming my tideful
stream,

Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
(For whom the fisher then all other game for-
sakes)

Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,
Above the forced weares, himself doth nimbly
fling,

And often when the net hath drag'd him safe to
land, [hand;

Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's
Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness in-
terlarded,

Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry
store,

Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the more
Should have my beauties grac'd with something
from him sent:

Not Ancum's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
Though the sweet smelling smelt be more in
Thames than me,

The lamprey, and his (i) lesse, in Severn gene-
ral be;

The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers
caught,

Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought:
The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the
bleake,

Since they but little are, I little need to speak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,
Which every where are found in every little beck;
Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst
my stones,

From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones:
For carp, the tench, and bream, my other store
among,

To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,
Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters
clear, [here.]

Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are
From Nottingham, near which this river first
begun, [run,

This song, she the meanwhile, by Newark having
Receiving little Synte, from Bever's bathing
grounds,

At Gainsborough goes out, where the Lincoln-
an bounds.

Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show
Her love to princely Trent, as downward she
doth flow,

Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mans-
field sends
To Iddle for her aid, by whom she recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to
meet,
When she tow'rs Humber comes, do humbly kiss
her feet,
And clip her till she grace great Humber with
her fall.
When Sherwood somewhat back the forward
muse doth call;
For she was let to know, that Soare had in her song
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that
along,
Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there was no
other lays,
But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood,
and her praise:
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much
disdain'd, [tain'd
(As one that had both long, and worthily main-
The title of the great st, and bravest of her kind)
To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts com-
par'd: [car'd
Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd nor
For ought to her might chance, by others love or
hate,
With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a
king
Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court,
Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly re-
port:
 'The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an
 age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood beset,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath
been laid,
How he hath cousten'd them, that him would have
betray'd;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,
And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpriz'd.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be
done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the mil-
ler's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon
made [trade.
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin
Hood, [good,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and
blue, [knew,
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but
When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill,
The warbling echoes wak'd from every dale and
hill:

Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their
shoulder's cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were
buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a
span, [man:
Who struck below the knee, nor counted then a
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were won-
drous strong; [long.
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth yard
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving
shaft,
At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick,
and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never
strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could
cleave the pin:
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for
feather,
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or
forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard
a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty
wood, [food.
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the green-
wood tree.
From wealthy abbots chests, and churls abundant
store, [poor:
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin
griev'd:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she
came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the
game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braid-
ed hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here
and there
Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana flew.
Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,
The song had scarcely ceas'd, when as the muse
again
Wades (k) Erwash, (that at hand) on Sherwood's
setting side
The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth di-
vide,

(k) A river parting the two shires.

And northward from her springs, haps Scardale
 forth to find,
 Which like her mistress Peake, is naturally in-
 clin'd
 To thrust forth ragged cleaves, with which she
 scattered lies
 As busy nature here could not herself suffice,
 Of this oft-alt'ring earth the sundry shapes to
 show,
 That from my entrance here doth rough and
 rougher grow,
 Which of a lowly dale, although the name it
 bear, [were
 You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain
 From which it takes the name of Scardale, which
 exprefs'd,
 Is the hard vale of rocks, of Chesterfield possess'd,
 By her which is instil'd : where Rother from her
 rift,
 Ibber, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that assist
 Her weaker wand'ring stream tow'rs Yorkshire
 as she wends, [sends,
 So Scardale tow'rs the same, that lovely Iddle
 That helps the fertile seat of Axholme to inile :
 But to th' unwearied muse the Peake appears the
 while, [eyes,
 A withered beldam long, with bleared wat'rish
 With many a bleak storm dim'd, which often to
 the skies
 She cast, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her
 aged head,
 Her meagre wrinkled face, being fullied still
 with lead, [mines,
 Which fitting in the works, and poring o'er the
 Which she out of the ore continually refines :
 For she a chemist was, and nature's secrets knew,
 And from amongst the lead, she antimony drew,
 And crystal there congeal'd, (by her instiled flow-
 ers) [powers.
 And in all medicines knew their most effectual
 The spirits that haunt the mines, she could com-
 mand and tame,
 And bind them as she list in Saturn's dreadful
 name :
 She mill-stones from the quarrs, with sharpen'd
 picks could get,
 And dainty whet-stones make, the dull-edg'd
 tools to whet.
 Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,
 As others of their corn, or goodness of their soil,
 Thinking the time was long, till she her tale had
 told,
 Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold :
 ' My dreadful daughters born, your mother's
 dear delight,
 Great nature's chiefest work, wherein she shew'd
 her might ;
 Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of hell,
 Where fogs and misty damps continually do dwell ;
 O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whose eyes,
 Horror assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies
 Thick vapours, that like rugs still hang the trou-
 bled air,
 Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care :

O thou my first and best, of thy black entrance
 nam'd
 The Devil's-Arse, in me, O be thou not asham'd,
 Nor think thyself disgrac'd or hurt thereby at
 all,
 Since from thy horror first men us'd thee so to
 call :
 For as amongst the Moors, the jettiest black are
 deem'd
 The beautiful'st of them ; so are your kind es-
 teem'd
 The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and ob-
 scure,
 (That hardly any eye your sternness may endure)
 The more ye famous are, and what name men
 can hit,
 That best may ye exprefs, that best doth ye besit :
 For he that will attempt thy black and darksome
 jaws, [flaws,
 In midst of summer meets with winter's stormy
 Cold dews, that over head from thy foul roof
 distil,
 And meeteth under foot with a dead fullen rill,
 That Acheron itself a man would think he were
 Immediately to pass, and staid for Charon there ;
 Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, though very rough
 it be
 With often winding turns : then come thou next
 to me,
 My pretty daughter Poole, my second loved child,
 Which by that noble name was happily instil'd,
 Of that more generous stock, long honour'd in
 this shire, [here,
 Of which amongst the rest, one being outlaw'd
 For his strong refuge took this dark and uncouth
 place,
 An heir-loom ever since, to that succeeding race :
 Whose entrance though depress'd below a moun-
 tain steep, [creep
 Besides so very strait, that who will see't must
 Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
 A rude and ample roof doth instantly begin
 To raise itself aloft, and who so doth intend
 The length thereof to see, still going must ascend
 On mighty slippery stones, as by a winding stair,
 Which of a kind of base dark alabaster are,
 Of strange and sundry forms, both in the roof and
 floor, [before.
 As nature shew'd in thee, what ne'er was seen
 For Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer
 Before the other two, which perpendicular
 Dive'st down into the ground, as if an entrance
 were
 Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might judge
 it here,
 Whose depth is so immense, and wondrously pro-
 found, [found,
 As that long line which serves the deepest sea to
 Her bottom never wrought, as though the vast
 descent, [went
 Through this terrestrial globe directly pointing
 Our Antipodes to see, and with her gloomy
 eyes,
 To glote upon those stars, to us that never rise ;
 K k ij

That down into this hole if that a stone ye
throw,
An acre's length from thence, (some say that) ye
may go,
And coming back thereto, with a still list'ning
ear, [were,
May hear a sound as though that stone then falling
Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not
excels,

But that I can again produce those wondrous wells
Of Buckston, as I have, that most delicious
fount,

Which men the second Bath of England do ac-
count,

Which in the primer reigns, when first this
well began

To have her virtues known unto the blest Saint
(l) Anne,

Was consecrated then, which the same temper
hath, [Bath

As that most dainty spring, which at the famous
Is by the cross instil'd, whose fame I much prefer,
In that I do compare my daintiest spring to her,
Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to prevent,

And supple their clear skins, which ladies oft
frequent;

Most full, most fair, most sweet, and most deli-
cious source.

To this a second (m) fount, that in her natural
course, [flow,

As mighty Neptune doth, so doth she ebb and
If some Welsh shires report, that they the like
can show.

I answer those, that her shall so no wonder call,
So far from any sea, not any of them all.

My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for
change.

A (n) little hill I have, a wonder yet more strange,
Which though it be of light, and almost dusty
sand,

Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly stand;
And running from the top, although it never
cease,

Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.
Nor is it at the top, the lower or the less,

As nature had ordain'd, that so its own excess,
Should by some secret way within itself ascend,

To feed the falling back; with this yet doth not
end [have,

The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I
But it a wonder's name doth very justly crave:

A forest such have I, (of which when any speak
Of me they it instile, The forest of the Peake)

Whose hills do serve for brakes, the rocks for
shrubs and trees,

To which the stag pursu'd, as to the thicket flees;
Like it in all this isle, for sternness there is none,
Where nature may be said to show you groves
of stone,

As she in little there, had curiously compil'd

The model of the vast Arabian stony wild.

(l) St. Anne of Buckston,

(m) Tideswell.

(n) Sandy-hill.

Then as it is suppos'd, in England that there be
Seven wonders: to myself so have I here in me,
My seven before rehears'd, allotted me by fate,
Her greatness, as therein ordain'd to imitate.'

No sooner had the Peake her seven proud
wonders sung,

But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills
among,

Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with en-
vious rocks,

Comes tripping down tow'rds Trent, and sees
the goodly flocks

Fed by her mother Peake; and herds, (for horn
and hair,

That hardly are put down by those of Lanca-
shire,)

Which on her mountains side, and in her bot-
toms graze,

On whose delightful course, whilst Unknidge
stands to gaze,

And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
He Nowstoll plainly sees, which likewise from
the set,

Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far
away, [say:

Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to
'Fair hill be not so proud of thy so pleasant
scite, [light,

Who for thou giv'st the eye such wonderful de-
From any mountain near, that glorious name of
Heaven, [given:

Thy bravery to express, was to thy greatness
Nor cast mine eye so much on things that be
above:

For sawest thou as we do, our Darwin, thou
would'st love

Her more than any thing, that so doth thee al-
lure; [dure,

When Darwin that by this her travel could en-
Takes Now into her train, (from Nowstoll her
great Sire,

Which shews to take her name) with many a
winding gyre.

Then wandring through the wilds, at length the
pretty Wye,

From her black mother Poole, her nimbler course
doth ply

Tow'rds Darwin, and along from Bakewell with
her brings

Lathkell a little brook, and Headford, whose
poor springs

But hardly them the name of riverets can afford;
When Burbrook with the strength, that nature
her hath stor'd,

Although but very small, yet much doth Dar-
win stead.

At Worksworth on her way, when from the
mines of lead,

Brown Ecclesborne comes in, then Amber from
the east, [best,

Of all the Derbian nymphs of Darwin lov'd the
(A delicates flood from fountain never flow'd)

Then coming to the town, on which she first be-
flow'd

Her natural (e) British name, her Derby, fo
again,
Her, to that ancient seat doth kindly enter-
tain,
Where Marten-Brook, although an easy shallow
rill,
There offereth all she hath, her mistrefs' banks
to fill,

(e) Darwin, of the British *Doune Guin*, which is white
water.

And all too little thinks that was on Darwin
spent;
From hence as she departs, in travelling to
Trent
Back goes the active muse, tow'rd Lancashire
again,
Where matter rests enough her vigour to main-
tain,
And to the northern hills shall lead her on along,
Which now must wholly be the subject of my
song.

K k iij

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The circuit of this shire exprefs'd,
Erwell, and Ribble then contest;
The muse next to the mosses flies,
And to fair Wyre herself applies;
The fishy Lun then doth she bring,
The praise of Lancashire to sing,
The Isle of Man maintains her plea,
Then falling eastward from that sea,
On rugged Furnesse, and his fells,
Of which this Canto lastly tells.

SCARCE could the labouring muse salute this
lively shire, [mire,
But strait such shouts arose from every moss and
And rivers rushing down with such unusual noise,
Upon their pebly shoals, seem'd to express their
joys,
That Mersey in her course which happily confines
Brave Cheshire from this tract, two county pala-
tines) [ran,
As ravish'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole
That all the shores which lie to the (a) Vervigian,
Resounded with the shouts, so that from creek to
creek, [shriek
So loud the echoes cry'd, that they were heard to
To Furnesse ridged front, whereas the rocky pile
Of Foudra is at hand, to guard the outlaid isle
Of Walney, and those gross and foggy fells awoke;
Thence flying to the east, with their reverberance
shook
The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the
people say,
Prognosticates to them a happy Halcyon day)

(a) The Irish sea.

Rebounds on Blackstonedge, and thereby falling fills
Fair Mersey, making in from the Derbeian hills.
But whilst the active muse this nimbly goes
about,
Of this large tract to lay the true dimensions out,
The neat Lancastrian nymphs, for beauty that
excel,
That for the hornpipe round do bear away the
bell; [bode,
Some that about the banks of Erwell make a-
With some that have their seat by Ribble's silver
road, [grew)
In great contention fell, (that mighty difference
Which of those floods deserv'd to have the sove-
' reign due;
So that all future spleen, and quarrels to prevent,
That likely was to rise about their long descent,
Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they
mean to plead,
And first thus for herself the lovely Erwell said:
' Ye lasses, quoth this flood, have long and
blindly err'd,
' That Ribble before me, so falsely have prefer'd,

' That am a native born, and my descent do bring
 ' From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her
 ' spring, [rude
 ' An alien known to be, and from the mountains
 ' Of Yorkshire getting strength, here boldly dares
 ' intrude [fall,
 ' Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty
 ' Is not ashamed herself of Lancashire to call:
 ' Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend
 ' My mistress Mersey's state, there's none that
 ' doth transcend
 ' My greatness with her grace, which doth me
 ' so prefer,
 ' That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
 ' For though from Blackstonedge the Taume come
 ' tripping down,
 ' And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's
 ' high renown,
 ' Of Mersey thinks from me, the place alone to win,
 ' With my attending brooks, yet when I once come
 ' in,
 ' I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for
 ' note, [float,
 ' As from my fountain I tow'rs mightier Mersey
 ' First Roch a dainty rill, from Rochdale her dear
 ' dame, [name,
 ' Who honour'd with the half of her stern mother's
 ' Grows proud: yet glad herself into my banks to
 ' get,
 ' Which Spodden from her spring, a pretty rivulet,
 ' As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my
 ' store,
 ' And Medlock to their much, by lending some-
 what more,
 ' At Manchester do meet, all kneeling to my state,
 ' Where brave I shew myself; then with a prouder
 ' gait,
 ' Tow'rs Mersey making on, Great Chatmoss at
 ' my fall,
 ' Lies full of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,
 ' And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring-au-
 ' gars found)
 ' There at the general flood supposed to be drown'd.
 ' Thus chief of Mersey's train, away with her I
 ' run,
 ' When in her prosperous course she wat'rerh
 ' Warrington,
 ' And her fair silver load in Le'rpoole down doth
 ' lay,
 ' A road none more renown'd in the Vergivian sea.
 ' Ye lusty lasses then, in Lancashire that dwell,
 ' For beauty that are said to bear away the bell,
 ' Your country's hornpipe, ye so mincingly that
 ' tread,
 ' As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red;
 ' In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings
 ' tell,
 ' That Erwell every way doth Ribble far excel.
 Her well-disposed speech had Erwell scarcely
 done,
 But swift report therewith immediately doth run
 To the Vergivian shores, among the mosses deep,
 Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy
 doth weep,

That Symond's-wood, from whence the flood as-
 fumes her spring,
 Excited with the same, was loudly heard to ring;
 And over all the moors with shrill re-echoing
 sounds,
 The drooping fogs to drive from those gross
 wat'ry grounds,
 Where those that toil for turf, with peating spades
 do find
 Fish living in the earth (contrary to their kind)
 Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewise
 shews, [flows,
 The like in their like earth, that with like moisture
 And that such fish as these, had not been likewise
 found,
 Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,
 A wonder of this isle, this well might have been
 thought, [wrought,
 But Ribble that this while for her advantage
 Of what she had to say, doth well herself advise;
 And to brave Erwell's speech, she boldly thus
 replies:
 ' With that, whereby the most thou think'st me to
 ' disgrace,
 ' That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)
 ' My greatest glory is, and Lancashire therefore,
 ' To nature for my birth, beholding is the more;
 ' That Yorkshire, which all shires for largeness
 ' doth exceed, [(indeed)
 ' A kingdom to be call'd, that well deserves
 ' And not a fountain bath, that from her womb
 ' doth flow
 ' Within her spacious self, but that she can bestow;
 ' To Lancaster yet lends, me Ribble, from her store,
 ' Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty
 ' more.
 ' From Penigent's proud foot, as from my source
 ' I slide,
 ' That mountain my proud fire, in height of all
 ' his pride, [flood:
 ' Takes pleasure in my course; as in his first-born
 ' And Ingleborough hill of that Olympian brood,
 ' With Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,
 ' Do wisely me behold, and are beheld of me,
 ' These mountains make me proud, to gaze on me
 ' that stand: [land,
 ' So Longridge, once arriv'd on the Lancastrian
 ' Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soil invites,
 ' So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,
 ' As Hodder, that from home attends me from
 ' my spring;
 ' Then Caldor coming down from Blackstonedge
 ' doth bring
 ' Me eas'ly on my way, to Preston the great'st town,
 ' Wherewith my banks are blest; where at my
 ' going down,
 ' Clear Darwen on along me to the sea doth drive,
 ' And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,
 ' But Savock to the north, from Longridge making
 ' way, [bay,
 ' To this my greatness adds, when in my ample
 ' Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggin with her
 ' aids, [maids;
 ' Short Taud, and Dartow small, two little country

' (In those low wat'ry lands, and moory mosses bred
 ' Do see me safely laid in mighty Neptune's bed;
 ' And cutting in my course, even through the very
 ' heart
 ' Of this renowned shire, so equally it part,
 ' As nature should have said, Lo, thus I meant to
 ' do;
 ' This flood divides this shire thus equally in two.
 ' Ye maids, the hornpipe then, so mincingly that
 ' tread,
 ' As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red;
 ' In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings
 ' tell,
 ' That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel.
 Here ended she again, when Merton's moss
 ' and mere,
 With Ribble's sole reply so much revived were,
 That all the shores resound the river's good suc-
 cess, [ness,
 And wond'rous joy there was all over (b) Ander-
 Which straight convey'd the news into the Upper
 Land,
 Where (c) Pendle, (c) Penigent, and (c) Inglebo-
 row stand
 Like giants, and the rest do proudly overlook;
 Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook
 To underprop high heaven, or the wide Welkin
 dar'd, [spar'd;
 Who in their Ribble's praise (be sure) no speeches
 That the loud sounds from them down to the fo-
 rests fell,
 To Bowland brave in state, and Wyresdale, which
 as well
 As any sylvan nymphs their beauteous scites may
 boast; [coast,
 Whose echo's sent the same all round about the
 That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,
 Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,
 But at their fingers ends, they Ribble's song could
 say,
 And perfectly the note upon the bagpipe play.
 That Wyre, when once she knew how well
 these floods had sped,
 (When their reports abroad in every place was
 spread)
 It vex'd her very heart their eminence to see,
 Their equal (at the least) who thought herself to
 be,
 Determines at the last to Neptune's court to go,
 Before his ample state, with humbleness to shew
 The wrongs she had sustain'd by her proud sisters'
 spight, [right;
 And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatness
 Arising but a rill at first from Wyresdales lap,
 Yet still receiving strength from her full mother's
 pap, [ply,
 As down to Seaward she, her curious course doth
 Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.
 From Woolscrag's cliffy foot, a hill to her at
 hand, [stand,
 By that fair forest known, within her verge to

(b) A part of Lancashire.

(c) The highest hills betwixt Trent and Berwick. See the 28th song.

So Bowland from her breast sends Bröck her to
 attend,
 As she a forest is, so likewise doth she send
 Her child, on Wyresdales flood, the dainty Wyre
 to wait,
 With her assisting rills, when Wyre is once replete:
 She in her crooked course to Seaward softly slides,
 Where Pellin's mighty moss, and Merton's, on
 her sides
 Their boggy breasts outlay, and Skipton down
 doth crawl
 To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:
 When whilst each wand'ring flood seem'd settled
 to admire,
 First Erwell, Ribble then, and last of all this
 Wyre, [laid.
 That mighty wagers would have willingly been
 (But that these matters were with much discre-
 tion stay'd)
 Some broils about these brooks had surely been
 begun [shun
 When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly seems to
 All popular applause, who from her crystal head,
 In Wyresdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain
 fed, [twin,
 That by their natural birth they seem (indeed) to
 Yet for her sister's pride she careth not a pin,
 Of none, and being help'd, she likewise helpeth
 none,
 But to the Irish sea goes gently down alone
 Of any undisturb'd, till coming to her sound,
 Endanger'd by the sands, with many a lofty bound,
 She leaps against the tides, and cries to crystal Lon,
 The flood that names the town, from whence the
 shire begun,
 Her title first to take, and loudly tells the flood,
 ' That if a little while she thus but trifling flood,
 ' These petty brooks would be before her still
 ' prefer'd.
 Which the long wand'ring Lon, with good ad-
 visement heard,
 As she comes ambling on from Westmoreland,
 where first [nurs'd
 Arising from her head, amongst the mountains
 By many a pretty spring, that hourly getting
 strength,
 Arriving in her course in Lancashire at length,
 To Lonsdale shews herself, and lovingly doth play
 With her dear daughter Dale, with her firm cheek
 doth lay [traces,
 To her clear mother's breast, as mincingly she
 And oft embracing her, she oft again embraces,
 And on her darling smiles, with every little gale.
 When Lac the most lov'd child of this delicious
 Dale, [spring.
 And Wemming on the way, present their either's
 Next them she Henbourne hath, and Robourne
 which do bring
 Their bounties in one bank, their mistress to pre-
 fer, [caster,
 That she with greater state may come to Lan-
 Of her which takes the name, which likewise to
 the shire,
 The sovereign title lends, and eminency, where

To give to this her town, what rightly doth be-
long, [song.
Of this most famous shire, our Lun thus frames her
‘First that most precious thing, and pleasing
most to man,
Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
His she-self woman, which the goodliest of this isle
This country hath brought forth, that much doth
grace my stile;
Why should those ancients else, which so much
knowing were,
When they the blazons gave to every several shire,
Fair women as mine own, have titled due to me?
Besides, in all this isle, there no such cattle be,
For largeness, horn and hair, as those of Lanca-
shire;
So that from every part of England far and near,
Men haunt her marts for store, as from her race
to breed, [exceed,
And for the third, wherein she doth all shires
Be those great race of hounds, the deepest mouth’d
The other of this kind, which we our hunters call,
Which from their bellowing throats upon a scent
to roar, [they tore;
That you would surely think that the firm earth
With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the clouds
in funder,
As though by their loud cry they meant to mock
the thunder.
Besides, her natives have been anciently esteem’d,
For bowmen near our best, and ever have been
deem’d
So loyal, that the guard of our preceding kings,
Of them did most consist; but yet ’mongst all
these things,
Even almost ever since the English crown was set
Upon the lawful head of our Plantagenet,
In honour, next the first, our dukedom was allow’d,
And always with the great’st revenues endow’d:
And after when it hapt, France conquering Ed-
ward’s blood
Divided in itself, here for the garland stood;
The right Lancastrian line, it from York’s issue
bore;
The red-rose our brave badge, which in their hel-
mets wore
In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,
Against the house of York, which bore for theirs
the white.
And for myself there’s not the (d) Tivy, nor
the Wye,
Nor any of those nymphs that to the southward lie
For salmon me excels; and for this name of (e)
Lun,
That I am christen’d by, the Britons it begun,
Which fulness doth import, of waters still increase.
To Neptune lowting low, when crystal Lun doth
cease,
And Conder coming in, conducts her by the hand,
Till lastly she salute the point of (f) Sunderland,
And leaves our dainty Lun to Amphitrite’s care.
So blyth and bonny now the lads and lasses are,

(d) See song sixth.
(e) Llun, in the British, fulness.
(f) A part of Lancashire jutting out into the Irish sea.

That ever as anon, the bagpipe up doth blow,
Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
And at each pause they kiss, was never seen such
rule
In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;
And every village smokes at wakes with lusty
cheer, [shire;
Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lanca-
That one high hill was heard to tell it to his
brother,
That instantly again to tell it to some other:
From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,
The high-lands they again, it to the lower sent,
The mud-exhausted meres, and mosses deep among,
With the report thereof each road and harbour
rung; [do keep,
The sea-nymphs with their song, so great a coyle
They cease not to resound it over all the deep,
And acted it each day before the Isle of Man,
Who like an empress sits in the Virgivan,
By her that hath the (g) Calf, long Walney, and
the Pyle,
As hand-maids to attend on her their sovereign isle,
To whom, so many though the Hebrides do shew,
Acknowledge, that to her they due subjection owe:
With corn and cattle stor’d, and what for her’s is
good, [bourhood)
(That we, nor Ireland, need not scorn her neigh-
Her midst with mountains set, of which, from
(b) Scaefel’s height,
A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
(Be Neptune’s visage ne’er so terrible and stern)
The Scotch, the Irish shores, and th’ English may
discern; [brings
And what an empire can, the same this island
Her pedigrees to shew her right successive kings,
Her chronicles and can as easily rehearse,
And with all foreign parts to have had free com-
merce;
Her municipal laws and customs very old,
Belonging to her state, which strongly she doth
hold.
This island, with the song of Lun is taken so,
As she hath special cause before all other, who
For her bituminous turf, squar’d from her mossy
ground,
And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)
As for the store of oats, which her black glebe
doth bear,
In every one of these resembling Lancashire,
To her she’ll stoutly stick, as to her nearest kin,
And cries the day is ours, brave Lancashire doth
win.
But yet this Isle of Man more seems not to rejoice
For Lancashire’s good luck, nor with a louder voice
To sound it to the shores; than Furness whose
stern face, [grace
With mountains set like warts, which nature as a
Bestow’d upon this tract, whose brows do look
so stern,
That when the nymphs of sea did first her front
discern,

(g) The Calf of a Man, a little island.

(b) A mountain in the Isle of Man.

Amazedly they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,
 Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so
 four, [bare,
 As it malign'd the rule which mighty Neptune
 Whose Fells to that grim god, most stern and
 dreadful are,
 With hills whose hanging brows, with rocks about
 are bound,
 Whose weighty feet stand fix'd in that black
 beachy ground, [partake,
 Whereas those scatter'd trees, which naturally
 The fatness of the soil (in many a slimy lake,
 Their roots so deeply soak'd) send from their
 stocky bough,
 A soft and sappy gum, from which those tree-
 geese grow,
 Call'd barancles by us, which like a jelly first
 To the beholder seem, then by the fluxure nurs'd,
 Still great and greater thrive, until you well may
 see
 Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when dropping
 from the tree,
 Into the merey pond, which under them doth lie,
 Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;
 Which well our ancients did among our wonders
 place:
 Besides by her strong scite, she doth receive this
 grace,
 Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Furnesse
 well may vaunt)
 That when the Saxons here their forces first did
 plant,
 And from the inner-land the ancient Britons drave,
 To their distress'd estate it no less succour gave,
 Than the trans-Severn'd hills, which their old
 stock yet stores, [shores.
 Which now we call the Welsh, or the Cornubian
 What country let's ye see those soils within her seat,
 But she in little hath, what it can shew in great?
 As first without herself at sea to make her strong,
 (Yet howsoe'er expos'd, doth still to her belong)
 And fence her farthest point, from that rough
 Neptune's rage,
 The Isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth
 wage,

His fury when his waves on Furnesse seems to
 war,
 Whose crooked back is arm'd with many a rug-
 ged (i) scarr
 Against his boist'rous shocks, which this defensive
 isle
 Of Walney still assail, that she doth scorn the while,
 Which to assist her hath the Pyle of Fouldra set,
 And Fulney at her back, a pretty insulet,
 Which all their forces bend, their Furnesse safe to
 keep:
 But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,
 Where those two mighty meres, outstretch'd in
 length do wander,
 The lesser Thurstan nam'd, the famouser Wynan-
 der,
 So bounded with her rocks, as nature would descry,
 By her how those great seas Mediterranean lie.
 To seaward then she hath her fundry sands again,
 As that of Dudden first, then Levin, lastly Ken,
 Of three bright Naiades nam'd, as Dudden on the
 West, [invest
 That Cumberland cuts off from this shire, doth
 Those sands with her proud stile, when Levin
 from the fells, [swells,
 Besides her natural source, with the abundance
 Which those two mighty meres, upon her either
 side
 Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,
 She leaves her ancient name, and Fosse herself
 doth call,
 Till coming to the sands, even almost at her fall,
 On them her ancient stile she liberally bestows.
 Upon the east from these, clear Ken her beauty
 shews,
 From Kendal coming in, which she doth please to
 grace,
 First with her famous type, then lastly in her race,
 Her name upon those sands doth liberally bequeath,
 Whereas the muse a while may sit her down to
 breath, [way,
 And after walk along tow'nds Yorkshire on her
 On which she strongly hopes to get a noble day.

(i) A scarr is a rock.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH SONG.

The Argument.

Invention hence her compass steers,
Towards York the most renown'd of shires,
Makes the three Ridings in their stories,
Each severally to shew their glories.
Ouse for her most lov'd city's sake,
Doth her duke's title undertake;
His floods then Humber welcomes in,
And shows how first he did begin.

THE muse from Blackstonedge, no whit dismay'd
at all,
With sight of the large shire, on which she was
to fall, [arrive
(Whose forests, hills, and floods, then long for her
From Lancashire, that look'd her beauties to con-
trive)
Doth set herself to sing, of that above the rest
A kingdom that doth seem, a province at the
least, [to be;
To them that think themselves no simple shires
But that wherein the world her greatness most
may see, [prefer,
And that which doth this shire before the rest
Is of so many floods, and great, that rise from her,
Except some silly few out of her verge that flow,
So near to other shires, that it is hard to know,
If that their springs be hers, or others them divide,
And those are only found upon her setting side.
Else be it noted well, remarkable to all, [fall.
That those from her that flow, in her together

Nor can small praise beseem so beauteous brooks
as these,
For from all other nymphs these be the Naiades,
In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the Orkes of sea dare not to be so bold,
As rudely once to touch, and where'soe'er they
come,
The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them
public room.
Now whiles the muse prepares these floods a-
long to lead,
The wide West-riding first, desires that she may
plead
The right that her belongs, which of the muse
she wins,
When with the course of Don, thus she her tract
begins.
'Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do
bound my south,
And off'rest up thy stream to mighty Humber's
mouth,

Of (a) yew, and climbing elm, that crown'd with
 many a spray,
 From thy clear fountain first through many a
 mead dost play,
 Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram first
 begun, [Don,
 At that her christ'ned town doth lose her in my
 Which proud of her recourse, tow'rs Doncaster
 doth drive,
 Her great'st and chiefest town, the name that
 doth derive
 From Don's near bordering banks, when holding
 on her race,
 She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,
 Whose bravery hourly adds new honours to her
 bank:
 When Sherwood sends her in flow Iddle, that
 made rank
 With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows
 On Marshland, whose swollen womb with such
 abundance flows,
 As that her bathing breast, her fatlings sooner
 feeds, [needs:
 And with more lavish waste, than oft the grassier
 Whose soil, as some report, that be her borderers
 note, [float:
 With th' water under earth undoubtedly doth
 For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain
 High whilst the floods are high; and when they
 fall again,
 It falleth; but at last, when as my lively Don,
 Along by Marshland's side, her lusty course hath
 run, [port
 The little wandering Went, won by the loud re-
 Of the magnific state, and height of Humber's
 court, [Aire:
 Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to
 Now speak I of a flood, who thinks there's none
 should dare
 (Once) to compare with her, suppos'd by her
 descent,
 The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,
 Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down
 doth scud,
 And leading thence to Leeds, that delicatest flood,
 Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whose
 force, [course;
 As from a lusty flood, much strengthen'd in her
 But Caldor as she comes, and greater still doth
 wax,
 And travelling along (b) by heading-Halifax,
 Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's
 hair,
 (A martyr that was made, for chastity, that there
 Was by her lover slain) being fast'ned to a tree:
 The people that would needs it should a relic be,
 It Halifax since nam'd, which in the northern
 tongue,
 Is holy hair: but thence as Caldor comes along,
 It chanc'd she in her course on (c) Kirkbey cast
 her eye, [lie
 Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief doth

(a) Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don.

(b) Beheading, which we call Halifax law.

(c) Robin Hood's burying place.

Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield stood,
 She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,
 But of his merry man, the pindar of the town
 Of Wakefield, George a Green, whose fames so
 far are blown,
 For their so valiant fight, that every freeman's
 song, [long,
 Can tell you of the same, quoth she be talk'd on
 For ye were merry lads, and those were merry
 days;
 When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her come
 her ways, [rill:
 Who likewise to her help, brings Hebden, a small
 Thus Aire holds on her course tow'rs Humber,
 till she fill [ford.
 Her fall with all the wealth that Don can her af-
 Quoth the West-riding thus, with rivers am I
 stor'd.
 Next guide I on my wharfe, the great'st in her
 degree,
 And that I well may call the worthiest of the three,
 Who her full fountain takes from my waste wes-
 tern wild, [il'd)
 (Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are ex-
 On Langstrehdale, and lights at th' entrance of
 her race,
 When keeping on her course, along through Bar-
 den Chase,
 She watereth Wharfedale's breast, which proudly
 bears her name; [fame,
 For by that time she's grown a flood of wondrous
 When Washbrook with her wealth her mistress
 doth supply;
 Thus (d) Wharfin her brave course embracing
 Wetherby, [then,
 Small Cock, a fullen brook comes to her succour
 Whose banks received the blood of many thou-
 sand men, [call,
 On sad Palm-Sunday slain, that Towton-Field we
 Whose channel quite was chok'd with those that
 there did fall,
 That wharfe discolour'd was with gore, that then
 was shed,
 The bloodiest field betwixt the White Rose, and
 the Red, [last:
 Of well near fifteen fought in England first and
 But whilst the goodly Wharfe doth thus
 tow'rs Humber haste,
 From Wharfedale hill not far, outflows the nimble
 Nyde, [glide
 Through Nyderdale along, as neatly she doth
 Tow'rs Knaresburgh on her way, a pretty little
 rill,
 Call'd Kebeck, flows her stream, her mistress'
 banks to fill,
 To entertain the Wharfe where that brave (e) fo-
 rest stands,
 Entitled by the town, who with upreared hands
 Makes signs to her of joy, and doth with garlands
 crown
 The river passing by; but Wharfe that hasteth
 down

(d) See to the 22 song.

(e) Knaresborough forest.

To meet her mistress Ouse, her speedy course
doth hie;

Dent, Rother, Rivel, Gret, so on my set have I,
Which from their fountains there all out of me
do flow,

Yet from my bounty I on Lancashire bestow,
Because my rising foil doth shut them to the west:
But for my mountains I will with the isle con-
test,

All other of the north in largeness shall exceed,
That ages long before it finally decreed,
That Ingleborow hill, (f) Pendle, and Penigent,
Should named be the high'st betwixt our Tweed
and Trent.

My hills, brave Whelpston then, thou Wharnside,
and thou Cam,

Since I West Riding still your only mother am;
All that report can give, and justly is my due,
I as your natural dam share equally with you;
And let me see a hill that to the north doth stand,
The proudest of them all, that dare but lift a
hand, [mount,

O'er Penigent to peere; not Skiddo that proud
Although of him so much, rude Cumberland ac-
count,

Not Cheviot, of whose height Northumberland
doth boast

(g) Albania to survey; nor those from coast to
coast

That well near run in length, that row of moun-
tains tall,

By th' name of th' English Alps, that our most
learned call; [place,

As soon shall those, or these remove out of their
As by their lofty looks, my Penigent out-face:
Ye thus behold my hills, my forests, dales, and
chases

Upon my spacious breast: not too how nature
places [lie,

Far up into my west, first Langstrethdale doth
And on the bank of Wharfe, my pleasant Bardon
by, [hand:

With Wharfdale hard by her, as taking hand in
Then lower tow'ards the sea brave Knarborough
doth stand,

As higher to my north, my Niddersdale by Nyde,
And Bishops-dale above upon my setting side,
Marshland, and Hatfield Chase, my eastern part
do bound,

And Barnsdale there doth but on Don's well-wa-
ter'd ground:

And to my great disgrace, if any shall object
That I no wonder have that's worthy of respect
In all my spacious tract, let them (so wise) sur-
vey

My Ribble's rising banks, their worst, and let
them say;

At Giggleswick where I a fountain can you show,
That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow,
Who sometime was a nymph, and in the moun-
tains high [iky;

Of Craven, whose blue heads for caps put on the

(f) Pendle hill is upon the verge of this tract, but
standeth in Lancashire.

(g) Scotland,

Amongst (b) th' Oreads there, and sylvans made
abode, [trod)

' (It was ere human foot upon those hills had
Of all the mountain kind and since she was most
fair,

It was a satyr's chance to see her silver hair
Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,
Her beauties noting well, her features, and her
frame,

And after her he goes; which when she did espy,
Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth
fly,

They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale
they drive;

To take her he doth strain, t' outstrip him she
doth strive,

Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd
his rape,

And to the (i) topic gods by praying to escape,
They turn'd her to a spring, which as she then
did pant,

When wearied with her course, her breath grew
wondrous scant:

Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short
did blow,

Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb and
flow.

And near the stream of Nyde, another spring
have I, [ply,

As well as that, which may a wonder's place sup-
Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well
do call,

Because out of a rock, it still in drops doth fall,
Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,
Which in as little space converteth wood to stone,
Chevin, and Kilnfey Craggs, were they not here in
me,

In any other place, right well might wonders be,
For their gigantic height, that mountains do
transcend?

But such are frequent here, and thus she makes
an end.

When (k) Your thus having heard the genius
of this tract,

Her well deserved praise so happily to act,
This river in herself that was extremely loth,
The other to defer, since that she was to both
Indifferent, straitly wills West-riding there to
cease;

And having made a sign to all the watry prease
For silence, which at once, when her command
had won, [begun.

The proud North-Riding thus for her great self
' My sovereign flood, quoth she, in nature thou
art bound

T' acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest
ground:

For note of all those floods, the wild West Riding
sends, [tends,

There's scarcely any one thy greatness that at-

(b) Nymphs of the mountains.

(i) The supposed genius of the place.

(k) Your, the chiefest river of Yorkshire, who after her
long course, by the confluence of other floods, gets the
name of Ouse.

Till thou hast passed York, and drawest near thy
fall; [all,

And when thou hast no need of their supplies at
Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy follow-
ers be; [see,

So as you oftentimes these wretched wordlings
That whilst a man is poor, although some hopes
depend

Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend
A farthing to relieve his sad distressed state,
Not knowing what may yet befall him; but when
fate

Doth pour upon his head his long expected good,
Then shall you see those slaves, aloof before that
flood,

And would have let him starve, like spaniels to
him crouch, [touch :

And with their glavering lips, his very feet to
So do they by the Your; whereas the floods in
me,

That spring and have their course, (even) given
thy life to thee :

For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,
Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatness there
to make :

Till then the name of Ouse thou art not known
to owe,

A term in former times the ancients did bestow
On many a full-bank'd flood; but for my greater
grace, [trace

These floods of which I speak, I now intend to
From their first springing founts, beginning with
the Your

From Morvil's mighty foot which rising, with
the power

That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her somewhat
more doth fill, [rill,

Near Bishops-dale at hand, when Cover a clear
Next cometh into Your, whereas that lusty chace

For her lov'd Cover's sake, doth lovingly em-
brace [groves,

Your as she yields along, amongst the parks and
In Middleham's amorous eye, as wandringly she
roves, [amain,

At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her
Whom when she hath receiv'd into the nymphish
train,

(1) Near to the town so fam'd for colts there to
be bought,

For goodness far and near, by horsemen that are
fought)

Fore-right upon her way she with a merrier gale,
To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her sister
Swale, [hath)

(A wondrous holy flood (which name she ever
For when the Saxons first receiv'd the Christian
faith

Paulinus of old York, the zealous bishop then,
In Swale's abundant stream Christen'd ten thou-
sand men, [side,

With women and their babes, a number more be-
Upon one happy day, whereof she boasts with
pride)

(1) Rippon fair,

Which springs not far from whence Your hath
her silver head;

And in her winding banks along my bosom led,
As she goes swooping by, to Swaledale whence she
springs, [brings.

That lovely name she leaves, which forth a forest
The valleys style that bears, a braver sylvan maid
Scarce any shire can show; when to my river's
aid,

Come Barney, Arske, and Marske, their sovereign
Swale to guide,

From Applegarth's wide waste, and from New
Forest side. [a year,

Whose fountains by the fawns, and satyrs, many
With youthful greens were crown'd, yet could
not stay them there,

But they will serve the Swale, which in her wan-
dring course,

A nymph nam'd Holgat hath, and Risdale, all
whose force,

Small though (God wot) it be, yet from their
southern shore,

With that salute the Swale, as others did before,
At Richmond and arrive, which much doth grace
the flood, [stood :

For that her precinct long amongst the shires hath
But Yorkshire wills the same her glory to resign.

When passing thence the Swale, this minion flood
of mine [girl,

Next takes into her train, clear Wiske, a wanton
As though her watry path were pav'd with orient
pearl, [gyre,

So wondrous sweet she seems, in many a winding
As though she gambolds made, or as she did de-
fire, [trace,

Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meander'd
With marvel should amaze, and coming doth em-
brace

North-Alerton, by whom her honour is increas'd,
Whose liberties include a county at the least,

To grace the wandring Wiske, then well upon
her way, [sway ;

Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the
When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny Codbeck
brings,

And Willowbeck with her, two pretty rivellings,
And Beddall bids along, then almost at the Ouse,

Who with these rills enrich'd begins herself to
rouse.

When that great forest-nymph fair Gautrefs on
her way, [gay

She sees to stand prepar'd with garlands fresh and
To deck up Ouse, before herself to York she
show, [flow,

So out of my full womb the Fosse doth likewise
That meeting thee at York, under the city's side,

Her glories with thyself doth equally divide,
The east part watering still, as thou dost wash the
west,

By whose embraces York abundantly is blest.
So many rivers I continually maintain,

As all those lesser floods that into Darwin strain,
Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale naming
Rye, [by

Fofs, Rycal, Hodbec, Dow, with Semen, and them

Clear Costwy, which herself from Blackmore in
doth bring, [ing,
And playing as she slides through shady Picker-
To Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that di-
vides

The East-riding and me, upon her either sides,
Although that to us both, she most indifferent be,
And seemeth to affect her equally with me,
From my division yet her fountain doth derive,
And from my Blackmore here her course doth
first contrive.

Let my dimensions then be seriously pursu'd.
And let Great Britain see in my brave latitude,
How in the high'st degree by nature I am grac'd;
For tow'rds the Craven hills, upon my west are
plac'd [all,

New-forest, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades
And lower towards the Ouse, if with my floods
ye fall, [kind,

The goodly Gautrefs keeps chief of my sylvan
There stony Stanmore view, bleak with the fleet
and wind,

Upon this eastern side, so Ryedale dark and deep,
Amongst whose groves of yore, some say that
elves did keep;

Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them
all adore, [more-

By whom not far away lies large-spread Blacki.
The Cleveland north from these, a state that doth
maintain,

Leaning her lusty side to the great German main,
Which if she were not here confined thus in me,
A shire even of herself might well be said to be.

Nor less hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than
this

North-Alerton a shire so likewise reckon'd is;
And Richmond of the rest, the greatest in estate,
A county justly call'd, that them accommodate;
So I North Riding am, for spaciousness renown'd,
Our mother Yorkshire's eld'st, who worthily is
crown'd

The queen of all the shires, on this side Trent,
for we

The Ridings several parts of her vast greatness be,
In us, so we again have several seats, whose bounds
Do measure from their sides so many miles of
grounds, [king,

That they are called shires; like to some mighty
May Yorkshire be compar'd, (the lik'st of any
thing) [tain,

Who hath kings that attend, and to his state re-
And yet so great, that they have under them
again [we

Great princes, that to them be subject, so have
Shires subject unto us, yet we her subjects be;
Although these be enough sufficiently to show,
That I the other two for bravery quite out-go:

Yet look ye up along into my setting side,
Where Teis first from my bounds rich (m) Du-
nelme doth divide,

And you shall see those rills, that with their wat-
ry prease,

Their most beloved Teis so plenteously increase,

(m) The bishoprick of Durham.

The clear yet lesser Lune, the Bauder, and the
Gret,

All out of me do flow; then turn ye from the set,
And look but tow'rds the rise, upon the German
main,

Those rarities, and see, that I in me contain;
My Scarborough, which looks as though in hea-
ven it stood, [Hood,

To those that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin
Even to the fall of Teis; let me but see the man,
That in one tract can show the wonders that I
can, [but I,

Like Whitby's self I think, there's none can shew
O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild
geese fly, [ground:

But presently they fall from off their wings to
If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder
found, [behold,

And stones like serpents there, yet may ye more
That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.
The rocks by Moul-grave too, my glories forth to
set, [jet

Out of their crany'd cleves, can give you perfect
And upon Huntclipnab, you everywhere may find,
(As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)
Stones of a spherick form of sundry mickles
fram'd,

That well they globes of stone, or bullets might
be nam'd [blows,

For any ordnance fit; which broke with hammers
Do headless snakes of stone, within their rounds
enclose.

Mark Gisborough's gay scite, where nature seems
so nice,

As in the same she makes a second paradise,
Whose soil embroider'd is, with so rare sundry
flowers,

Her large oaks so long green, as summer there
her bowers

Had set up all the year, her air for health refin'd,
Her earth with allom veins most richly intermin'd.
In other places these might rarities be thought,
So common but in me, that I esteem as nought

Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on
By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Darwent,
who's not gone

Far from her pearly springs, but under ground
she goes;

As up towards Craven hills, I many have of those,
Amongst the crany'd cleves, that through the
cavern creep,

And dimples hid from day, into the earth so deep,
That oftentimes their sight the senses doth appal,
Which for their horrid course, the people Helbecks
call,

Which may for ought I see, be with my wonders
set, [debt

And with much marvel seen: that I am not in
To none that neighboureth me; nor ought can
they me lend.

When Darwent bad her stay, and there her
speech to end,

For that East-Riding call'd, her proper cause to
plead: [maid,

For Darwent, a true nymph, a most impartial

And like to both ally'd, doth will the last should
 have [gave,
 That privilege, which time to both the former
 And wills th' East-Riding then, in her own cause
 to speak,
 Who mildly thus begins; 'Although I be but
 weak, [want
 To those two former parts, yet what I seem to
 In largeness, for that I am in my compass scant,
 Yet for my scite I know, that I them both excel;
 For mark me how I lie, ye note me very well,
 How in the east I reign, (of which my name I
 take, [lake,
 And my broad side to bear up to the German
 Which bravely I survey; then turn ye and behold
 Upon my pleasant breast, that large and spacious
 Ould [eyes,
 Of York that takes the name, that with delighted
 When he beholds the sun out of the seas to rise,
 With pleasure feeds his flocks, for which he scarce
 gives place [grace,
 To Cotswold, and for what becomes a pastoral
 Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my
 south, [mouth,
 How all along the shore, to mighty Humber's
 Rich Holderness I have, excelling for her grain,
 By whose much plenty I, not only do maintain
 Myself in good estate, but shires far off that lie,
 Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,
 To me beholden are; besides, the neighbouring
 towns, [Downs,
 Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the
 Hull down to Humber hastes, and takes into her
 bank [rank,
 Some less but lively rills, with waters waxing
 She Beverly salutes, whose beauties so delight
 'The fair-enamour'd flood, as ravish'd with the sight,
 That she could ever stay, that gorgeous (n) phane
 to view, [pursue,
 But that the brooks and bourns so hotly her
 To Kingston and convey, whom Hull doth newly
 name
 Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard
 the fame: [mine:
 And for great Humber's self, I challenge him for
 For whereas Fowlwy first, and Shelfleet do combine,
 By meeting in their course, so courteously to twin,
 'Gainst whom on th' other side, the goodly Trent
 comes in,
 From that especial place, great Humber hath his
 reign, [maintain,
 Beyond which he's mine own: so I my course
 From Kilnsey's pyle-like point, along the eastern
 shore,
 And lough at Neptune's rage, when loudl'est he
 doth roar, [sea.
 Till Flamborough jut forth into the German
 And as th' East-Riding more yet ready was to say,
 Ouse in her own behalf doth interrupt her speech,
 And of th' imperious land doth liberty beseech,
 Since she had passed York, and in her wand'ring
 race,
 By that fair city's scite, received had such grace,

(n) The church of Beverley.

She might for it declaim, but more to honour
 York,
 She who suppos'd the same to be her only work,
 Still to renown those dukes, who strongly did
 pretend
 A title to the crown, as those who did descend
 From them that had the right, doth this oration
 make, [spake:
 And to uphold their claim, thus to the floods she
 'They very idly err, who think that blood then
 spilt, [guilt,
 In that long-lasting war, proceeded from the
 Of the proud Yorkists part; for let them under-
 stand,
 That Richard Duke of York, whose brave and
 martial hand
 The title undertook, by tyranny and might,
 Sought not t' attain the crown, but from success-
 ful right,
 Which still upheld his claim, by which his valiant
 son, [won:
 Great Edward Earl of March, the garland after
 For Richard Duke of York, at Wakefield battle
 slain, [reign,
 Who first that title broach'd, in the sixth Henry's
 From Edmond a fifth son of Edward did descend,
 That justly he thereby no title could pretend,
 Before them come from Gaunt, well known of all
 to be,
 The fourth to Edward born, and therefore a de-
 gree
 Before him to the crown; but that which did prefer
 His title, was the match with dame Anne Mortimer,
 Of Roger Earl of March the daughter, that his
 claim,
 From Clarence the third son of Great King Ed-
 ward came, [other,
 Which Anne deriv'd alone, the right before all
 Of the delaps'd crown, from Philip her fair mother,
 Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and the bride
 To Edmond Earl of March; this Anne her daugh-
 ter ty'd
 In wedlock to the Earl of Cambridge, whence
 the right [fight,
 Of Richard, as I said, which fell at Wakefield
 Descended to his son, brave Edward after king,
 (Henry the sixth depos'd) thus did the Yorkists
 bring
 Their title from a strain, before the line of Gaunt,
 Whose issue they by arms did worthily supplant.
 By this the Ouse perceiv'd great Humber to
 look grim;
 (For evermore she hath a special eye to him)
 As though he much disdain'd each one should thus
 be heard,
 And he their only king until the last defer'd,
 At which he seem'd to frown; wherefore the
 Ouse off breaks,
 And to his confluent floods, thus mighty Humber
 speaks:
 'Let Trent her tribute pay, which from their
 several founts,
 For thirty floods of name, to me her king that
 counts,

Be much of me belov'd, brave river; and from me;
Receive those glorious rites that fame can give to
thee.

And thou marsh-drowning Don, and all those
that repair

With thee, that bring'st to me thy easy ambling
Aire,

Embodying in one bank: and Wharfe, which by
thy fall [all,

Dost much augment my Ouse, let me embrace you
My brave West-Riding brooks, your king you
need not scorn,

Proud Naiades neither ye, North-Riders that are
born;

My yellow-fanded Your, and thou my sister
Swale,

That dancing come to Ouse, through many a
dainty dale,

Do greatly me enrich, clear Darwent driving down
From Cleveland; and thou Hull, that highly dost
renown

Th' East-Riding by thy rise, do homage to your
king, [sing;

And let the sea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber
That full an hundred floods my wat'ry court
maintain, [train,

Which either of themselves, or in their greater's
Their tribute pay to me; and for my princely
name,

From Humber king of Hunns, as anciently it
came;

So still I stick to him: for from that eastern king
Once in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring:
So his great name receives no prejudice thereby;
For as he was a king, so know ye all that I
Am king of all the floods, that north of Trent do
flow;

Then let the idle world no more such cost bestow,
Nor of the muddy Nile, so great a wonder take,
Though with her bellowing fall, she violently make
The neighbouring people deaf; nor Ganges so
much praise,

That where he narrowest is, eight miles in broad-
ness lays

His bosom; nor so much hereafter shall be spoke
Of that (but lately found) Guianian Oronoque,
Whose cataract a noise so horrible doth keep,

That it even Neptune frights; what flood comes
to the deep,

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Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar?
For when my (o) Higre comes, I make my either
shore

Even tremble with the sound, that I afar do send.'

No sooner of this speech had Humber made an
end,

But the applauding floods sent forth so shrill a
shout,

That they were eas'ly heard all Holdernefs about,
Above the beachy brack, amongst the marshes
rude,

When the East-Riding her oration to conclude,
Goes on: 'My sisters boast that they have little
shires [theirs;

Their subjects, I can shew the like of mine for
My (p) Howdon hath as large a circuit, and as free,
On Ouse, and Humber's banks, and as much graceth
me,

My latitude compar'd with those that me oppugn:
Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them
belong,

Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon
my coast;

And for their wond'rous things whereof so much
they boast,

Upon my eastern side, which juts upon the sea,
Amongst the white-scalp'd cleeves this wonder
see they may,

The Mullet, and the Awke, my fowlers there do
find, [kind,

Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the strangest
That building in the rocks, being taken with the
hand,

And cast beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,
Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,
But put out to the sea, they instantly are gone,

And fly a league or two before they do return,
As only by that air, they on their wings were born.

Then my prophetic spring at Veipsy, I may shew,
That some years is dry'd up, some years again
doth flow;

But when it breaketh out with an immoderate
birth

It tells the following year of a penurious dearth.'

Here ended she her speech, the Ridings all
made friends,

And from my tired hand, my labour'd canto ends.

(o) The roaring of the waters at the coming in of the tide,
(p) A liberty in the East Riding.

E I

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-NINTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muse the Bishopwric assays,
And to her fall sings down the Teis,
Then takes she to the dainty Wer,
And with all braveries fitted her.
Tyne tells the victories by us got,
In foughten fields against the Scot.
Then through Northumberland she goes,
The floods and mountains doth dispose;
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not staying still she come to Tweed.

THE muse this largest shire of England having
fung,
Yet seeing more than this did to her task belong,
Looks still into the north, the (a) bishopric and
views, [sues,
Which with an eager eye, whilst wistly she pur-
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herself
divine)
Confining in her course that county Palatine,
And York the greatest shire, doth instantly begin
To rouse herself: quoth she, 'Doth every rillet
win [queen,
Applause for their small worths, and I that am a
With those poor brooks compar'd? shall I alone
be seen
Thus silently to pass, and not be heard to sing?
When as two countries are contending for my
spring: [name,
For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the
Accounts it to be hers, Northumberland the same,
(a) The bishopric of Durham,

Will need fly hers should be, for that my spring
doth rise
So equally 'twixt both, that he were very wise,
Could tell which of these two, me for her own
may claim.
But as in all these tracts, there's scarce a flood of
fame.
But she some valley hath, which her brave name
doth bear:
My Teisdale nam'd of me, so likewise have I here.
At my first setting forth, through which I nimbly
slide; [side,
Then Yorkshire which doth lie upon my setting
Me Lune and Bauder lends, as in the song before
Th' industrious muse hath shew'd; my Dunelme-
nian shore,
Sends Huyd to help my course, with some few
other becks,
Which time (as it should seem) so utterly neglects,
That they are nameless yet; then do I bid adieu,
To Bernard's battled towers, and seriously pursue

My course to Neptune's court, but as forthright I
 run,
 The Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
 Comes in to give me aid, and being proud and
 rank, [bank,
 She chanc'd to look aside, and spieth near her
 Three black and horrid pits, which for their
 boiling heat,
 (That from their lothsome brims do breath a
 sulphurous sweat)
 Hell-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very sight,
 This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a
 fright, [haste,
 That with unusual speed, she on her course doth
 And rashly runs herself into my widen'd waist.
 In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's state.
 But whilst Teis undertook her story to relate,
 Wer waxeth almost wood, that she so long should
 stand,
 Upon those lofty terms, as though both sea and land
 Were ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, 'What
 wouldst thou say,
 Vain-glorious bragging brook, hadst thou so clear
 a way
 T' advance thee as I have, hadst thou such means
 and might,
 How would'st thou then exult! O then to what
 a height
 Wouldst thou put up thy price? hadst thou but
 such a trine
 Of rilllets as I have, which naturally combine,
 Their springs thee to beget, as those of mine do me,
 In their consenting sounds that do so well agree?
 As Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her site,
 A mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth
 require
 With her to walk along, which Burdop with her
 brings. [springs
 Thus from the full conflux of these three several
 My greatness is begot, as nature meant to shew
 My future strength and state; then forward do I
 flow
 Through my delicious dale, with every pleasure
 rife, [life:
 And Wyresdale still may stand with Teisdale for her
 Comparing of their felicity, then casting on my course,
 So satiate with th' excess of my first natural source,
 As petty bourns and beckes, I scorn but once to call,
 Wascrop a wearish girl, of name the first of all,
 That I vouchsafe for mine, until that I arrive
 At Auckland, where with force me forward still
 to drive, [gad,
 Clear Gauntless gives herself, when I begin to
 And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
 I change my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre,
 To my first fountain now, as seeming to retire:
 Then suddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,
 Now I indent the earth, and then I it engraile
 With many a turn and trace, thus wand'ring up
 and down,
 Brave Durham I behold, that stately seated town,
 That Dunholme hight of yore (even) from a de-
 fert won,
 Whose first foundation zeal and piety begun,

By them who thither first St. Cuthbert's body
 brought,
 To save it from the Danes, by fire and sword
 that fought [were,
 Subversion of those things that good and holy
 With which beloved place, I seem so pleased here,
 As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
 My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time
 should win
 Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.
 Hence like a lusty flood most absolutely free,
 None mixing them with me, as I do mix with
 none,
 But scorning a colleague, nor near me any one,
 To Neptune's court I come; for note along the
 strand. [land,
 From Hartlepoole (even) to the point of Sunder-
 As far as (b) Wardenlaws can possibly survey;
 There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the sea.
 Here ended she her speech, when as the goodly
 Tyne, [tine)
 (Northumberland that parts from this shire Pala-
 Which patiently had heard, look as before the Wer
 Had taken up the Teis, so Tyne now takes up her,
 For her so tedious talk, 'Good Lord, (quoth she)
 had I
 No other thing wherein my labour to employ,
 But to set out myself, how much (well) could I
 say, [way
 In mine own proper praise, in this kind every
 As skillful as the best; I could if I did please,
 Of my two fountains tell, which of their fundry
 ways,
 The South and North are nam'd, entitled both
 of Tyne,
 As how the prosperous springs of these two floods
 of mine
 Are distant thirty miles, how that the South-
 Tyne nam'd
 From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of
 brass that's fam'd,
 How that nam'd of the North, is out of Wheel-
 fell sprung, [along,
 Amongst these English Alps, which as they run
 England and Scotland here impartially divide.
 How South-Tyne setting out from Cumberland is
 ply'd
 With Hartley which her hastes, and Tippall that
 doth strive, [drive;
 By her more sturdy stream, the Tyne along to
 How th' Allans, th' East, and West, their boun-
 ties to her bring,
 Two fair and full-brim'd floods, how also from
 her spring,
 My other North-nam'd Tyne, through Tyndale
 maketh in,
 Which Shele her handmaid hath, and as she hastes
 to twin
 With th' other from the south, her sister, how
 clear Rhead,
 With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me
 to lead,

(b) A mountain on that part of the shire.

Through Ridsdale on my way, as far as Exham,
 then [men
 Dowell me homage doth, with blood of English-
 Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel
 war
 Of Lancaster and York. Now having gone so far,
 Their strengths me their dear Tyne, do wond'-
 rously enrich, [which
 As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcastle,
 The honour hath alone to entertain me there,
 As of those mighty ships, that in my mouth I bear
 Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle
 nam'd, [fam'd
 For which both far and near, that place no less is
 Than India for her mines; should I at large de-
 clare [spare,
 My glories, in which time commands me to be
 And I but slightly touch, which stood I to report,
 As freely as I might, ye both would fall too short
 Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things
 in hand:
 For, to trick up ourselves, whilst trifling thus we
 stand, [note,
 Bewitch'd with our own praise, at all we never
 How the Albanian floods now lately set afloat,
 With th' honour to them done, take heart, and
 loudly cry
 Defiance to us all, on this side Tweed that lie;
 And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to
 ring, [sing:
 With sound of things that forth prepared is to
 When once the muse arrives on the Albanian
 shore,
 And therefore to make up our forces here before
 The on-set they begin, the battles we have got,
 Both on our earth and theirs, against the valiant Scot,
 I undertake to tell; then, muses, I entreat
 Your aid, whilst I these fights in order shall repeat.
 'When mighty Malcolm here had with a vio-
 lent hand,
 (As he had oft before) destroy'd Northumberland,
 In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray
 then, [men,
 This earldom that possess'd, with half the power of
 For conquest which that king from Scotland hi-
 ther drew,
 At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew;
 Where Malcolm and his son, brave Edward both
 were found:
 Slain on that bloody field: so on the English
 ground, [son,
 When David king of Scots, and Henry his stern
 Entitled by those times, the Earl of Huntingdon,
 Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,
 In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days
 As England ever knew, the archbishop of York,
 Stout Hurstun, and with him join'd in that war-
 like work,
 Ralph, (both for wit and arms) of Durham bishop
 then
 Renown'd, that called were the valiant clergymen,
 With th' Earl of Aubemerle, Especk, and Peve-
 rell, knights,
 And of the Lacies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,

'Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle
 got,
 On David and his son, whilst of th' invading Scot
 Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they
 lay to bleed, [Tweed.
 Ours followed them that fled, beyond our sister
 And when (c) Fitz-empress next in Normandy,
 and here,
 And his rebellious sons in high combustions were,
 William the Scottish king, taking advantage then,
 And entering with an host of eighty thousand men,
 As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,
 Which aid in Yorkshire rais'd, with the Northum-
 brian powers,
 His fortes overthrew, and him a prisoner led.
 So Longshank's, Scotland's scourge, him to that
 country sped;
 Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,
 And on the borders here such spoil and havock
 made,
 That all the land lay waste betwixt the Tweed
 and me.
 This most courageous king, from them his own
 to free,
 Before proud Berwick set his puissant army down,
 And took it by strong siege, since when that warlike
 town
 As Cautionary long the English after held.
 But tell me all you floods, when was there such a
 field
 By any nation yet, as by the English won,
 Upon the Scottish power, as that of Halidon,
 Seven earls, nine hundred horse, and of foot sol-
 diers more,
 Near twenty thousand slain, so that the Scottish
 gore [fight.
 Ran down the hill in streams (even) in Albania's
 By our third Edward's prowess, that most re-
 nowned knight,
 As famous was that fight of his against the Scot,
 As that against the French, which he at Cressy got.
 And when that conquering king did afterward
 advance [France,
 His title, and had past his warlike powers to
 And David king of Scots here entered to invade,
 To which the king of France did that false lord
 persuade,
 Against his given faith, from France to draw his
 bands, [hands
 To keep his own at home, or to fill both his
 With war in both the realms: was ever such a loss,
 To Scotland yet befel, as that at Nevil's-cross,
 Where fifteen thousand Scots their souls at once
 forsook,
 Where stout John Copland then king David pri-
 soner took
 I' th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was
 seen. [queen,
 When English Philip, that Brave Amazonian
 Encouraging her men from troop to troop did
 ride, [try'd:
 And where our clergy had their ancient valour

Thus often coming in, they have gone out too short.

And next to this the fight of Nesbit I report,
When Hebborn that stout Scot, and his had all
their hire, [fire,

Which int' our marches came, and with invasive
Our villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,
When doughty Douglass came with the Albanian
powers.

At Holmdon do but see, the blow our Hotspur
gave [drave

To that bold daring Scot, before him how he
His army, and with shot our brave English bows
Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts
were hurt with blows,

Ten thousand put to sword, with many a lord and
knight, [outright,

Some prisoners, wounded some, some others slain
And ent'ring Scotland then, all Tivdale o'er-ran.

Or who a braver field than th' Earl of Surrey
wan,

Where there King James the fourth himself so
bravely bore [before,

That since that age wherein he liv'd, nor those
Yet never such a king in such a battle saw,

Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he
breath could draw,

He bravely fought on foot, where Flodden hill
was strew'd [hew'd,

With bodies of his men, well-near to mammoicks
That on the mountain's side they covered near a
mile, [gyle,

Where those two valiant earls of Lennox and Ar-
Were with their sovereign slain, abbots, and
bishops there,

Which had put armour on in hope away to bear
The victory with them, before the English fell.

But now of other fields, it fits the muse to tell,
As when the noble Duke of Norfolk made a road
To Scotland, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd
On well-near thirty towns, and staying there so
long,

Till victual waxed weak, the winter waxing strong,
Returning over Tweed, his booties home to bring,
Which to the very heart did vex the Scottish king,
The fortune of the duke extremely that did grudge,
Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,
Thinking to spoil and waste in England, as before
The Englishmen had done on the Albanian shore,
And gathering up his force, before the English fled
To Scotland's utmost bounds, thence into England
sped, [friend

When that brave bastard son of Dacres, and his
John Musgrave, which had charge the marches to
attend,

With Wharton, a proud knight, with scarce four
hundred horse, [force,

Encountering on the plain with all the Scottish
Thence from the field with them, so many pri-
soners brought, [caught,

Which in that furious fight were by the English
That there was scarce a page or lackey but had
store,

Earls, barons, knights, esquires, two hundred there
and more,

Of ordinary men seven hundred made to yield,
There scarcely hath been heard, of such a foughten
field,

That James the fifth to think, that but so very few,
His universal power so strangely should subdue,
So took the same to heart, that it abridg'd his life,
Such foils by th' English given, amongst the Scots
were rife.

These on the English earth, the Englishmen
did gain [constrain

But when their breach of faith did many times
Our nation to invade, and carry conquests in
To Scotland; then behold, what our success hath
been,

Even in the latter end of our eighth Henry's days,
Who Seymour sent by land, and Dudley sent by
seas, [bear

With his full forces then, O Forth, then didst thou
That navy on thy stream, whose bulk was fraught
with fear,

When Edinburgh and Leith into the air were blown
With powder's sulphurous smoke, and twenty
towns were thrown

Upon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod;
As int' Albania when we made a second road,

In our sixth Edward's days, when those two mar-
tial men, [again:

Which conquered there before, were thither sent
But for their high deserts, with greater titles grac'd,

The first created Duke of Somerset, the last
The Earl of Warwick made, at Musselborough

field, [yield,

Where many a doughty Scot that did disdain to
Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five
miles space

In length, and four in breadth, the English in the
chase, [ground,

With carcases of Scots, strew'd all their natural
The number of the slain were fourteen thousand
found, [men.

And fifteen hundred more ta'en prisoners by our
So th' Earl of Suffex next to Scotland sent
again,

To punish them by war, which on the borders
here, [were

Not only robb'd and spoil'd, but that assistants
To those two puissant earls, Northumberland,
who rose

With Westmoreland his peer, suggested by the foes
To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;
Wherefore that puissant queen him to Albania sent,
Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and castles having cast
Far lower than their scites, and with strong fires
defac'd

Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him
worth carrying brought

To England over Tweed. When now the floods
besought

The Tyne to hold her tongue, when presently
began [ran,

A rumour which each where through all the country
Of this proud river's speech, the hills and floods
among,

And Lowes, a forest-nymph, the same so loudly
sung,

That it through Tyndale straight, and quite
through Ridsdale ran,
And founded shriller there, than when it first began,
That those high Alpine hills, as in a row they stand,
Receiv'd the sounds, which thus went on from
hand to hand.

The high rear'd Red-squire first, to Aumond
hill it told,
When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life
could hold,

To Kembelspeth again, the business but relate,
To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding state
With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;
And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave
With the report thereof, he from his mighty stand,
Resounded it again through all Northumberland,
That White-Squire lastly caught, and it to Ber-
wick sent, [tinent,

That brave and warlike town, from thence incon-
The sound from out the South, into Albania came,
And many a lusty flood, did with her praise inflame,
Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance
awoke,

And to her native strength her presently betook,
Against the muse should come to the Albanian
coast.

But Pictswall all this while, as though he had
been lost,

Not mention'd by the muse, began to fret and
fume, [fume

That every petty brook thus proudly should pre-
To talk; and he whom first the Romans did in-
vent, [ment,

And of their greatness yet the long'st-liv'd monu-
Should thus be overtrod; wherefore his wrong to
wreak, [speak

In their proud presence thus, doth aged Pictswall
'Methinks that Offa's ditch in Cambria should
not dare

To think himself my match, who with such cost
and care

The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set
Their legions, from my spoil the proling Pict to let,
That often inroads made, our earth from them to
win,

By Adrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,
To sea from east to west, begun me first a wall
Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Eden's
fall:

Long making me they were, and long did me
maintain.

Nor yet that trench which tracts the western
Wiltshire plain, [me,

Of Woden, Wansdyke call'd, should parallel with
Comparing our descents, which shall appear to be
Mere upstarts, basely born; for when I was in
hand,

The Saxon had not then set foot upon this land,
Till my declining age, and after many a year,
Of whose poor petty kings, those the small la-
bours were.

That on Newmarket-heath (d) made up as though
but now,

Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,

(d) See Song 21.

Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
Where many a reverend book can tell you of my
man,

And when I first decay'd, Severus going on,
What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of
stone;

And after many a time, the Britains me repair'd,
To keep me still in plight, nor cost they ever spar'd.
Towns flood upon my length, where garrisons
were laid,

Their limits to defend; and for my greater aid,
With turrets I was built where centinels were
plac'd, [grac'd

To watch upon the Pict; so me my makers
With hollow pipes of brass, along me still that
went,

By which they in one sort still to another sent
By speaking in the same, to tell them what to do,
And so from sea to sea could I be whispered
through:

Upon my thickness three march'd eas'ly breast to
breast,

Twelve foot was I in height, such glory I possess'd.
Old Pictswall with much pride thus finishing
his plea,

Had in his utmost course attain'd the eastern sea,
Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a
hand; [derstand,

For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to un-
That Tyne exulting late o'er Scotland in her song,
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)
The Caledonian (e) Forth so highly had displeas'd,
And many another flood, which could not be ap-
peas'd, [made,

That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation
That in a learned war, the foe they would invade,
And like stout floods stand free from this supposed
shame, [name;

Or conquered give themselves up to the English
Which these Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt
and terror struck,

Which knew they from the foe, for nothing were
to look,

But what by skill they got, and with much care
should keep,

And therefore they consult by meeting in the deep,
To be delivered from the ancient enemies rage,
That they would all upon a solemn pilgrimage
Unto the Holy Isle, the virtue of which place,
They knew could very much avail them in this
case:

For many a blessed saint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to abstinence and prayer,
Had given up themselves, which in the German
main,

And from the shore not far, did in itself contain
Sufficient things for food, which from those holy
men,

That to devotion liv'd, and sanctimony then,
It Holy Isle was call'd, for which they all prepare,
As I shall tell you how, and what their number are.
With those the farthest off, the first I will begin,
As Pont a peerless brook, brings Blyth which
putteth in,

(e) The great river on which Edinburgh standeth.

With her, then Wansbeck next in wading to the
main,
Near Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth
in her train;
Next them the little Lyne alone doth go along,
When Cocket cometh down, and with her such a
throng,
As that they seem to threat the ocean; for with
her [prefer
Comes Ridley, Ridland next, with Ufway, which
Their fountains to her flood, who for her greater
fame,
Hath at her fall an isle, call'd Cocket of her name,
As that great Neptune should take notice of her
state; [a gait,
Then Alne by Alnwick comes, and with as proud
As Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,
(In bravery as to shew, that she surpass'd them all)
The famous isle of Ferne, and Staples aptly stand,
And at her coming forth, do kiss her crystal hand.

Whilst these resolv'd upon their pilgrimage pro-
ceed,
Till for the love she bears to her dear mistress
Tweed,
Of Bramish leaves the name, by which she hath
her birth;
And though she keep her course upon the Eng-
lish earth,
Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland
coming in, [win
To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth
Though at this headstrong stream, proud Flodden
from his height
Doth daily seem to fret, yet takes he much delight
Her loveliness to view, as on to Tweed she strains,
Where whilst this mountain much for her sweet
lake sustains,
This canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,
Of all the English tracts, to consummate the
last.

L l iij

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE THIRTIETH SONG.

The Argument.

Of Westmoreland the muse now sings,
And fetching Eden from her springs,
Sets her along, and Kendal then
Surveying, beareth back again;
And climbing Skidow's lofty hill,
By many a river, many a rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
She Copland calls, and doth display
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,
Whose floods and fall she aptly shows.

YET cheerly on my Muse, no whit at all dis-
may'd,
But look aloft tow'rds heaven, to him whose pow-
erful aid
Hath led thee on thus long, and through so sun-
dry soils,
Steep mountains, forests rough, deep rivers, that
thy toils [sent,
Most sweet refreshings seem, and still the comfort
Against the bestial rout, and boorish rabblement
Of those rude vulgar fots, whose brains are only
flime,
Born to the doting world, in this last iron time,
So stony, and so dull, that Orpheus which (men
say)
By the enticing strains of his melodious lay,
Drew rocks and aged trees, to whither he would
please; [these;
He might as well have mov'd the universe as
But leave this fry of hell in their own filth defil'd,
And seriously pursue the stern Westmerian wild,

First ceasing in our song, the south part of the
shire,
Where Westmoreland to (a) West, by wide Wyn-
ander mere,
The Eboracean fields her to the rising bound,
Where Can first creeping forth, her feet hath
scarcely found,
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal town
doth stand, [land.
For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the
Then keeping on her course, though having in
her train,
But Sput, a little brook, then Winster doth retain,
Tow'rds the Vergivian sea, by her two mighty
falls, [calls)
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupæ
This eager river seems outrageously to roar,
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbour-
shore,

(a) See song 27th.

To which she by the sound apparently doth show,
 The season foul or fair, as then the wind doth
 blow : [hear,
 For when they to the north the noise do eas'liest
 They constantly aver the weather will be clear ;
 And when they to the south, again they boldly say,
 It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.
 To the Hibernic gulf, when soon the river hastes,
 And to these queachy sands, from whence herself
 she casts,
 She likewise leaves her name as every place
 where she
 In her clear course doth come, by her should ho-
 noured be.
 But back into the north from hence our course
 doth lie,
 As from this fall of Can, still keeping in our eye,
 The source of long-liv'd (b) Lun, I long-liv'd do
 her call ;
 For of the British floods, scarce one amongst
 them all,
 Such state as to herself, the Destinies assign,
 By christ'ning in her course a county Palatine ;
 For Lancaster, so nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,
 And Lancashire the name from Lancaster begun :
 Yet though she be a flood, such glory that doth
 gain,
 In that the British crown doth to her state pertain,
 Yet Westmoreland alone, not only boasts her birth,
 But for her greater good the kind Westmerian earth,
 Clear Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to at-
 tend
 Her grace, till she her name to Lancaster do lend.
 With all the speed we can, to Cumberland we hie,
 (Still longing to salute the utmost Albany)
 By Eden, issuing out of Hufseat-Moruill hill,
 And pointing to the north, as then a little rill,
 There simply takes her leave of her sweet sister
 Swale,
 Born to the self-same fire, but with a stronger gale,
 Tow'rs Humber hies her course, but Eden mak-
 ing on,
 Through Malerstrang hard by, a forest woe begone
 In love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades
 kind,
 Whom thus the wood-nymph greets : ' What
 passage shalt thou find,
 My most beloved brook, in making to thy bay,
 That wand'ring art to wend through many a
 crooked way,
 Far under hanging hills, through many a crag-
 ged strait,
 And few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
 Opposed in thy course with many a rugged cliff,
 Besides the northern winds against thy stream so
 stiff,
 As by main strength they meant to stop thee in
 thy course, [source.
 And send thee eas'ly back to Moruill to thy
 O my bright lovely brook, whose name doth bear
 the sound
 Of God's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,

(b) See song 27th.

Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he
 fell.

O little blessed brook, how doth my bosom swell
 With love I bear to thee, the day cannot suffice
 For Malerstrang to gaze upon thy beauteous
 eyes.'

This said, the forest rub'd her rugged front the
 while,

Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,
 And simply takes her leave, to get into the main ;
 When Below a bright nymph, from Stanmore
 down doth strain

To Eden, as along to Appleby she makes,
 Which passing, to her train, next Troutbeck in
 she takes,

And Levenant than these a somewhat lesser rill,
 When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,
 Her more abundant banks, from Ulls, a mighty
 mere

On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat
 and clear,

And Loder doth allure, with whom she haps to
 meet, [greet.

Which at her coming in, doth thus her mistress
 ' Quoth she, thus for myself I say, that where
 I swell

Up from my fountain first, there is a tiding-well,
 That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)
 The old Euripius doth, or in the self-same sort,
 The (c) Venedocian fount, or the (c) Demetian
 spring,

Or that which the cold Peake doth with her won-
 ders bring,

Why should not Loder then, her mistress Eden
 please, [these.'

With this, as other floods delighted are with
 When Eden, though she seem'd to make unusual
 haste,

About clear Loder's neck, yet lovingly doth cast
 Her oft enfolding arms, as Westmoreland she
 leaves,

Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.
 Yet up her watry hands, to Winfield forest holds
 In her rough woody arms, which amorously enfolds
 Clear Eden coming by, with all her watry store,
 In her dark shades, and seems her parting to de-
 plore.

But southward fallying hence, to those sea-bor-
 dering sands, [lands,

Where Dudden driving down to the Lancastrian
 This Cumberland cuts out, and strongly doth con-
 fine, [tine,

This meeting there with that, both merely mari-
 Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,
 To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleasant
 gale ;

As Eske her farth'ft, so first, a coy bred Cumbri-
 an lass,

Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglafs,
 By Devock driven along, (which from a large-
 brim'd lake, [make)

To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth

(c) See song 5th, 10th, and 27th.

Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that
 keep
 In Ravenglas, when soon into the bluish deep
 Comes Irt, of all the rest, though small, the richest
 girl, [pearl,
 Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient
 Bred in her shining shells, which to the deaw doth
 yawn,
 Which deaw they sucking in, conceive that lusty
 spawn,
 Of which when they grow great, and to their ful-
 nefs swell,
 They cast, which those at hand there gathering,
 dearly sell. [brings,
 This clear pearl-paved Irt, Bleng to the harbour
 From Copland coming down, a forest-nymph,
 which sings
 Her own praise, and those floods, their fountains
 that derive
 From her, which to extol, the forest thus doth strive.
 ' Ye northern (d) Dryades all adorn'd with
 mountains steep, [keep,
 Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth
 Where often rising hills, deep dales and many
 make,
 Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-
 spread lake,
 Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names
 bestow [flow ;
 Upon those humble vales, through which they eas'ly
 Whereas the mountain nymphs, and those that do
 frequent
 The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous
 merriment,
 By moon-shine many a night, do give each other
 chase, [base,
 At Hood-wink, Barley-break, at Tick, or Prison-
 With tricks, and antick toys, that one another
 mock,
 That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock
 to rock.
 Then Copland, of this tract a corner, I would know,
 What place can there be found in Britain, that
 doth show
 A surface more austere, more stern from every way,
 That who doth it behold, he cannot chuse but say,
 Th' aspect of these grim hills, these dark and misty
 dales,
 From clouds scarce ever clear'd, with the strong'st
 northern gales,
 Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there
 doth lie,
 The island's general want, whose plenty might
 supply :
 Wherefore as some suppose of copper mines in me,
 I Copper-land was call'd, but some will have't to be
 From the old Britains brought, for Cop they use
 to call
 The tops of many hills, which I am stor'd withal.
 Then Eskdale mine ally, and Niterdale so nam'd,
 Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale most
 fam'd,

(d) Nymphs of the forest.

With Wafdale walled in, with hills on every side,
 Hows'ever ye extend within your wastes so wide,
 For th' surface of a foil, a Copland, Copland cry,
 Till to your shouts the hills with echoes all reply.
 Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quickly
 every hill,
 Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring val-
 lies fill ;
 Helvillon from his height, it through the moun-
 tains threw,
 From whom as soon again, the sound Dunbal-
 rase drew,
 From whose stone-trophied head, it on the Wen-
 dros went,
 Which tow'rd the sea again, resounded it to Dent,
 That Brodwater therewith within her banks
 astound,
 In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,
 Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes
 loud and long,
 Did mightily commend old Copland for her song.
 Whence soon the muse proceeds, to find out
 fresher springs,
 Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale
 that brings,
 Doth quickly cast herself into an ample lake,
 And with Thurl's mighty mere, between them
 two do make
 An (e) island, which the name from Darwent doth
 derive, [trive,
 Within whose secret breast nice nature doth con-
 That mighty copper-mine, which not without its
 veins,
 Of gold and silver found, it happily obtains
 Of royalty the name, the richest of them all
 That Britain bringeth forth, which royal she
 doth call.
 Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named isle,
 As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,
 Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth
 win
 Clear Coker her compeer, which at her coming in,
 Gives Coker-mouth the name, by standing at her
 fall, [withal,
 Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there
 Runs on her watry race, and for her greater fame,
 Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.
 When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow that
 doth show [low,
 The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but
 Perceiving with the floods, and forests, how it
 far'd,
 And all their several tales substantially had heard,
 And of the mountain kind, as of all other he
 Most like Parnassus self that is suppos'd to be,
 Having a double head, as hath that sacred
 mount,
 Which those nine sacred nymphs held in so high
 account,
 Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say,
 When to them all he thus his beauties doth dis-
 play.

(e) The isle of Darwent.

' The rough Hibernian sea, I proudly overlook,
 Amongst the scatter'd rocks, and there is not a
 nook,
 But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
 Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
 And when my helm of clouds upon my head I
 take,
 At very sight thereof, immediately I make
 Th' inhabitants about tempestuous storms to fear,
 And for fair weather look, when as my top is
 clear;
 Great Fournells mighty Fells I on my south survey:
 So likewise on the north, Albania makes me way,
 Her countries to behold, when (f) Scurfel from
 the sky, [eye,
 That Anadale doth crown, with a most amorous
 Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
 Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threatening
 him:
 So likewise to the east, that row of mountains tall,
 Which we our English Alps may very aptly call,
 That Scotland here with us, and England do di-
 vide, [side,
 As those, whence we them name upon the other
 Do Italy, and France, these mountains here of ours,
 That look far off like clouds, shap'd with embat-
 tel'd towers,
 Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,
 By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.
 Clear Darwent dancing on, I look at from above,
 As some enamour'd youth, being deeply struck in
 love,
 His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes;
 Who as she to her fall, through fells and vallies
 floats,
 Oft lifts her limber self above her banks to view,
 How my brave by-clift top, doth still her course
 pursue.
 O all ye topic gods, that do inhabit here, [rear,
 To whom the Romans did those ancient altars
 Oft found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils,
 Which they for trophies left of their victorious
 spoils,
 Ye Genii of these floods, these mountains, and
 these dales,
 That with poor shepherds pipes and harmless
 herdsman's tales
 Have often pleased been, still guard me day and
 night, [light.
 And hold me Skidow still, the place of your de-
 This speech by Skidow spoke, the muse makes
 forth again,
 Tow'rd's where the in-born floods, clear Eden
 entertain, [waftes,
 To Cumberland com'n in, from the Westmerian
 Where as the readiest way to Carlisle, as she casts,
 She with two wood nymphs meets, the first is
 great and wild,
 And Westward Forest hight; the other but a
 child,
 Compared with her ppeer, and Inglewood is call'd,
 Both in their pleasant scites, most happily install'd.

(f) A hill in Scotland.

What Sylvan is there seen, and be she ne'er so
 coy, [enjoy,
 Whose pleasures to the full, these nymphs do not
 And like Diana's self, so truly living chaste?
 For seldom any tract, doth cross their way less
 waste,
 With many a lusty leap, the shagged satyrs show
 Them pastime every day, both from the meres be-
 low,
 And hills on every side, that neatly hem them in;
 The blushing morn to break, but hardly doth begin,
 But that the ramping goats, swift deer, and harm-
 less sheep,
 Which there their owners know, but no man hath
 to keep,
 The dales do overspread, by them like motley
 made; [flade,
 But Westward of the two, by her more widen'd
 Of more abundance boasts, as of those mighty
 mines,
 Which in her verge she hath: but that whereby
 she shines, [flow,
 Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do
 Which in herself she hath, whose banks do bound
 her so
 Upon the north and south, as that she seems to be
 Much pleased with their course, and takes delight
 to see
 How Elne upon the south, in fallying to the sea
 Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her
 way,
 Her purlues wondrous large, yet limiteth again,
 Both falling from her earth into the Irish main.
 No less is Westward proud of Waver, nor doth
 win
 Less praise by her clear spring, which in her course
 doth twin [kind;
 With Wiz, a neater nymph scarce of the watry
 And though she be but small, so pleasing Waver's
 mind,
 That they entirely mix'd, the Irish seas embrace,
 But earnestly proceed in our intended race.
 At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too
 long, [among,
 Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills
 As she for Carlisle coasts, the floods from every
 where, [there,
 Prepare each in their course, to entertain her
 From Skidow her tall fire, first Cauda clearly
 brings [springs,
 In Eden all her wealth; so Petterell from her
 (Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cau-
 da creeps)
 Along to overtake her sovereign Eden sweeps,
 To meet that great concourse, which seriously
 attend
 That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gillsland
 down doth send
 Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her course,
 As Irthing coming in from her most plenteous
 source,
 Through many a cruel crag, though she be forc'd
 to crawl,
 Yet working forth her way to grace herself withal,

First Pultrosse is her page, then Gelt she gets her
 guide, [side,
 Which springeth on her south, on her septentrion
 She crooked Cambeck calls, to wait on her along,
 And Eden overtakes amongst the watry throng.
 To Carlisle being come, clear Bruscaeth beareth in,
 To greet her with the rest, when Eden as to win
 Her grace in Carlisle's fight, the court of all her
 state, [dilate.
 And Cumberland's chief town, lo! thus she doth
 'What giveth more delight, (brave city) to
 thy feat,
 Than my sweet lovely self? a river so complete,
 With all that nature can a dainty flood endow,
 That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow
 Of all their Naiades kind the neatest, and so far
 Transcending, that oft times they in their amo-
 rous war,
 Have offered by my course, and beauties to decide
 The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,
 That mighty Roman (g) fort, which of the Picts
 we call, [wall,
 But by them near those times was styl'd Severus'
 Of that great emperor nam'd, which first that
 work began,
 Betwixt the Irish sea, and German ocean, [end
 Doth cut me in his course near Carlisle, and doth
 At Boulness, where myself I on the ocean spend.
 And for my country here, (of which I am the chief
 Of all her watry kind) know that she lent relief
 To those old Britons once, when from the Saxons
 they
 For succour hither fled, as far out of their way,
 Amongst her mighty wilds, and mountains freed
 from fear, [here,
 And from the British race, residing long time
 Which in their genuine tongue, themselves did
 Kimbri name, [came;
 Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland first
 And in her praise be't spoke, this soil whose best
 is mine,
 That fountain bringeth forth, from which the
 southern Tyne,

(g) See to the 29th song.

(So nam'd for that of North, another hath that
 style) [mile,
 This to the eastern sea, that makes forth many a
 Her first beginning takes, and Vent, and Aine doth
 lend,
 To wait upon her forth; but farther to transcend
 To these great things of note, which many coun-
 tries call [all,
 Their wonders, there is not a tract amongst them
 Can shew the like to mine, at the less Salkeld,
 near
 To Eden's bank, the like is scarcely any where,
 Stones seventy-seven stand, in manner of a ring,
 Each full ten foot in height, but yet the strangest
 thing,
 Their equal distance is, the circle that compose,
 Within which other stones lie flat, which do inclose
 The bones of men long dead, (as there the people
 say;) [away,
 So near to Loder's spring, from thence not far
 Be others nine foot high, a mile in length that run,
 The victories for which those trophies were
 begun,
 From dark oblivion thou, O Time, should'st have
 protected;
 For mighty were their minds, them thus that first
 erected:
 And near to this again, there is a piece of ground,
 A little rising bank, which of the table round,
 Men in remembrance keep, and, Arthur's table
 name.
 But whilst these more and more, with glory her
 inflame,
 Supposing of herself in these her wonders great,
 All her attending floods, fair Eden do entreat,
 To lead them down to sea, when Leven comes
 along, [among,
 And by her double spring, being mighty them
 There overtaketh Esk, from Scotland that doth hie,
 Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and by,
 Down from these western sands into the sea do fall,
 Where I this Canto end, as also therewithall
 My England do conclude, for which I undertook
 This strange Herculean toil, to this my thirtieth
 book.

ELEGIES

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Of his LADY's not coming to London.

THAT ten years travell'd Greek return'd from
 sea
Ne'er joy'd so much to see his Ithaca
As I should you, who are alone to me [be.
More than wide Greece could to that wanderer
The winter winds still easterly do keep,
And with keen frosts have chained up the deep;
The sun's to us a niggard of his rays,
But revelleth with our Antipodes;
And seldom to us when he shews his head,
Muffled in vapours, he straight hies to bed.
In those bleak mountains can you live, where snow
Maketh the vales up to the hills to grow;
Whereas mens breaths do instantly congeal,
And atom'd mists turn instantly to hail.
Belike you think, from this more temperate coast,
My sighs may have the power to thaw the frost,
Which I from hence should swiftly send you thi-
 ther,
Yet not so swift, as you come slowly hither.
How many a time hath Phœbe from her wane,
With Phœbus' fires fill'd up her horns again?
She through her orb, still on her course doth
 range,
But you keep your's still, nor for me will change.
The sun that mounted the stern lion's back,
Shall with the fishes shortly drive the brack,
But still you keep your station, which confines
You, nor regard him travelling the signs.
Those ships which when you went, put out to sea,
Both to our Greenland, and Virginia,
Are now return'd, and custom'd, have their
 freight,
Yet you arrive not, nor return me ought.

The Thames was not so frozen yet this year,
As is my bosom, with the chilly fear
Of your not coming, which on me doth light,
As on those climes, where half the world is night.
Of every tedious hour you have made two,
All this long winter here, by missing you:
Minutes are months, and when the hour is past,
A year is ended since the clock struck last,
When your remembrance puts me on the rack,
And I should swoon to see an Almanack
To read what silent weeks away are slid,
Since the dire fates you from my sight have hid.
I hate him who the first deviser was
Of this same foolish thing, the hour-glass,
And of the watch, whose dribbling sands and
 wheel,
With their slow strokes, make me too much to
 feel
Your slackness hither, O how I do ban
Him that these dials against walls began,
Whose snail motion of the moving hand,
(Although it go) yet seem to me to stand;
As though at Adam it had first set out,
And had been stealing all this while about,
And when it back to the first point should come,
It shall be then just at the general doom.
The seas into themselves retract their flows,
The changing wind from every quarter blows,
Declining winter in the spring doth call,
The stars rise to us, as from us they fall;
Those birds we see, that leave us in the prime,
Again in autumn re-salute our clime.
Sure, either nature you from kind hath made,
Or you delight else to be retrogade,

But I perceive by your attractive powers,
Like an enchantress you have charm'd the hours,
Into short minutes, and have drawn them back,
So that of us at London, you do lack
Almost a year, the spring is scarce begun
There where you live, and autumn almost done.
With us more eastward, surely you devise,
By your strong magic, that the sun shall rise
Where now it sets, and that in some few years
You'll alter quite the motion of the spheres.

Yes, and you mean, I shall complain my love
To gravell'd walks, or to a stupid grove,
Now your companions; and that you the while
(As you are cruel) will sit by and smile,
To make me write to these, while passers by
Slightly look in your lovely face, where I
See beauteous heaven, whilst silly blockheads, they
Like laden asses, plod upon their way,
And wonder not, as you should point a clown
Up to the Guards, or Ariadne's crown;
Of constellations, and his dullness tell,
He'd think your words were certainly a spell:
Or him some piece from Crete, or Marcus show,
In all his life which till that time ne'er saw
Painting: except in ale-house or old hall
Done by some druzler, of the prodigal.

Nay do, stay still, whilst time away shall steal
Your youth, and beauty, and yourself conceal
From me, I pray you, you have now inur'd
Me to your absence, and I have endur'd
Your want thus long, whilst I have starved been
For your short letters, as you held it sin
To write to me, that to appease my woe,
I read o'er those, you wrote a year ago.
Which are to me, as though they had been made,
Long time before the first Olympiad.

For thanks and curt'sies sell your presence then
To tatling women, and to things like men,
And be more foolish than the Indians are
For bells, for knives, for glasses, and such ware,
That sell their pearl and gold, but here I stay,
So would I not have you but come away.

*To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS, Treasurer for the Eng-
lish Colony in Virginia.*

FRIEND, if you think my papers may supply
You with some strange omitted novelty,
Which others letters yet have left untold,
You take me off, before I can take hold
Of you at all; I put not thus to sea,
For two months voyage to Virginia,
With news which now, a little something here,
But will be nothing ere it can come there.

I fear, as I do stabbing, this word, state,
I dare not speak of the Palatinate,
Although some men make it their hourly theme,
And talk what's done in Austria, and in Beam,
I may not so; what Spinola intends,
Nor with his Dutch which way prince Maurice
bends;

To other men, although these things be free,
Yet (George) they must be mysteries to me.

I scarce dare praise a virtuous friend that's dead,
Lest for my lines he should be censured;
It was my hap before all other men
To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen:
When King James enter'd; at which joyful time
I taught his title to this isle in rhyme:
And to my part did all the muses win,
With high-pitch Peans to applaud him in:
When cowardice had ty'd up every tongue,
And all stood silent, yet for him I sung:
And when before by danger I was daz'd,
I kick'd her from me, nor a jot I spar'd.
Yet had not my clear spirit in fortune's scorn,
Me above earth and her afflictions born;
He next my God on whom I built my trust,
Had left me trodden lower than the dust:
But let this pass; in the extremest ill,
Apollo's brood must be courageous still,
Let pyes, and daws sit dumb before their death,
Only the swan sings at the parting breath.

And (worthy George) by industry and use,
Let's see what lines Virginia will produce;
Go on with Ovid, as you have begun,
With the first five books; let your numbers run
Glib as the former, so shall it live long,
And do much honour to the English tongue:
Entice the muses thither to repair,
Entreat them gently, train them to that air,
For they from hence may thither hap to fly,
T'wards the sad time which but too fast doth hie,
For poesy is follow'd with such spight,
By groveling drones that never raught her height,
That she must hence, she may no longer stay:
The dreary fates prefixed have the day
Of her departure, which is now come on,
And they command her straightways to be gone;
That bestial herd so hotly her pursue,
And to her succour there be very few,
Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redress,
But she must wander in the wilderness,
Like to the woman, which that holy John
Beheld in Pathmos in his vision.

As th' English now, so did the stiff-neck Jews,
Their noble prophets utterly refuse,
And of those men such poor opinions had,
They counted Esay and Ezekiel mad;
When Jeremy his Lamentations writ,
They thought the wizard quite out of his wit,
Such fots they were, as worthily to lie
Lock'd in the chains of their captivity;
Knowledge hath still her eddy in her flow,
So it hath been, and it will still be so.

That famous Greece where learning flourish'd
most,
Hath of her muses long since left to boast,
Th' unletter'd Turk, and rude Barbarian trades,
Where Homer sang his lofty Iliads;
And this vast volume of the world hath taught,
Much may to pass in little time he brought.

As if to symptoms we may credit give,
This very time, wherein we two now live,
Shall in the compass, wound the muses more,
Than all th' old English ignorance before;
Base baladry is so belov'd and sought,
And those brave numbers are put by for naught;

Which rarely read, were able to awake,
Bodies from graves, and to the ground to shake
The wandring clouds, and to our men at arms,
'Gainst pikes and muskets were most powerful
charms.

That, but I know, ensuing ages shall
Raife her again, who now is in her fall;
And out of dust reduce our scatter'd rhimes,
Th' rejected jewels of these slothful times,
Who with the muses would mispend an hour,
But let blind Gothish barbarism devour
These feverous dog-days, blest by no record;
But to be everlastingly abhor'd.

If you vouchsafe rescription, stuff your quill
With natural bounties, and impart your skill
In the description of the place that I
May become learned in the soil thereby;
Of noble Wyat's health, and let me hear,
The governor; and how our people there
Increase and labour, what supplies are sent,
Which I confess shall give me much content;
But you may save your labour if you please,
To write to me ought of your savages.
As savage slaves be in Great Britain here,
As any one that you can shew me there.
And though for this I'll say I do not thirst,
Yet I should like it well to be the first,
Whose numbers hence into Virginia flew,
So (noble Sandys) for this time adieu.

*To my noble friend Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, of
the civil time.*

DEAR friend, be silent and with patience see;
What this mad time's catastrophe will be;
The world's first wisemen certainly mistook
Themselves, and spoke things quite beside the book;
And that which they have said of God, untrue,
Or else expect strange judgment to ensue.

This isle is a mere Bedlam, and therein,
We all lie raving, mad in every sin,
And him the wisest most men use to call,
Who doth (alone) the maddest thing of all;
He whom the master of all wisdom found,
For a mark'd fool, and so did him propound,
The time we live in, to that pass is brought,
That only he a censor now is thought;
And that base villain, (not an age yet gone)
Which a good man would not have look'd upon,
Now like a God with divine worship follow'd,
And all his actions are accounted hallow'd.

This world of ours, thus runneth upon wheels,
Set on the head, bolt upright with her heels;
Which makes me think of what the Ethnics told
Th' opinion, the Pythagorists uphold,
That the immortal soul doth transmigrate;
Then I suppose by the strong power of fate,
That those which at confused Babel were,
And since that time now many a lingering year,
Through fools, and beasts, and lunatics have past,
Are here embodied in this age at last,
And though so long we from that time be gone,
Yet taste we still of that confusion.

For certainly there's scarce one found that now
Knows what t' approve, or what to disallow,
All arsey-versey, nothing is it's own,
But to our proverb, all turn'd upside down;
To do in time, is to do out of season,
And that speeds best, that's done the farth'st from
reason,

He's high'st that's lowest, he's surest in that's out;
He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,
He getteth up unlike to rise at all,
He slips to ground as much unlike to fall;
Which doth enforce me partly to prefer,
The opinion of that mad philosopher,
Who taught, that those all-framing powers above
(As 'tis suppos'd) made man not out of love
To him at all, but only as a thing,
To make them sport with, which they use to
bring

As men do monkeys, puppets, and such tools
Of laughter: so men are but the Gods fools.
Such are by titles lifted to the sky,
As wherefore no man knows, God scarcely why;
The virtuous man depresseth like a stone
For that dull sot to raise himself upon;
He who ne'er thing yet worthy man durst do,
Never durst look upon his country's foe,
Nor durst attempt that action which might get
Him fame with men: or higher might him set
Than the base beggar (rightly if compar'd;)
This drone yet never brave attempt that dar'd,
Yet dares be knighted, and from thence dares
grow

To any title empire can bestow;
For this believe, that impudence is now
A cardinal virtue, and men it allow
Reverence, nay more, men study and invent
New ways, nay glory to be impudent.

Into the clouds the devil lately got,
And by the moisture doubting much the rot,
A medicine took to make him purge and cast;
Which in short time began to work so fast,
That he fell to't, and from his backside flew
A rout of rascal a rude ribald crew
Of base Plebeians, which no sooner light
Upon the earth, but with a sudden flight
They spread this isle; and as Deucalion once
Over his shoulder back, by throwing stones
They became men, even so these beasts became
Owners of titles from an obscure name,

He that by riot, of a mighty rent,
Hath his late goodly patrimony spent,
And into base and wilful begg'ry run,
This man as he some glorious act had done,
With some great pension, or rich gift reliev'd,
When he that hath by industry achiev'd
Some noble thing, contemned and disgrac'd.
In the forlorn hope of times is plac'd,
As though that God had carelessly left all
That being hath on this terrestrial ball,
To fortune's guiding, nor would have to do
With man, nor ought that doth belong him to
Or at the least God having given more
Power to the devil, then he did of yore,
Over this world: the fiend as he doth hate
The virtuous man; maligning his estate,

All noble things, and would have by his will,
To be damn'd with him, using all his skill,
By his black hellish ministers to vex
All worthy men, and strangely to perplex
Their constancy, there by them so to fright,
That they should yield them wholly to his might.
But of these things I vainly do but tell,
Where hell is heaven, and heav'n is now turn'd
hell;

Where that which lately blasphemy hath been,
Now godliness, much less accounted sin;
And a long while I greatly marvel'd why
Buffoons and bawds should hourly multiply,
Till that of late I constru'd it, that they
To present thrift had got the perfect way,
When I concluded by their odious crimes,
It was for us no thriving in these times.

As men oft laugh at little babes, when they
Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,
To see them on the sudden stricken sad,
As in their fancy some strange forms they had,
Which they by pointing with their fingers show,
Angry at our capacities so slow,
That by their countenance we no sooner learn
To see the wonder which they so discern:
So the celestial powers do sit and smile
At innocent and virtuous men the while,
They stand amazed at the world o'er-gone,
So far beyond imagination,
With slavish baseness, that they silent sit
Pointing like children in describing it,

Then, noble friend, the next way to controul
These worldly crosses, is to arm thy soul
With constant patience; and with thoughts as high
As these below, and poor, winged to fly
To that exalted stand, whither yet they
Are got with pain, that sith out of the way
Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none
But such as think their black damnation
To be a trifle; such, so ill, that when
They are advanc'd those few poor honest men
That yet are living, into search do run
To find what mischief they have lately done,
Which so prefers them; say thou he doth rise,
That maketh virtue his chief exercise.
And in this base world come whatever shall,
He's worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

*Upon the three sons of the LORD SHEFFIELD, drown-
ed in Humber.*

LIGHT sonnets hence, and to loose lovers fly,
And mournful maidens sing an elegy
On those three Sheffields, overwhelm'd with
waves,
Whose loss the tears of all the muses craves;
A thing so full of pity as this was,
Methinks for nothing should not slightly pass.
Treble this loss was, why should it not borrow,
Through this isle's treble parts, a treble sorrow:
But fate did this, to let the world to know,
That sorrows which from common causes grow,

Are not worth mourning for, the loss to bear,
But of one only son, 's not worth one tear.
Some tender hearted man, as I, may spend
Some drops (perhaps) for a deceased friend.
Some men (perhaps) their wife's late death may
rue;

Or wives their husbands, but such be but few.
Cares that have us'd the hearts of men to touch
So oft, and deeply, will not now be such;
Who'll care for loss of maintenance, or place,
Fame, liberty, or of the prince's grace;
Or suits in law, by base corruption cross'd,
When he shall find, that this which he hath lost,
Alas, is nothing to his, which did lose,
Three sons at once so excellent as those;
Nay, it is fear'd that this in time may breed
Hard hearts in men to their own natural seed;
That in respect of this great loss of theirs,
Men will scarce mourn the death of their own
heirs.

Through all this isle their loss so public is,
That every man doth take them to be his,
And as a plague which had beginning there,
So catching is, and reigning every where,
That those the farthest off as much do rue them,
As those the most familiarly that knew them;
Children with this disaster are wax'd sage,
And like to men that stricken are in age;
Talk what it is three children at one time
Thus to have drown'd, and in their very prime;
Yea, and do learn to act the same so well,
That than old folk they better can it tell.

Invention, oft that passion us'd to feign,
In sorrows of themselves but slight, and mean,
To make them seem great, here it shall not need,
For that this subject doth so far exceed
All forc'd expression, that what poesy shall
Happily think to grace itself withal
Falls so below it, that it rather borrows [rows.
Grace from their grief, than addeth to their sor-
For sad mischance thus in the loss of three,
To shew itself the utmost it could be:
Exacting also by the self same law,
The utmost tears that sorrow had to draw,
All future times hath utterly prevented
Of a more loss, or more to be lamented.

Whilst in fair youth they lively flourish'd here,
To their kind parents they were only dear:
But being dead, now every one doth take
Them for their own, and do like sorrow make
As for their own begot, as they pretended
Hope in the issue, which should have descended
From them again; nor here doth end our sorrow,
But those of us, that shall be born to morrow
Still shall lament them, and when time shall count
To what vast number passed years shall mount,
They from their death shall duly reckon so,
As from the deluge, former us'd to do.

O cruel Humber, guilty of their gore,
I now believe more than I did before
The British story, whence thy name begun
Of kingly Humber, an invading Hun,
By thee devoured, for 'tis likely thou
With blood wert christen'd, blood-thirsty till now

The Ouse, the Done. And thou far clearer 'Tread,
To drown these Sheffields as you gave consent,
Shall curse the time, that e'er you were infus'd
Which have your waters basely thus abus'd.
The groveling boor ye hinder not to go,
And at his pleasure ferry to and fro;
The very best part of whose soul and blood,
Compared with theirs, is viler than your mud.

But wherefore paper do I idly spend,
On those deaf waters to so little end?
And up to starry heaven do I not look,
In which, as in an everlasting book,
Our ends are written? O let times rehearse
Their fatal loss in their sad anniverse.

To the noble Lady, the Lady I. S. of worldly crosses.

MADAM, to shew the smoothness of my vein,
Neither that I would have you entertain
The time in reading me, which you would spend
In fair discourse with some known honest friend,
I write not to you. Nay, and which is more,
My powerful verses strive not to restore,
What time and sickness have in you impair'd,
To other ends my elegy is squar'd.

Your beauty, sweetness, and your graceful parts,
That have drawn many eyes, won many hearts,
Of me get little, I am so much man,
That let them do their utmost that they can,
I will resist their forces; and they be
Though great to others, yet not so to me.
The first time I beheld you, I then saw
That (in itself) which had the power to draw
My stay'd affection, and thought to allow
You some deal of my heart; but you have now
Got far into it, and you have the skill
(For ought I see) to win upon me still.

When I do think how bravely you have born
Your many crosses, as in fortune's scorn,
And how neglectful you have seem'd to be,
Of that which hath seem'd terrible to me;
I thought you stupid, nor that you had felt
Those griefs which (often) I have seen to melt
Another woman into sighs and tears,
A thing but seldom in your sex and years.
But when in you I have perceiv'd again,
(Noted by me, more than by other men)
How feeling and how sensible you are
Of your friend's sorrows, and with how much care
You seek to cure them, then myself I blame,
That I your patience should so much misname,
Which to my understanding maketh known
"Who feels another's grief, can feel their own."
When straight methinks, I hear your patience say,
Are you the man that studied Seneca:
Pliny's most learned letters; and must I
Read you a lecture in philosophy,
To avoid the afflictions that have us'd to reach you;
I'll learn you more, Sir, than your books can
teach you.

Of all your sex, yet never did I know,
Any that yet so actually could show
Such rules for patience, such an easy way,
That whoso sees it shall be forc'd to say,

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Lo what before seem'd hard to be discern'd,
Is of this lady, in an instant learn'd.
It is heaven's will that you should wronged be
By the malicious, that the world might see
Your dove-like meekness; for had the base scum,
The spawn of fiends, been in your slander dumb,
Your virtue then had perish'd, never priz'd,
For that the same you had not exercis'd;
And you had lost the crown you have, and glory,
Nor had you been the subject of my story.
Whilst they feel hell, being damned in their hate,
Their thoughts, like devils them excruciate,
Which by your noble sufferings do torment
Them with new pains, and gives you this content
To see your soul an Innocent, hath suffer'd,
And up to heaven before your eyes be offer'd:
Your like we in a burning glass may see,
When the sun's rays therein contracted be
Bent on some object, which is purely white,
We find that colour doth dispierce the light,
And stands untainted; but if it hath got
Some little fully; or the least small spot,
Then it soon fires it; so you still remain
Free, because in you they can find no stain.

God doth not love them least, on whom he lays
Th' great'st afflictions; but that he will praise
Himself most in them, and will make them fit
Near'st to himself who is the Lamb to sit:
For by that touch, like perfect gold he tries them,
Who are not his, until the world denies them.
And your example may work such effect,
That it may be the beginning of a sect
Of patient women; and that many a day
All husbands may for you their founder pray.

Nor is to me your innocence the less,
In that I see you strive not to suppress
Their barbarous malice; but your noble heart
Prepar'd to act so difficult a part,
With unremoved constancy is still
The same it was, that of your proper ill,
The effect proceeds from your own self the cause,
Like some just prince, who to establish laws
Suffers the breach at his best lov'd to strike,
To learn the vulgar to endure the like.
You are a martyr thus, nor can you be
Less to the world so valued by me:
If as you have begun, you still persevere,
Be ever good, that I may love you ever.

An elegy upon the death of Lady PENELOPE
CLIFTON.

MUST I needs write, who's he that can refuse,
He wants a mind, for her that hath no muse,
The thought of her doth heav'nly rage inspire,
Next powerful, to those cloven tongues of fire.

Since I knew ought, time never did allow
Me stuff fit for an elegy, till now;
When France and England's Henry's dy'd, my
quill,
Why, I know not, but it that time lay still.
'Tis more than greatness that my spirit must raise,
To observe custom I use not to praise;

M m

Nor the least thought of mine yet e'er depended
On any one from whom she was descended;
That for their favour I this way should woo,
As some poor wretched things (perhaps) may do;
I gain the end, whereat I only aim,
If by my freedom I may give her fame.

Walking then forth being newly up from bed,
O Sir (quoth one) the Lady Clifton's dead.
When, but that reason my stern rage withstood,
My hand had sure been guilty of his blood.
If she be so, must thy rude tongue confess it.
(Quoth I) and com'st so coldly to express it;
Thou should'st have given a shriek, to make me

fear thee, [thee,
That might have slain whatever had been near
Thou should'st have come like Time, with thy
scalp bare, [hair,
And in thy hands thou should'st have brought thy
Casting upon me such a dreadful look,
As seen a spirit, or th'adst been thunderstruck,
And gazing on me so a little space,
Thou should'st have shot thine eye-balls in my face,
Then falling at my feet, thou should'st have said,
O she is gone, and nature with her dead.

With this ill news amaz'd by chance I pass'd,
By that near grove, whereas both first and last,
I saw her, not three months before she dy'd;
When (though full summer 'gan to veil her pride,
And that I saw men lead home ripen'd corn,
Besides advis'd me well) I durst have sworn
The ling'ring year, the autumn had adjourn'd,
And the fresh spring had been again return'd,
Her delicacy, loveliness, and grace,
With such a summer bravery deck'd the place:
But now, alas! it look'd forlorn and dead;
And where she stood, the fading leaves were shed,
Presenting only sorrow to my sight,
O God! (thought I) this is her emblem right.

And sure I think it cannot but be thought,
That I to her by providence was brought.
For that the fates fore-dooming she should die,
Shewed me this wond'rous master-piece, that I
Should sing her funeral, that the world should
know it,

That heaven did think her worthy of a poet;
My hand is fatal, nor doth fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire shall ere raze out.
A thousand silken puppets should have died,
And in their fulsome coffins putrified,
Ere in my lines you of their names should hear
To tell the world that such there ever were,
Whose memory shall from the earth decay,
Before those rags were worn they gave away,
Had I her god-like features never seen,
Poor slight report had told me she had been
A handsome lady, comely, very well,
And so might I have died an infidel,
As many do which never did her see,
Or cannot credit, what she was, by me.

Nature, herself, that before art prefers
To go beyond all our cosmographers,
By charts and maps exactly that have shown
All of this earth that ever can be known,
For that she would beyond them all descry
What art could not by any mortal eye;

A map in heaven by her rare features drew,
And that she did so lively and so true,
That any soul but seeing it, might swear,
That all was perfect heavenly that was there.
If ever any painter were so blest, [press'd,
To draw that face, which so much heav'n ex-
If in his best of skill he did her right,
I wish it never may come in my sight,
I greatly doubt my faith (weak man) lest I
Should to that face commit idolatry. [one,

Death might have tith'd her sex, but for this
Nay, have ta'en half to have let her alone;
Such as their wrinkled temples to supply,
Cement them up with fluttish Mercury,
Such as undress'd were able to affright,
A valiant man approaching him by night;
Death might have taken such, her end defer'd,
Until the time she had been climacter'd;
When she would have been at threescore years
and three,

Such as our best at three and twenty be,
With envy then, he might have overthrown her,
When age nor time had power to seize upon her.
But when the un pitying fates her end decreed,
They to the same did instantly proceed,
For well they knew (if she had languish'd so)
As those which hence by natural causes go,
So many prayers, and tears for her had spoken,
As certainly their iron laws had broken,
And had wak'd heav'n, who clearly would have
show'd

That change of kingdoms to her death it ow'd;
And that the world still of her end might think,
It would have let some neighbouring mountain sink;
Or the vast sea it in on us to cast,
As Severn did about some five years past:
Or some stern comet his curl'd top to rear,
Whose length should measure half our hemisphere.
Holding this height, to say some will not stick,
That now I rave, and am grown lunatic;
You of what sex so'er you be, you lie,
'Tis thou thyself is lunatic, not I.

I charge you in her name that now is gone,
That may conjure you, if you be not stone,
That you no harsh, nor shallow rhimes decline,
Upon that day wherein you shall read mine.
Such as indeed are falsely termed verse,
And will but sit like moths upon her hearse;
Nor that no child, nor chambermaid, nor page,
Disturb the room, the whilst my sacred rage
In reading is; but whilst you hear it read,
Suppose, before you, that you see her dead,
The walls about you hung with mournful black,
And nothing of her funeral to lack;
And when this period gives you leave to pause,
Cast up your eyes, and sigh for my applause.

Upon the noble Lady ASTON's departure for Spain.

I MANY a time have greatly marvell'd why
Men say, their friends depart when as they die,
How well that word, a dying, doth express,
I did not know (I truly must confess,)

Till her departure for whose missed sight,
I am enforc'd this elegy to write :
But since resistless fate will have it so,
'That she from hence must to Iberia go,
And my weak wishes can her not detain,
I will of heaven in policy complain,
'That it so long her travel should adjourn,
Hoping thereby to hasten her return. [cure,

Can those of (a) Norway for their wage pro-
By their black spells, a wind that shall endure
Till from aboard the wished landmen see,
And fetch the harbour, where they long to be,
Can they by charms do this, and cannot I
Who am the priest of Phœbus, and so high
Sit in his favour, win the poet's god,
To send swift Hermes with his snaky rod,
To Æolus' cave, commanding him with care,
His prosperous winds that he for her prepare,
And from that hour wherein she takes the seas,
Nature bring on the quiet Halcion days,
And in that hour that bird begin her nest,
Nay, at that very instant, that long rest
May seize on Neptune, who may still repose,
And let that bird ne'er till that hour disclose,
Wherein she landeth, and for all that space
Be not a wrinkle seen on Thetis' face,
Only so much breath with a gentle gale,
As by the easy swelling of her sail,
May at Sebastian's safely set her down,
Where, with her goodness she may bless the town,

If heaven in justice would have plagu'd by thee
Some pirate, and grim Neptune thou should'st be
His executioner ; or what is his worse,
'The gripple merchant, born to be the curse
Of this brave island ; let them for her sake,
Who to thy safeguard doth herself betake,
Escape undrown'd, unwreck'd ; nay rather let
Them be at ease in some safe harbour set,
Where with much profit they may vend their
wealth

That they have got by villainy and stealth,
Rather, great Neptune, than when thou dost rave,
Thou once should'st wet her sail but with a wave.

Or if some prouling rover should but dare
To seize the ship wherein she is to fare,
Let the fell fishes of the main appear [were
And tell those sea-thieves, that once such they
As they are now, till they assay'd to rape
Grape-crowned Bacchus in a stripling's shape,
That came aboard them, and would fain have
sail'd

To vine-spread (b) Naxos, but that him they sail'd,
Which he perceiving, them so monstrous made,
And warn them how they passengers invade.

Ye south and western winds now cease to blow,
Autumn is come, there be no flowers to grow,
Yea from that place respire, to which she goes,
And to her sails should show yourself but foes,
But Boreas and ye eastern winds arise,
To send her soon to Spain, but be precise,
'That in your aid you seem not still so stern,
As we a summer should no more discern,

(a) The witches of the northerly regions sell winds to passengers.

(b) An isle for the abundance of wine supposed to be the habitation of Bacchus,

For till that here again I may her see,
It will be winter all the year with me.

Ye (c) swan begotten lovely brother stars,
So oft auspicious to poor mariners,
Ye twin-bred lights of lovely Leda's brood,
Jove's egg-born issue, smile upon the flood,
And in your mild'st aspect do ye appear
To be her warrant from all future fear. [good,

And if thou ship, that bear'st her, do prove
May never time by worms consume thy wood,
Nor rust thy iron, may thy tacklings last,
Till they for relics be in temples plac'd ;
May'st thou be ranged with that mighty ark
Wherein just Noah did all the world embark,
With that which after Troy's so famous wreck,
From ten years travel brought Ulysses back,
That Argo which to Colchis went from Greece,
And in her bottom brought the golden fleece
Under brave Jason : or that same of Drake,
Wherein he did his famous voyage make
About the world ; or Ca'ndish's that went
As far as his, about the continent.

And ye mild winds that now I do implore,
Not once to raise the least sand on the shore,
Nor once on forfeit of yourselves respire :
When once the time is come of her retire,
If then it please you, but to do your due,
What for those winds I did, I'll do for you ;
I'll woo you then, and if that not suffice,
My pen shall prove you to have deities,
I'll sing your loves in verses that shall flow,
And tell the stories of your weal and woe,
I'll prove what profit to the earth you bring,
And how 'tis you that welcome in the spring ;
I'll raise up altars to you, as to show,
The time shall be kept holy, when you blow.
O blessed winds ! your will that it may be,
To send health to her, and her home to me.

*To my dearly loved Friend, HENRY REYNOLDS, Esq.
of Poets and Peesfy.*

My dearly-loved friend, how oft have we,
In winter evenings (meaning to be free,)
To some well chosen place us'd to retire,
And therewith moderate meat, and wine, and fire,
Have pass'd the hours contentedly with chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that,
Spoke our own verses, 'twixt ourselves, if not
Other mens lines, which we by chance had got,
Or some stage pieces famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had store ;
And I remember you much pleas'd were,
Of those who lived long ago to hear,
As well as of those, of these latter times,
Who have enrich'd our language with their rhimes,
And in succession how still up they grew,
Which is the subject that I now pursue ;
For from my cradle (you must know that) I
Was still inclin'd to noble poesy,

(c) Castor and Pollux.

And when that once pueriles I had read,
 And newly had my Cato construed,
 In my small self I greatly marvell'd then,
 Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
 These poets were, and pleased with the name,
 To my mild tutor merrily I came,
 (For I was then a proper goodly page,
 Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age)
 Clasping my slender arms about his thigh:
 'O my dear master! cannot you (quoth I)
 'Make me a poet? Do it, if you can,
 'And you shall see, I'll quickly be a man.'
 Who me thus answer'd, smiling, 'Boy, quoth he,
 'If you'll not play the wag, but I may see
 'You ply your learning, I will shortly read
 'Some poets to you;' Phœbus be my speed,
 To't hard went I, when shortly he began,
 And first read to me honest Mantuan,
 Then Virgil's Eclogues, being enter'd thus,
 Methought I straight had mounted Pegasus,
 And in his full career could make him stop,
 And bound upon Parnassus' by-clift top.
 I scorn'd your ballad then though it were done
 And had for Finis, William Elderton.
 But soft, in sporting with this childish jest,
 I from my subject have too long digress'd,
 Then to the matter that we took in hand,
 Jove and Apollo for the Muses stand.

That noble Chaucer, in those former times,
 The first enrich'd our English with his rhimes,
 And was the first of ours that ever brake
 Into the muses treasure, and first spake
 In weighty numbers, delving in the mine
 Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,
 And coin for current, and as much as then
 The English language could express to men,
 He made it do; and by his wond'rous skill,
 Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

And honest Gower, who in respect of him,
 Had only sip'd at Aganippa's brim,
 And though in years this last was him before,
 Yet fell he far short of the other's store.

When after those, four ages very near,
 They with the muses which conversed, were
 That princely Surrey, early in the time
 Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime
 Of England's noble youth; with him there came
 Wyatt; with reverence whom we still do name
 Amongst our poets, Brian had a share
 With the two former, which accounted are
 That time's best makers, and the authors were
 Of those small poems, which the title bear,
 Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit
 On many dainty passages of wit.

Gascoine and Churchyard after them again
 In the beginning of Eliza's reign,
 Accounted were great meterers many a day,
 But not inspired with brave fire, had they
 Liv'd but a little longer, they had seen
 Their works before them to have buried been.

Grave moral Spencer after these came on,
 Than whom I am persuaded there was none
 Since the blind Bard his Iliads up did make,
 Fitter a task like that to undertake,

To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
 In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

The noble Sidney, with this last arose,
 That heroe for numbers, and for prose.
 That throughly pac'd our language as to show,
 The plenteous English hand in hand might go
 With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
 Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;
 Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
 Playing with words, and idle similies,
 As th' English apes and very zanies be
 Of every thing, that they do hear and see,
 So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
 They speak and write, all like mere lunatics.

Then Warner, though his lines were not so trim'd,
 Nor yet his poem so exactly limn'd
 And neatly jointed, but the critic may
 Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say:
 For my old friend, some passages there be
 In him, which I protest have taken me
 With almost wonder, so fine, clear, and new,
 As yet they have been equalled by few.

Neat Marlow bathed in the Thespian springs
 Had in him those brave transunary things,
 That the first poets had, his raptures were,
 All air, and fire, which made his verses clear,
 For that fine madness still he did retain,
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

And surely Nashe, though he a proser were,
 A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear,
 Sharply satiric was he, and that way
 He went, since that his being, to this day
 Few have attempted, and I surely think
 These words shall hardly be set down with ink,
 Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he
 Would inflict vengeance; and be it said of thee,
 Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
 Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain,
 As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
 As any one that traffic'd with the stage.

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom if I
 May speak of, but to censure do deny,
 Only have heard some wise men him rehearse,
 To be too much historian in verse;
 His rhimes were smooth, his meters well did close,
 But yet his manner better fitted prose:
 Next these, learn'd Johnson, in this list I bring,
 Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,
 Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
 And long was lord here of the theatre,
 Who in opinion made our learn'd to stick,
 Whether in poems rightly dramatic,
 Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
 Should bear the buskin, or the sock away.
 Others again have lived in my days,
 That have of us deserved no less praise
 For their translations, than the daintiest wit
 That on Parnassus thinks, he high't doth sit,
 And for a chair may 'mongst the muses call,
 As the most curious maker of them all;
 As reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us,
 Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus
 Out of the Greek; and by his skill hath rear'd
 Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd.

That were those poets at this day alive,
To see their books thus with us to survive;
They would think, having neglected them so long,
They had been written in the English tongue.

And Silvester who from the French more weak,
Made Bartas of his six days labour speak
In natural English, who, had he there staid,
He had done well, and never had bewray'd
His own invention to have been so poor,
Who still wrote less, in striving to write more.

Then dainty Sands, that hath to English done
Smooth sliding Ovid, and hath made him run
With so much sweetness and unusual grace,
As though the neatness of the English pace,
Should tell the jetting Latin that it came
But slowly after, as though stiff and lame.

So Scotland sent us hither, for our own
That man whose name I ever would have known
To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight,
My Alexander, to whom in his right,
I want extremely, yet in speaking thus
I do but shew the love, that was 'twixt us,
And not his numbers, which were brave and high,
So like his mind, was his clear poesy.
And my dear Drummond to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud was I to know
His poesy, for which two worthy men,
I Menstry still shall love, and Hawthornden.

Then the two Beaumonts and my Brown arose,
My dear companions whom I freely chose
My bosom friends; and in their several ways,
Rightly born poets, and in these last days,
Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,
Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
As I have mine to them; but if you shall
Say in your knowledge, that these be not all
Have writ in numbers, be inform'd that I
Only myself, to these few men do tie,
Whose works oft printed, set on every post,
To public censure subject have been most;
For such whose poems, be they ne'er so rare,
In private chambers that incloister'd are,
And by transcription daintily must go;
As though the world unworthy were to know,
Their rich composures, let those men that keep
These wond'rous relics in their judgment deep,
And cry them up so, let such pieces be
Spoke of by those that shall come after me,
I pass not for them, nor do mean to run
In quest of these, that them applause have won,
Upon our stages in these latter days,
That are so many, let them have their bays
That do deserve it; let those wits that haunt
Those public circuits, let them freely chant
Their fine composures, and their praise pursue,
And so, my dear friend, for this time adieu.

M m ij

I D E A S.

I.

LIKE an advent'rous sea-farer am I,
Who hath some long and dang'rous voyage been,
And call'd to tell of his discovery,
How far he fail'd, what countries he had seen?
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
Shews by his compass how his course he steer'd;
When east, when west, when south, and when by
north,
As how the pole to ev'ry place was rear'd,
What capes he doubled, of what continent,
The gulphs and straits that strangely he had past,
Where most becalm'd, where with foul weather
spent,
And on what rocks in peril to be cast?
Thus in my love, time calls me to relate
My tedious travels, and oft-varying fate.

II.

My heart was slain, and none but you and I;
Who should I think the murder should commit?
Since but yourself there was no creature by,
But only I; guiltless of murd'ring it.
It slew itself; the verdict on the view
Do quit the dead, and me not accessory:
Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
The evidence so great a proof doth carry.
But O, see, see, we need inquire no further,
Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murder,
Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound.
By this I see, however things be past,
Yet heav'n will still have murder out at last.

III.

TAKING my pen, with words to cast my woe,
Duly to count the sum of all my cares,
I find, my griefs innumerable grow,
The reck'nings rise to millions of despairs,
And thus dividing of my fatal hours,
The payments of my love, I read, and cross,
Subtracting, set my sweets unto my sour,
My joys arrearage leads me to my loss;

And thus mine eyes a debtor to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their looks,
My heart hath paid such grievous usury,
That all their wealth lies in thy beauty's books,
And all is thine which hath been due to me,
And I a bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

IV.

BRIGHT star of beauty, on whose eye-lids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamour'd graces,
The goddesses of memory and wit,
Which there in order take their several places,
In whose dear bosom sweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver which he once did bear:
Since he that blessed paradise did prove,
And leaves his mother's lap to sport him there,
Let others strive to entertain with words,
My soul is of a braver metal made,
I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords;
In me's that faith which time cannot invade.
Let what I praise be still made good by you:
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true.

V.

NOTHING but No and I, and I and No:
How falls it out so strangely you reply?
I tell you (fair) I'll not be answer'd so,
With this affirming No, denying I.
I say, I love, you slightly answer I:
I say, You love, you peule me out a No:
I say, I die, you echo me with I:
Save me, I cry, you sigh me out a No.
Must Woe and I have nought but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can have;
Answer no more, with silence make reply,
And let me take myself what I do crave:
Let No and I, with I and you be so:
Then answer No and I, and I and No.

VI.

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,

Shall be forgotten, whom no poets sing,
 E'er they be well wrap'd in their winding sheet?
 Where I to thee eternity shall give,
 When nothing else remaineth of these days,
 And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
 Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise;
 Virgins and matrons reading these my rhimes,
 Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
 That they shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,
 To have seen thee, their sex's only glory:
 So thou shalt fly above the vulgar throng,
 Still to survive in my immortal song.

VII.

Love in a humour play'd the prodigal,
 And bad my senses to a solemn feast;
 Yet more to grace the company withal,
 Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
 No other drink would serve this glutton's turn
 But precious tears distilling from mine eyne,
 Which with my sighs this epicure doth burn,
 Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;
 Where, in his cups o'ercome with soul excess,
 Straightways he plays a swaggering ruffin's part,
 And at the banquet in his drunkenness,
 Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest heart:
 A gentle warning (friends) thus may you see,
 What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

VIII.

THERE'S nothing grieves me, but that age should
 haste,
 That in my days I may not see thee old,
 That where those two clear sparkling eyes are
 plac'd,
 Only two loop-holes then I might behold.
 That lovely, arched, ivory, polish'd brow,
 Defac'd with wrinkles, that I might but see;
 Thy dainty hair, so curl'd and crisped now,
 Like grizzled moss upon some aged tree;
 Thy cheek, now flush with roses, sunk and lean,
 Thy lips, with age, as any wafer thin,
 Thy pearly teeth out of thy head so clean,
 That when thou feed'st thy nose shall touch thy
 chin:
 These lines that now thou scorn'st, which should
 delight thee, [thee.
 Then would I make thee read, but to despight

IX.

As other men, so I myself do muse,
 Why in this sort I wrest invention so,
 And why these giddy metaphors I use,
 Leaving the path the greater part do go;
 I will resolve you: I am lunatic,
 And ever this in mad-men you shall find, [sick,
 What they last thought of when the brain grew
 In most distraction they keep that in mind.
 Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
 Reason and you (you must conceive) are twain,
 'Tis nine years now since first I lost my wit,
 Bear with me then, though troubled be my brain:

With diet and correction men distraught,
 (Not too far past) may to their wits be brought.

X.

To nothing fitter can I thee compare,
 Than to the son of some rich penny-father,
 Who having now brought on his end with care,
 Leaves to his son all he had heap'd together;
 This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,
 To one man gives, doth on another spend,
 Then here he riots, yet amongst the rest,
 Haps to lend some to one true honest friend.
 Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,
 False friends thy kindness, born but to deceive thee;
 Thy love that is on the unworthy plac'd, [thee;
 Time hath thy beauty, which with age will leave
 Only that little which to me was lent,
 I give thee back when all the rest is spent.

XI.

You not alone, when You are still alone,
 O God, from You that I could private be,
 Since You one were, I never since was one,
 Since You in me, myself since out of me,
 Transported from myself into Your being,
 Though either distant, present yet to either,
 Senseless with too much joy, each other seeing,
 And only absent when we are together.
 Give Me myself, and take Yourself again,
 Devise some means but how I may forsake You,
 So much is mine that doth with You remain,
 That taking what is mine, with Me I take You;
 You do bewitch me, O that I could fly,
 From myself You, or from your own self I.

XII. To the Soul.

THAT learned father, which so firmly proves
 The soul of man immortal and divine,
 And doth the sev'ral offices define, [moves,
Anima Gives her that name, as she the body
Amor Then is she love, embracing charity,
Animus Moving a will in us, it is the mind,
Mens Retaining knowledge, still the same in
Memoria As intellectual, it is Memory, [kind,
Ratio In judging, Reason only is her name,
Sensus In speedy apprehension it is sense,
Conscientia In right or wrong they call her con-
 science, [inflame:
Spiritus The spirit, when it to Godward doth
 These of the soul the sev'ral functions be,
 Which my heart lighten'd by the love doth see,

XIII. To the Shadow.

LETTERS and lines we see are soon defaced,
 Metals do waste, and fret with canker's rust,
 The diamond shall once consume to dust,
 And freshest colours with foul stains disgraced:
 Paper and ink can paint but naked words,
 To write with blood, of force offends the sight;
 And if with tears, I find them all too light,
 And sighs and signs a silly hope affords,

O sweetest shadow, how thou serv'st my turn !
Which still shalt be as long as there is sun ;
Nor whilst the world is, never shall be done,
Whilst moon shall shine, or any fire shall burn :
That ev'ry thing whence Shadow doth proceed,
May in his Shadow my love's story read.

XIV.

If he, from heav'n that filch'd that living fire,
Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,
I greatly marvel how you still go free,
That far beyond Prometheus did aspire :
The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,
Which from above he craftily did take,
Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
He did bestow in temper of the mind :
But you broke into heav'n's immortal store,
Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay ;
Which taking thence you have escap'd away,
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before :
Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his rape :
Thus poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

XV. *His remedy for love.*

SINCE to obtain thee, nothing me will stead,
I have a med'cine that shall cure my love,
The powder of her heart dry'd, when she's dead,
That gold nor honour ne'er had power to move ;
Mix'd with her tears that ne'er her true love cross'd
Nor at fifteen ne'er long'd to be a bride,
Boil'd with her sighs in giving up the ghost,
That for her late deceased husband dy'd ;
Into the same then let a woman breathe,
That being chid, did never word reply, [queath
With one thrice-marry'd's pray'rs, that did be-
A legacy to stale virginity :
If this receipt have not the pow'r to win me,
Little I'll say, but think the Devil's in me.

XVI. *In allusion to the Phoenix.*

'MONGST all the creatures in this spacious round,
Of the birds kind, the Phoenix is alone,
Which best by you of living things is known ;
None like to that, none like to you is found.
Your beauty is the hot and splend'rous sun,
The precious spices be your chaste desire,
Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,
Your life so like the Phoenix's begun ;
Yourself thus burned in that sacred flame,
With so rare sweetness all the heav'ns perfuming,
Again increasing, as you are consuming,
Only by dying, born the very same ;
And wing'd by fame, you to the stars ascend,
So you of time shall live beyond the end.

XVII. *To Time.*

STAY, speedy Time, behold before thou pass,
From age to age what thou hast sought to see,
One, in whom all the excellencies be,
In whom, heav'n looks itself as in a glass :
Time, look thou too in this tralucant glass,

And thy youth past in this pure mirror see,
As the world's beauty in his infancy,
What it was then, and thou before it was ;
Pass on, and to posterity tell this,
Yet see thou tell, but truly, what hath been,
Say to our nephews, that thou once hast seen,
In perfect human shape all heav'nly blifs ;
And bid them mourn, nay more, despair with
That she is gone, her like again to see. [thee,

XVIII. *To the celestial numbers.*

To this our world, to learning, and to heaven,
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,
One number of the earth, the other both divine,
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine orders first of angels be in heaven,
Nine muses do with learning still frequent,
These with the gods are ever resident.
Nine worthy women to the world were given :
My worthy one to these nine worthies addeth,
And my fair muse, one muse unto the nine,
And my good angel (in my soul divine)
With one more order these nine orders gladdeth :
My muse, my worthy, and my angel then,
Makes every one of these three nines a ten.

XIX. *To Humour.*

You cannot love, my pretty heart, and why ?
There was a time you told me that you would :
But now again you will the same deny,
If it might please you, would to God you could.
What will you hate ? nay that you will not neither ;
Nor love, nor hate, how then ! what will you do ?
What will you keep a mean then betwixt either ?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too ?
Yet serves not this : what next, what other shift ?
You will, and will not, what a coil is here ?
I see your craft, now I perceive your drift,
And all this while, I was mistaken there :
Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you,
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you,

XX.

AN evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,
Wherewith (alas !) I have been long possess'd,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest :
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out to try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity ;
Before my face it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death ;
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath :
Thus am I still provok'd to every evil,
By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angel Devil.

XXI.

A witless gallant, a young wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull spirit her not one jot could move)

Entreated me, as e'er I wish'd his good,
To write him but one sonnet to his love :
When I, as fast as e'er I wish'd his good,
Pour'd out what first from quick invention
came ;

Nor never stood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his wit that was to use the same :
But with my verses he his mistress won,
Who doted on the dolt beyond all measure,
But see, for you to heav'n for phrase I run,
And ransack all Apollo's golden treasure ;
Yet by my froth this fool his love obtains,
And I lose you for all my wit and pains.

XXII. *To Folly.*

WITH fools and children good discretion bears ;
Then honest people bear with love and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiser made by years,
Amongst the rest of fools and children be :
Love still a Baby, plays with gawdes and toys,
And like a wanton sports with every feather ;
And idiots still are running after boys,
Then fools and children fitt'ft to go together :
He still as young as when he first was born,
No wiser I, than when as young as he.
You that behold us, laugh us not to scorn,
Give nature thanks ye are not such as we :

Yet fools and children sometimes tell in play,
Some wise in shew, more fools indeed than
they.

XXIII.

Love banish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary ;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet crav'd the alms of such as pass'd by :
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest ;
But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Entic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.

Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus
bold,

No marvel then though charity grow cold.

XXIV.

I HEAR some say, this man is not in love ;
Who ? can he love ? a likely thing, they say ;
Read but his verse, and it will eas'ly prove.
O, judge not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that fain his sorrows would beguile :
You now suppose me all this time in sport,
And please yourself with this conceit the while.
Ye shallow cens'ers, sometimes see ye not,
In greatest perils some men pleasant be,
Where fame by death is only to be got,
They resolute ? so stands the case with me ;

Where other men in depth of passion cry,
I laugh at fortune, as in jest to die.

XXV.

Oh, why should nature niggardly restrain,
That foreign nations relish not our tongue !
Else should my lines glide on the waves of Rhene,
And crown the Pyren's with my living song :
But bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth,
Thence take you wing unto the Orcades,
There let my verse get glory in the north,
Making my sighs to thaw the frozen seas ;
And let the Bards within that Irish isle,
To whom my muse with fiery wings shall pass,
Call back the stiff-neck'd rebels from exile,
And mollify the slaughter'ring Galliglafs ;
And when my flowing numbers they rehearse,
Let wolves and bears be charmed with my verse.

XXVI. *To Despair.*

I EVER love, where never hope appears,
Yet hope draws on my never-hoping care,
And my life's hope would die, but for despair.
My never-certain joy breeds ever-certain fears,
Uncertain bread gives wings unto my hope ;
Yet my hope's wings are laden so with fear,
As they cannot ascend to my hope's sphere ;
Though fear gives them more than a heav'nly scope,
Yet this large room is bounded with despair,
So my love is still fetter'd with vain hope,
And liberty deprives him of his scope,
And thus am I imprison'd in the air :
Then, sweet Despair, a while hold up thy head,
Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

XXVII.

Is not love here, as 'tis in other climes,
And diff'reth it, as do the several nations ?
Or hath it lost the virtue with the times,
Or in this island alt'reth with the fashions ?
Or have our passions lesser pow'r than theirs,
Who had less art them lively to express ?
Is nature grown less powerful in their heirs,
Or in our fathers did she more transgress ?
I'm sure my sighs come from a heart as true,
As any man's that memory can boast,
And my respects and services to you,
Equal with his, that loves his mistress most :
Or nature must be partial in my cause,
Or only you do violate her laws.

XXVIII.

To such as say thy love I over-prize,
And do not stick to term my praises folly ;
Against these folk, that think themselves so wise,
I thus oppose my reason's forces wholly :
Though I give more than well affords my state,
In which expence the most suppose me vain,
Which yields them nothing at the easiest rate,
Yet at this price returns me treble gain.

They value not unskilful how to use,
And I give much, because I gain thereby :
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse,
Whether are these deceived then, or I ?
In ev'ry thing I hold this maxim still,
The circumstance doth make it good or ill.

XXIX. *To the Senses.*

WHEN conqu'ring love did first my heart assail,
Unto mine aid I summon'd every sense,
Doubting, if that proud tyrant should prevail,
My heart would suffer for mine eyes offence ;
But he with beauty first corrupted sight,
My hearing brib'd with her tongue's harmony,
My taste by her sweet lips drawn with delight,
My smelling won with her breath's spicery :
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The king of Senses, greater than the rest)
He yields Love up the keys unto my heart,
And tells the other how they should be blest :
And thus by those of whom I hop'd for aid,
To cruel Love my soul was first betray'd.

XXX. *To the Vestals.*

THOSE priests which first the vestal fire begun,
Which might be borrow'd from no earthly flame,
Devis'd a vessel to receive the sun,
Being stedfastly oppos'd to the same :
Where, with sweet wood, laid curiously by art,
On which the sun might by reflection heat,
Receiving strength from every secret part,
The fuel kindled with celestial heat.
Thy blessed eyes, the sun which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the vestal flame,
The precious odours be my chaste desire,
My breasts the vessel which includes the same :
Thou art my Vesta, thou my goddess art,
Thy hallow'd temple only is my heart.

XXXI. *To the Critic.*

METHINKS I see some crooked mimic jeer,
And tax my muse with this fantastic grace,
Turning my papers, asks, What have we here ?
Making withal some filthy antic face.
I fear no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one jot of vigour lose ;
Think'st thou my wit shall keep the pack-horseway,
That every duden low invention goes ?
Since sonnets thus in bundles are impress'd,
And ev'ry drudge doth dull our satiate ear ;
Think'st thou my love shall in those rags bedress'd,
That every dowdy, ev'ry trull doth wear ?
Up to my pitch no common judgment flies,
I scorn all earthly dung-bred scarabies.

XXXII. *To the River Ankor.*

OUR floods-queen Thames, for ships and swans is
crown'd,
And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd,
The crystal Trent for fords and fish renown'd,
And Avon's fame to Albions cliffs is rais'd,

Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell,
The Peake her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say, her Medway doth excel,
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Tame,
Our northern borders boast of Tweeds fair flood,
Our western parts extol their Wilis' fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood ;
Arden's sweet Ankor, let thy glory be,
That fair *Idea* only lives by thee.

XXXIII. *To Imagination.*

WHILST yet mine eyes do surfeit with delight,
My woful heart imprison'd in my breast,
Wisheth to be transformed to my sight,
That it, like those, by looking might be blest :
But whilst mine eyes thus greedily do gaze,
Finding their objects over-soon depart,
These now the others happiness do praise,
Wishing themselves that they had been my heart ;
That eyes were heart, or that the heart were eyes,
As covetous the others use to have :
But finding Nature their request denies,
This to each other mutually they crave ;
That since the one cannot the other be,
That eyes could think of that my heart could see.

XXXIV. *To Admiration.*

MARVEL not, love, 'though I thy pow'r admire,
Ravish'd a world beyond the farthest thought,
And knowing more than ever hath been taught,
That I am only starv'd in my desire ;
Marvel not, love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisdom's self to minister direction,
That I am only starv'd in my desire ;
Marvel not, love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Though my conceit I further seem to bend,
Than possibly invention can extend,
And yet am only starv'd in my desire :
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, love,
That this to me doth yet no wonder prove.

XXXV. *To Miracle.*

SOME misbelieving and profane in love,
When I do speak of miracles by thee,
May say, that thou art flattered by me,
Who only write my skill in verse to prove ;
See miracles, ye unbelieving, see,
A dumb-born muse made to express the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame, by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee ;
Blind were mine eyes till they were seen of thine,
And mine ears deaf, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd by virtues sprung from thee,
My hopes reviv'd, which long in grave had lyen :
All unclean thoughts foul spirits cast out in me,
Only by virtue that proceeds from thee.

XXXVI. *Cupid Conjured.*

THOU purblind boy, since thou hast been so slack
To wound her heart, whose eyes have wounded me,

And suffer'd her to glory in my wrack,
 Thus to my aid I lastly conjure thee;
 By hellish Styx (by which the thund'rer swears)
 By thy fair mother's unavowed power,
 By Hecat's names, by Proserpine's sad tears,
 When she was rapt to the infernal bower;
 By thine own loved Psyche, by the fires
 Spent on thine altars, flaming up to heav'n,
 By all true lover's sighs, vows, and desires,
 By all the wounds that ever thou hast given,
 I conjure thee by all that I have nam'd,
 To make her love, or Cupid be thou damn'd.

XXXVII.

DEAR, why should you command me to my rest,
 When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
 Methinks this time becometh lovers best;
 Night was ordain'd together friends to keep:
 How happy are all other living things,
 Which though the day disjoin by several flight,
 The quiet ev'ning yet together brings,
 And each returns unto his love at night?
 O, thou that else so courteous art to all!
 Why shouldst thou, night, abuse me only thus,
 That ev'ry creature, to his kind do'st call,
 And yet 'tis thou do'st only sever us?
 Well could I wish it would be ever day,
 If when night comes, you bid me go away.

XXXVIII.

SITTING alone, love bids me go and write;
 Reason plucks back, commanding me to stay,
 Boasting, that she doth still direct the way,
 Or else love were unable to endite.
 Love growing angry, vexed at the spleen,
 And scorning reason's maimed argument,
 Straight taxeth reason, wanting to invent,
 Where she with love conversing hath not been.
 Reason reproached with this coy disdain,
 Despiteth love, and laugheth at her folly;
 And love contemning reason's reason wholly,
 Thought it in weight too light by many a grain:
 Reason put back, doth out of sight remove,
 And love alone picks reason out of love.

XXXIX.

SOME, when in rhyme they of their loves do
 tell,
 With flames and lightnings their exordiums paint,
 Some call on heaven, some invoke on hell,
 And fates and furies with their woes acquaint.
 Elysium is too high a seat for me,
 I will not come in Styx or Phlegeton,
 The thrice-three muses but too wanton be,
 Like they that lust, I care not, I will none.
 Spiteful Erennes frights me with her looks,
 My manhood dares not with foul Ate mixt,
 I quake to look on Hecate's charming books,
 I still fear bug-bears in Apollo's cell:
 I pass not for Minerva, nor Astraea,
 Only I call on my divine Idea.

XL.

My heart the anvil, where my thoughts do beat,
 My words the hammers, fashi'ning my desire,
 My breast the forge, including all the heat,
 Love is the fuel, which maintains the fire;
 By sighs the hollows, which the flame increaseth,
 Filling mine ears with noise and nightly groaning,
 Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaseth,
 In grievous passions my woes still bemoaning;
 My eyes with tears against the fire striving,
 Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth;
 But with those drops the flame again reviving,
 Still more and more it to my torment burneth;
 With Sisyphus thus do I roll the stone,
 And turn the wheel with damned Ixion.

XLI. *Love's Lunacy.*

Why do I speak of joy, or write of love,
 When my heart is the very den of horror,
 And in my soul the pains of hell I prove,
 With all his torments and infernal terror?
 What should I say? what yet remains to do?
 My brain is dry with weeping all too long,
 My sighs be spent in utt'ring of my woe,
 And I want words, wherewith to tell my wrong?
 But still distracted in love's lunacy,
 And bedlam-like thus raving in my grief,
 Now rail upon her hair, then on her eye;
 Now call her goddess, then I call her thief:
 Now I deny her, then I do confess her,
 Now do I curse her, then again I bless her.

XLII.

SOME men there be, which like my method well,
 And much commend the strangeness of my vein:
 Some say, I have a passing pleasing strain,
 Some say, that in my humour I excel;
 Some, who not kindly relish my conceit,
 They say (as poets do) I use to feign,
 And in bare words paint out my passion's pain;
 Thus sundry men their sundry minds repeat:
 I pass not, I, how men affected be,
 Nor who commends nor discommends my verse;
 It pleaseth me, if I my woes rehearse,
 And in my lines, if she my love may see:
 Only my comfort still consists in this,
 Writing her praise, I cannot write amiss.

XLIII.

Why should your fair eyes with such sov'reign
 grace,
 Disperse their rays on ev'ry vulgar spirit,
 Whilst I in darkness in the self-same place,
 Get not one glance to recompense my merit?
 So doth the plowman gaze the wand'ring star,
 And only rest contented with the light,
 That never learn'd what constellations are,
 Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
 O, why should beauty (custom to obey)
 To their gross sense apply herself so ill!

Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill;
Only compell'd on this poor good to boast,
Heav'n's are not kind to them that know them
most.

XLIV.

WHILST thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the map of all my misery
Is model'd out the world of my disgrace;
Whilst in despite of tyrannising rhimes,
Medea-like, I make thee young again, [rhimes,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing
And murder'st virtue with thy coy disdain:
And though in youth, my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhimes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

XLV.

MUSES which sadly sit about my chair,
Drown'd in the tears extorted by my lines;
With heavy sighs whilst thus I break the air,
Painting my passions in these sad designs,
Since she disdains to bless my happy verse,
The strong-built trophies to her living fame,
Ever henceforth my bosom be your hearse,
Wherein the world shall now intomb her name;
Enclose my music, you poor senseless walls,
Sith she is deaf, and will not hear my moans,
Softens yourselves with every tear that falls,
Whilst I, like Orpheus, sing to trees and stones;
Which with my plaint seem yet with pity mov'd,
Kinder than she whom I so long have lov'd.

XLVI.

PLAIN path'd experience, the unlearned's guide,
Her simple followers evidently shews
Sometimes what schoolmen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise reason absolutely knows:
In making trial of a murder wrought,
If the vile actors of the hainous deed
Near the dead body hapely be brought, [bleed.
Oft 't hath been prov'd, the breathless corse will
She coming near, that my poor heart hath slain,
Long since departed (to the world no more)
The ancient wounds no longer can contain,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:
But what of this? Should she to death be led,
It furthers justice, but helps not the dead.

XLVII.

IN pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name,
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove:

Where, the full praise I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move,
With shouts and claps at ev'ry little pause,
When the proud round on ev'ry side hath rung,
Sadly I sit unmov'd with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue,
All that I seek, is to eternize you.

XLVIII.

CUPID, I hate thee, which I'd have thee know,
A naked starveling ever may'st thou be,
Poor rogue, go pawn thy fascia and thy bow,
For some few rags, wherewith to cover thee
Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
To some base rustic do thyself prefer,
And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,
Practise thy quiver, and turn crow-keeper;
Or being blind (as fittest for the trade)
Go hire thyself some bungling harper's boy;
They that are blind, are minstrels often made,
So may'st thou live to thy fair mother's joy:
That whilst with Mars she holdeth her old way,
Thou, her blind son may'st sit by them and play.

XLIX.

THOU leaden brain, which censur'st what I write,
And say'st, my lines be dull, and do not move;
I marvel not thou feel'st not my delight,
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love:
But thou, whose pen hath like a pack-horse serv'd,
Whose stomach unto gall hath turn'd my food,
Whose senses, like poor prisoners hunger-starv'd,
Whose grief hath parch'd thy body, dry'd thy blood;
Thou which hath scorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, sober, glad, and sorry; [birth
Thou which hast bann'd thy thoughts, and curs'd thy
With thousand plagues more than in purgatory:
Thou, thus whose spirit love in his fire refines,
Come thou and read, admire, applaud my lines!

L.

As in some countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature, destined to die,
Having the judgment due to his offence,
By surgeons begg'd on him their art to try,
Which on the living work without remorse,
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpierce the
corse,
And with their balm recure the wounds again;
Then poison, and with physic him restore:
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Ev'n so my mistress works upon my ill;
By curing me, and killing me each hour,
Only to shew her beauty's sov'reign pow'r.

LI.

CALLING to mind since first my love begun,
Th' uncertain times oft varying in their course.

How things still unexpectedly have run,
 As't please the fates by their resistless force;
 Lastly, mine eyes amazedly have seen
 Essex' great fall, Tyrone his peace to gain,
 The quiet end of that long-living queen,
 This king's fair entrance, and our peace with Spain,
 We and the Dutch at length ourselves to sever;
 Thus the world doth, and evermore shall reel;
 Yet to my goddess am I constant ever,
 Howe'er blind fortune turn her giddy wheel:
 Though heaven and earth prove both to me
 untrue,
 Yet am I still inviolate to you.

LII.

WHAT do'st thou mean to cheat me of my heart,
 To take all mine, and give me none again?
 Or have thine eyes such magic, or that art,
 That what they get, they ever do retain?
 Play not the tyrant, but take some remorse,
 Rebate thy spleen, if but for pity's sake;
 Or cruel, if thou can'st not, let us scorne,
 And for one piece of thine my whole heart take,
 But what of pity do I speak to thee,
 Whose breast is proof against complaint or prayer?
 Or can I think what my reward shall be
 From that proud beauty, which was my betrayer?
 What talk I of a heart, when thou hast none?
 Or if thou hast, it is a flinty one.

LIII. *Another to the river Ankor,*

CLEAR Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore,
 My soul-shrin'd faint, my fair Idea lies,
 O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
 Thy crystal stream refined by her eyes,
 Where sweet myrrh-breathing zephyr in the spring
 Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
 Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
 Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers;
 Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,
 Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wand'ring years,
 And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
 And here to thee he sacrific'd his tears:
 Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
 And thou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

LIV.

YET read at last the story of my woe,
 The dreary abstracts of my endless cares,
 With my life's sorrow interlined so,
 Smok'd with my sighs, and blotted with my tears,
 The sad memorials of my miseries,
 Pen'd in the grief of mine afflicted ghost,
 My life's complaint in doleful elegies,
 With so pure love, as time could never boast;
 Receive the incense which I offer here,
 By my strong faith ascending to thy fame:
 My zeal, my hope, my vows, my praise, my pray'r,
 My soul's oblations to thy sacred name;
 Which name my muse to highest heav'ns shall
 raise,
 By chaste desire, true love, and virtuous praise.

LV.

My fair, if thou wilt register my love,
 A world of volumes shall thereof arise:
 Preserve my tears, and thou thyself shalt prove
 A second flood, down raining from my eyes:
 Note but my sighs, and thine eyes shall behold
 The sun-beams smother'd with immortal smoke;
 And if by thee my prayers may be enroll'd,
 They heaven and earth to pity shall provoke:
 Look thou into my breast, and thou shalt see
 Chaste holy vows for my soul's sacrifice; [thee,
 That soul (sweet maid) which so hath honour'd
 Erecting trophies to thy sacred eyes,
 Those eyes to my heart shining ever bright,
 When darkness hath obscur'd each other light.

LVI. *An allusion to the Eaglets.*

WHEN like an eaglet I first found my love,
 For that the virtue I thereof would know.
 Upon the nest I set it forth to prove,
 If it were of that kingly kind or no:
 But it no sooner saw my sun appear,
 But on her rays with open eyes it stood,
 To shew that I had hatch'd it for the air,
 And rightly came from that brave mounting brood;
 And when the plumes were summ'd with sweet
 desire,
 To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies;
 Do what I could, it need'fly would aspire
 To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes:
 Thus from my breast, where it was bred alone,
 It after thee is like an eaglet flown,

LVII.

You best discern'd of my mind's inward eyes,
 And yet your graces outwardly divine,
 Whose dear remembrance in my bosom lies,
 Too rich a relic for so poor a shrine:
 You, in whom nature chose herself to view,
 When she her own perfection would admire,
 Bestowing all her excellence on you;
 At whose pure eyes love lights his hallow'd fire,
 Ev'n as a man that in some trance hath seen,
 More than his wond'ring utterance can unfold,
 That wrapp'd in spirit, in better worlds hath been,
 So must your praise distractedly be told;
 Most of all short, when I should shew you most
 In your perfections so much am I lost.

LVIII.

IN former times, such as had store of coin,
 In wars at home, or when for conquests bound,
 For fear that some their treasure should purloin,
 Gave it to keep to spirits within the ground;
 And to attend it, them as strongly ty'd,
 Till they return'd; home when they never came,
 Such as by art to get the same have try'd,
 From the strong spirit by no means force the same;
 Nearer men come, that further flies away,
 Striving to hold it strongly in the deep;
 Ev'n as this spirit, so you alone do play
 With those rich beauties heaven gives you to keep:

Pity so left to th' coldness of your blood,
Not to avail you, nor do others good.

LIX. *To Proverbs.*

As love and I late harbour'd in one inn
With proverbs thus each other entertain :
In love there is no lack, thus I begin ;
Fair words make fools, replieth he again ;
Who spares to speak, doth spare to speed, (quoth I) ;
As well (saith he) too forward, as too slow :
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply ;
A basty man (quoth he) ne'er wanted woe :
Labour is light, where love (quoth I) doth pay ;
(Saith he) Light burdens heavy, if far borne :
(Quoth I) The main lost, cast the by away ;
I have spun a fair thread, he replies in scorn.
And having thus a while each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

LX.

DEFINE my weal, and tell the joys of heaven,
Express my woes, and shew the pains of hell,
Declare what fate unlucky stars have given,
And ask a world upon my life to dwell,
Make known the faith that fortune could not
move,

Compare my worth with others base desert,
Let virtue be the touch-stone of my love,
So may the heavens read wonders in my heart ;
Behold the clouds which have eclips'd my sun,
And view the crosses which my course do let
Tell me, that ever since the world begun,
So fair a rising had so foul a set :
And see if time (if he would strive to prove)
Can shew a second to so pure a love.

LXI.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain ;
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes, [over,
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover,

LXII.

WHEN first I ended, then I first began,
Then more I travell'd further from my rest,
Where most I lost, there most of all I wan,
Pined with hunger, rising from a feast.
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot,
Ravish'd with joy amidst a hell of woe,
What most I seem, that surest am I not.
I build my hopes a world above the sky,
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty I am starv'd with penury,
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth :
I have, I want, despair, and yet desire,
Burn'd in a sea of ice, drown'd 'midst a fire.

LXIII.

TRUCE, gentle love, a parly now I crave.
Methinks 'tis long since first these wars begun,
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can have,
Bad is the match, where neither party won.
I offer free conditions of fair peace,
My heart for hostage that it shall remain,
Discharge our forces, here let malice cease,
So for my pledge thou give me pledge again :
Or if nothing but death will serve thy turn,
Still thirsting for subversion of my state ;
Do what thou canst, raze, massacre, and burn,
Let the world see the utmost of thy hate :
I send defiance, since if overthrown,
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine own.

THE OWL.

To the Honourable

SIR WALTER ASTON, KNIGHT.

For the shrill trumpet, and stern tragic sounds,
Objects outrageous and so full of fear;
Our Pen late steep'd in English Barons wounds,
Sent warlike accents to your tuneful ear.
Our active Muse, to gentler moral dight;
Her slight conceits, in humbled tunes doth sing;
And with the bird regardless of the light,
Slowly doth move her late high-mounting wing.

The wreath is Ivy that ingirts our brows,
Wherein this night-bird harb'reth all the day:
We dare not look at other crowning boughs,
But leave the Laurel unto them that may.
Low as the earth, though our invention move:
High yet as heaven to you, our spotless love.

M. DRAYTON,

TO THE READER.

READER, to him that may (perhaps) say my subject is idle and worthless, I might this answer (if he will see in reading, or read with understanding) that the greatest masters in this art (though myself, not for any affectation of singularity) have written upon as slight a matter. As the princes of the Greeks and Latins, the first of the Frogs War, the latter of a poor Gnat; and Vida very wittily of the Chess-play and Silk-worm; besides many other that I could recite of the like kind. By how much immaterial, so much the

more difficult, to handle with any encomiastic defence, or passionate comparison, (as their strong testimony) who can give Virtue her due, and by the Powerfulness of wit, maintain Vice not viciously. Some other likewise in a paradoxical manner, as Isocrates's Oration in praise of Helen, whom all the world dispraiseth: Agrippa's declamation upon the Vanity of the Sciences, which knowledge all the world admireth. Thus leaving thee favourably to censure of my poor labours, I end.

M. DRAYTON

IN NOCTUAM DRAYTONI.

QUE nova Lemniacas deturbant tela Volucres?
Quis furor? aligero perstringit corpore Graios,
Transfixo, Proceres? Posita Præantius irâ,
Contulit Herculeas ad Troica fata Pharetras.
Fallimur? an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?
Aut tremuit sonitu Phœbæi Cœlifer arcus?
Novimus augurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu
Sacrorum exagitat mortalia Pectora Vatum.
Hinc furor in sylvas Draytonum mittit: oberrat
Hinc saltus nullo signatos tramite Musa:

Hinc & in æriam libratur machina gentem:
Quæ ferit immemores (iterato verbere) Reges:
Proterit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.
Eia, age: dum crebrò fugiat tremebundus ab
ictu
Immitis servus vitii, decedat ab oris
Anglorum longè; lustratis lampade sancta
Cujus conjuncti exultant fulgore Britanni.

A. GRENEWAL.

THE OWL.

WHAT time the sun by his all-quick'ning power,
Gives life and birth to every plant and flower,
The strength and fervour of whose pregnant ray
Buds every branch, and blossoms every spray;
As the firm sap (the yearly course assign'd)
From the full root, doth swell the plenteous rind:
The vital spirits long nourish'd at the heart,
Fly with fresh fire to each exterior part:
Which stirs desire in hot and youthful bloods;
To breathe their dear thoughts to the list'ning
woods. [frequent,
With those light flocks, which the fair fields
This frolic season luckily I went,
And as the rest did, did I frankly too,
"Least is he mark'd, that doth as most men do."
But whether by some casual defect,
All flowers alike the time did not respect:
Some whose new roots ne'er saw a former May
Flourish now fair, those wither'd quite away,
Into my thoughts that incidently brings
Th' inconstant passage of all worldly things.
The rarest work whereat we wonder long,
Obscur'd by time that envy could not wrong.
And what in life can mortal man desire,
That scarcely com'n, but quickly doth retire!
The monarchies had time to grow to head,
And at the height their conquer'd honours fled:
And by their wane those latter kingdoms rose,
That had their age to win, their hour to lose,
Which with much sorrow brought into my mind,
Their wretched souls so ignorantly blind,
(When ev'n the great'st things in the world un-
stable)
That climb to fall, and damn them for a Babel.
Whilst thus my thoughts were strongly enter-
tain'd, [gain'd;
The greatest lamp of heaven his height had
Seeking some shade to lend content to me,
Lo, near at hand, I spy'd a goodly tree;
Under th' extensure of whose lordly arms,
The small birds warbled their harmonious charms.
Where sitting down to cool the burning heat,
Through the moist pores evap'rating by sweat,
Yielding my pleas'd thought to content (by chance)
I on a sudden dropt into a trance:

Wherein methought some God or Power divine
Did my clear knowledge wond'rously refine.
For that amongst those sundry varying notes,
Which the birds sent from their melodious throats,
Each sylvan sound I truly understood,
Become a perfect linguist of the wood:
Their flight, their song, and every other sign,
By which the world did anciently divine,
As the old Tuscans, in that * skill profound,
Which first great Car, and wise Thresias found,
To me bequeath'd their knowledge to descry,
The depth and secrets of their augury.

One I could hear appointing with his sweeting,
A place convenient for their secret meeting:
Others, when winter shortly should decline,
How they would couple at St. (b) Valentine:
Some other birds that of their loves forsaken,
To the close deserts had themselves betaken,
And in the dark groves where they made abode,
Sung many a sad and mournful Palinod.
And every bird shew'd in his proper kind,
What virtue nature had to him assign'd.
The pretty Turtle, and the kissing Dove,
Their faiths in wedlock, and chaste nuptial love:
The Hens (to women) sanctity express,
Hallowing their eggs: the Swallow cleanliness,
Sweeting her nest, and purging it of dung,
And every hour is picking of her young.
The Hern, by soaring shews tempestuous showers,
The princely Cock distinguisheth the hours.
The Kite, his train him guiding in the air,
Prescribes the helm, instructing how to steer.
The Crane to labour, fearing some rough flaw,
With sand and gravel burthens his crow:
Noted by man, which by the same did find
To ballast ships for steadiness in wind.
And by the form and order in his flight,
To march in war, and how to watch by night.
The first of house that e'er did groundsel lay,
Which then was homely, of rude lome and clay,
Learn'd of the Mertin: Philomel in spring,
Teaching by art her little one to sing;

(a) Divination by Birds.

(b) The time when birds couple.

By whose clear voice sweet music first was found,
Before Amphion ever knew a sound.
Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little Red-breast teacheth charity.
So many there in sundry things excel,
Time scarce could serve their properties to tell.

I cannot judge if it the place should be,
That should present this pretty dream to me,
That near the eaves and shelter of a stack
(Set to support it) at a beech's back,
In a stubb'd tree with ivy overgrown,
On whom the sun had scarcely ever shone,
A broad-fac'd creature, hanging of the wing,
Was set to sleep whilst every bird did sing.
His drowsy head still leaning on his breast,
For all the sweet tunes Philomel express:
No sign of joy did in his looks appear,
Or ever mov'd his melancholy cheer.

Ascallaphus (c), that brought into my head,
In Ovid's changes metamorphosed,
Or very like but him I read aright,
Solemn of looks as he was slow of sight;
And to assure me that it was the same;
The birds about him strangely wond'ring came.

'Fie, quoth the Linnet, tripping on the spray;
Rouse thee, thou sluggish bird, this mirthful May,
For shame come forth, and leave thy luskish nest,
And haunt these forests bravely as the best.

Take thy delight in yonder goodly tree,
Where the sweet Merle, and warbling Mavis be;
Next, quoth the Titmouse, which at hand did sit,
'Shake off this moody melancholy fit.

See the small brooks as through these groves
they travel,

Sporting for joy upon the silver gravel,
Mock the sweet notes the neighb'ring Sylvans sing,
With the smooth cadence of their murmuring.

Each Bee with honey on her laden thigh,
From Palm to Palm (as carelessly they fly)
Catch the soft wind, and him his course bereaves,
To stay and dally with th' enamoured leaves.

This while the Owl, which well himself could bear,
That to their short speech lent a list'ning ear:

Begins at length to rouse him in the beech,
And to the rest thus frames his reverend speech:

(d) 'O all you feather'd Choristers of nature,
That power which hath distinguish'd every crea-
ture,

Gave several uses unto every one,
As several seeds and things to live upon:
Some, as the Lark, that takes delight to build
Far from resort, amidst the vastie field;

The Pelican in deserts far abroad,
Her dear-lov'd issue safely doth unload;
The Sparrow and the Robinet agen,
To live near to the mansion place of men;

And nature wisely which hath each thing taught,
This place best fitting my content forethought,
For I presume not of the stately trees,

Yet where foresight less threat'ning danger sees,
The tempest thrilling from the troubled air,
Strikes not the shrub, the place of my repair.

(c) Ascallaphus in Bubonem.

(d) The Owl's speech to the other birds.

VOL. III.

The fowlers snares in ambush are not lay'd
T' intrap my steps, which oft have you betray'd.
A silent sleep, my gentle fellow birds,
By day a calm of sweet content affords;
By night I tower the heaven, devoid of fear,
Nor dread the Gryphon to surprize me there.
And into many a secret place I peep,
And see strange things while you securely sleep.
Wonder not, birds, although my heavy eyes
By day seem dim to see your vanities.

"Happy's that sight the secret'st things can spy,
By seeming purblind to community;
And blest are they that to their own content,
See that by night which some by day repent.
Did not mine eyes seem dim to others sight,
Without suspect they could not see so right.
Oh! silly creatures, happy is the state,
That weighs not pity, nor respecteth hate:
Better's that place, though homely and obscure,
Where we repose in safety and secure,
Then where great birds with lordly tallons seize
Not what they ought, but what their fancies please:
And by their power prevailing in this sort,
To rob the poor, account it but a sport:
Therefore of two, I chose the lesser evil,
Better sit still, then rise to meet the devil."

Thus the poor Owl, unhappily could preach,
Some that came near in compass of his reach,
Taking this item, with a general ear
(*"A guilty conscience feels continual fear"*)
Soon to their sorrow secretly do find,
"Some that had wink'd, not altogether blind.
And finding now which they before had heard,
"Wisdom not all, in every garish bird,
Shrewdly suspect, that breviting by night,
Under pretence that he was ill of sight,
Silly had seen which secretly not kept,
Simply they walk'd; he subtly had slept.
The envious Crow, that is so full of spight,
The hateful Buzzard, and the ravenous Kite,
The greedy raven, that for death (e) doth call,
Spoiling poor lambs as from their dams they fall,
That picketh out the dying creature's eye;
The thievish Daw, and the dissembling Pye,
That only live upon the poorer's spoil,
That feed on Dung-hills of the lothsome soil:
The Wood-pecker, whose hard'ned beak hath
broke,

And pierc'd the heart of many a solid oak:
That where the kingly Eagle went to prey,
In the calm shade in heat of summer's day:
Of thousands of fair trees there stands not one
For him to perch or set his foot upon.
And now they see they safely had him here,
T' eschew th' effect of every future fear:
Upon the sudden all these murd'rous fowl,
Fasten together on the harmless Owl,
The cruel Kite, because his claws were keen,
Upon his broad-face wreaks his angry teen.
His weasant next, the ravenous Raven plies,
The Pye and Buzzard tugging at his eyes.
The Crow is digging at his breast amain;
The sharp nebb'd Hecco stabbing at his brain;

(e) Pilny.

That had the Falcon not by chance been near,
 That (f) lov'd the Owl, and held him only dear,
 Come to his rescue at the present tide,
 The honest Owl undoubtedly had dy'd.
 And whilst the gentle fowl do yet pursue
 The riot done by this rebellious crew,
 The lesser birds that keep the lower spring,
 Thereat much grieve with woeful murmuring,
 Yet wanting power to remedy his wrongs,
 Who took their lives restrained not their tongues:
 The Lark, the Linnet, and the gentler sort,
 Those sweet musicians, with whose shrill report,
 The senseless woods, and the obdurate rock,
 Have oft been mov'd: the warbling Throstle Cock,
 The Ousel and the Nightingale among,
 That charms the night calm with her powerful song,
 In Phœbus' laurel that do take delight, [smite.
 Whom Jove's fierce thunder hath no power to
 'Justice, say they, ah! whether art thou fled?
 Or this vile world hast thou abandoned?
 O, why, fair Virtue, wert thou made in vain?
 Freedom is lost, and liberty is slain:
 Whilst some whose power restrained not their rage,
 Loudly exclaim upon the envious age,
 That rocks for pity did resume them ears,
 The earth so wet with plenty of their tears.
 But thus it hapt in heat of all these things,
 "Askings rule realms, God rules the hearts of kings."

The princely Eagle, leaving his abode,
 Was from his court stolen secretly abroad:
 And from the covert, closely where he stood,
 To find how things were censur'd in the wood;
 Far in the thickets nigh a chatt'ring hear,
 To which soon lending an officious ear,
 With a still flight his easy course doth make
 Towards where the sound he perfectly doth take.
 At every stroke (with his imperial wings)
 The gentle air unto his feathers clings:
 And through his soft and callow down doth flow,
 As loth so soon his presence to forego,
 And being at last arrived at the place,
 He found the Owl in miserable case,
 (For whom much sorrow every where was heard)
 Sadly bemoan'd of many a helpless bird.
 But when this princely jovial fowl they saw,
 As now deliver'd from their former awe:
 Each little creature lifted up a wing,
 With Ave Cæsar, to their sovereign king.
 Who seeing the Owl, thus miserably forlorn,
 Spoil'd of his feathers, mangled, scratcht and torn,
 Will'd him his name and quality to shew,
 How and wherefore he suffered all this woe:
 Which the Owl hearing, taking heart thereby,
 Though somewhat daunted with his piercing eye,
 (With a deep sigh) (g) 'My sovereign liege,
 quoth he,
 Though now this poor and wretched as you see,
 Athens sometime the Muses nursery,
 The source of science and philosophy,
 Allow'd me freedom in her learned bowers,
 Where I was set in the Cecropian towers.
 Armed Bellona (goddess of the field)
 Honour'd my portrait in the warlike shield.

(f) The natural love of the Falcon to the Owl. *Pliny.*

(g) The Owl's speech to the Eagle;

And far my study (of all other fowl)
 The wise Minerva challenged the Owl:
 For which, those grave and still authentic fages,
 Which sought for knowledge in those golden ages,
 Of whom we hold the science that we have,
 For wisdom, me their Hieroglyphic gave.
 The fruitful Ceres to great Saturn born,
 That first with sickle crop'd the rip'ned corn,
 She bore the swarthy Acheron, whose birth,
 Scarcely then perfect, loathing of the earth,
 And flying all community with men,
 Thrust his black head into the Stygian fen;
 Where the nymph Orphine in th' infernal shade,
 As in his stream she carelessly did wade,
 The flood embracing craftily beguil'd;
 By whom soon after she conceiv'd with child;
 Of her dear son Ascallaphus, (b) whose youth
 So cherish'd justice, and respected truth;
 As to the gods he faithfully did tell,
 The tasted fruit by Proserpine in hell:
 Which an offence imagined so foul,
 Ceres transform'd into the harmless Owl.
 To our disgrace, though it be urg'd by some,
 Our harmless kind to Crete doth never come;
 The Cretians are still lyars, nor come we thither,
 For truth and falsehood cannot live together.
 But those that spurn at our contented state,
 With viperous envy and degenerate hate;
 Strive to produce us from that Lesbian bed,
 Where with blind lust the fleshly lecher led,
 On his own child, unnaturally did pray,
 (For that foul fact) transform'd Nyctimene, (i)
 But seldom seen into the public eye,
 The shrieking Litch-Owl that doth never cry,
 But boding death, and quick herself inters
 In darksome graves and hollow sepulchres.
 Thus much, my Sovereign, whence my father
 came.

Now for the cause of this my present shame,
 "Few words may serve a mischief to unfold,
 For, in short speech long sorrow may be told."
 'But for my freedom that I us'd of late,
 To lance th' infection of a poison'd state,
 Wherein my free and uncorrupted tongue,
 Lightly gave taste of their injurious wrong.
 The Kite, the Crow, and all the birds of prey,
 That they liege people havock night and day;
 Rushing upon me, with most foul despite,
 Thus have they dress'd me in this piteous plight.'

The Eagle now, a serious ear that lent
 To the religious and devout intent
 Of the good Owl, whom too injurious fate
 Had thus rewarded, doth commiserate
 The poor distressed bird, hoping to hear
 What all the rest through negligence and fear
 Smother'd in silence, and had buried still,
 Covering the sore of many a fester'd ill;
 Not only grants him liberty of speech,
 But further deigning kindly to beseech
 The virtuous bird no longer to refrain:
 Who thus emboldened by his sovereign,
 At length his silence resolutely brake,
 And thus the Eagle's majesty bespake,

(b) Ovid's *Metam.* Lib. 5.

(i) *Ibid.* Lib. 2.

(k) 'Mighty, said he, though my plain homely words

Have not that grace that elegance affords;
Truth of itself is of sufficient worth,
Nor needs it gloss of art to set it forth.
These hoary plumes like moss upon that oak,
By seeing much, yet suffering more I took.
Long have I seen the world's inconstant change,
Joy moves not me, affliction is not strange.
I care not for contempt, I seek not fame,
Knowledge I love, and glory in the same.
Th' ambitious judgment-seat I never sought,
Where God is sold for coin, the poor for nought.
I am a helpless bird, a harmless wretch,
Wanting the power that needful is to teach.
Yet care of your great good and general weal,
Unlocks my tongue, and with a fervent zeal
Breaks through my lips, which otherwise were pent

To that severe grave (l) Samnite's document.
I know, before my harmless tale be told,
The grapple Vulture argues me too bold.
The Cormorant (whom spoil cannot suffice)
Sticks not to charge and slander me with lies,
The Parrot tax me to be vainly proud,
And all cry shame, the Owl should be allow'd.
Which with his Axiom doth them all confute,
"When kings did speak, what subject can be mute?"
The latest winter that forewent our prime,
O mighty prince, upon a certain time
I got into thy palace on a night,
There to revive my melancholy spright,
And there (for darkness) waiting all alone,
To view (by night) what lords by day look on,
Where I beheld so many candles light,
As they had mock'd the tapers of the night.
Where, for it grew upon the time of rest,
And many great sincerity profest,
Expecting Prayer should presently proceed,
To ask forgiveness for the day's misdeed,
There in soft down the liquorous Sparrow sat,
Pamper'd with meats, full spermatic and fat.
His drugs, his drinks, and sirups doth apply,
To heat his blood and quicken luxury;
Which by his billing female was embrac'd,
Clasping her wings about his wanton waist.
O God, thought I, what's here by light within,
Where some in darkness should have fear'd to sin?

The Cormorant set closely to devise,
How he might compass strange monopolies.
The gaudy Goldfinch and his courtly mate,
My madam Bunting powerful in the state,
Quickly agreed, and but at little stick,
To share a thousand for a bishopric,
And scramble up some feathers from the Lark,
What though a pastor and a learned clerk?
And for his reverence, (m) though he wear a cowl,
Yet at his entrance he must pay them toll.

I saw a Buzzard scorning of the black,
That but of late did clothe his needy back
With Ostrich feathers had triest up his crest,
As he were bred a falcon at the least.

(k) The Owl's complaint to the king.

(l) Pythagoras.

(m) Mantuan. *Bardocuculatus caput*, &c.

Thus struts he daily in his borrow'd plume,
And but for shame he boldly durst presume
With princely Eaglets to compare his sight:
Not the proud Iris in her colours dight,
Could with this base Kite equally compare.
What fowl before him stood not humbly bare?
No less than lords attending every beck,
At his command his betters brook his check.
But, O my liege, the birds of noble race
Know whence he is, and who affords him grace,
And inly grieve to see a servile mate,
Crept up by favour, to outbrave a state.
The poor implumed Birds that by offence,
Or some disgrace have lost pre-eminence,
Can point and say, This feather once was mine:
Some wink, some would, some grieve, and some
repine.

Besides all this, I saw a bird did scour
A serpent's teeth, that daily did devour
Widows and orphans, yet th' Egyptian laws
Commend this bird for cleansing serpents jaws.
For the base Trochyle (n) thinketh it no pain,
To scour vile carrion for a savoury gain.
When soon I saw about the serpent's nest,
Whilst this base slave his nasty grinders drest,
A thousand thousand silly little birds
Covering the fields, as do the summer's herds;
A thousand larger fowls, that strangely carp,
Did curse the beak that made his gums so sharp.
Yet in this base bird I might well descry
The prosperous fruit of thriving policy.

Casting mine eye, and looking through a glass,
I saw a Gos-Hawk (that in state did pass)
That by fair shews did mens affection feel,
Gold (his attendant) always at his heel.
Whose manners did him reverence as he staid,
Whose name (if written) could possession plead
In any lordship that adjoined his:
Law was his Vassal, he and purchase kiss.
Zeal was his fool, and learning was his jester,
Yet pride his page, and gluttony his taster.
A thousand suiters waited at his hand,
Some call'd his honour patron of the land;
The sole commander of the commonweal,
And unto him they humbly all appeal.
When in a closet strangely I beheld,
That was adjoining to a pleasant field,
How every suiter, when he was retir'd,
Bought out his peace, or his promotion hir'd;
Yet what he won with curses was rewarded,
When the poor birds, for bribes alone regarded.

To th' secret of all secrets when I came,
Having mine eyes glew'd up with grief and shame
I tell not how the Vulture sat apart,
Spending the blood and marrow of his heart,
And by all means his faculties t' apply,
To taint the Phoenix by his surquedry,
That of her kind had she been more than one,
(o) Parent and infant to herself alone)
This heavenly bird (in touching their defame)
Had had her purpose soiled with their shame.
And for the turtle would not be unchaste,
Her did they banish to the barren waste.

(n) Trochylus. *Avis*, Plin.

(o) Claudian. *de Phoenice*.

I dare not say how every sort were search'd,
Nor dare I tell how Avarice was perch'd
Under the pillow of the gravest head,
(That freedom with the golden world is dead)
How age had cast off a religious life,
Humour of late became Opinion's wife.
Counsel secure, nor 'company'd with care,
The wit that woundeth zeal, accounted rare.

But whither wand'reth my high-ravish'd Muse?
O, pardon liege, the fierce exclaims I use;
And let my bark (by gales of your good grace)
Through these rough seas bear sail a little space.

Scarce had these words found utterance through
my lips

But therewithal a prattling Parrot skips
About the private lodging of his peers:
His eyes were watchful, open were his ears:
He had a tongue for every language fit,
A cheverel conscience, and a searching wit,
Coming in haste as he had cross'd the main,
And brought some strange intelligence from Spain:
Yet even at midnight (for the rogue was poor)
I found him knocking at a great man's door;
And where of course the wife were turn'd away,
His errand brook'd no dilatory stay,
But presently (conducted by a light)
Into a chamber very richly dight,
Where sat the Vulture with a dreadful frown,
Proud and ambitious, gaping for renown:
His talons red with blood of murder'd fowls,
His full eye quickly every way he rolls.
Whom when this Parrot stedfastly beheld,
His feathers bristled and his stomach swell'd;
And to the Vulture openeth where he sat,
(Whose ears attentive list'ned still thereat)
The state and 'haviour of each private man,
Laid out for searching avarice to scan.
Where by strict rule and subtilties in art,
Such traps were set, as not a man could start.
And where th' offender's maintenance was great,
Their working heads they busily did beat,
By some strange quiddit or some wrested clause,
To find him guilty of the breach of laws,
That he this present injury to shift,
To buy his own, accounts a princely gift:
And for a cloke to their corrupt decrees,
The Vulture with this subtle bird agrees,
That they which thus convicted are apart,
Shall be surpris'd by policy and art. [light,
Then pick they forth such thieves as hate the
The black-ey'd Bat (the watchman of the night)
That to each private family can pry,
And the least slip can easily descry;
And since his conscience is both loose and large,
Is only set to undergo this charge;
Address'd to drink of every private cup,
And not a word slips but he takes it up,
To minister occasion of discourse,
And therewithal, some dangerous theme enforce,
To urge a doubtful speech up to the worst,
To broach new treasons, and disclose them first,
Whereby himself he clears, and unawares
Intraps the fowl, unskillful of these snares.
And (against law he bears his lord's protection,
As a fit mean, and by the states direction,

O worthy bird, prevent this ill in time,
And suffer not this ravenous Bat to climb,
That is occasion of the best's offence,
The brat of riot and of indigence,
The moth and canker of the commonweal,
Bred by corruption to disquiet zeal.

Holla! thou wand'ring infant of my brain,
Whither thus sling'st thou? yet divert thy strain,
Return we back unto our former gate,
From which a little we digress'd of late,
And leave this monster beating of his head,
The honest Owl hath quickly struck him dead.
And forth again the Parrot let us find,
That winning credit so the world doth blind,
Under protection of so dread a hand,
Spoils families, and ransacketh thy land.
The Pelican that by his father's teaching,
Hath with devout zeal follow'd wholesome
preaching.

That rent his bosom, and enforc'd his tongue,
To teach his tender and beloved young:
When now these fauters of all vile abuse,
Have found a stand where they may note his use,
How father-like he gives affliction bread,
Converting souls, by blindfold error led;
The naked orphan in his bosom wraps,
With thee poor widow doth bewail her haps;
And never reaps his plenteous field so clean,
But leaves his harvest that the poor may glean;
Steps in this false spy, this promoting wretch,
Closely betrays him that he gives to each:
And for his deeds of charity and grace,
Roots up his godly hospitable place.
Most like to that sharp-sighted Alcatraz (p),
That beats the air above the liquid glass:
The new-world's bird, that proud imperious
fowl, [Owl:

Whose dreadful presence frights the harmless
That on the land not only works his wish,
But on the ocean kills the flying fish.
Which, since the Owl has truly done his arrant:
O, princely Eagle, look unto this tyrant.

But if my words thou wilfully impugn,
Thy peaceful empire that hath flourish'd long,
Headlong at length shall to confusion run,
As was this great globe e'er the world begun,
When in an huge heap and unwieldy mass,
This all was shut and nature smother'd was;
And in this lump and chaos out of frame,
The contraries convers'd and one became,
Strictly together th' elements were clasp'd,
And in their rough hands one the other grasp'd;
That each did other's quality deface,
Beauty was buried, light could find no place.
But when th' all-seeing sovereign did disperse,
Each to his place upon the universe,
To his own region and his contrary,
Envy'd his place, impugn'd his quality.
Fire, air, earth, water in their mansion sate,
By that Great God to them appropriate.
All was compos'd within this goodly room,
A perfect shape this embryo was become;
Which thus dissever'd by their friendly jars,
Contrive the world's continuance by their wars,

(p) The Alcatraz,

So in confusion members are inclos'd,
To frame a state, if orderly dispos'd :
For to the proud malevolent aspect
Of angry Saturn that would all direct,
The long-exiled, but imperious Jove,
When for his regal sovereignty he strove;
With godlike state and presence of a king,
Calms Saturn's rage, his fury limiting.

But leave we those unto their own decay,
Other occasions hasten us away :

Let princes view what their poor subjects try ;
" Blind is that sight, that's with another's eye ;"
' It is full time that we should get us hence,

O mighty sovereign, oceans of offence,
Stand here oppos'd in my passing by,
When in a chamber near thy majesty,
A jetting Jay accomplished and brave,
That well could speak, well could himself behave ;
His congées courtly, his demeanour rare,
And strangely fashion'd as the clothes he ware ;
Which could each man with compliment salute,
He to the Woodcock fram'd a special suit :
Who him embracing like a brainless fool,
Desir'd him sit, commanding him a stool.
The jolly Jay thus graced by a peer,
Plucks up his spirits, and with a formal cheer
Breaks therewithal into most strange reports,
Of Flemish news, surprising towns and forts ;
Of troubles rais'd in France against the king,
Spanish Armado's, and embattling,
Protesting method in intelligence,
To be a thing of mighty consequence ;
And pawns his soul, he can devise a way,
Which put in act, the leaguers lose the day.
To frame a bridge of bow-string o'er the Rhine,
Supplant the Alps, and lay them smooth and plain,

And that if the great princes of the north
Will with an army royal set him forth,
Before the year expir'd that is to come,
He will with Bourbon new beleaguer Rome.
Then of his knowledge in the cabalist,
And what pertaineth to an exorcist :
As of phylacters what their uses be,
Homer's Nēpenthe how in each degree ;
Each several use in practice what it is ;
How much he wants that doth these secrets miss ;
And by some little pillar in that place,
To give some window or some chimney grace,
He to proportion presently doth run,
And talks of the Colossus of the sun :
Of columns the diameters doth tell,
Even from the base, up to the capital.
And to the roof he something doth allude,
And doth demonstrate of the magnitude.
And what is all this from his addle pate,
But like a Starling, that is taught to prate ?

And with a lisping garb this most rare man
Speaks French, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian.
No day doth pass, he doth his compass miss,
To send to that lord, or to visit this,
And kissing of his claw, his coxcomb bare,
Is come to see how their good graces fare.
And presently he to their face reports,
Their rare perfections wonder'd at in courts ;

Scratching the idiot by his itching ears ;
Heaven spit down vengeance, or dissolve in tears,
And send the (g) Ibis to repulse our shame,
To drive these locusts to whence first they came.
Woe to these slaves whose shape the devil took,
To tempt the holy Esay at his Book.

O moral Mantuan, live thy verses long,
Honour attend thee, and thy reverend song !
Who seeks for truth (say'st thou) must tread the
path

Of the sweet private life, which envy's wrath,
Which poison'd tongues, with vain affected praise,
Cannot by scorn surpris, by flattery raise.
For adulation, but if search be made
His daily mansion, his most usual trade,
Is in the monarch's court, in princes halls,
Where goodly zeal he by contempt enthrals.
There calls he evil good, the good terms evil,
And makes a saint of an incarnate devil.
These boldly censure, and dare set at nought
The noblest wit, the most heroic thought.

This carrion Jay, approaching to the spring,
Where the sweet Muses wont to sit and sing,
With filthy ordure so the same defil'd,
As they from thence are utterly exil'd.
Banish'd their issue, from whose sacred rage
Flows the full glory of each plenteous age,
Still with the prophets challenging their parts,
The sweet companions of the lib'ral arts.
Those rare Promethii, fetching fire from heaven ;
To whom the functions of the gods are given,
Raising frail dust with their redoubled flame,
Mounted with hymns upon the wings of fame ;
Ordain'd by nature (truch-men for the great)
To fire their noble hearts with glorious heat.
You sun-bred ayery, whose immortal birth
Bears you aloft beyond the sight of earth,
The heaven-touch'd feathers of whose sprightly
wings

Strikes (from above) the palaces of kings.
By how much nearer you ascend the sky,
Do lessen still to every mortal eye ;
Who in this time contemptful greatness late
Scorn'd and disgrac'd, which erst renown'd her
state.

O bastard minds unto this vileness brought,
To loath the means which first your honours
wrought !

But who their great profession can protect,
That rob themselves of their own due respect ?
For they whose minds should be exhal'd and high,
As free and noble as clear poesy,
In the slight favour of some lord to come,
Basely do crouch to his attending groom.
Immortal gift that art not bought with gold,
That thou to peasants should be basely sold !

Hence as I went, I chanc'd to look aside,
And near at hand I happily espy'd
The Hedge-Sparrow, and her compeer the Wren,
(Which simple people call our Lady's-Hen)
Out of the way, i' th' bottom of a ditch,
Which though the place poor, yet the feeding rich,
For near at hand grew the brown winter-cherry,
The hip, the haw, the flow, the bramble-berry ;

(g) The bird Ibis, a destroyer of the locusts. Pliny.

And as together calmly they were set,
 (Where oft before I might perceive they met)
 Quoth the Wren, "Gossip, be you rul'd by me,
 And though men say, the weaker sex we be,
 Whate'er they think, yet, gossip, they shall know,
 That we were made for something else than show.
 Few things shall pass that now in working are,
 But you and I therein will have a share:
 They say, the Robin roosteth in my nest;
 Gossip, 'tis true: to you it is confest,
 My cock's a slug, and doth me little ease:
 He must be quick, his female that will please.
 And of all birds although I be the least,
 Yet few with me in number have increas'd,
 I thank my friend; but let this secret lurk,
 And by my Robin, you and I must work:
 For when the eagle shapes him for above,
 As oft he useth to confer with Jove,
 To have his pinions, in sound perfect plight,
 When they should fit him for so long a flight,
 He oils his feathers, and with wondrous skill,
 From the short'st flag, even to the longest quill,
 Sees that each one be in due order set:
 When as my fine and nimble Robinet
 (Whilst each one seems as busy as a Bee,
 T' attire their sovereign, and none more than he,)
 Watcheth his time, and aptly when he finds,
 That the small birds, according to their kinds,
 Shrink, when the Eagle doubled strength assumes:
 As he stands proudly rousing up his plumes,
 Nor never dreams what treachery intends,
 Up by his train the crafty bird ascends,
 And in the deep down closely doth him hide:
 For the great Eagle, betwixt strength and pride,
 His poor small body not so much as feels;
 And thus this bird the king himself beguiles,
 And in this sort transported to the spheres,
 His sovereign's counsels, and Jove's secrets hears.
 And when the wearied Eagle can no more,
 Fresh from his back he into heaven doth soar;
 And coming thence, doth all to me relate,
 And by this means we two will rule the state."
 King, look to these, that they do not o'er-hear
 thee,

This crafty bird I doubt is but too near thee.

And thus even cloy'd with business of the court,
 To neighbour groves inviting my resort,
 Where I suppos'd the solitary Owl
 Might live secure, unseen of any fowl;
 Lo, in a valley peopled thick with trees,
 Where the soft day continual evening sees,
 Where, in the moist and melancholy shade,
 The grass grows rank, but yields a bitter blade,
 I found a poor Crane sitting all alone,
 That from his breast sent many a throbbing groan;
 Grov'ling he lay, that sometime stood upright;
 Maim'd of his joints in many a doubtful fight:
 His ashy coat that bore a gloss so fair,
 So often kiss'd of the enamour'd air;
 Worn all to rags, and fretted so with rust,
 That with his feet he trod it in the dust:
 And wanting strength to bear him to the springs,
 The spiders wove their webs even in his wings:
 And in his train their filmy netting cast,
 He eat not worms, worms eat on him so fast.

His wakeful eyes, that in his foes despight,
 Had watch'd the walls in many a winner's night,
 And never wink'd, nor from their object fled,
 When heaven's dread thunder rattled o'er his head,
 Now cover'd over with dim cloudy kells,
 And shrunken up into their slimy shells.
 Poor bird that striving to bemoan thy plight,
 I cannot do thy miseries their right;
 Perceiving well he found me where I stood,
 And he alone thus poorly in the wood:
 To him I slept, desiring him to show
 The cause of his calamity and woe.

"Night's-bird (quoth he) what mak'st thou in
 this place,

To view my wretched miserable case?
 Ill orators are aged men at arms,
 That want to wreak, and not bewail their harms:
 And repetition where there wants relief,
 In less'ning sorrow, but redoubleth grief.
 Seven sundry battles serv'd I in the field,
 Against the Pigmies, in whose batter'd shield,
 My prowess stands apparently exprest;
 Besides the scars upon my manly breast:
 Along the mid-land coasts my troops I led,
 And Afric's pride with fear astonished;
 And maim'd I was of this decrepit wing,
 When as the fowl from the Propontic (a) spring,
 Fill'd all th' Egean with their stemming oars,
 And made the isles even tremble from the shores.
 I saw when from the Adriatic seas;
 The cross-adoring fowls to Europe's praise,
 Before Lepanto and Moræa fought,
 Where heaven by wind, earth's wonder strangely
 wrought,

Weary at length, and trusting to my worth,
 I took my flight into the happy North:
 Where nobly bred, as I was well ally'd,
 I hop'd to have my fortune there supply'd:
 But there arriv'd, disgrace was all my gain,
 Experience scorn'd of every scurvy swain.
 Other had got, for which I long did serve;
 Still fed with words, whilst I with wants did starve.
 Having small means, but yet a mighty heart,
 Howe'er in fame, not honour'd for desert,
 That small I had, I forced was to gage,
 To cure my wounds, and to sustain my age;
 Whilst those that scarce did e'er behold a foe,
 Exult and triumph in my overthrow.
 And seeing in vain with misery I strove,
 Retir'd me to this solitary grove;
 Where in despair (even loathing of my breath)
 I long to dwell in the cold arms of death."
 Here sank down in a swoon and could no more,
 And I return from whence I came before.

Where by the way the country Rook deplor'd,
 The grip and hunger of his ravenous lord.
 The cruel Castrel, which with devilish claws
 Scratcheth out of the miserable jaws
 Of thee poor tenant, to his ruin bent,
 Raising new fines, redoubling ancient rent;
 And by th' inclosure of old common land,
 Racks the dear sweat from his laborious hand,
 Whilst he that digs for breath out of the stones,
 Cracks his stiff sinew, and consumes his bones;

(a) The sea from Hellepont to Bosphorus Thracius.

Yet forc'd to reap continually with strife,
 Snarling contention feeding on his life.
 Yet hoping fortune better'd by his heirs,
 They are content to part with what is theirs;
 Lab'ring to keep him in his quiet state,
 When envy doth his gath'red manners threat :
 And being favour'd of some higher peer,
 By whom their landlord keeps them still in fear,
 They by their clownish industry and art,
 Soon to the court reduce him from the cart,
 With their provision and defray his charge,
 Whilst with his grain he ballasts many a barge,
 And so his gripple avarice he serve,
 What reck's this rank hind, if his country starve ?
 Hell on the wealth that's purchased with shame,
 Gold in the trunk, and in the grave defame :
 Yet his claws blunt, and when he can no more,
 The needy Rook is turn'd out of the door :
 And lastly doth his wretchedness bewail,
 A bond-slave to the miserable jail.

Thus wearied with the sight of worldly crimes,
 The wane of kingdoms, and the change of times ;
 I took myself, by searching to espy,
 What sins in secret did in cities lie :
 For there I deem'd, where law had chiefest force,
 Strongly to limit every lewder course,
 Things turn'd to nature, and disdain'd excess,
 That plaguy foe to human happiness.
 And as I went (with busy search about)
 Casting by cunning how to find them out,
 I found the Pheasant that the Hawk doth fear,
 Seeking for safety bred his ayery there,
 Yet is accus'd through close informing hate,
 By lawless lending to offend the state.
 Who being rich, and loving coin and ease,
 Still buildeth low, for fear he should displease.
 Yet the bald Buzzard being pointed judge,
 To this base, muddy, miserable drudge :
 A pair of young ones taketh from his nest,
 And leaves this fearful recreant the rest,
 And gives him thanks his goodness would so do,
 That might take th' ayery, and the old one too.
 He lived best, that most liv'd out of sight :
 I dare not say the birds were all upright ;
 For some had golden beaks, but brazen claws,
 That held the guilds to minister their laws.

The Castrel for possession of his heir,
 Is by the Ring-tail offer'd wondrous fare,
 To have a match betwixt their goodly breed,
 T' increase their lands, and raise their happy seed.
 But the coy Castrel turns it to a mock,
 And scorns to match in his ignoble stock,
 For which the Ring-tail by a secret plot,
 Suborns the Starling, which hath closely got
 To be the broker, solely to seduce
 The Castrel's heir, by giving thriftless use,
 And in strong statutes to enthrall him so,
 To lime him sure which way foe'er he go.
 For this young fowl (drawn from his fathers eye)
 Will with the fond world swim in vanity.
 The subtil Ring-tail never thus doth leave,
 Till he the Castrel cunningly deceive,
 And catch his young one in the city's snare,
 So gets his manners e'er he be aware.

'Mongst which the Daw (by giving of a bribe)
 Became a clerk amongst the learned tribe ;
 That being a bankrupt, a dishonest debtor,
 Can get his living only by the letter,
 Whilst arts go beg, and in a servile weed,
 Are made the slaves to penury and need.

The Goose exiled, humbly doth appeal
 To all the birds, professing faith and zeal.
 And though he proveth by the Roman (b) book,
 What care to keep the Capitol he took ;
 Yet is not heard : the (c) Dove without a gall,
 Is left forsaken, and contemn'd of all.
 There grows such difference and such strange
 confusions

'Twixt old decrees, and later Institutions :
 Yet being inspir'd, desisteth not to speak,
 To edify the conscience that is weak,
 And by approved argument's of's own,
 By scriptures, fathers, and great writers known,
 Discovereth their abominable trade ;
 So that the Stork their umpire being made,
 Judgeth the Daw should from the church be driven,
 To prate in corners, and to preach by even.
 And since his art and cunning was so scant,
 To have no patron but the ignorant ;
 And by his doctrine only teaching fools,
 To be exil'd, and hiss'd out of the schools.

Hence like the seed Thebes-builder Cadmus
 threw,

More armed mischiefs suddenly up-grew :
 The Bittor brings his action 'gainst the Quail,
 And on th' arrest allows him hardly bail ;
 Because he durst presume amongst the reeds,
 To leave his lemmon, where his female breeds.
 And mistress Titmouse, a neat merry dame,
 With her friend Wag-tail, one of special name,
 Who su'd by th' Cuckow, in his proper wrong,
 For him accusing with their slanderous tongue,
 Who to the bar his advocate doth bring,
 That hath by rote the acts of many a king.
 The laws, the statutes, and decrees assign'd,
 Custom so old, as almost out of mind.
 " A day of hearing, good my lord, cries he,
 For master Cuckow that retaineth me ;
 Whom the lewd Wag-tail basely had abus'd
 In so vile terms, as cannot be excus'd ;
 The parties likewise present here in court,
 And 'tis a case that well deserves report :
 For which a jury's summoned with speed,
 And to the trial presently proceed."
 The brain-bald Coot, a formal witless Ass,
 Must now the fore-man on this matter pass :
 The sottish Dott'ril, ignorant and dull ;
 And next to him the maw-cram'd gluttonous Gull.
 The lecherous Mallard, call'd unto the book,
 The squealing Lapwing, the ridiculous Rook,
 The witless Wood-cock, and his neighbour Snite,
 That will be hir'd to pass on every right,
 With all the rest empannelled to wait :
 Which when the jury lastly was complete,
 Call'd to the bar, admitted and allow'd :
 Upstarts the Peacock, insolent and proud ;

(b) Plutarch.

(c) Columba sine felle.

Of goodly stature and of gracious port,
In presence of the honourable court:
And for the plaintiff learnedly began;

"My lord (saith he) was never worthy man,
So nobly bred, and of so high descent,
Of so fair lively-hood, and so large a rent,
As is the Cuckow, so abus'd hereby,
Nor yet so slander'd, as my plea shall try:
First, for the worth and honour of his name,
That you may better censure his defame;
Form mighty birds descending every way,
And by his birth, the messenger to May;
His house still loyal, and his coat as fair,
His father's tunes he never did impair.
His name and nature do so well agree,
As shews his blood re-purify'd to be.
In fruitful Sparta, it is since now long,
That famous Greece took notice of his wrong,
When for her wanton and unchaste desire,
A thousand ships stust with revengeful fire,
To Tenedos the proud Ægean lades,
Whence sprang those high immortal Iliads.
And since the Romans from the Asian broils,
Return'd with conquest and victorious spoils,
The Cuci here continually have been,
As by their ancient evidence is seen,
Of consul Cuccus, from whose mighty name,
These living Cuccos lineally came.
To him the ancients temples did erect,
Which with great pomp and ornament were deck'd.
Th' Italians call him Becco (of a nod)
With all the reverence that belongs a god.
What though in love supposed to be us'd,
What is his virtue need not be excus'd:
The wiseman tells (if nature be our guide)
In following her, we seldom slip aside.)
And in this bird who can her power deny,
If nature fram'd him to community?
Then wisely thus considering his profession,
You reverend judges of this lawful session:
As you are patrons of the righteous cause,
Vouchsafe my client judgment." Here doth pause.

Scarce could the Peacock his conclusion make,
When straight his turn the Turkey-cock doth take,
A learned lawyer (worthy of his gown)
Of reputation both in court and town:
And to the bench for audience having cry'd,
Thus to the Peacock learnedly reply'd:

"Grave reverend fathers of the law (he said)
The matter that our adversaries plead,
Is vain and idle; we the point enforce
Against the Cuckow and his lawless course.
The Peacock here a cunning speech hath made,
To help his client and uphold his trade;
But strip this mask that doth conceal the cause,
Examine each particular and clause
'Gainst proof so poor, so indigent to truth,
The bastard Cuckow bringing from his youth:
First laid and hatch'd up in anothers nest,
Such vileness reign'd in his base parents breast,
Who since that time they never sought for shame,
Nor but their vice he dares for's birth-right claim:
The Hedge-sparrow, this wicked bird that bred,
I hat him so long and diligently fed,

(By her kind tendance) getting strength and power
His careful nurse doth cruelly devour:
Base as his birth, so baser is his trade,
And to the world a by-word now is made:
No nation names the Cuckow but in scorn,
And no man hears him, but he fears the horn:
No month regards him but lascivious May,
Wherein whilst youth is dallying with the day,
His song still tends to vanity and lust,
Amorous deceits, polygamies unjust,

But to cut off these tedious allegations,
The law commands, these public defamations
Be strictly punish'd in the noblest men:
Why should you spare the cursed Cuckow then;
Who all his life to lewdness being bent,
Rightly deserves the public'st punishment?
Then, gentle jurors, good men, and elect,
As you your safeties carefully respect,
If love's sweet music and his blisful cheer,
E'er touch'd your hearts, or mollify'd your ear;
Tender the case, and evermore the wed
Shall praise your conscience both at board and bed."
Thus said, he ceas'd, the jurors slept aside,
Wisely consulting, warily they try'd
The circumstance of every secret sin;
Thus they return'd and brought their verdict in:

Cast is the Cuckow, guilty of the deed,
And for a fine, for his deserved meed,
Allows to mistress Titmouse for her charge,
That she shall after have her tail at large:
And when she revels, as she did before,
T' exclude the Cuckow freely out of door:
And such offenders as they could present,
Likewise adjudg'd deserved punishment.
The Ring-dove, plagu'd with maggots in the maw,
The Woodcock gets the swelling of the craw.
The Crow, with dropsy (whilst yet living) rots:
The Quail, a leper fill'd with loathsome spots.
The Buzzard, of the lethargy is sick:
The Kite, with fevers falleth lunatic.
The epilepsy grew upon the Jay:
And of a sweat the Bunting drops away.

But how about my fantasy it brought,
Now know not I: but suddenly methought
The princely Eagle out of sight was gone,
And left the wife and honest bird alone,
To govern things, both for his proper heal,
And for the great good of the public weal.
When more the Owl that with a vigilant eye,
All these dimensions perfectly could try,
Forefaw the peril threat'ned unto all,
Apt by their loose credulity to fall,
And whose prevention if he did fore-slow,
Their utter spoil immediately should grow.
"My friends (quoth he) look warily about,
Many the dangers which you are to doubt;
This gallant oak wherein so oft you play,
Perhaps (at length) your safety may betray.
And though his shade be delicate and sweet,
His trunk bears lime that may intrap your feet.
If, fearing what is requisite and fit,
You like my judgment, and allow my wit;
Yours is the good: but if you fondly deem,
Things be within, as outwardly they seem;

Head-long run on, and fall into the snare,
And say, a friend once warn'd you to beware."

Thus spake the Owl, whose talk could not be heard.

"So little fools good counsel do regard."
But thinking, frenzy him his wits beguil'd,
The honest bird despightfully revil'd.
But mark their end, who set advice at nought,
"Fools still too dear have found experience bought;
The husbandman surveying of his ground,
'Mongst all the trees this oak had quickly found:
And by all signs and likelihood of trade,
The birds therein their nightly roosting made.
And by the lime that issued from the tree,
They all entangled easily might be.
Taking the same, he spreads it on the sprays,
And through the thicket closely creeps his ways.

When the sad Arndern shutting in the light,
Wan-sighted Cynthia (Lady of the Night)
Proudly ascending the ætherial state,
Whence the bright Phœbus but dismounted late,
The dull ey'd Evening his moist vapours threw,
Strewing the still earth with sweet showers of dew;
When every bird replenished with food,
Came on his stretch'd wings lively from the wood,
And on each small branch of this large-limb'd oak,
Their pretty lodgings carelessly they took,
No ill suspecting, fondly unawares,
Were all entangled in the fowler's snares:
Whose mournful chirping, and their chattering
cries,

Incites the Owl before his hour to rise.
And hearing from his melancholy seat,
The birds themselves thus wofully to beat,
(The deed discover'd with the morning's light)
Flew from his perch: though grieved at the sight,
Yet with a smile, his wisdom that became,
Which mock'd their folly, though bemoan'd their
shame,

Quoth he, 'You foolish burghers of the field,
That in contempt my counsels lewdly held,
That, whereat late you did but laugh and jeer,
Now to your ruin plainly doth appear,
The greatest thing you lightly are to lose,
Only your plumes that fortune can dispose.
'Tis yet a comfort in the depth of smart;
Envy but seizeth on the outward part.
But present peril in a thing of price,
Rather craves action, then doth stay advice.
Therefore to help you, I'll my power assay:
Wherewith his wing doth presently display,
And with his claws, the birds of every kind
Plucks from the lime, which left their plumes be-
hind.

The little Robin featherless and free,
Regrets the Owl with many a cap and knee.
The warbling Mevis mirthful Peans sung,
The Nightingale with her melodious tongue,
Gave him such music (to declare their thanks)
That springs and rivers danc'd above their banks:
That (with the repercussion of the air)
Shook the great Eagle sitting in his chair:
Which from the mountain (with a radiant eye)
Brav'd the bright crescent of the glorious sky;
Moving his princely majesty to see,
Whence this applause so suddenly should be,

Whose sinewed wings (in their resistless course)
Beat the thin air, with such a violent force,
That the light birds dropt headlong from the skies,
The rocks and forests trembling with the noise,
Somewhat amaz'd at this unusual sight,
To see his people in this pitious plight:
His sovereign's ear doth presently address,
Willing to hear the cause of their distress:
To whom the poor Owl (his obedience done)
Thus to his liege lord, reverently begun:

'Monarch of all that beat the air with wings,
Thou bird of Jove, beloved amongst kings;
Here stands an oak well timber'd, largely spread,
That many a day hath borne his curled head
Above his fellows dwelling far and near,
That in the forest never found his peer;
Whose root well fasten'd in the fruitful ground,
His bark so lovely, and his heart so sound,
(Through his great wealth) grew insolent and proud,
Because the birds that in his boughs did shroud,
To his high praise continually did sing,
And kept their vigils to th' enamour'd spring.
The virgin-huntress sworn to Dian's bow,
Here in this shade her quarries did bestow,
And for their Nymphs, building amorous bowers,
Oft dress'd this tree with anadems of flowers;
And Flora chose her nurs'ry here to shield,
Her tender buds, the infants of the field.
By which, this tree grew arrogant in time,
And in his rank sap bred a loathsome slime,
Whose nature and vile quality is such,
Strongly to hold whatever it doth touch;
And not content to minister this mean,
Which in short time might have undone us clean;
But even his boughs the birds have honoured so,
He hath employed unto their general woe,
That when thy subjects, dreading no deceit,
Came to this tree, as to their safe retreat,
They were betray'd, and he that sped the best,
Hardly escap'd, with feathers at the least.
Those that I could, as I had power and might,
Though with much pain, I lastly did acquite.
The rest, whose freedom doth exceed my reach,
O king of birds, I humbly thee beseech
In mercy, let thy mightiness purvey,
To ransom from this imminent decay.'

When now the Eagle cutting off his tale,
And even for sorrow waxing wan and pale;
At which sad sight, this poor implumed crew,
Stand faintly trembling in their sovereign's view;
And having stretched his lordly talons forth,
To shew th' acceptance of this deed of worth;
'You silly birds, you wretched fowls (quoth he)
Henceforth let this a friendly warning be.
Had you (as nature and our laws admit)
Built where your noble ancestors did sit,
Wisely providing to maintain their state,
Whose names and freedoms you participate,
You had not thus been spoiled of your goods,
For subtilty now dwelleth in the woods.
For if too high and haughtily you soar,
Those see your falls that hover near the shore.
If in the cedar you your nests dispose,
The dreadful lightning ever threat'neth those.
If in the low earth (in the flattering shade)
The fowler's snares there secretly are laid.

Then, my dear subjects, as you wish my good,
 Or have respect to your succeeding brood,
 Let your wise fathers an example give,
 And by their rules learn thriftily to live. [fight,
 Let those weak birds, that want wherewith to
 Submit to those that are of grip and might.
 Let those of power the weaker still protect,
 So none shall need his safety to suspect;
 Suppressing those enormities that are,
 Whose cure belongs unto our sovereign care.
 For when wealth grows into a few men's hands,
 And to the great the poor in many bands;
 The pride in court doth make the country lean,
 The abject rich hold ancient honour mean.
 Men's wits employ'd to base and servile shifts,
 And lay-men taught by learn'd men's subtil drifts,
 Ill with the state 't must incidently fare.
 For even as from th' infection of the air,
 Sundry contagious sicknesses proceed,
 These mischiefs more continually do breed.
 Shun beastly lust (you young well-feather'd fowl)
 That wounds the body and confounds the soul;
 That, as the subtil'st of the Syrens brood,
 Binds all the spirits, and overcomes the blood;
 Dark'ning the pureness of the inward light,
 Weak'neth the sense and murd'reth reason quite,
 And you that sit as judges of the law,
 Let not vile gain your equal balance draw.
 O! still retain the Ethiopians guise,
 (As just and upright, as select and wise)
 That in their judgments (sacred and profound)
 Dispos'd them ever meekly on the ground;
 To shew the angels (sitting over head)
 Them were to judge, as they had censured,

Thus spake the Eagle when with mutt'ring
 noise,

The rest attentive to his powerful voice,
 Giving a signal of their admiration,
 The Owl this while in serious contemplation
 Softly replies, 'O mighty sovereign!
 With all the synod of thy winged train,
 Th' abundant joys that in my heart do throng,
 Require more organs than the only tongue.
 O blessed birds! how sweet is your subjection,
 Under the safe and absolute protection
 Of so exact and excellent a king,
 So sole and perfect in his governing:
 The reason this (my grave selected peers)
 Because 'tis known, that in these latter years,

The peaceful preposterously disturb'd
 By such, whose power the great have hardly curb'd.
 The jocund Throstle, for his varying note,
 Clad by the Eagle in a speckled coat;
 Because his voice had judgment for the palm,
 Suppos'd himself sole patron of our calm.
 All say, for singing he had never peer:
 But there were some that did his virtue fear.
 Why shouldst thou then ambitiously despise
 The manly Falcon? on whose courage lies
 The kingdom's safety, which abroad doth roam,
 By foreign wars to keep us safe at home.
 I know, the strain of an alluring tongue
 Can tie the full ear, and detain it long,
 But other fortunes, and the altered place,
 Crave new directions, and an active grace.
 The former virtue may consist alone,
 But better two, (if firmly join'd in one)
 Experience once (by service in the wars)
 Did quote his strong authorities in scars;
 But in this latter time it hath been said,
 The tongue doth all, contemning th' other's aid.
 Virtue, whose chief praise in the act doth stand,
 Could wish the tongue still coupled with the hand.
 But in the Cock which death untimely wrack'd,
 In him was both the elegance and act,
 O! when that bird was ravish'd from our sight,
 (Entombing him) the world entomb'd delight.
 Let never mournful accent pass my pen,
 That leaves his fame unregistr'd to men.
 The muses veil'd with sad cypress-tree,
 Upon his grave shall pour their tears with me.
 O! if the world can weep so many tears
 As his loss craves, or if in heaven appears
 More plenteous sorrow; let them both agree,
 T' lament that hour that rest the earth of thee.
 O! thought I not some spirit could give thee more
 Than this small portion of my scantled store!
 I would not leave (I first would leave to live)
 To give thee fame: O who can greater give?
 This said, he sunk, as growing faint with speak-
 ing, [ing.
 Sighing with all, as though his heart were break-
 The princely Eagle pitying of his plight,
 To cheer the poor Owl doing all he might;
 The birds applauding with a free consent,
 Followed the Eagle (with devout intent)
 To the great mountain, to have all amended.
 Thus I awak'd, and here my dream was ended.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Of all the tales that ever have been told,
By homely shepherds lately, or of old,
The Mooned Man, although the last in place,
Is not the least; and thus befell the case.

It was the time when (for their good estate)
The thankful shepherds yearly celebrate
A feast, and bonfires on the vigils keep,
To the great Pan, preserver of their sheep:
Which whilst in high solemnity they spend,
Lastly the long day grew unto an end:
When as by night with a devout intent,
About the field religiously they went, [fray,
With hollowing charms the * Warwolf thence to
That them and theirs awaited to betray.

And now the sun near half his course had run
Under the earth, when coming every one
Back to the place where usually they met,
And on the ground together being set:
It was agreed, to pass away the time, [rhyme:
That some one shepherd should rehearse some
Long as they could their drooping hearts to glad,
Blame not poor swains, though inly they were sad;
For some amongst them perfectly there knew,
That the sad times were shortly to ensue,
When they of all the sorts of men neglected,
In barren fields should wander unrespected.
For careful shepherds that do watch by night,
In the vast air see many a fearful sight:
From whose observance they do wisely gather
The change of times, as well as of the weather.

But whilst they strove this story who should tell,
Amongst the rest to Rowland's lot it fell,
By general voice, in time that then was grown
So excellent, that scarce there had been known
Him that excell'd in piping or in song:
When not a man the company among
'That was not silent. Now the goodly Moon
Was in the full, and at her nighted noon,
Shew'd her great glory, shining now so bright,
Quoth Rowland, 'She that gently lends us light
Shall be our subject, and her love alone,
Borne to a shepherd, wife Endymion,
Sometime on Latmus (b) that his flock did keep,
Rapted that was in admiration deep

Of her perfections, that he us'd to lie,
All the long night contemplating the sky,
At her high beauties; often of his store,
As to the god he only did adore,
And sacrific'd: she perfect in his love,
For the high gods enthronised above:
From their clear mansions plainly do behold
All that frail man doth in this grosser mould:
For whom bright Cynthia gliding from her sphere,
Used oft-times to recreate her there:
That oft her want unto the world was strange,
Fearing that heaven the wonted course would change,
And Phœbus, her oft missing did inquire,
If that elsewhere she borrowed other fire:
But let them do to cross her what they could,
Down unto Latmus every month she would.
So that in heaven about it there was odds,
And as a question troubled all the gods,
Whether without their general consent,
She might depart, but nath'less to prevent
Her lawless course; they labour'd all in vain,
Nor could their laws her liberty restrain:
For of the seven, since she the lowest was,
Unto the earth nought hinder'd her to pass:
Before the rest of which she had the charge,
No less her power was in the waters large:
From her deriving naturally their source:
Besides she being swiftest in her course,
Of all the planets, therefore him defies,
That her, her ancient liberty denies.
That many a time apparelled in green,
Arm'd with her dart, she huntress-like was seen:
Her hair tuck'd up in many a curious plait,
Sometimes in fields found feeding of her neat;
A country maiden, then amongst the swains,
A shepherdess, she kept upon the plains;
Yet no disguise her deity could smother,
So far in beauty she excelled other:
Such was the virtue of the world, that then
The gods did use t' accompany with men
In human shapes, descending from their powers,
Often were seen in homely shepherds bowers.
But he her course that studied still to know,
Muse not though oft he malcontent did go,
Seldom in one state that her ever found, [round;
Horned sometime, now half-fac'd (c) and then

(a) Men by sorcery turning themselves into wolves.
(b) A mountain or Ionia; where Endymion is said to have enjoyed the Moon.

(c) Pro vario ad solem aspectu varias induit figuras.

Shining on that part, then another more,
 Then there most darken'd, where most light before;
 Now all night shining, now a piece and then,
 Observes the day, and in her course again;
 Sometime to south, then northward she doth stir,
 Him so amazing, he supposed her
 Vain and inconstant, now herself t' attire,
 And help her beauties with her brother's fire,
 When most of all accomplish'd is her face,
 A sudden darkness doth her quite disgrace.
 For that the earth, by nature cold and dry,
 By the much grosseness and obscurity,
 Whose globe exceeds her compass being fixt,
 Her (d) surface and her brother's beams betwixt:
 Within whose shadow when she haps to fall,
 Forceth her darkness to be general;
 That he resolv'd she ever would be strange:
 Yet marking well he found upon her change,
 If that her brow with bloody red were stain'd,
 Tempests soon after; and if black, it rain'd:
 By his observance that he well discern'd,
 That from her course things greater might be
 learn'd.

Whilst that his brain he busied yet doth keep,
 Now from the spleen the melancholy deep
 Pierceth the veins, and like a raging flood,
 Rudely itself extending through the blood,
 Appalls the spirits, (e) denying their defence
 Unto the organs, when as every sense
 Ceaseth the office, then the labouring mind,
 Strongest in that which all the powers doth bind,
 Strives to high knowledge, being in this plight,
 Now the sun's sister, mistress of the night,
 His sad desires long languishing to cheer,
 Thus at the last on Latmus doth appear,
 Her brother's beams enforc'd to lay aside.
 Herself for his sake seeming to divide.
 For had she come apparell'd in her light,
 Then should the fwain have perish'd in her sight.
 Upon a bull (f) as white as milk she rode,
 Which like a huntress bravely she bestrode,
 Her brow with beauty gloriously replete,
 Her count'nance lovely with a swelling teat;
 Gracing her broad breast curiously enchas'd,
 With branched veins all bared to the waist.
 Over the same she wore a vapour thin,
 Thorough the which her clear and dainty skin
 To the beholder amiably did show,
 Like damask roses lightly clad in snow.
 Her bow and quiver at her back behind,
 That eas'ly moving with the wanton wind,
 Made a soft rustling, such as you do hear
 Amongst the reeds some gliding river near,
 When the fierce Boreas thorough them doth ride,
 Against whose rage the hollow canes do chide;
 Which breath her mantle (g) amorously did swell,
 From her strait shoulders carelessly that fell.
 Now here, now there, now up and down that flew,
 Of sundry colours, wherein you might view

(d) Eclip. Lunae.

(e) The depth of contemplation.

(f) The exaltation of the Moon in Taurus, therefore
 not improperly said to ride upon a bull.

(g) In this supposed mantle is described the surface of a
 sea and land in landscape.

A sea, that somewhat straitned by the land,
 Two furious tides raise their ambitious hand,
 One 'gainst the other, warring in their pride,
 Like two fond worldlings that themselves divide
 For some slight trifle, opposite in all,
 Till both together ruined, they fall,
 Some coming in, some out again doth go,
 And the same way, and the same wind doth blow,
 Both sails their course each labouring to prefer,
 By th' hand of either's helpful mariner:
 Outrageous tempest, shipwrecks overspread
 All the rude Neptune, whilst that pale-fac'd dread
 Seizeth the ship-boy, that his strength doth put
 The anchor'd cable presently to cut.
 All above board, the sturdy Eolus casts
 Into the wide seas, whilst on planks and masts
 Some 'say to swim; and there you might behold,
 Whilst the rude waters enviously did scold,
 Others upon a promontory high,
 Thrusting his blue top through the bluer sky,
 Looking upon those lost upon the seas;
 Like worldly rich men that do sit at ease,
 Whilst in this vain world others live in strife,
 Warring with sorrow every where so rife;
 And oft amongst the monsters of the main,
 Their horrid foreheads through the billows strain,
 Into the vast air driving on their breasts
 The troubled water, that so ill digests
 Their sway, that it them enviously assails,
 Hanging with white jaws on their marble scales;
 And in another inland part again,
 Where springs, lakes, rivers, marishes and fen,
 Wherein all kinds of water-fowl did won,
 Each in their colours excellently done,
 The greedy sea-maw fishing for the fry;
 The hungry shell-fowl, from whose rape doth fly
 Th' unnumber'd sholes; the mallard there did
 feed;
 The teale and morecoot raking in the weed;
 And in a creek where waters least did stir,
 Set from the rest the nimble divedopper,
 That comes and goes so quickly and so oft,
 As seems at once both under and aloft:
 The jealous swan, there swimming in his pride,
 With his arch'd breast the waters did divide,
 His saily wings him forward strongly pushing,
 Against the billows with such fury rushing,
 As from the same, a foam so white arose,
 As seem'd to mock the breast that them oppose:
 And here and there the wand'ring eye to feed,
 Of scatter'd tufts of bulrushes and reed, [spray,
 Segges, long-leav'd willow, on whose bending
 The py'd king's-fisher, having got his prey,
 Sate with the small breath of the water shaken,
 Till he devour'd the fish that he had taken.
 The long-neck'd hern, there watching by the brim,
 And in a gutter near again to him
 The bidding snite, the plover on the moor,
 The curlew, scratching in the ouse and ore:
 And there a fowler set his lime and gin,
 Watching the birds unto the same to win;
 Sees in a boat a fisher near at hand,
 Tugging his net full laden to the land,
 Keep off the fowl, whereat the other's blood
 Chaf'd; from the place where secretly he stood

Makes signs, and closely beck'neth him away,
 Shaketh his hand, as threat'ning if he stay,
 In the same stained with such natural grace,
 That rage was lively pictured in his face :
 Whilst that the other eagerly that wrought,
 Having his sense still settled on his draught
 More than before, beats, plunges, hales the cord,
 Nor but one look, the other can afford.
 Buskins she wore, which of the sea did bear
 The pale green colour, which like waved were
 To that vast Neptune, of two colours mixt,
 Yet none could tell the difference was betwixt,
 With rocks of crystal lively that were set,
 Covering whose feet with many a curious fret,
 Were groves of coral, which not feeling weather,
 Their limber branches were so lap'd together,
 As one enamour'd had of other been,
 Jealous the air t' have intercourse between :
 'Mongst which clear (b) amber jellied seem'd to be,
 Through whose transparence you might easily see
 The beds of (i) pearl whereon the gum did sleep,
 Cockles, broad scallops, and their kind that keep
 The precious seed which of the waters come,
 Some yet but thriving, when as other some,
 More than the rest that strangely seem to swell,
 With the dear fruit that grew within the shell;
 Others again wide open there did yawn,
 And on the gravel spew'd their orient spawn :
 That he became amazed at her sight,
 Even as a man is troubled at the light
 Newly awaked, and the white and red,
 With his eyes twinkling, gathered and fled :
 Like as a mirror to the sun oppos'd
 Within the margin equally enclos'd,
 That being moved, as the hand directs,
 It at one instant taketh and reflects :
 For the affection by the violent heat,
 Forming it, passion taketh up the seat
 In the full heart, whereby the joy or fear,
 That it receives either by th' eye or ear,
 Still as the object altereth the mood,
 Either attracts, or forceth from the blood ;
 That from the chief part violently sent,
 In either kind thereby is vehement.

Whilst the sad shepherd in this woful plight
 Perplex'd ; the goddess with a longing sight
 Him now beheld ; for worshipped by men,
 The heavenly powers so likewise love again
 To shew themselves, and make their glories known :
 And one day marking when he was alone,
 Unto him coming, mildly him bespake
 Quoth she, ' Know, shepherd, only for thy sake.
 I first chose Latmus, as the only place
 Of my abode, and have refus'd to grace
 My Menalus, well known in every coast,
 To be the mount that once I loved most :
 And since alone of wretched mortals, thou
 Hast labour'd (k) first my wand'ring course to
 know ;

To times succeeding thou alone shalt be,
 By whom my motion shall be taught, quoth she,

(b) Amber found in the Ligustic deeps.

(i) Pearls bred in shells.

(k) Endymion first found out the course of the moon.

For those first simple that my face did mark,
 In the full brightness suddenly made dark,
 Ere knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,
 To be enchanted long did me suppose :
 With sounding brags and all the while did ply,
 The incantation thereby to untye,

But to our purpose, when our mother went,
 The bright Latona, (l) (and her womb distent)
 With the great burden that by Jove (m) she bare,
 Me and my brother, the great thunderer's care :
 Whom floating Delos wand'ring in the main,
 From jealous Juno hardly could contain :
 Then much distress'd, and in a hard estate,
 Cæus, fair daughter by our stepdame's hate,
 Betwixt a laurel and an olive-tree,
 Into the world did bring the sun and me.
 When I was born (as I have heard her say)
 Nature alone did rest her on that day :
 In Jove's high house the gods assembled all,
 To whom he held a sumptuous festival ;
 The well wherein my mother bath'd me first,
 Hath that high virtue, that he shall not thirst,
 Thereof that drinks, and hath the pain appeas'd
 Of th' inward griev'd, and outwardly diseas'd :
 And being young, the gods that haunt the deep,
 Stealing to kiss me softly laid to sleep ;
 And having felt the sweetness of my breath,
 Missing me, mourn'd, and languished to death.
 I am the rectress of this globe below,
 And with my course the sea (n) doth ebb and
 flow,

When from aloft my beams I oblique cast,
 Straitways it ebbs, and floweth then as fast ;
 Downward again my motion when I make,
 Twice doth it swell, twice every day doth flake ;
 Sooner or later shifting of the tide
 As far or near my wand'ring course doth guide.

That kindly moisture that doth life maintain,
 In every creature proves how I do reign
 In fluxive humour, which is ever found,
 As I do wane or wax up to my round ;
 Those fruitful trees of victory and peace,
 The palm and olive, still with my increase.
 Shoot forth new branches ; and to tell my power,
 As my great brother, so have I a (o) flower
 To me peculiar, that doth ope and close,
 When as I rise, and when I me repose.
 No less than these that green and living be,
 The precious gems do sympathize with me :
 As most that (p) stone that doth the name derive
 From me, with me that lesseneth or doth thrive,
 Darkneth and shineth, as I do, her queen.
 And as in these, in beasts my power is seen
 As he whose grim face all the lesser fears,
 The cruel panther, on his shoulder bears
 A spot that daily changeth as I do.
 And as that creature me affecteth too,

(l) Tibul. Elegia 8. Juven. Satyr. 6. Plutar. vi. Aemil.

(m) Apollo and Phoebe, feigned to be the twins of Jupiter and Latona. Vide Ovid. l. 6. Metam. & Plin. l. 27. c. 44.

(n) Secundum motum diurnum singulis diebus bis fluens, bis refluens.

(o) Selenetropium, the flower of the moon.

(p) The Selenite, of σελήνη

It whose deep craft scarce any creature can,
 Seeming with reason to divide with man,
 The nimble (g) Babion mourning all the time,
 Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.
 The spotted cat, whose sharp and subtil sight
 Pierceth the vapour of the blackest night,
 My want and fulness in her eye doth find,
 So great am I and powerful in that kind.
 As those great burghers of the forest wild,
 The hart, the goat, and (r) he that slew the child
 Of wanton Mirrah, in their strength do know
 The due observance nature doth me owe.
 And if thou think me heavenly not to be,
 That in my face thou often seem'st to see
 A paleness, where those other in the sky
 Appear so purely glorious in thine eye:
 Those (a) freckles thou supposest me disgrace,
 Are those pure parts that in my lovely face,
 By their so much tenuity do flight,
 My brother's beams assisting me with light,
 And keep that clearness as doth me behove,
 Of that pure heaven me set wherein to move.
 My least spot seen unto the earth so near,
 Wherefore that (b) compass that doth oft appear
 About my body, is the dampy mist,
 From earth arising, striving to resist
 The rays my full orb plenteously projects
 On the gross cloud, whose thickness it reflects,
 And mine own light about myself doth fling
 In equal parts, in fashion of a ring;
 For near'st to mortals though my state I keep,
 Yet not the colour of the troubled deep,
 Those spots supposed, nor the fogs that rise
 From the dull earth, me any whit agrise;
 Whose perfect beauty no way can endure,
 But what like me is excellently pure;
 For moist and cold although I do respire,
 Yet in myself had I not (c) genuine fire,
 When the gross earth divided hath the space
 Betwixt the full orb and my brother's face,
 Though I confess much lessen'd be my light,
 I should be taken utterly from sight:
 And for I so irregularly go,
 Therein wise nature most of all doth shew
 Her searchless judgment: for did I in all
 Keep on in that way, which star-gazers call
 The (d) line ecliptic, as my glorious brother
 Doth in his course, one opposite to other;
 Twice every month, th' eclipses of our light
 Poor mortals should prodigiously affright;
 Yet by proportion certainly I move,
 In rule of number, and the most I love
 That which you call full, that most perfect seven
 Of three (e) and four made, which for odd and even
 Are male and female, which by mixture frame,
 It most mysterious, that as mine I claim;
 Quarter'd thereby, first of which seven my prime,
 The second seven accomplisheth the time

(g) Cinophal the Babion, or Baboon.

(r) Adonis slain by a boar.

(a) Partes Lunae rariores & proinde minus lucidae.

(b) The cause of that circle which the philosophers call Halo, which we often see about the moon.

(c) Luna lumen habet congenitum.

(d) The line supposed to divide the zodiac.

(e) Numerus impar mea par foemina.

Unto my fulness, in the third I range
 Less'ning again, the fourth then to my change:
 To which four sevens the eight and (f) twenty
 make,

Through the bright circle of the zodiac
 In which I pass, whose (g) quarters do appear
 As the four seasons of my brother's year.
 First in my birth am moisten'd as his spring;
 Hot as the summer, he illumining
 My orb, the second; my third quarter dry,
 As is his autumn; when from him I fly,
 Depriv'd his bright beams, and as waxing old,
 Lastly, my wane is as his winter cold.

Whereat she paus'd; who all the while she spake,
 The bustling winds their murmur often brake;
 And being silent seemed yet to stay,
 To listen if she had ought else to say. [thought,
 When now the while much troubled was his
 And her fair speech so craftily had caught
 Him, that the spirits soon shaking off the load
 Of the gross flesh, and hating her abode;
 Being thoroughly heated in these amorous fires,
 Wholly transported with the dear desires
 Of her embraces: for the living soul,
 Being individual, uniform and whole,
 By her unwearied faculties doth find
 That which the flesh of duller earth by kind
 Not apprehends, and by her function makes
 Good her own state; Endymion now forsakes
 All the delights that shepherds do prefer,
 And sets his mind so gen'rally on her,
 That all neglected to the groves and springs,
 He follows Phoebe, that him safely brings
 (As their great queen) unto the nymphish bowers,
 Wherein clear rivers beautified with flowers,
 The silver (h) Naiades bathe them in the brack.
 Sometime with her the sea-horse he doth back,
 Amongst the blue (i) Nereides; and when
 Weary of waters, goddess like again,
 She the high mountains actively assays,
 And there amongst the light (k) Oriades,
 That ride the swift roes, Phoebe doth resort;
 Sometime amongst those that with them comport,
 The (l) Hamadriades, doth the woods frequent;
 And there she stays not; but incontinent,
 Calls down the Dragons that her chariot draw,
 And with Endymion pleased that she saw,
 Mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an eye,
 Stripping the winds, beholding from the sky
 The earth in roundness of a perfect ball,
 Which as a point but of this mighty all,
 Wise nature fix'd, that permanent doth stay,
 Whereas the spheres by a diurnal sway
 Of the first Mover carried are about.
 And how the several elements throughout,
 Strongly enfolded, and the vast air spread
 In sundry regions, in the which are bred
 Those strange impressions often that appear
 To fearful mortals, and the causes there,

(f) The month of the year, of the moon.

(g) The four quarters of the month resemble the four seasons of the year. Macro.

(h) The nymphs of the waters.

(i) Nymphs of the sea.

(k) Nymphs of the mountains.

(l) Nymphs of the woods.

And light'ned by her piercing beams, he sees
 The powerful Planets, how in their degrees,
 In their due seasons they do fall and rise :
 And how the Signs (*m*) in their triplicities
 Be sympathising in their trine consents,
 With whose inferior forming elements,
 From which our bodies the complexions take,
 Natures and number : strongly and do make
 Our dispositions like them, and on earth
 The power the heavens have over mortal birth,
 That their effects which men call fortune, are
 As is that good or inauspicious star,
 Which at the frail nativity doth reign.
 Yet here her love could Phœbe not contain,
 And knowledge him so strongly doth inspire,
 That in most plenty, more he doth desire ;
 Raising him up to those excelling fights,
 'The glorious heaven, where all the fixed lights,
 Whose images suppos'd to be therein,
 Are fram'd of stars, whose names did first begin
 By those wise ancients, not to stellify
 The first world's heroes only, but imply
 To teach their courses, for distinguished
 In Constellations, a delight first bred
 In slothful man, into the same to look,
 That from those figures nomination took,
 Which they resembled her on earth below,
 And the bright Phœbe subtilly doth know
 The heavenly motions high her orb above,
 As well as those that under her do move.
 For with long titles do we her invest,
 So these great three most powerful of the rest,
 Phœbe, Diana, Hecate, do tell,
 Her sovereignty in heaven, in earth and hell :
 And wise Apollo, that doth likewise send
 Her his pure beams, with them doth likewise send
 His wond'rous knowledge, for that god most bright,
 King of the Planets, (*n*) fountain of the light :
 That seeth all things, will have her to see,
 So far as where the sacred angels be.
 Those hierarchies that Jove's great will supply,
 Whose orders formed in triplicity,
 Holding their places by the treble trine,
 Make up that holy (*o*) theologic nine :
 (*p*) Thrones, Cherubin, and Seraphin that rise,
 As the first three ; when Principalities,

(*m*) The Signs in their triplicities sympathise with the elements.

(*n*) Sol, fons lucis.

(*o*) Nine the most holy number.

(*p*) The nine orders of the angels.

With Dominations, Potestates are plac'd
 The second, and the Ephionian last,
 Which Virtues, Angels, and Archangels be.

Thus yonder Man that in the Moon you see,
 Rapt up from Latmus, thus she doth prefer,
 And goes about continually with her :
 Over the world that every month doth look,
 And in the same there's scarce that secret nook
 That he surveys not, and the places hidden
 Whence simple truth and candle-light forbidden
 Dare not approach, he peepeth with his light ;
 Whereas suspicious policy by night
 Consults with Murder, Baseness at their hand,
 Armed to act whatever they command,
 With guilty conscience and intent so foul,
 That oft they start at whooping of an owl,
 And slyly peering at a little pore,
 See one sometimes content to keep the door ;
 One would not think the bawd that did not know,
 Such a brave body could descend so low.
 And the base churl, the sun that dare not trust,
 With his old gold, yet smelling it doth rust,
 Lays it abroad, but locks himself within
 Three doubled locks, or ere he dare begin
 To ope his bags, and being sure of all ;
 Else, yet therewith dare scarcely trust the wall :
 And with a candle in a filthy stick,
 The grease not fully covering the wick,
 Pores o'er his base god, forth a flame that fries,
 Almost as dim as his foul bleared eyes :
 Yet like to a great murderer, that gave
 Some slight reward unto some bloody knave,
 To kill, the second secretly doth slay,
 Fearing lest he the former should betray :
 He the poor candle murd'reth ere burnt out,
 Because that he the secrecy doth doubt ;
 And oftentimes the Mooned Man outspies
 The eve-dropper, and circumspectly eyes
 The thief and lover, 'specially which two
 With night and darkness have the most to do.
 And not long since, besides this, did behold
 Some of you here, when you should 'tend your
 fold,
 A nights were wenching : thus he me doth tell.
 With that, they all in such a laughter fell.
 That the field rang : when from a village near
 The watchful Cock crew, and with notes full
 clear
 The early Lark soon summoned the day,
 When they departed every one their way.

O D E S:

WITH OTHER

L Y R I C P O E S I E S.

To the Worthy Knight, and my Noble Friend,

S I R H E N R Y G O O D E R E,

A GENTLEMAN of his MAJESTY'S PRIVY CHAMBER,

THESE lyric pieces, short and few,
Most worthy Sir, I send to you,
To read them be not weary:
They may become John Hewes his lyre,
Which oft at Powlsworth by the fire
Hath made us gravely merry.

Believe it, he must have the trick
Of rhyming with invention quick,
That should do lyrics well:
But how I have done in this kind,
Though in myself I cannot find,
Your judgment best can tell.

Th' old British bards, upon their harps,
For falling flats, and rising sharps,
That curiously were strung;

To stir their youth to warlike rage,
Or their wild fury to assuage,
In their loose numbers sung.

No more I for fools censures pass,
Than for the braying of an ass,
Nor once mine ear will lend them:
If you but please to take in gree
These odes, sufficient 'tis to me;
Your liking can commend them.

Yours, &c.

M. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER.

ODES I have called these my few poems; which how happy soever they prove, yet criticism itself cannot say, that the name is wrongfully usurped: for (not to begin with definitions against the rule of oratory, nor *ab ovo*, against the prescript rule of poetry in a poetical argument, but somewhat only to season thy palate with a slight description) an ode is known to have been properly a song, modelled to the ancient harp, and neither too short breathed, as hasting to the end, nor composed of the longest verses, as unfit for the sudden turns and lofty tricks with which Apollo used to manage it. They are (as the learned say) divers: Some transcendently lofty, and far more high than the epic (commonly called the heroic poem) witness those of the inimitable Pindar, consecrated to the glory and renown of such as returned in triumph from Olympus, Elis, Isthmus, or the like: Others among the Greeks are amorous, soft, and made for chambers, as others for theatres; as were Anacreon's, the very delicacies of the Grecian Erato, which muse seemed to have been the minion of that Teian old man, which composed them: Of a mixed kind were Horace's, and may truly therefore be called his mixed; whatsoever else are mine, little partaking of the high dialect of the first:

Though we be all to seek
Of Pindar that great Greek:

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Nor altogether of Anacreon, the arguments being amorous, moral, or what else the muse pleaseth. To write much in this kind, neither know I how it will relish, nor in so doing, can I but injuriously presuppose ignorance or sloth in thee, or draw censure upon myself, for sinning against the decorum of a preface, by reading a lecture, when it is enough to sum the points. New they are, and the work of playing hours; but what other commendation is theirs, and whether inherent in the subject, must be thine to judge. But to act the go-between of my poems and thy applause, is neither my modesty nor confidence, that oftener than once have acknowledged thee kind, and do not doubt hereafter to do somewhat in which I shall not fear thee just: And would at this time also gladly let thee understand what I think above the rest, of the last ode of this number, or if thou wilt, ballad in my book: for both the great master of Italian rhymes Petrarch, and our Chaucer, and other of the upper house of the muses, have thought their canzonas honoured in the title of a ballad; which for that I labour to meet truly therein with the old English garb, I hope as able to justify, as the learned Colin Clout his roundelay. Thus requesting thee in thy better judgment, to correct such faults as have escaped in the printing, I bid thee farewell.

M. DRAYTON:

O D E S.

To Himself and the Harp.

And why not I, as he
That's greatest, if as free,
(In sundry strains that strive,
Since there so many be)
Th' old Lyric kind revive?

I will, yea, and I may;
Who shall oppose my way?
For what is he alone,
That of himself can say,
He's heir of Helicon?

Apollo, and the Nine,
Forbid no man their shrine,
That cometh with hands pure;
Else they be so divine,
They will him not endure.

For they be such coy things,
That they care not for kings,
And dare let them know it;
Nor may he touch their springs,
That is not born a poet.

The Phoecean (a) it did prove,
Whom when foul lust did move,
Those maids unchaste to make,
Fell, as with them he strove,
His neck, and justly, brake.

That instrument ne'er heard,
Struck by the skilful bard,
It strongly to awake;
But it th' infernals scar'd,
And made Olympus quake.

As those prophetic strings (b)
Whose sounds with fiery wings
Drove fiends from their abode,
Touch'd by the best of kings,
That song the holy ode.

(a) Pyreneus, king of Phocis attempting to ravish the Muses.
(b) Sam. lib. 1. cap. 16.

So his (c), which women flew,
And it int' Hebrus threw,
Such sounds yet forth it sent,
The banks to weep that drew,
As down the stream it went.

That by the tortoise-shell,
To (d) Maya's son it fell,
The most thereof no doubt,
But sure some power did dwell
In him who found it out.

The wildest of the field,
The air, with rivers t' yield,
Which mov'd; that sturdy glebes,
And massy oaks could wield
To raise the piles of (e) Thebes.

And diversely though strong,
So anciently we sung
To it, that now scarce known,
If first it did belong
To Greece or if our own.

The (f) Druides imbru'd
With gore, on altars rude
With sacrifices crown'd
In hollow woods bedew'd,
Ador'd the trembling sound.

Though we be all to seek
Of (g) Pindar that great Greek,
To finger it aright,
The soul with power to strike,
His hand retain'd such might.

(c) Orpheus the Thracian poet. Caput Hebre lyramque Exip. &c. Ovid. lib. 11. Metam.

(d) Mercury inventor of the harp, as Horace, ode 10. lib. 7. curvaeq. lyrae parentem.

(e) Thebes teigned to have been raised by music.

(f) The ancient British priests, so called from their abode in woods.

(g) Pindar prince of the Greek lyric, of whom Horace: Pindarum quisquis studet, &c. Od. 2. lib. 4.

Or (b) him that Rome did grace,
Whose airs we all embrace,
That scarcely found his peer;
Nor giveth Phœbus place
For strokes divinely clear.

The (i) Irish I admire,
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our music's mother,
And think, till I expire,
Apollo's such another.

As Britons, that so long
Have held this antique song,
And let all our carpers
Forbear their fame to wrong,
Th' are right skilful harpers.

(k) Southern, I long thee spare,
Yet with thee well to fare,
Who me pleased 'st greatly,
As first, therefore more rare,
Handling thy harp neatly.

To those that with despoight
Shall term these numbers flight,
Tell them their judgment's blind,
Much erring from the right,
It is a noble kind.

Nor is't the verse doth make,
That giveth or doth take,
'Tis possible to climb,
To kindle, or to flake,
Although in (l) Skelton's rhyme.

To the New Year.

RICH statue, double-fac'd,
With marble temples grac'd,
To raise thy godhead higher,
In flames where altars shining,
Before thy priests divining,
Do od'rous fumes expire.

Great Janus, I thy pleasure,
With all the Thespian treasure,
Do seriously pursue;
To the pass'd year returning,
As though the old adjourning,
Yet bringing in the new.

Thy ancient vigils yearly
I have observed clearly,
Thy feasts yet smoking be;
Since all thy store abroad is,
Give something to my goddess,
As hath been us'd by thee.

(b) Horace, first of the Romans in that kind.

(i) The Irish harp.

(k) Southern an English lyric.

(l) An old English rhymet.

Give her th' Eoan brightness,
Wing'd with that subtil lightness,
That doth transpierce the air;
The roses of the morning
The rising heav'n adorning,
To mesh with flames of hair.

Those ceaseless sounds, above all,
Made by those orbs that move all,
And every swelling there,
Wrap'd up in numbers flowing,
Them actually bestowing,
For jewels at her ear.

O rapture great and holy,
Do thou transport me wholly,
So well her form to vary,
That I aloft may bear her,
Whereas I will insphere her
In regions high and starry.

And in my choice composures
The soft and easy closures
So amorously shall meet;
That ev'ry lively ceasure
Shall tread a perfect measure,
Set on so equal feet.

That spray to fame so fertile,
The lover-crowning myrtle,
In wreaths of mixed bows,
Within whose shades are dwelling
Those beauties most excelling,
Enthron'd upon her brows.

Those parallels so even,
Drawn on the face of heaven,
That curious art supposes,
Direct those gems, whose clearness
Far off amaze by nearness,
Each globe such fire encloses.

Her bosom full of blisses,
By nature made for kisses,
So pure and wond'rous clear,
Whereas a thousand graces
Behold their lovely faces,
As they are bathing there.

O, thou self-little blindness,
The kindness of unkindness,
Yet one of those divine;
Thy brands to me were lever,
Thy fascia, and thy quiver,
And thou this quill of mine.

This heart so freshly bleeding,
Upon its own self feeding,
Whose wounds still dropping be;
Of love, thy self confounding,
Her coldness so abounding,
And yet such heat in me.

Yet if I be inspired,
I'll leave thee so admired,
To all that shall succeed,

That were they more than many,
'Mongst all, there is not any
That time so oft shall reed.

Nor adamant engraved,
That hath been choicely 't saved,
Idea's name out-wears;
So large a dower as this is,
The greatest often misses,
The diadem that bears.

To his Valentine.

Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines;
Each bird doth choofe a make,
This day's Saint Valentine's;
For that good bishop's fake
Get up, and let us see,
What beauty it shall be,
That fortune us assigns.

But lo, in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies,
In yonder climbing tow'r,
Gilt by the glitt'ring rise;
O Jove! that in a show'r,
As once that thund'rer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her surprife.

Her canopy I'll draw,
With spangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever saw
So ravishing a sight;
That it the gods might awe,
And powerfully transpierce
The globy universe,
Out-shooting ev'ry light.

My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heav'nly cheek,
Dy'd like the dawning day,
As polish'd ivory seek:
And in her ear I'll say;
O, thou bright morning-star,
'Tis I that come so far,
My Valentine to seek.

Each little bird, this tide,
Doth choofe her loved pheer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide:
So may we two be true,
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

The sparrow, swan, the dove,
Though Venus' birds they be,
Yet are they are not for love
So absolute as we:

For reason us doth move;
They but by billing woo;
Then try what we can do,
To whom each sense is free.

Which we have more than they,
By livelier organs sway'd,
Our appetite each way
More by our sense obey'd:
Our passions to display,
This season us doth fit;
Then let us follow it,
As nature us doth lead:

One kifs in two let's break,
Confounded with the touch,
But half words let us speak,
Our lip's employ'd so much;
Until we both grow weak,
With sweetness of thy breath;
O smother me to death:
Long let our joys be such.

Let's laugh at them that choofe
Their Valentines by lot,
To wear their names that use,
Whom idly they have got:
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend;
We thus this morn may spend,
Else, Muse, awake her not.

The Heart.

If thus we needs must go,
What shall our one heart do,
This one made of our two?

Madam, two hearts we break,
And from them both did take
The best, one heart to make.

Half this is of your heart,
Mine in the other part,
Join'd by our equal art.

Were it cemented, or sown,
By shreds or pieces known,
We each might find our own.

But 'tis dissolv'd, and fix'd,
And with such cunning mix'd,
No diff'rence that betwixt.

But how shall we agree,
By whom it kept shall be,
Whether by you, or me?

It cannot two breasts fill,
One must be heartless still,
Until the other will.

It came to me to-day,
When I will'd it to say,
With whether it would stay?

It told me, In your breast,
Where it might hope to rest;
For if it were my guest,

For certainty it knew,
That I would still anew
Be sending it to you.

Never, I think, had two
Such work, so much to do,
A unity to woo.

Yours was so cold and chaste,
Whilst mine with zeal did waste,
Like fire with water plac'd.

How did my heart entreat,
How pant, how did it beat,
Till it could give yours heat!

Till to that temper brought,
Through our perfection wrought,
That blessing either's thought.

In such a height it lies,
From this base world's dull eyes,
That heaven it not envies.

All that this earth can show,
Our heart shall not once know,
For it too vile and low.

The Sacrifice to Apollo.

PRIESTS of Apollo, sacred be the room,
For this learn'd meeting: let no barbarous groom,
How brave foe'er he be,
Attempt to enter;
But of the Muses free,
None here may venture;
This for the Delphian prophets is prepar'd:
The profane vulgar are from hence debarr'd.

And since the feast so happily begins,
Call up those fair Nine, with their violins;
They are begot by Jove,
Then let us place them,
Where no clown in may shove,
That may disgrace them:
But let them near to young Apollo sit;
So shall his foot-pace overflow with wit.

Where be the Graces, where be those fair three?
In any hand they may not absent be;
They to the gods are dear,
And they can humbly
Teach us ourselves to bear,
And do things comely:

They, and the Muses, rise both from one stem,
They grace the Muses, and the Muses them.

Bring forth your flaggons (fill'd with sparkling
wine)

Whereon swoln Bacchus, crowned with a vine,
Is graven; and fill out,
It well bestowing,
To ev'ry man about,
In goblets flowing:

Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound;
To our god Phœbus let the health go round.

Let your jests fly at large; yet therewithal
See they be salt, but yet not mix'd with gall:

Not tending to disgrace,
But fairly given,
Becoming well the place,
Modest and even;

That they with tickling pleasure may provoke
Laughter in him, on whom the jest is broke.

Or if the deeds of heroes ye rehearse,
Let them be sung in so well-order'd verse,
That each word have its weight,
Yet run with pleasure;
Holding one stately height,
In so brave measure,

That they may make the stiffest storm seem weak,
And damp Jove's thunder, when it loud'it doth speak.

And if ye list to exercise your vein,
Or in the sock, or in the buskin'd strain,
Let art and nature go
One with the other;
Yet so, that art may shew
Nature her mother;

The thick-brain'd audience lively to awake,
Till with shrill claps the theatre do shake.

Sing hymns to Bacchus then, with hands uprear'd,
Offer to Jove, who most is to be fear'd;
From him the Muse we have,
From him proceedeth
More than we dare to crave;
'Tis he that feedeth

Them, whom the world would starve; then let the
lyre
Sound, whilst his altars endless flame expire.

To Cupid.

MAIDENS, why spare ye?
Or whether not dare ye
Correct the blind shooter?
Because wanton Venus,
So oft that doth pain us,
Is her son's tutor.

Now in the spring
He proveth his wing,
The field is his bower,
O o iij

And as the small bee
About flyeth he,
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers,
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth,
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doom'd by fate,
(That well knew his hate)
That he should be blind;
For very despite,
Our eyes be his white,
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing,
(Ill his mark choosung)
Or his bow broken;
The moan Venus maketh,
And care that she taketh,
Cannot be spoken.

To Vulcan commending
Her love, and straight sending
Her doves and her sparrows,
With kisses unto him,
And all but to woo him,
To make her son arrows.

Telling what he hath done,
(Saith she, Right mine own son)
In her arms him she closes,
Sweets on him fans,
Laid in down of her swans,
His sheets leaves of roses.

And feeds him with kisses;
Which oft when he misses,
He ever is froward:
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes by much coying
The child so untoward.

Yet in a fine net,
That a spider set;
The maidens had caught him,
Had she not been near him,
And chanced to hear him,
More good they had taught him.

An Amouret Anacreontic.

Most good, most fair,
Or things as rare,
To call you's lost;
For all the cost
Words can bestow,
So poorly show

Upon your praise,
That all the ways
Sense hath, come short:
Whereby report
Falls them under;
That when wonder
More hath seized,
Yet not pleased,
That in kind
Nothing can find,
You to express:
Nevertheless,
As by globes small,
This mighty All
Is shew'd, though far
From life, each star
A world being:
So we seeing
You, like as that,
Only trust what
Art doth us teach;
And when I reach
At moral things,
And that my strings
Gravely should strike,
Straight some mislike
Blotteth mine Ode.
As with the load
The steel we touch,
Forc'd ne'er so much,
Yet still removes
To that it loves,
Till there it stays;
So to your praise
I turn ever,
And though never
From you moving,
Happy so loving.

Love's Conquest.

WER'T granted me to choose,
How I would end my days,
Since I this life must lose,
It should be in your praise;
For there is no bays
Can be set above you.

S'impossibly I love you
And for you sit so high,
Whence none may remove you
In my clear poesy,
That I oft deny
You so ample merit.

The freedom of my spirit
Maintaining still my cause,
Your sex not to inherit,
Urging the Salique laws;
But your virtue draws
From me every due.

Thus still yōt me pursue,
That no where I can dwell,
By fear made just to you,
Who naturally rebel,
Of you that excel
That should I still endite,

Yet will you want some rite,
That lost in your high praise
I wander to and fro,
As seeing fundry ways :
Yet which the right not know
To get out of this maze.

To the Virginian Voyage.

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue,
Whilst loit'ring hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.
Go, and subdue,

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail,
With vows as strong,
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'ft soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass,
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whose, the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares that 'tend,
But them to defend

From winter's age,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your heart's to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happy't men,
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel every where,
Apollo's sacred tree,
You it may see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Industrious Hackluit,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

An Ode written in the Peak.

THIS while we are abroad,
Shall we not touch our lyre?
Shall we not sing an Ode?
Shall that holy fire,
In us that strongly glow'd,
In this cold air expire?

Long since the summer laid
Her lusty brav'ry down,
The autumn half is way'd,
And Boreas 'gins to frown,
Since now I did behold
Great Brute's first builded town.

Though in the utmost Peak
A while we do remain,
Amongst the mountains bleak
Expos'd to fleet and rain,
No sport our hours shall break
To exercise our vein.

What though bright Phœbus' beams
Refresh the southern ground,
And though the princely Thames
With beauteous nymphs abound,
And by old Camber's streams
Be many wonders found;

Yet many rivers clear
Here glide in silver swatches,
And what of all most dear,
Buxton's delicious baths,
Strong ale and noble cheer,
T' assuage breem winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,
Whose looks affright the day,
Wherein nice Nature saves
What she would not bewray,
Our better leisure craves,
And doth invite our lay.

In places far or near,
O: famous, or obscure,
Where wholesome is the air,
Or where the most impure,
All times, and every where,
The muse is still in ure.

His Defence against the Idle Critic.

THE rhyme nor mars, nor makes,
Nor addeth it, nor takes,
From that which we propose;
Things imaginary
Do so strangely vary,
That quickly we them lose.

And what's quickly begot,
As soon again is not,
This do I truly know:
Yea, and what's borne with pain,
That sense doth long't retain,
Gone with a greater flow.

Yet this critic so stern,
But whom, none must discern,
Nor perfectly have seeing,
Strangely lays about him,
As nothing without him
Were worthy of being.

That I myself betray
To that most public way,
Where the world's old bawd,
Custom, that doth humour,
And by idle rumour,
Her dotages applaud.

That whilst she still prefers
Those that be wholly hers,
Madness and ignorance,

I creep behind the time,
From sportling with their crime,
And glad too with my chance.

O wretched world the while,
When the evil most vile
Beareth the fairest face,
And inconstant lightness,
With a scornful slightness,
The best things doth disgrace.

Whilst this strange knowing beast,
Man, of himself the least,
His envy declaring,
Makes virtue to descend,
Her title to defend,
Against him, much preparing.

Yet these me not delude,
Nor from my place extrude,
By their resolved hate;
Their vilepess that do know,
Which to myself I shew,
To keep above my fate.

To his Rival.

HER lov'd I most,
By thee that's lost;
Though she were won with leisure;
She was my gain,
But to my pain,
Thou spoil'st me of my treasure.

The ship full fraught
With gold, far sought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmed,
May suffer wreck
In failing back.
By tempest overwhelmed.

But she, good fir,
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging;
But for that she
Found faith in me,
And she lov'd to be changing.

Therefore boast not
Your happy lot,
Be silent now you have her;
The time I knew
She slighted you,
When I was in her favour.

None stands so fast,
But may be cast
By fortune, and disgraced:
Once did I wear
Her garter there,
Where you her glove have placed.

I had the vow
That thou hast now,
And glances to discover
Her love to me,
And she to thee
Reads but old lessons over.

She hath no smile
That can beguile,
But as my thought I know it;
Yea, to a hair,
Both when and where.
And how she will bestow it.

What now is thine
Was only mine,
And first to me was given;
Thou laugh'st at me,
I laugh at thee,
And thus we two are even.

But I'll not mourn,
But stay my turn,
The wind may come about, fir,
And once again
May bring me in,
And help to bear you out, fir,

A Skeltoniad.

THE muse should be sprightly,
Yet not handling lightly
Things grave; as much loth,
Things that be flight, to clothe
Curiously: to retain
The comeliness in main,
Is true knowledge and wit.
Nor me forc'd rage doth fit,
That I thereto should lack
Tobacco, or need sack,
Which to the colder brain
Is the true Hippocrene;
Nor did I ever care
For great fools, nor them spare,
Virtue, though neglected,
Is not so dejected,
As vilely to descend
To low baseness their end;
Neither each rhyming slave
Deserves the name to have
Of poet: so the rabble
Of fools, for the table,
That have their jests by heart,
As an actor his part,
Might assume them chairs
Amongst the muses heirs.
Parnassus is not clome
By every such mome;
Up whose steep side who swerves
It behoves t' have strong nerves;
My resolution such,
How well, and not how much

To write, thus do I fare,
Like some, few good that care
(The evil sort among)
How well to live, and not how long.

The Cryer.

Good folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a cryer;
For my poor heart is run astray
After two eyes, that pass'd this way.

O yes, o yes, o yes,
If there be any man,
In town or country, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll please him for his pain;
And by these marks I will you shew,
That only I this heart do owe.

It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet sticks the dart,
Ev'ry piece fore hurt throughout it,
Faith, and troth, writ round about it:

It was a tame heart, and a dear,
And never us'd to roam;
But having got this haunt, I fear
'Twill hardly stay at home.
For God's sake, walking by the way,
If you my heart do see,
Either impound it for a stray,
Or send it back to me.

TO HIS COY LOVE,

A Canzonet.

I PRAY thee love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me;
These poor half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Shew me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not slanch'd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.

But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

AN HYMN

To his Lady's Birth-place.

COVENTRY, that dost adorn
The country wherein I was born,
Yet therein lies not thy praise,
Why I should crown thy tow'rs with bays:
'Tis not thy (a) wall me to thee weds,
Thy ports, nor thy proud pyramids,
Not thy trophies of the (b) boar,
But that she which I adore,
Which scarce goodness self can pair,
First there breathing blest thy air.
Idea, in which name I hide
Her, in my heart deify'd,
For what good man's mind can see,
Only her Ideas be;
She, in whom the virtues came
In woman's shape, and took her name,
She so far past imitation,
As but nature our creation
Could not alter, she had aimed
More than woman to have framed:
She, whose truly written story,
To thy poor name shall add more glory,
Than if it should have been thy chance
T' have bred our kings that conquer'd France.

Had she been born the former age,
That house had been a pilgrimage,
And reputed more divine,
Then (c) Walsingham or (c) Becket's shrine.

That (d) princess, to whom thou dost owe
Thy freedom, whose clear-blushing snow
The envious sun saw, when as she
Naked rode to make thee free,
Was but her type, as to foretell,
Thou should'st bring forth one, should excel
Her bounty, by whom thou should'st have
More honour than she freedom gave;
And that great (e) queen, which but of late
Rul'd this land in peace and state,
Had not been, but heaven had sworn,
A maid should reign when she was born.

Of thy streets which thou hold'st best,
And most frequent of the rest,
Happy (f) Mich-Parke of the year,
On the (g) fourth of August there,
Let thy Maids from Flora's bowers,
With their choice and daintiest flowers

(a) Coventry finely walled.

(b) The shoulder-bone of a boar of mighty bigness.

(c) Two famous pilgrimages, the one in Norfolk the other in Kent.

(d) Godiva, duke Leofric's wife, who obtained the freedom of the city, of her husband, by riding through it naked.

(e) Queen Elizabeth.

(f) A noted street in Coventry.

(g) His mistress's birth-day.

Deck thee up, and from their store,
With brave garlands crown that door.

The old man passing by that way,
To his son in time shall say,
There was that lady born, which long
To after-ages shall be sung;
Who unawares being passed by,
Back to that house shall cast his eye,
Speaking my verses as he goes,
And with a sigh shut ev'ry close.

Dear city, travelling, by thee,
When thy rising spires I see,
Destined her place of birth;
Yet methinks the very earth
Hallowed is, so far as I
Can thee possibly descry:
Then thou dwelling in this place,
Hearing some rude hind disgrace
Thy city with some scurvy thing,
Which some jester forth did bring,
Speak these lines where thou do'st come,
And strike the slave for ever dumb.

To the CAMBRIO-BRITONS, and their HARP.

His Ballad of Agincourt.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stop'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet, have we well begun
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandfire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat,
Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder;
That with cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;

None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbaws drew,
And on the French they flew;
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

PASTORALS:

CONTAINING

ECLOGUES.

To the Honour of my Noble Patron

SIR WALTER ASTON:

As other my Poems, so I consecrate these my PASTORAL POSIES.

M. DRAYTON,

TO THE READER OF HIS PASTORALS.

SOMEWHAT is to be said, by way of general pre-
parative, touching the name, and nature of Pasto-
ral poesy, before I give thee my Pastorals. Pas-
torals, as they are a species of poesy, signify feign-
ed dialogues, or other speeches in verse, fathered
upon herdsmen, whether *opiliones*, *bubulci*, &c. that
is to say, shepherds, neat-herds, &c. who are or-
dinary persons in this kind of poem, worthily
therefore to be called base, or low. This, as all
other forms of poesy (excepting perhaps the ad-
mirable Latin Piscatories of that noble Neapoli-
tan Sanazara) hath been received from the Greeks,
and as at the second hand, from the Romans.
The subject of Pastorals, as the language of it
ought to be poor, silly, and of the coarsest woof
in appearance; nevertheless, the most high, and
most noble matters of the world may be shadow-
ed in them, and for certain sometimes are: But
he who hath almost nothing pastoral in his Pasto-
rals, but the name (which is my case) deals more
plainly, because *detraho velamine*, he speaks of most
weighty things. The Greek Pastorals of Theo-
critus have the chief praise. Whether Virgil in
his *Bucolics* hath kept within pastoral humble-
ness, let Scaliger, and the nation of learned cen-
sors dispute: the blessing which came in them to
the testimonial majesty of the Christian name, out

of Sibyls monuments, cited before Christ's birth
must ever make Virgil venerable with me: And
in the angels song to shepherds at our Saviour's
nativity, Pastoral poesy seems consecrated. It is,
not of this time and place to shew the originals of
this invention; let it here suffice to have pointed
out the best, and them so old, as may serve for
prescription. The chief law of Pastorals is the
same which is of all poesy, and of all wise carriage,
viz, Decorum, and that not to be exceeded without
leave, or without at least fair warning. For so
did Virgil, when he wrote,

—————*Paulò majora canamus.*

Master Edmund Spenser had done enough for
the immortality of his name, had he only given
us his Shepherd's Kalendar, a master-piece if any.
The Colin Clout of Skoggan, under King Henry
the VII. is pretty: But Barkley's Ship of Fools
hath twenty wiser in it. Spenser is the prime Pas-
toralist of England. My Pastorals hold upon anew
strain, must speak for themselves, and the tabor
striking up, if thou hast in thee any country
quicksilver, thou hadst rather be at the sport, than
hear thereof. Farewell.

ECLOGUE I.

PHOEBUS full out his yearly course had run,
(The woeful Winter labouring to outwear)
And though 'twas long first, yet at length begun
To heave himself up to our hemisphere,
For which pleas'd heaven to see this happy hour,
O'ercome with joy wept many a silver shower.

When Philomel, the augur of the Spring,
Whose tunes express a brother's trait'rous fact,
Whilst the fresh groves with her complaints doring,
To Cynthia her sad tragedy doth act.
The jocund mirl preach'd on the highest spray,
Sings his love forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling snake against the morning sun,
Like Iris shews his sundry colour'd coat,
The gloomy shades and enviously doth stun,
Ravish'd to hear the warbling birds to rot,
The buck forsakes the lawns where he hath fed,
Fearing the hunt should view his velvet head.

Through every part dispersed is the blood,
The lusty Spring in fulness of her pride:
Man, bird, and beast, each tree and every flood,
Highly rejoicing in this goodly tide:
Save Rowland, leaning on a (a) ranpike tree,
Wasted with age, forlorn with woe was he.

Great God, quoth he, (with hands rear'd to the sky)
Thou wise Creator of the starry light,
Whose wond'rous works thy essence do imply,
In the dividing of the day and night:
The earth relieving with the teeming Spring,
Which the late winter low before did bring,

O thou strong builder of the firmament,
Who plac'd Phoebus in his fiery carr,
And for the planets wisely did invent
Their sundry mansions, that they should not jar,
Appointing Phoebus mistress of the night,
From Titans flames to fetch her forked light.

From that bright place where thou reign'st alone,
Whose floor with stars is gloriously inchas'd;
Before the foot-stool of whose glittering throne
Those thy high orders severally are plac'd,
Receive my vows, that may thy court ascend;
Where thy clear presence all the powers attend.

Shepherds great Sovereign, graciously receive,
Those thoughts to thee continually erected,

(a) A tree with age beginning to decay at the top,

Nor let the world of comfort me bereave,
Whilst I before it sadly lie dejected,
Whose sins, like fogs that overcloud the air,
Darken those beams which promis'd me so fair.

My hopes are fruitless, and my faith is vain,
And but mere shews, disposed me to mock,
Such are exalted basely that can feign,
And none regards just *Rowland of the Rock*.
To those fat pastures, which flocks healthful keep,
Malice denies me entrance with my sheep.

Yet nill I nature enviously accuse,
Nor blame the Heavens thus hapless me to make,
What they impose, but vainly we refuse,
When not our power their punishment can shake,
Fortune the world that towzes to and fro,
Fickle to all, is constant in my woe.

This only rests, time shall devour my sorrow,
And to affliction minister relief,
When as there never shall succeed a morrow,
Whose labouring hours shall lengthen out my
grief,
Nor in my breast care sit again so deep,
Tiring the sad night with distemper'd sleep.

And when that time expired hath the date,
What wears out all things, lastly perish must,
And that all-searching and impartial fate
Shall take account of long-forgotten dust,
When every being silently shall cease,
Lock'd in the arms of everlasting peace.

Now in the ocean Titan quench'd his flame,
That summon'd Cynthia, to set up her light,
And she, the near'st of the celestial frame,
Sat the most glorious on the brow of night;
When the poor swain, with heaviness oppress'd,
To the cold earth sunk sadly down to rest.

ECLOGUE II.

Motto.

MIGHT my youth's mirth become the aged years,
My gentle shepherd, father of us all,
Wherewith I wanted to delight my peers,
When to their sports they pleas'd me to call.

Now would I tune my (b) miskins on this green,
And frame my verse, the virtues to unfold
Of that sole *Phoenix* bird, my life's sole queen,
Whose locks do stain the three times burnish'd
gold.

But melancholy settled in thy spleen,
My rhymes seem harsh to thy unrelish'd taste,
Thy wits that long replenish'd have not been,
Wanting kind moisture, do unkindly waste.

WINKEN.

Well, wanton, laugh not my old age to scorn
Nor twit me so, my senses to have lost,
The time hath been, when as my hopeful morn
Promis'd as much as now thy youth can boast.

My direful cares been drawn upon my face,
In crooked lines with age's iron pen,
The morpheus quite discoloured the place,
Which had the power t' attract the eyes of men.

What mock'd the lily, bears this tawny dye,
And this once crimson, looks thus deadly pale,
Sorrow hath set his foot upon mine eye,
And hath for ever perished my sale.

A cumber-world, yet in the world am left,
A fruitless plot with brambles overgrown:
Of all those joys, that pleas'd my youth, bereft,
And now too late my folly but bemoan.

Those dainty strains of my well-turned reed,
Which many a time have pleas'd the curious ears,
In me no more those pleasing thoughts do breed,
But tell the errors of my wand'ring years.

Those pois'ning pills been bidding at my heart,
Those loathsome drugs unseason'd youth did chaw,
Not once so sweet, but now they be as tart;
Not in the mouth, what they are in the maw.

MOTTO.

Even so I ween; for thy old age's fever
Decms sweetest potions bitter as the gall,
And thy cold palate, having lost the favour,
Receives no comfort by a cordial.

WINKEN.

As thou art, once was I a gamesome boy,
Ill winter'd now, and aged as you see,
And well I know, thy swallow-winged joy
Quickly shall vanish as 'tis fled from me.

When on the arch of thy eclipsed eyes,
Time shall have deeply character'd thy death,
And sun-burnt age thy kindly moisture dries,
Thy wasted lungs be niggards of thy breath;

Thy brawn-fall'n arms and thy declining back
To the sad burthen of thy years shall yield,
And that thy legs their wonted force shall lack,
Able no more thy wretched trunk to wield.

Now am I like the knotty aged oak,
Whom wasting time hath made a tomb for dust,

(b) A little bagpipe,

That of his branches reft by tempest's stroke,
His bark consumes with canker-worms and rust.

And though thou seem'st like to the bragging brier,
And spread'st thee like the morn-lov'd marygold,
Yet shall thy sap be shortly dry and seer,
Thy gaudy blossoms blemished with cold.

Even such a wanton and unruly swain,
Was little Rowland, when as lately he
Upon the verge of yonder neighb'ring plain,
Carved this rhyme upon a beechen tree.

Then this great universe no less
Can serve her praises to express:
Betwixt her eyes, the poles of love,
The host of heavenly beauties move,
Depainted in their proper stories,
As well the fix'd as wandering glories,
Which from their proper orbs not go
Whether they gyre swift or flow:
Where from their lips, when she doth speak,
The music of those spheres do break,
Which their harmonious motion breedeth:
From whose cheerful breath proceedeth
That balmy sweetness that gives birth
To every offspring of the earth:
The structure of whose gen'ral frame,
And state wherein she moves the same,
Is that proportion, heaven's best treasure,
Whereby it doth all poize and measure,
So that alone her happy sight
Contains perfection and delight.

MOTTO.

O divine love, which so aloft can raise,
And lift the mind out of the earthly mire,
And dost inspire us with so glorious praise,
As with the heavens doth equal man's desire:

What doth not help to deck the holy shrine,
With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree?
Who will not say that thou art most divine,
At least, confess a deity in thee?

WINKEN.

A foolish boy, full ill is he repay'd:
For now the wanton pines in endless pain,
And fore repents what he before missaid.
So may they be, which can so lewdly feign.

Now hath this yonker torn his tressed locks,
And broke his pipe which was of sound so sweet,
Forsaking his companions and their flocks,
And casts his garland loosely at his feet.

And being shrowded in a homely coat,
And full of sorrow (I him sitting by,)
He turn'd his rebeck to a mournful note,
And thereto sung this doleful elegy.

Upon a bank with roses set about,
Where turtles oft sit joining bill to bill,
And gentle springs steal softly murm'ring out,
Washing the foot of pleasure's sacred hill:
There little Love sore wounded lies,
His bow and arrows broken,

Bedew'd with tears from Venus' eyes,
Oh, grievous to be spoken!

Bear him my heart, slain with her scornful eye,
Where sticks the arrow which that heart did kill,
With whose sharp pile, request him e'er he die,
About the same to write his latest will;
And bid him send it back to me,
At instant of his dying,
That cruel, cruel she, may see,
My faith and her denying.

His chapel be a mournful cypress' shade,
And for a chantry Philomel's sweet lay,
Where prayers shall continually be made
By pilgrim lovers passing by that way,
With nymphs and shepherds yearly moan,
His timeless death beweeeping,
In telling that my heart alone
Hath his last will in keeping.

MOTTO.

Woe's me for him that pineth so in pain,
Alas, poor Rowland, how for him I grieve!
That such a bait should breed so foul a bane,
Yet she not deign his sorrow to relieve.

WINKEN.

Beware by him, thou foolish wanton swain,
By others harms thus may'st thou learn to heed:
Beauty and wealth been fraught with high disdain,
The night draws on: come, homeward let us speed.

ECLOGUE III.

PERKIN.

ROWLAND, for shame, awake thy drowsy Muse,
Time plays the Hunt's-up to thy sleepy head;
Why ly'st thou here, whilst we are ill bestead,
Foul idle swain?

Who ever heard thy pipe and pleasing vein,
And now doth hear this scurvy minstrelsy,
Tending to nought, but beastly ribaldry
That doth not Muse?

Then slumber not with dull Endymion,
But tune thy reed to dapper verilayes,
And sing a while of blessed Beta's praise,
Of none but she.

Above the rest so happy may'st thou be,
For learned Colin lays his pipes to gage,
And is to Fayrie gone a pilgrimage,
The more our moan.

ROWLAND.

What, Beta, shepherd? she is Pan's belov'd,
Fair Beta's praise beyond our strain doth stretch,
A note too high for my poor pipe to reach,
An oaten reed.

The most unfit to speak of worthy's deed,
I'll set my song unto a lower key,
Whereas a horn-pipe I may safely play,
And unprov'd.

With flattery my Muse could never fadge,
Nor could this vain scurrility affect,
From looser youth to win a light respect,
Too base and vile.

Me that doth make, that I care not the while,
Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
Which so bestirs him at the Morrice dance,
For penny wage.

PERKIN.

Rowland, so toys esteemed often are,
And fashions ever vary with the time,
But since the season doth require some rhyme,
With lusty glee,

Let me then hear that roundelay of thee,
Which once thou sang'st to me in Janevier,
When Robin Redbreast sitting on a brier,
The burthen bare.

ROWLAND.

Well, needs I must, yet with a heavy heart,
Yet were not Beta, sure, I would not sing,
Whose praise the echoes cease not yet to ring
Up to the skies.

PERKIN.

Be blithe, good Rowland then, and clear thine eyes,
And since good Robin to his roost is gone,
Supply his want, and put two parts in one,
To shew thy art.

ROWLAND.

Stay, Thames, to hear my song, thou great and
famous flood,
Beta alone the Phoenix is of all thy watry brood,
The queen of virgins only she,
The king of floods allotting thee
Of all the rest, be joyful then to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subject of my lay,

With dainty and delightful strains of dapper
verilayes:
Come lovely shepherds, sit by me, to tell our Be-
ta's praise;
And let us sing so high a verse,
Her sovereign virtues to rehearse, [sing,
That little birds shall silent sit to hear us shepherds
Whilst rivers backward bend their course, and flow
up to their spring.

Range all thy swans, fair Thames, together on a
rank,
And place them each in their degree upon thy
winding bank,
And let them set together all,
Time keeping with the waters fall;
And crave the tuneful nightingale to help them
with her lay.
The woofel and the trostle-cock, chief music of
our May.

See what a troop of nymphs, come leading hand
in hand,
In such a number that well-near they take up all
the strand:
And hark how merrily they sing,
That makes the neighbouring meadows ring,

And Beta comes before alone, clad in a purple pall,
And as the queen of all the rest, doth wear a coronal.

Trim up her golden tresses with Apollo's sacred tree, [be,
Whose tutage and especial care I wish her still to
That for his darling hath prepar'd

A glorious crown as her reward,
Not such a golden crown as haughty Caesar wears,
But such a glittering starry one as Ariadne bears.

Maids, get the choicest flowers, a garland and
entwine, [eglantine,

Nor pinks, nor pansies, let there want, be sure of
See that there be store of lilies,

(Call'd of shepherds daffadillies)
With roses damask, white, and red, the dearest
fleur-de-lis,

'The cowslip of Jerusalem, and clove of Paradise.

O thou great eye of heaven, the day's most dearest
light, [night,

With thy bright sister Cynthia, the glory of the
And those that make ye seven,

To us the near'st of heaven,

And thou O gorgeous Iris, with all thy colours dy'd,
When she streams forth her rays, then dash't is all
your pride.

In thee whilst she beholds. (O flood, her heavenly
face,

'The sea-gods in their wat'ry arms would gladly
her embrace,

Th' enticing Syrens in their lays,

And Tritons do resound her praise,

Hasting with all the speed they can unto the spa-
cious sea,

And through all Neptune's court proclaim our
Beta's holy day.

O evermore refresh the root of the fat olive tree,
In whose sweet shadow ever may thy banks pre-
served be,

With bays that poets do adorn,

And myrtle of chaste lovers worn,

That fair may be the fruit, the boughs preserved
by peace,

And let the mournful cypress die, and here for ever
cease.

We'll strew the shore with pearl, where Beta
walks alone,

And we will pave her summer bower with the
rich Indian stone,

Perfume the air and make it sweet,

For such a goddess as is meet, [light,

For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's
No marvel then although their beams do dazzle
human sight.

Sound loud your trumpets then from London's
loftiest towers,

To beat the stormy tempests back, and calm the
raging showers,

Set the cornet with the flute

The orpharion to the lute,

Tuning the tabor and the pipe to the sweet violins,
And mock the thunder in the air with the loud
clarions.

Beta, long may thine altars smoke with yearly sa-
crifice

And long thy sacred temples may their high days
solemnize,

Thy shepherds watch by day and night,

Thy maids attend thy holy light,

And thy large empire stretch her arms from east
into the west,

And Albion on the Appenin's advance her con-
quering crest.

PERKIN.

Thanks, gentle Rowland, for thy roundelay,

And as for Beta, burden of thy song,

The shepherds gooddeffs may she flourish long,

And happy be,

And not disdain to be belov'd of thee :

Triumphing Albion, clap thy hands for joy,

That hast so long not tasted of annoy,

Nor that thou may.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, and when my milk-white ewes have
yea'd,

Beta shall have the firstling of the fold,

Yea though the horns were of the purest gold,

And the fine fleece, the richest purple grain.

PERKIN.

Believe me, as I am true shepherds swain,

Then for thy love all others I forsake,

And unto thee myself I do betake,

With faith unfeign'd.

ECLOGUE IV.

MOTTO.

SHEPHERD, why creep we in this lowly vein,

As though our store no better us affords?

And in this season when the stirring swain

Makes the wide field sound with great thund'ring
words?

Not as 'twas wont, now rural be our rhymes,

Shepherds of late are waxed wond'rous neat.

Though they were richer in the former times,

We be enraged with more kindly heat.

The wither'd laurel freshly grows again,

Which simply shadow'd the Pierian spring,

Which oft invites the solitary swain

Thither, to hear those sacred virgins sing :

Then if thy muse have spent her wonted zeal,

With wither'd twists thy forehead shall be bound :

But if with these she dare advance her sail,

Amongst the best then may she be renown'd.

GORBO.

Shepherd, these men at mighty things do aim,
And therefore press into the learned troop,
With filed phrase to dignify their name,
Else with the world shut in this shameful coop.

But such a subject ill becometh me,
For I must pipe amongst the lowly sort,
Those silly herd-grooms who have laugh'd to see,
When I by moon-shine made the fairies sport.

Who of the toils of Hercules will treat,
And put his hand to an eternal pen,
In such high labours it behoves he sweat,
To soar beyond the usual pitch of men :

Such monster-tamers who would take in hand,
As have ty'd up the triple-headed hound,
Or of those giants which 'gainst heaven durst stand,
Whose strength the gods it troubled to confound :

Who listeth with so mighty things to mell,
And dares a task so great to undertake,
Should raise the black inhabitants of hell,
And stir a tempest on the Stygian lake.

He that to worlds pyramids will build
On those great heroes got by heavenly powers,
Should have a pen most plentifully fill'd
In the full streams of learned Maro's showers.

Who will foretell mutations, and of men,
Of future things and wisely will inquire,
Before should slumber in that shady den,
That often did with prophesy inspire.

Soothsaying Sybils sleeping long ago,
We have their reed, but few have con'd their art,
And the (a) Welsh wizard cleaveth to a stone,
No oracles more wonders shall impart.

When (b) him this round that nearest over-ran,
His labouring mother to this light did bring,
The sweat that then from Orpheus' statue ran,
Foretold the prophets had whereon to sing.

When virtue had allotted her a prize,
The oaken garland, and the laurel crown,
Fame then resum'd her lofty wings to rise,
And plumes were honour'd with the purple gown.

When first religion with a golden chain
Men unto fair civility did draw,
Who sent from heaven brought justice forth again,
To keep the good, the viler sort to awe.

That simple age as simple sung of love,
Till thirst of empire and of earthly sways,
Drew the good shepherd from his lass's glove,
To sing of slaughter, and tumultuous frays.

Then Jove's love-theft was privily descry'd,
How he play'd false play in Amphitrio's bed,

(a) Merlin.

(b) Alexander the Great.

VOL. III,

And young Apollo in the mount of Ide,
Gave Oenon physic for her maidenhead.

The tender grass was then the softest bed :
The pleasant'st shades esteem'd the stateliest halls :
No belly-churl with Bacchus banqueted,
Nor painted rags then cover'd rotten walls :

Then simple love, by simple virtue sway'd,
Flowers the favours, which true faith revealed,
Kindness again with kindness was repay'd,
And with sweet kisses covenants were sealed.

And beauty's self by herself beautify'd,
Scorn'd paintings pergit, and the borrow'd hair,
Nor monstrous forms deformities did hide,
The foul to varnish with compounded fair.

The purest fleece then cover'd the pure skin :
For pride as then with Lucifer remain'd ;
Ill-favour'd fashions then were to begin,
Nor wholesome clothes with poisoned liquor stain'd.

But when the bowels of the earth were sought,
Whose golden entrails mortals did espy,
Into the world all mischief then was brought,
This fram'd the mint, that coin'd our misery.

The lofty pines were presently hew'd down,
And men, sea-monsters, swam the braky flood,
In wainscot tubs to seek out worlds unknown,
For certain ill, to leave assured good.

The steed was tam'd and fitted to the field,
That serves a subject to the rider's laws,
He that before ran in the pastures wild,
Felt the stiff curb controul his angry jaws.

The Cyclops then stood sweating to the fire,
The use thereof in soft'ning metals found,
That did straight limbs in stubborn steel attire,
Forging sharp tools the tender flesh to wound.

The city builder then entrench'd his towers;
And laid his wealth within the walled town,
Which afterward in rough and stormy stow'rs
Kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks down.

This was the sad beginning of our woe,
That was from hell on wretched mortals hurl'd,
And from this font did all those mischiefs flow,
Whose inundation drowneth all the world.

MOTTO.

Well, shepherd, well, the golden age is gone,
Wishes no way revoke that which is past :
Small wit there were to make two griefs of one ;
And our complaints we vainly should but waste.

Listen to me then, lovely shepherd lad,
And thou shalt hear, attentive if thou be,
A pretty tale I of my grandame had,
One winter's night when there were none but we.

GORBO.

Shepherd, say on, so may we pass the time,
There is no doubt, it is some worthy rhyme.

P p

MOTTO.

FAR in the country of Arden,
 There won'd a knight, hight Cassamen,
 As bold as Ifenbras :
 Fell was he and eager bent,
 In battle and in tournament,
 As was the good Sir Topas.
 He had, as antique stories tell,
 A daughter cleaped Dowfabel,
 A maiden fair and free.
 And for she was her father's heir,
 Full well she was ycond the leir
 Of mickle courtesy.
 The silk well couth she twist and twine,
 And make the fine march-pine,
 And with the needle-work :
 And she couth help the priest to say
 His mattins on a holy-day
 And sing a psalm in kirk.
 She wore a frock of frolic green,
 Might well become a maiden queen,
 Which seemly was to see ;
 A hood to that so neat and fine,
 In colour like the columbine,
 I wrought full featously.
 Her features all as fresh above,
 As is the grafs that grows by Dove,
 And lythe as lasfs of Kent.
 Her skin as soft as Lemster wool.
 As white as snow, on Peakish Hull,
 Or swan that swims in Trent.
 This maiden in a morn betime,
 Went forth when May was in the prime,
 To get sweet setywall,
 The honey-suckle, the harlock,
 The lily, and the lady-smock,
 To deck her summer hall.
 Thus as she wander'd here and there,
 And picked off the bloomy brier,
 She chanced to espy
 A shepherd sitting on a bank,
 Like Chanty-clear he crowned crank,
 And pip'd full merrily.
 He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,
 When he would whistle in his fist,
 To feed about him round.
 Whilst he full many a carrol sang,
 Until the fields and meadows rang,
 And all the woods did found.
 In favour this same shepherd swain
 Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,
 Which held proud kings in awe :
 But meek as any lamb might be ;
 And innocent of ill as he
 Whom his lewd brother slaw.
 The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
 Which was of the finest lock,
 That could be cut with sheer.
 His mittens were of bauzons skin,
 His cockers were of cordiwin,
 His hood of miniveer.
 His aul and lingel in a thong,
 His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
 His bre ch of Cointree blue,

Full crisp and curled were his locks,
 His brows as white as Albion rocks,
 So like a lover true.
 And piping still he spent the day,
 So merry as the popinjay,
 Which liked Dowfabel ;
 That would she ought, or would she nought,
 This lad would never from her thought,
 She in love-longing fell.
 At length she tucked up her frock,
 White as a lily was her smock,
 She drew the shepherd nigh :
 But then the shepherd pip'd a good,
 That all his sheep forfook their food,
 To hear this melody.
 Thy sheep, quoth she, cannot be lean,
 That have a jolly shepherd swain,
 The which can pipe so well :
 Yea but (saith he) their shepherd may,
 If piping thus he pine away,
 In love of Dowfabel.
 Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,
 Quoth she, look well unto thy sheep,
 Lest they should hap to stray.
 Quoth he, so had I done full well,
 Had I not seen fair Dowfabel
 Come forth to gather May.
 With that she 'gan to vail her head,
 Her cheeks were like the roses red,
 But not a word she said,
 With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
 He threw his pretty pipes adown,
 And on the ground him laid.
 Saith she, I may not stay till night,
 And leave my summer hall undight,
 And all for love of thee.
 My cote, saith he, nor yet my fold,
 Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
 Except thou favour me.
 Saith she, yet lever I were dead,
 Than I should lose my maidenhead,
 And all for love of men.
 Saith he, yet are you too unkind,
 If in your heart you cannot find
 To love us now and then.
 And I to thee will be as kind,
 As Colin was to Rosalind,
 Of courtesy the flower.
 Then will I be as true, quoth she,
 As ever maiden yet might be
 Unto her paramour.
 With that she bent her snow-white knee,
 Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
 And him she sweetly kist.
 With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy,
 Quoth he, there's never shepherd's boy
 That ever was so blest.

GORBO.

Now by my sheephook, here's a tale alone,
 Learn me the same, and I will give thee hire,
 This was as good as curds for our Joan,
 When at a night we sitten by the fire.

MOTTO.

Why gentle Gorbo, I'll not stick for that,
 When we shall meet upon some merry day :

But see, whilst we have set us down to chat,
Yon tykes of mine began to steal away.

And if thou please to come unto our green,
On Lammass day, when as we have our feast,
Thou shalt sit next unto the shepherds queen,
And there shall be the only welcome guest.

ECLOGUE V.

COME, let us frolic merrily, my swain,
Let's see what spirit there quickens yet in thee,
If there so much be left but as a grain
Of the great stock of antique poesy,
Or living but one slip of Phœbus' sacred tree.

Or if reserv'd from time's devouring rage,
With his sad ruins scorning once to fall,
Any memorial left thee as a gage:
Or the delight of simple pastoral,
May thee revive, whom care seems to appal.

To fortune's orphans nature hath bequeath'd
What mightiest monarchs seldom have possess'd,
From highest heaven this influence is breath'd,
The most divine impression of the breast,
And whom th' one pines, the other oft doth feast

Nor doth't affect this fond gentility,
Whereon the fool world open mouthed gazes,
Thinking itself of great ability.
That it a great great grandfire's glory blazes,
And paints out fictions in untimely phrases.

Idly we think that honour can inflame
These moving pictures, made but for the street,
(We daily find) that over-live their name,
And black oblivion is their winding sheet,
Their glory trodden under vulgar feet.

Envy discharging all her poison'd darts,
The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,
At her fierce loose that weakly never starts,
But in despatch, doth force her to retire,
With careless feet and spurns her in the mire.

ROWLAND.

I may not sing of such as fall or climb,
Nor chant of arms, and of heroic deeds,
It fitteth not a shepherd's rural rhyme,
Nor is agreeing with my oaten reeds:
Nor from my song gross flattery proceeds.

On the world's idols I do hate to smile,
Nor shall their names e'er in my page appear,
To bolster baseness I account it vile,
'Tis not their looks, nor greatness that I fear,
Nor shall't be known by me, that such there
[were.]

No fatal dreads, nor fruitless vain desires,
Low caps and curt'sies to a painted wall,
Nor heaping rotten sticks on needless fires,
Ambitious ways to climb, nor fears to fall,
Nor things so base do I affect at all.

MOTTO.

If these, nor these may like thy varying quill,
As of too high, or of too low a strain,
That do not aptly parallel thy skill,
Nor well agreeing with a shepherd's vein,
Subjects (suppos'd) ill to beseem a swain.

Then tune thy pipe to thy Idea's praise,
And teach the woods to wonder at her name,
Thy lowly notes so may'st thou lightly raise,
And thereby others happily inflame:
Yet thou the whilst stand farthest off from blame.

Thy temples then with laurel shall be dight,
When as thy muse got high upon her wing,
With nimble pinions shall direct her flight
To th' place from whence all harmonies do spring,
To rape the fields with touches of her string.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, since thou so strongly dost persuade,
And her just worth so amply us affords,
O sacred fury, all my powers invade,
All fulness flows from thy abundant hoards,
Her praise requires the excellentest words.

Shall I then first sing of her heavenly eye,
To it attracting every other sight?
May a poor shepherd's praise aspire so high,
Which if the sun should give us up to night,
The stars from it should fetch a purer light.

Or that fair brow, where Beauty keeps her state,
There still residing as her proper sphere,
Which when the world she meaneth to amate,
Wonder invites to stand before her there,
Throughout the world the praise thereof to bear.

Or touch her cheek, dear nature's treasury,
Whereas she stores th' abundance of her blifs,
Where of herself she 'xacts such usury,
That she's else needy by inwealthying this,
And like a miser her rich chest doth kifs.

Or those pure hands, in whose delicious palms
Love takes delight the palmeater to play,
Whose crystal fingers dealing heavenly alms,
Give the whole wealth of all the world away.
O, who of these sufficiently can say!

Or th' ivory columns, which this fane upbear,
Where Dian's nuns their goddesses to adore,
Before her, ever sacrificing there,
Her hallow'd altars kneeling still before, [more.
Where more they do perform, their zeal the

Unconning shepherd of these praise I none,
Although surpassing, yet let I them pass,
Nor in this kind her excellence is shewn,
To sing of these not my intent it was,
Our muse must undergo a weightier mass,

And be directed by a straighter line,
Which me must unto higher regions guide,
That I her virtues rightly may define,

P p ij

From me myself that's able to divide,
Unless by them my weakness be supply'd.

That be the end whereat I only aim,
Which to perform, I faithfully must strive,
Fair as I can to build this goodly frame,
And every part so aptly to contrive,
That time from this example may derive.

In whom, as on some well prepared stage,
Each moral virtue acts a princely part,
Where every scene pronounced by a sage,
Hath the true fulness both of wit and art,
And wisely stealeth the spectator's heart;

That every censure worthily doth brook,
And unto it a great attention draws,
Int' which when wisdom doth severely look,
Often therewith she forced is to pause,
To yield a free and general applause.

Who unto goodness can she not excite,
And in the same not teacheth to be wise,
And deeply seen in each obsequious rite,
Wherein of that some mystery there lies,
Which her sole study is, and only exercise?

But the great'st volume, nor exactest comment,
Wherein art ever absolute'st shined,
Nor the small'st letter filling up the margent,
Yet every space with matter interlined,
In th' highest knowledge, rightly her defined.

O! if but sense effectually could see,
What is in her t'be worthily admired,
How infinite her excellencies be,
The date of which can never be expired,
From her high praise the world could not be hired.

But since that heaven must only be the mirror,
Wherein the world can her perfections view,
And Fame is stricken silent with the terror,
Wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,
Colours can give her nothing that is new,

Then since there wants ability in colours,
Nor pencil yet sufficiently can blaze her,
For her I'll make a mirror of my dolours,
And in my tears sheest' look herself and praise her;
Happy were I, if such a glass might please her.

Go, gentle winds, and whisper in her ear,
And tell Idea, how much I adore her,
And you, my flocks, report ye to my fair,
How far she passeth all that went before her,
And as their goddess all the plains adore her.

And thou, clear brook, by whose pure silver stream
Grow those tall oaks, where I have carv'd her
name,

Convey her praise to Neptune's wat'ry realm,
And bid the Tritons to sound forth her fame,
Until wide Neptune scarce contain the same.

MOTTO.

Stay there, good Rowland, whither art thou rapt,
Beyond the moon that strivest thus to strain?
Into what frenzy lately art thou hapt,
That in this sort intoxicates thy brain,
Much disagreeing from a shepherd's vein?

ROWLAND.

Motto, why me so strangely shouldst thou tempt
Above my strength with th' magic of her style?
The scope of which from limits is exempt,
As be all they that of it do compile,
Able to raise the spirit that is most vile.

Didst thou me first unto her praises stir,
And now at last dost thou again refuse me?
What if perhaps with too much love I err,
And that therein the forward muse abuse me?
The cause thou gav'st is able to excuse me.

MOTTO.

Rowland then cease, reserve thy plenteous muse,
Till future time, thy simple oaten reed
Shall with a far more glorious rage infuse,
To sing the glory of some worthy's deed:
For this I think, but little shall thee steed.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, farewell, the skies begin to low'r,
Yon pitchy cloud, that hangeth in the west,
Shews us, ere long, that we shall have a shower:
Come, let us home, for I so think it best,
For to their cotes our flocks are gone to rest.

MOTTO.

Content, and if thou'lt come to my poor cote,
Although, God knows, my cheer be very small,
For wealth with me was never yet afloat:
Yet take in gree whatever do befall,
We'll sit and turn a crab, and tune a madrigal,

ECLOGUE VI.

GORBO.

WELL met, good Winken, whither dost thou
wend?

How hast thou far'd, old shepherd, many a year?
His days in darkness thus can Winken spend,
Who I have known for piping had no peer?

Where be those fair flocks thou wert wont to
guide?

What, be they dead, or hapt in some mischance?
Or mischief thee their master doth betide?
Or lordly love hath cast thee in a trance?

What, man, let's still be merry while we may,
And take a truce with sorrow for a time,
The whilst we pass this weary winter's day,
In reading riddles, or in making rhyme.

WINKEN.

A woe's me, Gorbo, mirth is far away,
Nor may it sojourn with sad discontent,
O! blame me not (to see this dismal day)
Then, though my poor heart it in pieces rent,

My tune is turn'd into a swan-like song,
That best becomes me drawing to my death,
Till which, methinks, that every hour is long,
My breast become a prison to my breath.

Nothing more lothsome than the cheerful light,
Com'n is my night, when once appears the day:
The blessed sun is odious to my sight,
Nor sound me liketh, but the screech owl's lay.

GORBO.

What, mayst thou be that old Winken de Word,
That of all shepherds wert the man alone, [board,
Which once with laughter shook't the shepherds
With thine own madness lastly overthrown?

I think, thou dost in thy declining age,
Or for the looseness of thy youth art sorry,
And therefore vow'st some solemn pilgrimage,
To holy (c) Hayle's or (d) Patrick's purgatory.

Come, sit we down under this hawthorn tree,
The morrow's light shall lend us day enough,
And let us tell of Gawen, or Sir Guy,
Of Robin Hood, or of old Clem a Clough.

Or else some romant unto us areed,
By former shepherds taught thee in thy youth,
Of noble lords and ladies gentle deed,
Or of thy love, or of thy lass's truth.

WINKEN.

Shepherd, no, no, that world with me is past,
Merry was it, when we those toys might tell:
But 'tis not now as when thou saw'st me last,
A great mischance me since that time befell.

Elphin is dead, and in his grave is laid,
O! to report it, how my heart it grieveth!
Cruel that fate, that so the time betray'd,
And of our joys untimely us depriveth.

GORBO.

Is it for him thy tender heart doth bleed?
For him that living was the shepherds pride:
Never did death so merciless a deed,
Ill hath he done, and ill may him betide:

Nought hath he got, nor of much more can boast,
Nature is paid the utmost of her due,
Pan hath receiv'd so dearly that him cost:
O heavens, his virtues did belong to you!

Do not thou then incessantly complain,
Best doth the mean besit the wise in mourning:
And to recall that, labour not in vain,
Which is by fate prohibited returning.

WINKEN.

Wer't for the best this present world affords,
Shepherd, our sorrows might be eas'ly cast,
But, oh, his loss requireth more than words,
Nor it so slightly can be overpast.

When his fair flocks he fed upon the downs,
The poorest shepherd suffered not annoy:

(c) An ancient pilgrimage in Gloucestershire, called the Holy-Rood of Hayles.
(d) That famous cave of Ireland.

Now are we subject to those beastly clowns,
That all our mirth would utterly destroy.

Long after he was shrowded in the earth,
The birds for sorrow did forbear to sing,
Shepherds forewent their wonted summer's mirth,
Winter therewith outwore a double spring.

That had not nature lastly call'd to mind
The near approaching of her own decay,
Things should have gone contrary unto kind,
And to the *Chaos* all was like to sway.

The nymphs forbear in silver springs to look,
With sundry flowers to braid their yellow hair,
And to the deserts sadly them betook,
So much oppress, and overcome with care.

And for his sake the early wanton lambs,
That 'mongst the hillocks wont to skip and play,
Sadly ran bleating to their careful dams,
Nor would their soft lips to the udders lay,

The groves, the mountains, and the pleasant heath,
That wonted were with roundelays to ring,
Are blasted now with the cold northern breath,
That not a shepherd takes delight to sing.

Who would not die when Elphin now is gone?
Living, that was the shepherds true delight.
With whose blest spirit (attending him alone)
Virtue to heaven directly took her flight.

Only from fools he from the world did fly, [bring,
Knowing the time strange monsters forth should
That should his lasting poesy deny,
His worth and honour rashly censuring:

Whilst he aloft with glorious wings is borne,
Singing with angels in the gorgeous sky,
Laughing even kings and their delights to scorn,
And all those fots that them do deify.

And, learned shepherd, thou to time shalt live,
When their false names are utterly forgotten,
And fame to thee eternity shall give,
When with their bones their sepulchres are rotten.

Nor mournful cypress, nor sad widowing yew,
About thy tomb to prosper shall be seen,
But bay and myrtle which be ever new,
In spite of winter flourishing and green.

Summer's long'st day shall shepherds not suffice,
To sit and tell full stories of thy praise,
Nor shall the longest winter's night comprise
Their sighs for him, the subject of their lays.

And, gentle shepherds, (as sure some there be)
That living yet his virtues do inherit,
Men from base envy and detraction free,
Of upright hearts and of as humble spirit:

Thou, that down from the goodly western waste,
To drink at Avon driv'st thy fanned sheep.

Good Melibœus, that so wisely hast
Guided the flocks deliver'd thee to keep,

Forget not Elphin; and thou gentle swain,
That dost thy pipe by silver Doven sound,
Alexis, that dost with thy flocks remain,
Far off within thy Caledonian ground,

Be mindful of that shepherd that is dead :
And thou too long that I to pipe have taught,
Unhappy Rowland, that from me art fled,
And set'st old Winken and his words at
nought;

And like a graceless and untutor'd lad,
Art now departed from my aged sight,
And need'st fly to the southern fields wilt gad,
Where thou dost live in thriftless vain delight;

Thou wanton boy, as thou can'st pipe as well
As any he, a bagpipe that doth bear,
Still let thy rounds of that good shepherd tell,
To whom thou hast been evermore so dear.

Many, you seeming, to excel in fame,
And say as they, that none can pipe so high,
Scorning well-near a shepherd's simple name,
So puff'd and blown with worldly vanity :

These, if an aged man may umpire be,
Whose pipes are well near worn out of his
hand,
The highest skill, that in their songs I see,
Scarce reach the base whercon his praises stand.

And all those toys that vainly you allure
Shall in the end no other guerdon have,
But living shall you nickle woe procure,
And lastly bring you to an unknown grave.

Then, gentle shepherds, wheresoe'er you rest,
In hill or dale, whoever that you be,
Whether with love or worldly care oppress'd,
Or be you bond, or happily be free :

The closing evening 'ginning to be dark,
When as the small birds sing the sun to sleep,
You fold your lambs; or, with the early lark,
Into the fair fields drive your harmless sheep :

Still let your pipes be busied in his praise,
Until your flocks be learnt his loss to know,
And tattling echo many sundry ways
Be taught by you to warble forth our woe.

GORBO.

Cease, shepherd, cease, from future complaints re-
frain,

See but of one, how many do arise,
That by the tempest of my troubled brain,
The floods already swelling up mine eyes.

And now the sun beginneth to decline :
Whilst we in woes the time away do wear,
See where yon little moping lamb of mine
Itself hath tangled in a crawling brier.

ECLOGUE VII.

BATTE.

BORRIL, why sit'st thou musing in thy cote,
Like dreaming Merlin in his drowsy cell?
With too much learning doth the shepherd dote?
Or art enchanted with some magic spell?
A hermit's life or mean'st thou to profess?
Or to thy beads fall like an anchoress?

See how fair Flora decks our fields with flowers,
And clothes our groves in gawdy summer's green,
And wanton Ver distils herself in showers
To hasten Ceres, harvest's hallowed queen,
Near-hand that in her yellow robe appears,
Crowning full summer with her ripen'd ears.

Now shepherds lay their winter weeds away,
And in neat jackets minfen on the plains,
And at the rivers fishing day by day,
Now who so frolic as the shepherd swains?
Why lig'st thou here then in thy lothsome cave,
Like as a man put quick into his grave?

BORRIL.

Batte, my cote from tempest standeth free,
When stately towers been often shak'd with wind :
And wilt thou, Batte, come and sit with me,
The happy life here shalt thou only find,
Free from the world's vile and inconstant qualms,
And herry Pan with orizons and alms,

And scorn the crowd of such as cog for pence,
And waste their wealth in sinful bravery,
Whose gain is loss, whose thrift is lewd expence,
Content to live in golden slavery,
Wond'ring at toys, as foolish wordlings doon
Like to the dog that barketh at the moon?

Here may'st thou range the goodly pleasant field,
And search out simples to procure thy heal,
What sundry virtues, sundry herbs do yield,
'Gainst grief which may thy sheep or thee assail :
Here may'st thou hunt the little harmless hare,
Or laugh t' entrap false Reynard in a snare.

Or if thee please in antique romants read
Of gentle lords and ladies that of yore,
In foreign lands did many a famous deed,
And been renown'd from east to western shore,
Or shepherds skill i' th' course of heaven to know,
When this star falls, when that itself doth show.

BATTE.

Shepherd, these things been all too coy for me,
Whose youth is spent in jollity and mirth,
Sike hidden arts been better fitting thee,
Whose days are fast declining to the earth :
May'st thou suppose that I shall e'er endure
To follow that no pleasure can procure?

These been for such them votaries do make,
And do accept the mantle and the ring,
And the long night continually do wake,
Musing, themselves how they to heaven may bring,

That whisper still of sorrow in their bed,
And do despise both love and lustyhead.

Like to the cur with anger well near wood,
Who makes his kennel in the ox's stall,
And snarleth when he seeth him take his food,
And yet his chaps can chew no hay at all :
Borril, even so it with thy state doth fare,
And with all those that such like wizards are.

BORRIL.

Sharp is the thorn soon I perceive by thee,
Bitter the blossom when the fruit is sour,
And early crook'd that will a camock be ;
Loud is the wind before a stormy shower :
Pity thy wit should be so much misled,
And thus ill-guided by a giddy head.

Ah, foolish elf, I at thy madness grieve,
That art abus'd by thy lewd brain-sick will,
Those hidden baits that canst not yet perceive,
Nor find the cause that breedeth all thy ill,
Thou think'st all gold, that hath a golden
show,
But art deceiv'd, and that I truly know.

Such one art thou, as is the little fly,
Who is so crowse and gamesome with the flame,
Till with her bus'ness and her nicety.
Her nimble wings are scorched with the fame :
Then falls she down with piteous buzzing note,
And in the fire doth singe her mourning coat.

BATTE.

Alas, goodman, thou now begin'st to rave,
Thy wits do err and miss the cushion quite,
Because thy head is gray, and words be grave,
Thou think'st thereby to draw me from delight ;
Tush, I am young, nor sadly can I fit,
But must do all that youth and love besit.

Thy back is crook'd, thy knees do bend for age,
Whilst I am swift and nimble as the roe ;
Thou, like a bird, art shut up in a cage,
And in the fields I wander to and fro ;
Thou must do penance for thy old misdeeds,
On the world's joys the whilst my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canst, yet me it shall not let :
For why, my fancy straineth me so sore,
That day and night my mind is wholly set,
How to enjoy, and please my paramour :
Only on love I set my whole delight,
The summer's day, and all the winter's night.

That pretty Cupid, little god of love,
Whose imp'd wings with speckled plumes are
dight,
Who woundeth men below, and gods above,
Roving at random with his feather'd flight :
Whilst lovely Venus stands to give the aim,
Smiling to see her wanton bantling's game.

Upon my staff his statue will I carve,
His bow and quiver on his winged back ;
His forked heads for such as them deserve,
And not of his one implement shall lack,

And in her coach fair Cypria set above,
Drawn with a swan, a sparrow, and a dove.

And under them Thisbe of Babylon,
With Cleopatra Egypt's chief renown,
Phillis that dy'd for love of Demophon,
And lovely Dido, queen of Carthage town :
Who ever held god Cupid's laws so dear,
To whom we offer sacrifice each year.

BORRIL.

A wilful boy, thy folly now I find,
And it is hard a fool's talk to endure,
Thou art as deaf, as thy poor god is blind,
Such as the faint, such is the servitor.
Then of this love wilt please thee hear a
song,

That's to the purpose, though it be not long ?

BATTE.

Borril, sing on, I pray thee, let us hear,
That I may laugh to see thee shake thy beard ;
But take heed, shepherd, that thy voice be clear,
Or (by my hood) thou'lt make us all afraid ;
Or 'tis a doubt that thou wilt fright our
flocks,
When they shall hear thee bark so like a fox.

BORRIL,

Now, fie upon thee, wayward love,
Woe to Venus which did nurse thee,
Heaven and earth thy plagues do prove,
Gods and men have cause to curse thee !
What art thou but th' extremest madness,
Nature's first and only error,
That consum'st our days in sadness,
By the mind's continual terror :
Walking in Cymerian blindness,
In thy courses void of reason,
In thy trust the highest treason ?
Sharp reproof thy only kindness,
Both the nymph and ruder swain,
Vexing with continual anguish,
Which dost make the old complain,
And the young to pine and languish :
Who thee keeps his care doth nurse,
That seducest all to folly,
Blessing, bitterly dost curse,
Tending to destruction wholly.
Thus of thee as I began,
So again, I make an end :
Neither god, neither man,
Neither fairy, neither fiend.

BATTE.

Now surely, shepherd, here's a goodly song,
Upon my word, I never heard a worse ;
Away, old fool, and learn to rule thy tongue,
I would thy clap were shut up in my purse,
It is thy life, if thou may'st scold and brawl,
Though in thy words there be no wit at all.

And for the wrong that thou to love hast done,
I will revenge it, and defer no time,
And in this manner as thou hast begun,
I will recite thee a substantial rhyme ;
That to thy teeth sufficiently shall prove,
There is no power to be compar'd to love.

BORRIL.

Come on, good boy, I pray thee let us hear,
Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the near.

BATTE.

What is love, but the desire
Of that thing the fancy pleaseth?
A holy and resistless fire,
Weak and strong, alike that ceaseth,
Which not heaven hath power to let,
Nor wise nature cannot smother.
Whereby Phœbus doth beget
On the universal mother,
That the everlasting chain,
Which together all things ty'd,
And unmov'd doth them retain,
And by which they shall abide:
That consent we clearly find,
Which doth things together draw,
And so strong in every kind,
Subjects them to nature's law,
Whose high virtue number teaches,
In which every thing doth move,
From the lowest depth that reaches,
To the height of heaven above:
Harmony that wisely found,
When the cunning hand doth strike,
Whereas every amorous sound
Sweetly marries with the like.
The tender cattle scarcely take
From their dams the fields to prove,
But each seeketh out a mate;
Nothing lives that doth not love:
Not so much as but the plant,
As nature every thing doth pair,
By if it the male do want,
Doth dislike and will not bear.
Nothing then is like to love,
In the which all creatures be,
From it ne'er let me remove,
Nor let it remove from me.

BORRIL.

Remove from thee? Alas, poor silly lad,
'Too soon shalt thou be weary of thy guest:
For where he rules, no reason can be had,
That is an open enemy to rest:
I grieve to think, ere many years be spent,
How much thou shalt thy time in love repent.

BATTE.

Gramercy, Borril, for thy company,
For all thy jests, and all thy merry bourds,
Upon thy judgment much I shall rely,
Because I find such wisdom in thy words:
Would I might watch, whenever thou dost
ward,
So much thy love and friendship I regard.

ECLOGUE VIII.

PERKIN.

It joys me, Gorbo, yet we meet at last,
'Tis many a month since I the shepherd saw,

Methinks thou look'st as thou wert much aghast,
What is't so much that should thy courage awe?
What, man? have patience, wealth will come
and go,

And to the end the world shall ebb and flow.

The valiant man, whose thoughts be firmly plac'd,
And sees sometime how fortune lifts to rage;
That by her frowns he would not be disgrac'd,
By wisdom his straight actions so doth gage,
That when she fawns, and turns her squinting eye,
He laughs to scorn her loose inconstancy.

When as the cullian, and the viler clown,
That like the swine on draff sets his desire,
Feeling the tempest, sadly lays him down,
Whilst that blind strumpet treads him in the mire:
Yet tasting weal, the beast will quickly bray,
But feeling woe, as soon consumes away.

GORBO.

Perkin, I thy philosophy approve,
And know who well hath learn'd her sacred ways,
The storms of fortune not so eas'ly move,
With her high precepts arm'd at all assays,
When other folk her force may not endure,
Because they want that med'cine for their cure.

Yet altogether blam'd let me not pass,
Though often I, and worthily admire,
Wise men disgraced, and the barbarous ass
Unto high place and dignity aspire:
What should I say, that fortune is to blame?
Or unto what should I impute the shame?

PERKIN.

Why, she is queen here of this world below,
That at her pleasure all things doth dispose,
And blind, her gifts as blindly doth bestow,
Yet where she raises, still she overthrows:
Therefore her emblem is a turning wheel,
From whose high top the high soon 'st down-
ward reel.

Gave she her gifts to virtuous men and wise,
She would confirm this worldly state so sure,
That very babes her godhead would despise,
Nor longer here her government endure:
Best she may give from whom she ever takes,
Fools she may mar, for fools she ever makes.

For her own sake we wisdom must esteem,
And not how other basely her regard:
For howso'er disgraced she doth seem,
Yet she her own is able to reward,
And none are so essentially high,
As those that on her bounty do rely.

GORBO.

O but, good shepherd, tell me where been they,
That as a god did virtue so adore?
And for her imps did with such care purvey
Ah, but in vain, their want we do deplore,
Long time since swaddled in their winding sheet:
And she, I think, is buried at their feet,

PERKIN.

Nay, stay, good Gorbo, virtue is not dead,
Nor been her friends gone all that wonned here,

But to a nymph for succour she is fled,
Which her doth cherish, and most holdeth dear,
In her sweet bosom she hath built her nest,
And from the world, there doth she live at rest

This is that nymph, on that great western waste
Her flocks far whiter than the driven snow,
Fair shepherdess clear (a) Willy's banks that grac'd,
Yet she them both for pureness doth out-go:
To whom all shepherds dedicate their lays,
And on her altars offer up their bays.

Sister sometime she to that shepherd was,
That yet for piping never had his peer,
Elphin, that did all other swains surpass,
To whom she was of living things most dear,
And on his death-bed by his latest will,
To her bequeath'd the secrets of his skill.

GORBO.

May we yet hope then in their weaker kind,
That there be some, poor shepherds that respect:
The world else universally inclin'd
To such an inconsiderate neglect,
And the rude times their ord'rous matter fling
Into the sacred and once hallowed spring.

Women be weak, and subject most to change,
Nor long to any can they steadfast be,
And as their eyes, their minds do ever range,
With every object varying that they see:
Think'st thou in them that possibly can live,
Which nature most denieth them to give?

No other is the steadfastness of those
On whom even nature wills us to rely,
Frail is it that the elements compose,
Such is the state of all mortality,
That as the humour in the blood doth move,
Lastly do hate, what they did lately love.

So did great Olcon, which a Phœbus seem'd,
Whom all good shepherds gladly flock'd about,
And as a god of Rowland was esteem'd,
Which to his praise drew all the rural rout:
For, after Rowland, as it had been Pan,
Only to Olcon every shepherd ran.

But he forsakes the herd-groom and his flocks,
Nor of his bag-pipes takes at all no keep,
But to the stern wolf and deceitful fox
Leaves the poor shepherd and his harmless sheep,
And all those rhymes that he of Olcon sung,
The swain disgrac'd, participate his wrong.

PERKIN.

Then since the world's distemp'rature is such,
And man made blind by her deceitful shew,
Small virtue in their weaker sex is much,
And to it in them much the muses owe,
And praising some may happily inflame,
Others in time with liking of the same.

As those two sisters most discreetly wise,
That virtue's hefts religious obey,

(a) A river running by Wilton, near to the plain of Salisbury.

Whose praise my skill is wanting to comprise,
Th' eld'st of which is that good Panape,
In shady (a) Arden her dear flock that keeps,
Where mournful Ankor for her sickness weeps.

The younger then, her sister not less good,
Bred where the other lately doth abide,
Modest Idea, flower of womanhood,
That Rowland hath so highly deify'd:
Whom Phœbus' daughters worthily prefer,
And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her flocks up to the fruitful (b) Meene,
Which daily looks upon the lovely Stowre,
Near to that (c) vale, which of all vales is queen,
Lastly, forsaking of her former bow'r:
And of all places holdeth Cotswold dear,
Which now is proud, because she lives it near.

Then is dear Sylvia one the best alive,
That once in (d) Moreland by the silver Trent,
Her harmless flocks as harmlessly did drive,
But now allured to the fields of Kent:
The faithfull'st nymph wherever that she won,
That at this day doth live under the sun.

Near (e) Ravensburn in cottage low she lies,
There now content her calm repose to take,
The perfect clearness of whose lovely eyes
Hath oft enforc'd the shepherds to forsake
Their flocks, and folds, and on her set their keep,
Yet her chaste thought's still settled on her sheep.

Then that dear nymph that in the muses joys,
That in wild (f) Charnwood with her flocks
doth go,
Mirtilla, sister to those hopeful boys,
My loved Thyrsis, and sweet Palmeo:
That oft to (g) Soar the southern shepherds
bring,
Of whose clear waters they divinely sing.

So good she is, so good likewise they be,
As none to her might brother be but they,
Nor none a sister unto them, but she,
To them for wit few like, I dare will say:
In them as nature truly meant to show,
How near the first, she in the last could go.

GORBO.

Shepherd, their praise thou dost so clearly sing,
That even when groves their nightingales shall
want,
Nor valleys heard with rural notes to ring:
And every where when shepherds shall be scant:
Their names shall live from memory unraz'd,
Of many a nymph and gentle shepherd prais'd.

(a) A river in the confines of Warwick and Leicestershire, in some parts dividing the shires.

(b) A mountain near Cotswold.

(c) The vale of Eufham.

(d) A part of Staffordshire, famous for breeding cattle.

(e) A river falling at Dartford into the Thames.

(f) A forest in Leicestershire.

(g) A river under the same forest.

ECLOGUE IX.

LATE 'twas in June, the fleece when fully grown,
In the full compass of the passed year,
The season well by skilful shepherds known,
That them provide immediately to sheer.

Their lambs late wax'd so lusty and so strong,
That time did them their mothers teats forbid,
And in the fields the common flocks among,
Eat of the same grass that the greater did.

When not a shepherd any thing that could,
But greaz'd his start-ups black as autumn floe,
And for the better credit of the wold,
In their fresh ruffets every one doth go.

Who now a posie pins not in his cap?
And not a garland baldrick-wife doth wear?
Some, of such flowers as to his hand doth hap;
Others, such as a secret meaning bear:

He from his lass him lavender hath sent,
Shewing her love, and doth requital crave,
Him rosemary his sweet-heart, whose intent
Is that he her should in remembrance have.

Roses, his youth and strong desire express;
Her sage, doth shew his sov'reignty in all;
The July-flower declares his gentleness;
Thyme, truth; the pansie, heart's-ease maidens call:

In cotes such simples, simply in request,
Wherewith proud courts in greatness scorn to mell,
For country toys become the country best,
And please poor shepherds, and become them well.

When the new-wash'd flock from the river's side,
Coming as white as January's snow,
The ram with nosegays bears his horns in pride,
And no less brave the bell-wether doth go.

After their fair flocks in a lusty rout,
Came the gay swains with bag-pipes strongly blown,
And busied, though this solemn sport about,
Yet had each one an eye unto his own.

And by the ancient statutes of the field,
He that his flocks the earliest lamb should bring,
(As it fell out then, Rowland's charge to yield)
Always for that year was the shepherds king.

And soon preparing for the shepherds board,
Upon a green that curiously was squar'd,
With country cates be'ng plentifully stor'd:
And 'gainst their coming handsomely prepar'd.

New whig, with water from the clearest stream,
Green plumbs, and wildings, cherries chief of
feast,
Fresh cheese, and dowsies, curds, and clouted
cream,
Spic'd syllibubs, and cyder of the best:

And to the same down solemnly they sit,
In the fresh shadow of their summer bowers,
With sundry sweets them every way to fit,
Their neighb'ring vale despoiled of her flowers.

And whilst together merry thus they make,
The sun to west a little 'gan to lean,
Which the late fervour soon again did flake,
When as the nymphs came forth upon the plain.

Here might you many a shepherdess have seen,
Of which no place, as Cotswold, such doth yield,
Some of it native, some for love I ween,
Thither were come from many a fertile field.

There was the widow's daughter of the glen,
Dear Rosalynd, that scarcely brook'd compare,
The moorland-maiden, so admir'd of men,
Bright Goldy-Locks, and Phillida the fair.

Lettice and Parnel, pretty lovely peats,
Cusse of the fold, the virgin of the well,
Fair Ambry with the alabaster teats,
And more, whose names were here too long to tell.

Which now came forward following their
sheep,

Their bathing flocks on grassy leas to hold,
Thereby from skathe and peril them to keep,
Till evening come, that it were time to fold.

When now, at last, as lik'd the shepherds king,
(At whose command they all obedient were)
Was pointed, who the roundelay should sing,
And who again the under-song should bear.

The first whereof he Batte doth bequeath.
A wittier wag on all the wold's not found,
Gorbo, the man, that him should sing beneath,
Which his loud bag-pipe skilfully could sound.

Who amongst all the nymphs that were in sight,
Batte his dainty Daffadil there mist,
Which, to inquire of, doing all his might,
Him his companion kindly doth assist.

BATTE.

Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or, as thou, through the fields did stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffadil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lovers bowers,
The pansie and the marigold,
Though Phœbus' paramours.

Gorbo. Thou well describ'st the daffadil,
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

Batte. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffadil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

Gorbo. I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffadillies.

Batte. Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For, know, my pretty Daffadil
Is worn of none but me.

To shew itself but near her seat
No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

Gorbo. Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smerking bonny lass,
They call her Daffadil:

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent,
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the vallies loud did cry,
'There goes sweet Daffadil.

I, gentle shepherd, now with joy
'Thou all my flocks dost fill,
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy,
Let us to Daffadil.

The easy turns and quaintness of the song,
And slight occasion whereupon 'twas rais'd,
Not one this jolly company among,
(As most could well judge) highly that not prais'd.

When Motto next with Perkin pay their debt,
The moorland-maiden Sylvia that espy'd,
From th' other nymphs a little that was set,
In a near valley by a river's side.

Whose sov'reign flowers her sweetness well ex-
press'd,
And honour'd sight a little not them mov'd:
To whom their song they reverently address'd,
Both as her loving, both of her belov'd.

Motto. Tell me, thou skilful shepherd swain,
Who's yonder in the valley set?

Perkin. O! it is she, whose sweets do stain
The lily, rose, the violet.

Motto. Why doth the sun against his kind,
Stay his bright chariot in the skies?

Perkin. He pauseth, almost stricken blind,
With gazing on her heavenly eyes.

Motto. Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
Which sometime was their chief delight?

Perkin. Because they need no other good,
That live in presence of her sight.

Motto. How come those flowers to flourish
still,

Not withering with sharp winter's breath?

Perkin. She hath robb'd nature of her skill,
And comforts all things with her breath.

Motto. Why slide these brooks so flow away,
As swift as the wild roe that were?

Perkin. O! muse not shepherd that they stay,
When they her heavenly voice do hear.

Motto. From whence come all those goodly
swains,

And lovely girls attir'd in green?

Perkin. From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown thy Syl: our shepherds queen.

Motto. The sun that lights this world below,
Flocks, brooks, and flowers can witness bear.

Perkin. These shepherds, and these nymphs do
know,
Thy Sylvia is as chaste as fair.

Lastly, it came unto the clownish king,
Who, to conclude this shepherds yearly feast,
Bound as the rest, his roundelay to sing,
As all the other him were to assist.

When she (whom then they little did expect,
The fairest nymph that ever kept in field)
Idea did her sober pace direct
Towards them, with joy that every one beheld.

And whereas other drave their careful keep,
Hers did her follow duly at her will,
For, through her patience she had learnt her sheep,
Where'er she went, to wait upon her still.

A milk-white dove upon her hand she brought,
So tame, 'twould go, returning at her call,
About whose neck was in a collar wrought,
Only like me, my mistress bath no gall.

To whom her swain (unworthy though he were)
Thus unto her his roundelay applies,
To whom the rest the under part did bear,
Casting upon her their still longing eyes.

Rowland. Of her pure eyes (that now is seen,)

Chorus. Come, let us sing, ye faithful swains.

Rowland. O! she alone the shepherds queen.

Chorus. Her flock that leads,

The goddesses of these meads,

The mountains and these plains.

Rowland. Those eyes of hers that are more clear,

Chorus. Than can poor shepherds songs express:

Rowland. They be his beams that rules the year,

Chorus. Fie on that praise,

In striving things to raise:

That doth but make them less.

Rowland. That do the flow'ry spring prolong.
Chorus. So all things in her sight do joy,
Rowland. And keeps the plenteous summer young:

Chorus. And do assuage
 The wrathful winter's rage,
 That would our flocks annoy.

Rowland. Jove saw her breast that naked lay,
Chorus. A sight most fit for Jove to see:
Rowland. And swore it was the milky way,
Chorus. Of all most pure,
 The path (we us assure)
 To his bright court to be.

Rowland. He saw her tresses hanging down,
Chorus. That moved with the gentle air,
Rowland. And said that Ariadne's crown
Chorus. With those compar'd,
 The gods should not regard,
 Nor Berenice's hair.

Rowland. When she hath watch'd my flocks by night,
Chorus. O happy flocks that she did keep,
Rowland. They never needed Cynthia's light,
Chorus. That soon gave place,
 Amazed with her grace,
 That did attend thy sheep.

Rowland. Above, where heaven's high glories are,
Chorus. When she is placed in the skies,
Rowland. She shall be call'd the shepherds star.
Chorus. And evermore,
 We shepherds will adore
 Her sitting and her rise.

ECLOGUE X.

WHAT time the weary weather-beaten sheep,
 To get them fodder, hie them to the fold,
 And the poor herds that lately did them keep,
 Shudder'd with keenness of the winter's cold:
 The groves of their late summer pride forlorn,
 In mossy mantles sadly seem'd to mourn.

That silent time, about the upper world,
 Phœbus had forc'd his fiery-footed team,
 And down again the steep Olympus whirl'd
 To wash his chariot in the western stream,
 In night's black shade, when Rowland all alone,
 Thus him complains his fellow shepherd's gone.

You flames, quoth he, wherewith thou heaven art
 dight,
 That me (alive) the woful'st creature view,
 You, whose aspects have wrought me this despight
 And me with hate yet ceaselessly pursue,
 For whom too long I tarried for relief,
 Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

Yearly my vows, O heavens, have I not paid,
 Of the best fruits, and firstlings of my flock?
 And oftentimes have bitterly inveigh'd

'Gainst them that you profanely dar'd to mock?
 O, who shall ever give what is your due,
 If mortal man be uprighter than you?

If the deep sighs of an afflicted breast,
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected eyes
 Of a poor wretch with miseries oppress,
 For whose complaints, tears never could suffice,
 Have not the power your deities to move,
 Who shall e'er look for succour from above?

O night, how still obsequious have I been,
 To thy flow silence whispering in thine ear,
 That thy pale sovereign often hath been seen
 Stay to behold me sadly from her sphere,
 Whilst the flow minutes duly I have told,
 With watchful eyes attending on my fold.

How oft by thee the solitary swain,
 Breathing his passion to the early spring,
 Hath left to hear the nightingale complain,
 Pleasing his thoughts alone to hear me sing!
 The nymphs forsook their places of abode,
 To hear the sounds that from my music flow'd.

To purge their springs, and sanctify their grounds,
 The simple shepherds learned I the mean,
 And sov'reign simples to their use I found,
 Their teeming ewes to help when they did yearn:
 Which when again in summer time they share,
 Their wealthy fleece my cunning did declare.

In their warm cotes, whilst they have soundly slept,
 And pass'd the night in many a pleasant bower,
 On the bleak mountains I their flocks have kept,
 And bid the brunt of many a cruel shower,
 Warring with beasts, in safety mine to keep;
 So true was I, and careful of my sheep.

Fortune and time, why tempted you me forth,
 With those your flattering promises of grace,
 Fickle, so falsely to abuse my worth,
 And now to fly me, whom I did embrace?
 Both that at first encourag'd my desire,
 Lastly against me lewdly do conspire.

Or nature, didst thou prodigally waste
 Thy gifts on me unfortunatest swain,
 Only thereby to have thyself disgrac'd?
 Virtue, in me why wert thou plac'd in vain?
 If to the world predestined a prey,
 Thou wert too good to have been cast away.

There's not a grove that wond'reth not my woe,
 Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,
 I hear the echoes (wand'ring to and fro)
 Resound my grief through every hill and dale;
 The birds and beasts yet in their simple kind
 Lament for me, no pity else that find.

None else there is gives comfort to my grief,
 Nor my mishaps amended with my moan,
 When heaven and earth have shut up all relief,
 Nor care avails what cureless now is grown:
 And tears I find do bring no other good,
 But as new showers increase the rising flood.

When on an old tree, under which e'er now
He many a merry roundelay had fung,
Upon a leafless canker-eaten bough
His well tun'd bag-pipe carelessly he hung :
And by the same, his sheep-hook, once of price,
That had been carv'd with many a rare de-
vice.

He call'd his dog, (that sometime had the praise)
Whitefoot, well known to all that keep the plain,
That many a wolf had worried in his days,
A better cur there never followed swain ;
Which, though as he his master's sorrows knew,
Wag'd his cut tail, his wretched plight to rue.

Poor cur, quoth he, and him therewith did stroke ;
Go to our cote, and there thyself repose,
Thou with thine age, my heart with sorrow broke.
Be gone, e'er death my restless eyes do close,
The time is come thou must thy master leave,
Whom the vile world shall never more deceive,

With folded arms thus hanging down his head,
He gave a groan, his heart in sunder cleft,
And as a stone, already seem'd dead,
Before his breath was fully him bereft :
The faithful swain here lastly made an end,
Whom all good shepherds ever shall defend.

T H E
MUSES ELYSIUM.

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD EARL OF DORSET,

Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, of his Majesty's Privy Council, and Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty.

My most honoured Lord,

I HAVE ever found that constancy in your favours, since your first acknowledging of me, that their durableness have now made me one of your family, and I am become happy in the title to be called yours: that for retribution, could I have found a fitter way to publish your bounties, my thankfulness before this might have found it out; I crave of your Lordship the patronage of my Elysium, which, if the Muse fail me not, shall not be altogether unworthy of your protection. I have often

adventured upon desperate untrodden ways, which hath drawn some severe censures upon many of my labours; but that neither hath, nor can ever trouble me. The Divine Poems in this small volume inserted, I consecrate to your religious Countess, my most worthy lady. And so I rest

The honourer of you, and your noble family,

M. DRAYTON.

THE
DESCRIPTION OF ELYSIUM.

A PARADISE on earth is found,
Though far from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That it Elysium hight.

Where, in delights that never fade,
The Muses lulled be,
And sit at pleasure in the shade
Of many a stately tree,

Which no rough tempest makes to reel,
Nor their strait bodies bows,
Their lofty tops do never feel
The weight of winter's snows;

In groves that evermore are green,
No falling leaf is there,
But Philomel (of birds the queen)
In music spends the year.

The merl upon her myrtle perch
There to the mavis sings,
Who from the top of some curl'd berch
Those notes redoubled rings;

There daisies damask every place,
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud Phœbus hides his face
Themselves they scorn to close.

The pansy and the violet here,
As seeming to descend,
Both from one root, a very pair,
For sweetness do contend,

And pointing to a pink to tell
Which bears it, it is loath
To judge it; but replies, for smell
That it excels them both;

Wherewith displeas'd they hang their heads,
So angry soon they grow,
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw.

The winter here a summer is,
No waste is made by time,
Nor doth the autumn ever miss
The blossoms of the prime.

The flower that July forth doth bring
In April here is seen,
The primrose that puts on the spring
In July decks each green.

The sweets for sov'reignty contend,
And so abundant be,
That to the very earth they lend,
And bark of every tree.

Rills rising out of every bank,
In wild meanders strain,
And playing many a wanton prank
Upon the speckled plain,

In gambols and lascivious gyres
Their time they still bestow,
Nor to their fountains none retires,
Nor on their course will go.

Those brooks with lilies bravely deck'd,
So proud and wanton made,
That they their courses quite neglect,
And seem as though they staid.

Fair Flora in her state to view
Which through those lilies looks,
Or as those lilies lean'd to shew
Their beauties to the brooks;

That Phœbus in his lofty race
Oft lays aside his beams,
And comes to cool his glowing face
In these delicious streams;

Oft spreading vines climb up the cleaves,
Whose ripen'd clusters there
Their liquid purple drop, which drives
A vintage through the year;

Those cleaves whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits,
Which make continual summer glad,
Even bending with their fruits,

Some rip'ning, ready some to fall,
Some blossom'd, some to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich princely room :

Pomegranates, lemons, citrons, so
Their laded branches bow,
Their leaves in number that outgo,
Nor roomth will them allow.

There in perpetual summer's shade,
Apollo's prophets sit,
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flourish like their wit.

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious quires
Make short the longest day.

The thrice three virgins heavenly clear,
Their trembling timbrels sound,
Whilst the three comely graces there
Dance many a dainty round.

Decay nor age there nothing knows,
There is continual youth,
As time on plant or creatures grows,
So still their strength renew'th.

The poets paradise this is,
To which but few can come ;
The Muses only bower of bliss,
Their dear Elysium.

Here happy souls, (their blessed bowers,
Free from the rude resort
Of beastly people) spend the hours
In harmless mirth and sport.

Then on to the Elysian plains
Apollo doth invite you,
Where he provides with pastoral strains,
In nymphs to delight you.

NYMPHAL I.

RODOPE, DORIDA.

This nymphal of delights doth treat,
Choice beauties, and proportions neat,
Of curious shapes and dainty features
Describ'd in two most perfect creatures.

WHEN Phœbus with a face of mirth
Had flung abroad his beams,
To blanch the bosom of the earth,
And glaze the gliding streams ;
Within a goodly myrtle grove,
Upon that hallow'd day
The nymphs to that bright queen of love
Their vows were us'd to pay.
Fair Rodope and Dorida
Met in those sacred shades,
Than whom the sun in all his way
Ne'er saw two daintier maids.
And through the thickets thrill'd his fires,
Supposing to have seen
The sovereign goodess of desires,
Or Jove's imperious queen :
Both of so wond'rous beauties were,
In shape both so excel,
That to be parallell'd elsewhere,
No judging eye could tell.

And their affections to surpass,
As well it might be deem'd,
That th' one of them the other was,
And but themselves they seem'd.
And whilst the nymphs that near this place
Disposed were to play
At barley-break and prison base,
Do pass the time away :
This peerless pair together set,
The other at their sport,
None near their free discourse to let,
Each other thus they court.

Dorida. My sweet, my sovereign Rodope,
My dear delight, my love,
That lock of hair thou sent'st to me,
I to this bracelet wove ;
Which brighter every day doth grow
The longer it is worn,

As its delicious fellows do,
Thy temples that adorn.

Rodope. Nay, had I thine, my Dorida,
I would them so bestow,
As that the wind upon my way
Might backward make them flow,
So should it in its great'st excess
Turn to becalmed air,
And quite forget all boist'rousfness
To play with every hair.

Dorida. To me like thine had nature given
A brow, so arch'd, so clear,
A front, wherein so much of heaven
Doth to each eye appear;
The world should see, I would strike dead
The Milky Way that's now,
And say that nectar Hebe shed
Fell all upon my brow.

Rodope. O had I eyes like Dorida's,
I would enchant the day,
And make the sun to stand at gaze,
Till he forgot his way:
And cause his sister Queen of Streams,
When so I list by night,
By her much blushing at my beams
T' eclipse her borrowed light.

Dorida. Had I a cheek like Rodope's,
In midst of which doth stand
A grove of roses, such as these,
In such a snowy land:
I would make the lily which we now
So much for whiteness name,
As drooping down the head to bow,
And die for very shame.

Rodope. Had I a bosom like to thine,
When I it pleas'd to shew,
T' what part o' th' sky I would incline
I would make the ethereal bow;
My swannish breast branch'd all with blue,
In bravery like the spring:
In winter to the general view
Full summer forth should bring.

Dorida. Had I a body like my dear,
Were I so strait, so tall,
O, if so broad my shoulders were,
Had I a waist so small;
I would challenge the proud Queen of Love
To yield to me for shape,
And I should fear that Mars or Jove
Would venture for my rape.

Rodope. Had I a hand like thee, my girl,
(This hand O let me kiss)
These ivory arrows pil'd with pearl,
Had I a hand like this;
I would not doubt at all to make
Each finger of my hand
To task swift Mercury to take
With his enchanting wand.

VOL. III.

Dorida. Had I a thigh like Rodope's;
Which 'twas my chance to view,
When lying on yon bank at ease
The wind thy skirt up blew;
I would say it were a column wrought
To some intent divine,
And for our chaste Diana sought
A pillar for her shrine.

Rodope. Had I a leg but like to thine,
That were so neat, so clean,
A swelling calf, a small so fine,
An ancle round and lean;
I would tell nature she doth miss
Her old skill; and maintain,
She shewed her masterpiece in this,
Not to be done again.

Dorida. Had I that foot hid in those shoes
(Proportion'd to my height)
Short heel, thin instep, even toes,
A sole so wond'rous strait;
The forrefters and nymphs at this
Amazed all should stand,
And kneeling down should meekly kiss
The print left in the sand.

By this the nymphs came from their sport,
All pleas'd wond'rous well,
And to those maidens make report
What lately them befell:
One said the dainty Lelipa
Did all the rest outgo,
Another would a wager lay
She would outstrip a roe;
Says one, how like ye Florimel,
There is your dainty face:
A fourth reply'd, she lik'd that well,
Yet better lik'd her grace;
She's counted, I confess, quoth she,
To be our only pearl,
Yet have I heard her oft to be
A melancholy girl.
Another said, she quite mistook,
That only was her art,
When melancholy had her look
Then mirth was in her heart.
And hath she then that pretty trick?
Another doth reply,
I thought no nymph could have been sick
Of that disease but I.
I know you can dissemble well,
Quoth one, to give you due,
But here be some (who I'll not tell)
Can do't as well as you.
Who thus replies, I know that too,
We have it from our mother,
Yet there be some this thing can do
More cunningly than other:
If maidens but dissemble can
Their sorrow and their joy,
Their poor dissimulation then,
Is but a very toy.

N Y M P H A L II.

LALUS, CLEON, LIROPE.

The Muse new courtship doth devise,
By nature's strange varieties,
Whose rarities she here relates,
And gives you pastoral delicates.

Lalus a jolly youthful lad,
With Cleon no less crown'd
With virtues; both their beings had
On the Elyfium ground.
Both having parts so excellent,
That it a question was,
Which should be the most eminent,
Or did in ought surpass.
This Cleon was a mountaineer,
And of the wilder kind,
And from his birth had many a year
Been nurs'd up by a hind:
And as the sequel well did shew,
It very well might be;
For never hart, nor hare, nor roe,
Were half so swift as he.
But Lalus in the vale was bred
Amongst the sheep and neat,
And by those nymphs there choicely fed
With honey, milk, and wheat;
Of stature goodly, fair of speech,
And of behaviour mild,
Like those there in the valley rich,
That bred him of a child.
Of falconry they had the skill,
Their hawks to feed and fly,
No better hunters e'er clomb hill,
Nor hollowed to a cry:
In dingles deep, and mountains hore,
Oft with the bearded spear
They combated the tusky boar,
And slew the angry bear.
In music they were wond'rous quaint,
Fine airs they could devise;
They very curiously could paint,
And neatly poetize;
That wagers many times were laid
On questions that arose,
Which song the witty Lalus made,
Which Cleon should compose.
The stately steed they manag'd well,
Of fence the art they knew,
For dancing they did all excel
The girls that to them drew;

To throw the sledge, to pitch the bar,
To wrestle and to run,
They all the youth excell'd so far,
That still the prize they won.
These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,
Call'd *Lirope the Bright*,
In the whole world there scarcely was
So delicate a wight.
There was no beauty so divine
That ever nymph did grace,
But it beyond itself did shine
In her more heavenly face:
What form she pleas'd each thing would
That e'er she did behold,
Of pebbles she could diamonds make,
Gross iron turn to gold:
Such power there with her presence came
Stern tempests she allay'd,
The cruel tiger she could tame,
She raging torrents stay'd.
She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life,
Again she made to die,
She rais'd a war, appeas'd a strife,
With turning of her eye.
Some said a god did her beget,
But much deceiv'd were they,
Her father was a Rivulet,
Her mother was a Fay.
Her lineaments so fine that were,
She from the fairy took,
Her beauties and complexion clear,
By nature from the brook.
These rivals waiting for the hour
(The weather calm and fair)
When as she us'd to leave her bower
To take the pleasant air:
Accosting her, their compliment
To her their goddess done;
By gifts they tempt her to consent,
When Lalus thus begun.

Lalus. Sweet *Lirope* I have a lamb
Newly weaned from the dam,

Of the right kind, it is (a) notted,
Naturally with purple spotted,
Into laughter it will put you,
'To see how prettily 'twill butt you;
When on sporting it is set,
It will beat you a curvet,
And at every nimble bound
'Turn itself above the ground;
When 'tis hungry it will bleat
From your hand to have its meat,
And when it hath fully fed,
It will fetch jumps about your head,
As innocently to express
Its silly sheepish thankfulness.
When you bid it, it will play,
Be it either night or day:
'This Lirope, I have for thee,
So thou alone wilt live with me.

Cleon. From him O turn thine ear away,
And hear me, my lov'd Lirope,
I have a kid as white as milk,
His skin as soft as Naples silk,
His horns in length are wond'rous even,
And curiously by nature writen;
It is of th' Arcadian kind,
'There's not the like 'twixt either Ind;
If you walk, 'twill walk you by,
If you sit down, it down will lie,
It with gesture will you woo,
And counterfeit those things you do;
O'er each hillock it will vault,
And nimbly do the summer-fault,
Upon the hinder legs 'twill go,
And follow you a furlong so;
And if by chance a tune you rote,
'Twill foot it finely to your note;
Seek the world and you may miss
To find out such a thing as this:
This my love I have for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Lirope. Believe me, youths, your gifts are rare,
And you offer wond'rous fair;
Lalus for lamb, Cleon for kid,
'Tis hard to judge which most doth bid,
And have you two such things in store,
And I ne'er knew of them before?
Well yet I dare a wager lay
That Brag my little dog shall play
As dainty tricks when I shall bid,
As Lalus' lamb, or Cleon's kid.
But 't may fall out that I may need them.
Till when ye may do well to feed them;
Your goat and mutton pretty be,
But, youths, these are no baits for me:
Alas, good men, in vain ye woo,
'Tis not your lamb nor kid will do.

Lalus. I have two sparrows white as snow,
Whose pretty eyes like sparks do shew;
In her bosom Venus hatch'd them
Where her little Cupid watch'd them,

Till they too fledge their nests forsook,
Themselves and to the fields betook,
Where by chance a fowler caught them
Of whom I full dearly bought them;
They'll fetch you conserve from the (b) hip,
And lay it softly on your lip,
Through their nibbling bills they'll chirrup
And fluttering feed you with the sirup,
And if thence you put them by
They to your white neck will fly,
And if you expulse them there,
They'll hang upon your braided hair;
You so long shall see them prattle
Till at length they'll fall to battle;
And when they have fought their fill,
You will smile to see them bill:
These birds my Lirope's shall be,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Cleon. His sparrows are not worth a rush,
I'll find as good in every bush;
Of doves I have a dainty pair,
Which when you please to take the air,
About your head shall gently hover
Your clear brow from the sun to cover,
And with their nimble wings shall fan you,
That neither cold nor heat shall tan you.
And like umbrella's with their feathers
Shields you in all sorts of weathers:
They be most dainty coloured things,
They have damask backs and checquer'd wings;
Their necks more various colours shew
Than there be mixed in the bow;
Venus saw the lesser dove,
And therewith was far in love,
Offering for't her golden ball,
For her son to play withal:
These my Lirope's shall be
So she'll leave him and go with me.

Lirope. Then for sparrows, and for doves,
I am fitted 'twixt my loves;
But Lalus, I take no delight
In sparrows, for they'll scratch and bite;
And though join'd, they are ever wooing,
Always billing if not doing;
'Twixt Venus' breasts if they have lien,
I much fear they'll infect mine:
Cleon, your doves are very dainty,
Tame pigeons else you know are plenty,
These may win some of your marrows,
I am not caught with doves nor sparrows.
I thank ye kindly for your cost,
Yet your labour is but lost.

Lalus. With full-leav'd lilies I will stick
Thy braided hair all o'er so thick,
That from it a light shall throw
Like the sun's upon the snow.
Thy mantle shall be violet leaves,
With the fin'ft the silk-worm weaves,
As finely woven, whose rich smell
The air about thee so shall swell

(a) Without horns.

(b) The red fruit of the smooth bramble.

That it shall have no power to move.
 A ruff of pinks thy robe above
 About thy neck so neatly set
 That art it cannot counterfeit,
 Which still shall look so fresh and new,
 As if upon their roots they grew:
 And for thy head I'll have a tire
 Of netting, made of strawberry wire;
 And in each knot that doth compose
 A mesh, shall stick a half blown rose,
 Red, damask, white, in order set
 About the sides, shall run a fret
 Of primroses, the tire throughout
 With thrift and daisies fring'd about;
 All this, fair nymph, I'll do for thee,
 So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Cleon. These be but weeds and trash he brings,
 I'll give thee solid costly things;
 His will wither and be gone
 Before thou well can'st put them on;
 With coral I will have thee crown'd,
 Whose branches intricately wound
 Shall girt thy temples every way;
 And on the top of every spray
 Shall stick a pearl orient and great,
 Which so the wand'ring birds shall cheat,
 That some shall stoop to look for cherries.
 As other for traculent berries.
 And wond'ring, caught e'er they be ware
 In the curl'd tramels of thy hair:
 And for thy neck a crystal chain,
 Whose links shap'd like to drops of rain,
 Upon thy panting breast depending,
 Shall seem as they were still descending;
 And as thy breath doth come and go,
 So seeming still to ebb and flow;
 With amber bracelets cut like bees,
 Whose strange transparency who sees,
 With silk small as the spider's twist
 Doubled so oft about thy wrist,
 Would surely think alive they were,
 From lilies gathering honey there.
 Thy buskins ivory, carv'd like shells
 Of scollop, which as little bells
 Made hollow, with the air shall chime,
 And to thy steps shall keep the time:
 Leave *Lalus*, *Lirope*, for me,
 And these shall thy rich dowry be.

Lirope. *Lalus* for flowers, *Cleon* for gems,
 For garlands, and for diadems
 I shall be sped; why this is brave:
 What nymph can choicer presents have?
 With dressing, brading, frowning, flow'ring,
 All your jewels on me pouring,
 In this bravery being dress'd,
 To the ground I shall be prest,
 That I doubt the nymphs will fear me,
 Nor will venture to come near me;
 Never lady of the May
 To this hour was half so gay;
 All in flowers, all so sweet,
 From the crown beneath the feet,

Amber, coral, ivory, pearl;
 If this cannot win a girl,
 There's nothing can, and this ye woo me.
 Give me your hands, and trust ye to me;
 (Yet to tell ye I am loth)
 That I'll have neither of you both.

Lalus. When thou shalt please to stem the flood,
 (As thou art of the wat'ry brood)
 I'll have twelve swans more white than snow,
 Yok'd for the purpose, two and two,
 To draw thy barge wrought of fine reed
 So well, that it nought else shall need.
 The traces by which they shall hail
 Thy barge, shall be the winding trail
 Of woodbine, whose brave tassell'd flowers
 (The sweetness of the wood-nymphs bowers)
 Shall be the trappings to adorn
 The swans, by which the barge is borne;
 Of flower'd flags I'll rob the bank,
 Of water-cans and king-cups rank,
 To be the covering of thy boat;
 And on the stream as thou dost float,
 The Naiades that haunt the deep,
 Themselves about thy barge shall keep,
 Recording most delightful lays.
 By sea-gods written in thy praise,
 And in what place thou hap'st to land,
 There the gentle silvery sand
 Shall soften, curled with the air,
 As sensible of thy repair:
 This, my dear love, I'll do for thee,
 So thou'lt leave him, and go with me.

[geese
Cleon. Tush, nymph, his swans will prove but
 His barge drinks water like a fleece;
 A boat is base; I'll thee provide
 A chariot, wherein Jove may ride,
 In which when bravely thou art borne,
 Thou shalt look like the glorious morn
 Ushering the sun, and such a one,
 As to this day was never known,
 Of the rarest Indian gums,
 More precious than your balsamums,
 Which I by art have made so hard,
 That they with tools may well be carv'd
 To make a coach of; which shall be
 Materials of this one for thee,
 And of thy chariot, each small piece
 Shall inlaid be with amber grease,
 And gilded with the yellow ore
 Produc'd from *Tagus*' wealthy shore;
 In which along the pleasant lawn,
 With twelve white stags thou shalt be drawn,
 Whose branch't palms of a stately height,
 With several nosegays shall be dight;
 And as thou rid'st thy coach about,
 For thy strong guard shall run a rout
 Of ostriches, whose curled plumes,
 'Cens'd with thy chariot's rich perfumes,
 The scent into the air shall throw,
 Whose naked thighs shall grace the shew;
 Whilst the wood nymphs, and those bred
 Upon the mountains, o'er thy head

Shall bear a canopy of flowers,
Tinsell'd with drops of April showers,
Which shall make more glorious shews
Than spangles, or your silver oars:
This, bright nymph, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Irope. Vie and revie, like chapmen proffer'd,
Would't be received what you have offer'd,
Ye greater honour cannot do me,
If not building altars to me:
Both by water, and by land,
Barge and chariot at command;
Swans upon the streams to taw me,
Stags upon the land to draw me;

In all this pomp should I be seen,
What a poor thing were a queen!
All delights in such excess,
As but ye, who can express:
Thus mounted should the nymphs me see,
All the troop would follow me,
Thinking by this state that I
Would assume a deity.
There be some in love have been,
And I may commit that sin;
And if e'er I be in love,
With one of you I fear 'till prove;
But with which I cannot tell,
So my gallant youths farewell.

NYMPHAL III.

DORON, NAHS, CLORIS, CLAIA, DORILUS, CLOE, MERTILLA, FLORIMEL.

With nymphs and foresters.

Poetic raptures, sacred fires,
With which Apollo his inspires,
This Nymphal gives you; and withal
Observes the Muses festival.

AMONGST th' Elysians many mirthful feasts,
At which the Muses are the certain guests,
Th' observe one day with most imperial state,
To wise Apollo which they dedicate,
The poets god, and to his altars bring
Th' enamell'd bravery of the beauteous spring,
And strew their bowers with every precious sweet,
Which still wax fresh, most trod on with their feet;
With most choice flowers each nymph doth braid
her hair,

And not the mean'st but bauldrick wife doth wear
Some goodly garland, and the most renown'd
With curious roseat anadems are crown'd.
These being come into the place where they
Yearly observe the orgies to that day,
The Muses from their Heliconian spring
Their brimful mazers to the feasting bring:
When with deep draughts out of those plenteous
bowls,

The jocund youth have swill'd their thirsty souls,
They fall enrag'd with a sacred heat,
And when their brains do once begin to sweat,
They into brave and stately numbers break,
And not a word that any one can speak
But 'tis prophetic; and so strangely far
In their high fury they transported are,

As there's not one, on any thing can strain,
But by another answered is again
In the same rapture, which all fit to hear;
When as two youths, that soundly liquor'd were,
Dorilus and Doron, two as noble swains
As ever kept on the Elysian plains,
First by their signs attention having won,
Thus they the revels frolickly begun.

Doron. Come, Dorilus, let us be brave,
In lofty numbers let us rave,
With rhymes I will enrich thee.

Dorilus. Content, say I, then bid the base,
Our wits shall run the wild-goose chase,
Spur up, or I will switch thee.

Doron. The sun out of the east doth peep,
And now the day begins to creep
Upon the world at leisure.

Dorilus. The air enamour'd with the greaves,
The west wind strokes the velvet leaves,
And kisses them at pleasure.

Doron. The spinners webs 'twixt spray and
spray
The top of every bush make gay,
By filmy cords there dangling.

Dorilus. For now the last day's evening dew
Even to the full itself doth shew,
Each bough with pearl bespangling.

Doron. O boy, how thy abundant vein
Even like a flood breaks from thy brain,
Nor can thy muse be gaged.

Dorilus. Why nature forth did never bring
A man that like to me can sing,
If once I be enraged.

Doron. Why, Dorilus, I in my skill
Can make the swiftest stream stand still,
Nay, bear back to his springing.

Dorilus. And I into a trance most deep
Can cast the birds, that they shall sleep
When fain't they would be singing.

Doron. Why, Dorilus, thou mak'st me mad,
And now my wits begin to gad,
But sure I know not whither.

Dorilus. O Doron, let me hug thee, then,
There never was two madder men,
Then let us on together.

Doron. Hermes the winged horse bestrid,
And thorow thick and thin he rid,
And flounder'd through the fountain.

Dorilus. He spur'd the tit until he bled,
So that at last he ran his head
Against the forked mountain.

Doron. How say'st thou, but py'd Iris got
Into great Juno's chariot,
I spake with one that saw her.

Dorilus. And there the pert and saucy elf
Behav'd her as 'twere Juno's self,
And made the peacocks draw her.

Doron. I'll borrow Phœbus' fiery jades,
With which about the world he trades,
And put them in my plough.

Dorilus. O thou most perfect frantic man,
Yet let thy rage be what it can,
I'll be as mad as thou.

Doron. I'll to great Jove, hap good, hap ill,
Though he with thunder threat to kill,
And beg of him a boon.

Dorilus. To swerve up one of Cynthia's
beams,
And there to bathe thee in the streams,
Discover'd in the moon.

Doron. Come, frolic youth, and follow me,
My frantic boy, and I'll shew thee
The country of the fairies.

Dorilus. The fleshy mandrake where 't doth
grow
In noonshade of the mistletoe,
And where the phoenix airies.

Doron. Nay shore, the swallow's winter bed,
The caverns where the winds are bred,
Since thus thou talk'st of shewing.

Dorilus. And to those indraughts I'll thee bring
That wonderous and eternal spring
Whence th' ocean hath its flowing.

Doron. We'll down to the dark house of sleep,
Where snoring Morpheus doth keep,
And wake the drowsy groom.

Dorilus. Down shall the doors and windows go,
The stools upon the floor we'll throw,
And roar about the room.

The Muses here commanded them to stay,
Commending much the carriage of their lay;
As greatly pleas'd at this their madding bout,
To hear how bravely they had borne it out
From first to last, of which they were right glad,
By this they found that Helicon still had
That virtue it did anciently retain
When Orpheus, Lynus, and th' Ascrean swain
Took lusty rowfes, which hath made their rhymes
To last so long to all succeeding times.
And now amongst this beauteous bevie here,
Two wanton nymphs, though dainty ones they
were,

Naiis and Cloe in their female fits
Longing to shew the sharpness of their wits,
Of the Nine sisters special leave do crave
That the next bout they two might freely have;
Who having got the suffrages of all,
Thus to their rhyming instantly they fall.

Naiis. Amongst you all let us see
Who is't opposes me,
Come on the proudest she
To answer my ditty.

Cloe. Why, Naiis, that am I,
Who dares thy pride defy;
And that we soon shall try
Though thou be witty.

Naiis. Cloe, I scorn my rhyme,
Should observe feet or time,
Now I fall, then I climb,
What is't I dare not.

Cloe. Give thy invention wing,
And let her flirt and fling,
Till down the rock she ding,
For that I care not.

Naiis. This presence delights me,
My freedom invites me,
The season excites me
In rhyme to be merry.

Cloe. And I beyond measure,
Am ravish'd with pleasure,
To answer each seizure,
Until thou be'st weary.

Naiis. Behold the rosy dawn,
Rises in tinsell'd lawn,
And smiling seems to fawn
Upon the mountains.

Cloe. Awaked from her dreams
Shooting forth golden beams,
Dancing upon the streams
Courting the fountains.

Naiis. These more than sweet showrets,
Entice up these flowrets,
To trim up our bowrets,
Perfuming our coats.

Cloe. Whilst the birds billing
Each one with his dilling,
The thickets still filling
With amorous notes.

Naiis. The bees up in honey roll'd
More than their thighs can hold,
Lap'd in their liquid gold,
Their treasure us bringing.

Cloe. To these rillets purling
Upon the stones curling,
And oft about whirling,
Dance tow'rd their springing.

Naiis. The wood-nymphs sit singing,
Each grove with notes ringing
Whilst fresh Ver is flinging
Her bounties abroad.

Cloe. So much as the turtle,
Upon the low myrtle,
To the meads fertile,
Her cares doth unload.

Naiis. Nay 'tis a world to see
In every bush and tree,
The birds with mirth and glee
Woo'd as they woo.

Cloe. The robin and the wren,
Every cock with his hen,
Why should not we and men
Do as they do.

Naiis. The fairies are hopping,
The small flowers cropping,
And with dew dropping,
Skip thorow the greaves.

Cloe. At barley-break they play
Merrily all the day,
At night themselves they lay
Upon the soft leaves.

Naiis. The gentle winds fall
Upon every vally,
And many times dally
And wantonly sport.

Cloe. About the fields tracing,
Each other in chafing,
And often embracing,
In amorous sort.

Naiis. And Echo oft doth tell
Wond'rous things from her cell,
As her what chance befell,
Learning to prattle.

Cloe. And now she sits and mocks
The shepherds and their flocks,
And the herds from the rocks
Keeping their cattle.

When to these maids the muses silence cry,
For 'twas th' opinion of the company,
That were not these two taken off, that they
Would in their conflict wholly spend the day.
When as the turn to Florimel next came,
A nymph for beauty of especial name,
Yet was she not so jolly as the rest;
And though she were by her companions prest,
Yet she by no entreaty would be wrought
To sing, as by th' Elysian laws she ought:
When two bright nymphs that her companions
were,
And of all other only held her dear,
Mild Cloris and Mertilla, with fair speech,
Their most beloved Florimel beseech,
T' observe the muses, and the more to woo her,
They take their turns, and thus they sing unto her.

Cloris. Sing, Florimel, O sing and we
Our whole wealth will give to thee,
We'll rob the brim of every fountain,
Strip the sweets from every mountain,
We will sweep the curled valleys,
Brush the banks that mound our alleys,
We will muster nature's dainties
When she wallows in her plenties,
The luscious smell of every flower
New wash'd by an April shower,
The mistress of her store we'll make thee
That she for herself shall take thee;
Can there be a dainty thing,
That's not thine if thou wilt sing?

Mertilla. When the dew in May distilleth,
And the earth's rich bosom filleth,
And with pearl embrouds each meadow,
We will make them like a widow,
And in all their beauties dress thee,
And of all their spoils possess thee,

With all the beauties Zephyr brings,
Breathing on the yearly springs,
The gaudy blooms of every tree
In their most beauty when they be,
What is here that may delight thee,
Or to pleasure may excite thee,
Can there be a dainty thing
That's not thine if thou wilt sing?

But Florimel still sullenly replies.
I will not sing at all, let that suffice:
When as a nymph one of the merry ging,
Seeing she no way could be won to sing;
Come, come, quoth she, ye utterly undo her
With your entreaties, and your reverence to her;
For praise nor prayers she careth not a pin;
They that our froward Florimel would win,
Must work another way, let me come to her,
Either I'll make her sing, or I'll undo her.

Claia. Florimel, I thus conjure thee,
Since their gifts cannot allure thee;
By stamp'd garlic that doth stink
Worse than common sewer or sink;
By henbane, dogsbane, wolfsbane, sweet
As any clown's or carrier's feet;
By stinking nettles, pricking teasels,
Raising blisters like the measles;
By the rough burbreeding docks,
Ranker than the oldest fox;
By filthy hemlock, pois'ning more
Than any ulcer or old sore;
By the cockle in the corn,
That smells far worse than doth burnt horn;
By hemp in water that hath lain,
By whose stench the fish are slain;
By toadflax which your nose may taste,
If you have a mind to cast;
May all filthy stinking weeds
That e'er bore leaf, or e'er had seeds;
Florimel, be given to thee,
If thou'lt not sing as well as we.

At which the nymphs to open laughter fell,
Amongst the rest the beauteous Florimel,
(Pleas'd with the spell from Claia that came,
A mirthful girl, and given to sport and game)
As game some grows as any of them all,
And to this ditty instantly doth fall.

Florimel. How in my thoughts shall I contrive
The image I am framing,
Which is so far superlative,
As 'tis beyond all naming?
I would Jove of my counsel make,
And have his judgment in it,
But that I doubt he would mistake
How rightly to begin it:
It must be builded in the air,
And 'tis my thoughts must do it,
And only they must be the stair
From earth to mount me to it:
For of my sex I frame my lay,
Each hour ourselves forsaking,

How should I then find out the way,
To this my undertaking?
When our weak fancies working still,
Yet changing every minute,
Will shew that it requires some skill,
Such difficulties in it.
We would things, yet we know not what,
And let our will be granted,
Yet instantly we find in that
Something unthought of wanted:
Our joys and hopes such shadows are,
As with our motions vary,
Which when we oft have fetch'd from far,
With us they never tarry:
Some worldly crosses doth still attend
What long we have been spinning,
And e'er we fully get the end,
We lose of our beginning.
Our policies so peevish are,
That with themselves they wrangle,
And many times become the snare
That soonest us entangle;
For that the love we bear our friends,
Though ne'er so strongly grounded,
Hath in it certain oblique ends,
If to the bottom founded:
Our own well wishing making it
A pardonable treason;
For that it is deriv'd from wit,
And underprop'd with reason.
For our dear selves beloved sake
(Even in the depth of passion)
Our centre though ourselves we make,
Yet is not that our station;
For whilst our brows ambitious be,
And youth at hand awaits us,
It is a pretty thing to see
How finely beauty cheats us.
And whilst with time we trifling stand
To practise antick graces,
Age with a pale and wither'd hand
Draws furrows in our faces.

When they which so desirous were before
To hear her sing; desirous are far more
To have her cease; and call to have her staid,
For she too much already had bewray'd.
And as the thrice three sisters thus had grac'd
Their celebration, and themselves had plac'd
Upon a violet bank, in order all
Where they at will might view the festival,
The nymphs and all the lusty youth that were
At this brave nymphal, by them honour'd there,
To gratify the heavenly girls again
Lastly prepare in state to entertain
Those sacred sisters, fairly, and confer
On each of them their praise particular.
And thus the nymphs to the nine muses sung,
When as the youth and foresters among,
That well prepared for this business were,
Lecome the Chorus, and thus sung they there.

Nymphs. Clio, thou first of those celestial Nine
That daily offer to the sacred shrine

Of wise Apollo; queen of stories,
Thou that vindicat'st the glories
Of past ages, and renew'st
Their acts, which every day thou view'st,
And from a lethargy dost keep
Old nodding Time, else prone to sleep.

Chorus. Clio, O crave of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

Nymphs. Melpomene, thou melancholy maid,
Next, to wise Phœbus, we invoke thy aid,
In buskins that dost stride the stage,
And in thy deep distracted rage,
In bloodshed that dost take delight,
Thy object the most fearful sight,
That lov'st the sighs, the shrieks, and sounds
Of horror, that arise from wounds.

Chorus. Sad muse, O crave of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and birth to our Elysian bays.

Nymphs. Comic Thalia, then we come to thee,
Thou mirthful maiden, only that in glee
And love's deceits thy pleasure tak'st,
Of which thy varying scene that mak'st,
And in thy nimble sock doth stir
Loud laughter through the theatre,
That with the peasant mak'st thee sport,
As well as with the better fort.

Chorus. Thalia, crave of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

Nymphs. Euterpe, next to thee we will proceed,
That first sound'st out the music on the reed,
With breath and fingers giving life
To the shrill cornet and the fife,
Teaching every stop and key
To those upon the pipe that play,
Those which wind-instruments we call,
Or soft, or loud, or great, or small.

Chorus. Euterpe, ask of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

Nymphs. Terpsichore, thou of the lute and
lyre,
And instruments that sound with cords and wire,
That art the mistress to command
The touch of the most curious hand,
When every quaver doth embrace
His like, in a true diapase;
And every string his sound doth fill,
Touch'd with the finger or the quill.

Chorus. Terpsichore, crave Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

Nymphs. Thou, Erato, wife muse, on thee we
call
In lines to us that dost demonstrate all,
Which, neatly, with thy staff and bow,
Doth measure, and proportion show;
Motion and gesture that dost teach
That every height and depth can't reach;
And dost demonstrate by thy art
What nature else would not impart.

Chorus. Dear Erato, crave Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

Nymphs. To thee, thou brave Caliope, we come,
Thou that maintain'st the trumpet and the
drum,
The neighing steeds that lov'st to hear,
Clashing of arms doth please thine ear;
In lofty lines that dost rehearse
Things worthy of a thund'ring verse,
And at no time art heard to strain
On ought that suits a common vein.

Chorus. Caliope, crave Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

Nymphs. Thou, Polyhymnia, most delicious
maid,
In rhetoric's flowers that art array'd;
In tropes and figures richly drest,
The filed phrase that lovest best,
That are all elocution, and
The first that gav'st to understand
The force of words, in order plac'd,
And with a sweet delivery grac'd.

Chorus. Sweet muse, persuade our Phœbus to in-
spire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

Nymphs. Lofty Urania, then we call to thee,
To whom the heavens for ever open'd be,
Thou th' asterisms by name dost call,
And shew'st when they do rise and fall;
Each planet's force, and dost divine
His working, seated in his sign;
And how the starry frame still rolls
Between the fixed steadfast poles.

Chorus. Urania, ask of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHAL IV.

CLORIS, MERTILLA.

Chaste Cloris doth disclose the flames
Of the Felician frantic dames,
Mertilla strives t' appease her woe,
To golden wishes then they go.

Mertilla.

WHY, how now Cloris, what, thy head
Bound with forsaken willow?
Is the cold ground become thy bed?
The grass become thy pillow?
O let not those life-light'ning eyes
In this sad veil be shrowded,
Which into mourning puts the skies,
To see them over-clouded.

Cloris. O, my Mertilla, do not praise
These lamps, so dimly burning,
Such sad and fullen lights as these
Were only made for mourning:
Their objects are the barren rocks
With aged moss o'er-shaded;
Now, whilst the spring lays forth her locks,
With blossoms bravely braided.

Mertilla. O, Cloris, can there be a spring,
O my dear nymph, there may not,
Wanting thine eyes it forth to bring,
Without which nature cannot:
Say what it is that troubleth thee,
Increas'd by thy concealing,
Speak, sorrows many times we see
Are lessen'd by revealing.

Cloris. Being of late too vainly bent,
And but at too much leisure,
Nor with our groves and downs content,
But surfeiting in pleasure;
Felicia's fields I would go see,
Where fame to me reported,
The choice nymphs of the world to be
From meaner beauties sorted;
Hoping that I from them might draw
Some graces to delight me,
But there such monstrous shapes I saw,
That to this hour affright me.
Through the thick hair, that thatch'd their brows,
Their eyes upon me stared,
Like to those raging frantic froes
For Bacchus' feasts prepared;

Their bodies, although straight by kind,
Yet they so monstrous make them,
That for huge bags, blown up with wind,
You very well may take them.
Their bowels in their elbows are,
Whereon depend their paunches,
And their deformed arms, by far,
Made larger than their haunches:
For their behaviour and their grace,
Which likewise should have priz'd them,
Their manners were as beastly base
As th' rags that so disguis'd them;
All anticks, all so impudent,
So fashion'd out of fashion,
As black Cocytus up had sent
Her fry into this nation,
Whose monstrosities doth so perplex,
Of reason and deprives me,
That, for their sakes, I loathe my sex,
Which to this sadness drives me.

Mertilla. O, my dear Cloris, be not sad,
Nor with these furies daunted,
But let these female fools be mad,
With hellish pride enchanted;
Let not thy noble thoughts descend
So low as their affections,
Whom neither counsel can amend,
Nor yet the gods corrections:
Such mad folks ne'er let us bemoan,
But rather scorn their folly,
And since we two are here alone,
To banish melancholy,
Leave we this lowly creeping vein,
Not worthy admiration,
And in a brave and lofty strain
Let's exercise our passion,
With wishes of each other's good,
From our abundant treasures,
And, in this jocund sprightly mood
Thus alter we our measures.

O I could wish this place were strew'd with roses,
And that this bank were thickly throb'd with grass

As soft as leave or farreenet ever was,
Whereon my Cloris her sweet self reposes.

Cloris. O that these dewrose-water were for thee,
These mists perfumes that hang upon these thicks,
And that the winds were all aromatics,
Which if my wish could make them, they should be.

Mertilla. O that my bottle one whole diamond
were
So fill'd with nectar that a fly might sup,
And at one draught that thou might'st drink it up,
Yet a carouse not good enough I fear.

Cloris. That all the pearl, the seas or Indias have
Were well dissolv'd, and thereof made a lake,
Thou therein bathing, and I by to take
Pleasure to see thee clearer than the wave.

Mertilla. O that the horns of all the herds we see
Were of fine gold, or else that every horn
Were like to that one of the unicorn,
And of all these, not one but were thy see.

Cloris. O that their hoofs were ivory, or some
thing
Than the pur'st ivory far more crystalline,
Fill'd with the food wherewith the gods do dine,
To keep thy youth in a continual spring.

Mertilla. O that the sweets of all the flowers
that grow
The labouring air would gather into one,

In gardens, fields, nor meadows leaving none,
And all their sweetness upon thee would throw.

Cloris. Nay that those sweet harmonious strains
we hear,
Amongst the lively birds melodious lays,
As they recording sit upon the sprays.
Were hovering still for music at thine ears.

Mertilla. O that thy name were carv'd on every
tree,
That as these plants, still great, and greater grow,
Thy name, dear nymph, might be enlarged so,
That every grove and coppice might speak
thee.

Cloris. Nay would thy name upon their rinds
were set,
And by the nymphs so oft and loudly spoken,
As that the echoes to that language broken
Thy happy name might hourly counterfeit.

Mertilla. O let the spring still put stern winter
by,
And in rich damask let her revel still,
As it should do if I might have my will,
That thou might'st still walk on her tapestry;
And thus since fate no longer time allows
Under this broad and shady sycamore,
Where now we sit, as we have oft before,
Those yet unborn shall offer up their vows.

NYMPHAL V.

CLAIA, LELIPA, CLARINAX—a Hermit.

Of garlands, anadems, and wreaths
This nymphal nought but sweetness breathes;
Presents you with delicious posies,
And with powerful simples closes.

Claia.

SEE where old Clarinax is set,
His sundry simples sorting,
From whose experience we may get
What worthy is reporting;
Then, Lelipa, let us draw near,
Whilst he his weeds is weathering,
I see some powerful simples there
That he hath late been gathering.

Hail, gentle hermit, Jove thee speed,
And have thee in his keeping,
And ever help thee at thy need,
Be thou awake or sleeping.

Clarinax. Ye pair of most celestial lights,
O beauties three times burnish'd,
Who could expect such heavenly wights
With angels' features furnish'd?

What god doth guide you to this place,
To blefs my homely bower?
It cannot be but this high grace
Proceeds from some high power;
The hours like handmaids still attend,
Disposed at your pleasure,
Ordained to no other end
But to await your leisure;
The dews drawn up into the air,
And by your breaths perfumed,
In little clouds do hover there
As loth to be consumed:
The air moves not but as you please,
So much, sweet nymphs, it owes you,
The winds do cast them to their ease,
And amorously inclose you.

Lelipa. Be not too lavish of thy praise,
Thou good Elyfian hermit,
Lest some to hear such words as these,
Perhaps may flattery term it;
But of your simples something say,
Which may discourse afford us,
We know your knowledge lies that way,
With subjects you have stor'd us.

Claia. We know for phyfic yours you get,
Which thus you here are fortifying,
And upon garlands we are set,
With wreaths and posies sporting:
Each garden great abundance yields,
Whose flowers invite us thither;
But you abroad in groves and fields
Your med'cinal simples gather.

Lelipa. The chaplet and the anadem,
The curled tresses crowning,
We looser nymphs delight in them,
Not in your wreaths renowning.

Clarinox. The garland long ago was worn,
As time pleas'd to bestow it,
The laurel only to adorn
The conqueror and the poet.
The palm his due, who, uncontroul'd,
On danger looking gravely,
When fate had done the worst it could,
Who bore his fortunes bravely.
Most worthy of the oaken wreath
The ancients him esteemed,
Who in a battle had from death
Some man of worth redeemed.
About his temples grafs they tie,
Himself that so behaved
In some strong siege by th' enemy
A city that hath saved.
A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
Amongst our garlands named,
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
Offensive war proclaimed.
The sign of peace who first displays,
The olive wreath possesses:
The lover with the myrtle sprays
Adorns his crisped tresses.
In love the sad forsaken wight
The willow garland weareth:

The funeral man, besitting night,
The baleful cypress beareth.
To Pan we dedicate the pine,
Whose slips the shepherd graceth:
Again, the ivy and the vine
On his swoln Bacchus placeth.

Claia. The boughs and sprays, of which you tell,
By you are rightly named:
But we with those of precious smell
And colours are enflamed;
The noble ancients to excite
Men to do things worth crowning,
Not unperformed left a rite
To heighten their renowning:
But they that those rewards devis'd,
And those brave wights that wore them,
By these base times though poorly priz'd,
Yet, hermit, we adore them.
The store of every fruitful field
We nymphs at will possessing,
From that variety they yield
Get flowers for every dressing:
Of which a garland I'll compose,
Then busily attend me,
These flowers I for that purpose chose,
But where I miss amend me.

Clarinox. Well, *Claia*, on with your intent,
Let's see how you will weave it;
Which done, here for a monument,
I hope, with me you'll leave it.

Claia. Here damask roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall run along the thread,
My chiefeft flower this make I:
Amongst these roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double daisies then for shew,
And will not this be dainty?
The pretty pansy then I'll tie
Like stones some chain inchasing;
And next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.
The curious choice clove July flower,
Whose kinds hight the carnation,
For sweetness of most sovereign power,
Shall help my wreath to fashion;
Whose sundry colours of one kind,
First from one root deriv'd,
Them in their several suits I'll bind,
My garland so contrived:
A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
And here and there (though sparsely)
The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
Like pearls, which will show rarely;
Then with these marygolds I'll make
My garland somewhat swelling,
These honey suckles then I'll take
Whose sweets shall help their smelling.
The lily and the flower-de-lis,
For colour much contenting,
For that, I them do only prize,
They are but poor in scenting:

The daffadil most dainty is
To match with these in meetness;
The columbine compar'd to this,
All much alike for sweetness;
These in their natures only are
Fit to emboss the border,
Therefore I'll take especial care
To place them in their order:
Sweet-williams, champions, fops-in-wine
One by another neatly:
Thus have I made this wreath of mine,
And finished it featly.

Lelipa. Your garland thus you finish'd have;
Then as we have attended
Your leisure, likewise let me crave
I may the like be friended.
Those gaudy garish flowers you choose,
In which our nymphs are flaunting,
Which they at feast and bridals use,
The sight and smell enchanting:
A chaplet me of herbs I'll make,
Than which though yours be braver;
Yet this of mine I'll undertake
Shall not be short in favour.
With basil then I will begin,
Whose scent is wond'rous pleasing:
'This eglantine I'll next put in,
'The sense with sweetness seizing.
'Then in my lavender I'll lay,
Muscado put among it,
And here and there a leaf of bay,
Which still shall run along it.
Germander, marjoram, and thyme,
Which used are for strewing,
With hyssop, as an herb most prime,
Here in my wreath bestowing.
Then balm and mint helps to make up
My chaplet, and for trial,
Costmary that so likes the cup,
And next it pennyroyal:
Then burnet shall bear up with this,
Whose leaf I greatly fancy,
Some camomile doth not amiss,
With savory and some tanfy;
Then here and there I'll put a sprig
Of rosemary into it:
Thus not too little nor too big,
'Tis done if I can do it.

Clarina. Claia, your garland is most gay,
Compos'd of curious flowers,
And so, most lovely Lelipa,
This chaplet is of yours;
In goodly gardens yours you get,
Where you your laps have laded;
My simples are by nature set
In groves and fields untreaded.
Your flowers most curiously you twine,
Each one his place supplying,

But these rough harsher herbs of mine,
About me rudely lying;
Of which some dwarfish weeds there be,
Some of a larger stature,
Some by experience, as we see,
Whose names express their nature.
Here is my moly of much fame,
In magics often used,
Mugwort and night-shade for the same,
But not by me abused;
Here henbane, poppy, hemlock here,
Procuring deadly sleeping,
Which I do minister with fear,
Not fit for each man's keeping:
Here holy vervayne, and here dill,
'Gainst witchcraft much availing,
Here hornhound 'gainst the mad dog's ill
By biting, never failing.
Here mandrake that procureth love,
In pois'ning filters mixed,
And makes the barren fruitful prove,
The root about them fixed;
Inchanting lunary here lies,
In forceries excelling,
And this is dictam, which we prize,
Shot shafts and darts expelling;
Here saxifrage against the stone
That powerful is approved,
Here dodder, by whose help alone
Old agues are removed;
Here mercury, here helibore,
Old ulcers mundifying,
And shepherd's-purse, the flux most sore
That helps by the applying;
Here wholesome plantane, that the pain
Of eyes and ears appeases;
Here cooling sorrel that again
We use in hot diseases:
The med'cinable mallow here,
Assuaging sudden tumours,
The jagged polypodium there,
To purge old rotten humours;
Next these here egremony is,
That helps the serpent's biting,
The blessed betony by this,
Whose cures deserving writing:
This all-heal, and so nam'd of right,
New wounds so quickly healing;
A thousand more I could recite,
Most worthy of revealing,
But that I hinder'd am by fate,
And business doth prevent me,
To cure a mad man, which of late
Is from Felicia sent me.

Claia. Nay, then, thou hast enough to do,
We pity thy enduring,
For they are there infected so,
That they are past thy curing.

NYMPHAL VI.

SILVIUS, HALCIUS, MELANTHUS.

A woodman, fisher, and a swain

This nymphal through with mirth maintain;

Whose pleadings so the nymphs do please,

That presently they give them bays.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
 All chequer'd was the sky,
 Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
 Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.
 The wind had no more strength than this,
 That leisurely it blew,
 To make one leaf the next to kifs,
 That closely by it grew.
 The rills that on the pebbles play'd
 Might now be heard at will;
 This world they only music made,
 Else every thing was still.
 The flowers like brave embroider'd girls,
 Look'd as they much desir'd,
 To see whose head with orient pearls
 Most curiously was tyr'd;
 And to itself the subtil air
 Such sovereignty assumes,
 That it receiv'd too large a share
 From nature's rich perfumes,
 When the Elysian youth were met,
 That were of most account,
 And to disport themselves were set
 Upon an easy mount:
 Near which, of stately fir and pine
 There grew abundant store,
 The tree that weepeth turpentine,
 And shady fycamore.
 Amongst this merry youthful train
 A forester they had,
 A fisher, and a shepherd swain,
 A lively country lad:
 Betwixt which three a question grew,
 Who should the worthiest be,
 Which violently they pursue,
 Nor stickled would they be:
 That it the company doth please
 This civil strife to stay,
 Freely to hear what each of these
 For his brave self could say.
 When first this forester, of all
 That Silvius had to name,
 To whom the lot being cast doth fall,
 Doth thus begin the game.

Silvius. For my profession then, and for the
 life I lead,

All others to excel, thus for myself I plead;
 I am the prince of sports, the forest is my fee,
 He's not upon the earth, for pleasure lives like me;
 The morn no sooner puts her rosy mantle on,
 But from my quiet lodge I instantly am gone,
 When the melodious birds from every bush and
 brier
 Of the wild spacious wastes, make a continual choir;
 The mottled meadows then, new varnish'd with
 the sun, [run,
 Shoot up their spicy sweets upon the winds that
 In easily ambling gales, and softly seem to pace,
 That it the longer might their lusciousness em-
 brace.

I am clad in youthful green, I other colours scorn,
 My filken bauldrick bears my bugle or my horn;
 Which setting to my lips, I wind so loud and shrill,
 As makes the echoes shout from every neighbour-
 ing hill:

My dog-hook at my belt, to which my Lyam's ty'd,
 My sheaf of arrows by, my wood-knife by my side,
 My cross-bow in my hand, my gaffie or my rack
 To bend it when I please, or it I list to slack;
 My hound then in my Lyam, I by the wood-
 man's art [hart;

Forecast where I may lodge the goodly hic-palm'd
 To view the grasing herds, so sundry times I use,
 Whereby the loftiest head I know my deer to choose,
 And to unherd him then, I gallop o'er the ground
 Upon my well breath'd nag, to cheer my earning
 hound.

Sometime I pitch my coils the deer alive to take,
 Sometime I like the cry, the deep mouth'd ken-
 nel make.

Then underneath my horse, I stalk my game to
 strike,

And with a single dog to hunt him hurt I like.
 The silvans are to me true subjects, I their king,
 The stately hart his hind doth to my presence
 bring,

The buck his loved doe, the roe his tripping mate,
 Before me to my bower, whereas I sit in state.

The dryads, hamadryads, the satyrs and the fawns,
 Oft play at hide and seek before me on the lawns;
 The frisking fairy oft, when horned Cynthia
 shines,
 Before me as I walk dance wanton matachines;
 The numerous feather'd flocks, that the wild fo-
 rests haunt,
 Their silvan songs to me, in cheerful ditties chaunt;
 The shades like ample shields, defend me from
 the sun, [run;
 Through which me to refresh the gentle rivulets
 No little bubbling brook from any spring that falls,
 But on the pebbles plays me pretty madrigals.
 I th' morn I climb the hills, where wholesome
 winds do blow,
 At noon tide to the vales, and shady groves below;
 T'wards evening I again the crystal floods frequent,
 In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.
 As princes and great lords have palaces, so I
 Have in the forests here, my hall and gallery
 The tall and stately woods, which underneath are
 plain; [again
 The groves my gardens are; the heath and downs
 My wide and spacious walks. Then say all what
 ye can,
 The forester is still your only gallant man.

He of his speech scarce made an end,
 But him they load with praise,
 The nymphs most highly him commend,
 And vow to give him bays:
 He's now cry'd up of every one,
 And who but only he?
 The forester's the man alone,
 The worthiest of the three.
 When some than th' other far more staid,
 Will'd them a while to pause,
 For there was more yet to be said,
 That might deserve applause,
 When Halcius his turn next plys,
 And silence having won,
 Room for the fisherman he cries,
 And thus his plea begun.

Halcius. No, forester, it so must not be borne
 away,
 But hear what for himself the fisher first can say;
 The crystal current streams continually I keep,
 Where every pearl-pav'd ford, and every blue-
 ey'd deep,
 With me familiar are; when in my boat being set,
 My oar I take in hand, my angle and my net
 About me; like a prince myself in state I steer,
 Now up, now down the stream, now am I here,
 now there,
 The pilot and the freight myself; and at my ease
 Can land me when I list, or in what place I please;
 The silver-scaled shoals, about me in the streams,
 As thick as ye discern the atoms in the beams,
 Near to the shady bank where slender sallies grow.
 And willows their shag'd tops down t'wards the
 waters bow, [heat,
 I shove in with my boat to shield me from the
 Where choosing from my bag some prov'd especial
 bait,

The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle
 strike,
 And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous
 pike, [away,
 Of whom when I have hold he seldom breaks
 Though at my line's full length, so long I let him
 play
 Till by my hand I find he well near weary'd be,
 When softly by degrees I draw him up to me.
 The lusty salmon too, I oft with angling take,
 Which me above the rest most lordly sport doth
 make,
 Who feeling he is caught, such frisks and bounds
 doth fetch, [stretch,
 And by his very strength my line so far doth
 As draws my floating cork down to the very
 ground,
 And wrestling of my rod, doth make my boat
 turn round.
 I never idle am, sometime I bait my weels,
 With which by night I take the dainty silver eels,
 And with my draught-net then, I sweep the
 streaming flood, [mud,
 And to my trammel next, and cast net from the
 I beat the scaly brood; no hour I idly spend,
 But weary'd with my work I bring the day to end.
 The Naiades and Nymphs that in the rivers keep,
 Which take into their care the store of every deep,
 Amongst the flowery flags, the bullrushes and
 reed, [breed)
 That of the spawn have charge (abundantly to
 Well mounted upon swans, their naked bodies lend
 To my discerning eye, and on my boat attend,
 And dance upon the waves, before me (for my
 fake) [make.
 To th' music the soft wind upon the reeds doth
 And for my pleasure more, the rougher gods of
 seas
 From Neptune's court send in the blue Neriades,
 Which from his brackly realm upon the billows
 ride, [tide,
 And bear the rivers back with every streaming
 Those billows 'gainst my boat, borne with de-
 lightful gales,
 Oft seeming as I row to tell me pretty tales,
 Whilst loads of liquid pearl still load my labour-
 ing oars, [shores:
 As stretch'd upon the stream they strike me to the
 The silent meadows seem delighted with my lays,
 And sitting in my boat I sing my lass's praise.
 Then let them that like, the forester up-cry,
 Your noble fisher is your only man say I.

This speech of Halcius turn'd the tide,
 And brought it so about,
 That all upon the fisher cry'd,
 That he would bear it out;
 Him for the speech he made, to clap
 Who lent him not a hand?
 And said t'would be the waters' hap,
 Quite to put down the land.
 This while Melanthus silent sits,
 (For so the shepherd hight)
 And having heard these dainty wits,
 Each pleading for his right;

To hear them honour'd in this wife,
His patience doth provoke,
When for a shepherd room, he cries,
And for himself thus spoke

Melanthus. Well fisher you have done, and forester for you

Your tale is neatly told, s'are both's to give you due.

And now my turn comes next, then hear a shepherd speak :

My watchfulness and care gives day scarce leave to break

But to the fields I haste, my folded flock to see,
Where when I find, nor wolf, nor fox hath injured me,

I to my bottle strait, and soundly baste my throat,
Which done, some country song or roundelay I rote

So merrily ; that to the music that I make,
I force the lark to sing ere she be well awake ;
Then Ball my cut-tail'd cur and I begin to play,
He o'er my sheephook leaps, now th' one now th' other way.

Then on his hinder feet he doth himself advance,
I tune, and to my note, my lively dog doth dance ;
Then whistle in my fist, my fellow swains to call,
Down go our hooks and scrips, and we to nine-holes fall,

At dust point, or at quoits, else are we at it hard,
All false and cheating games, we shepherds are debar'd ;

Surveying of my sheep, if ewe or wether look
As though it were amiss, or with my cur or crook

I take it, and when once I find what it doth ail,
It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heal ;
And when my careful eye I cast upon my sheep,
I sort them in my pens, and sorted so I keep :

Those that are big'ft of bone, I still reserve for breed,

My cullings I put off, or for the chapman feed.
When th' evening doth approach I to my bagpipe take,

And to my grazing flocks such music then I make,
That they forbear to feed ; then me a king you see,

I playing go before, my subjects follow me ;

My bell wether most brave, before the rest doth stalk,
The father of the flock, and after him doth walk
My writhen headed ram, with posies crown'd in pride
Fast to his crooked horns with ribbons neatly ty'd ;
And at our shepherds board that's cut out of the ground,

My fellow swains and I together at it round
With green cheese, clouted cream, with flawns
and custards stor'd,

Whig, cyder, and with whey, I domineer a lord.
When sheering time is come I to the river drive
My goodly well fleec'd flocks, (by pleasure thus I thrive)

Which being wash'd at will, upon the sheering day,
My wool I forth in locks, fit for the winder lay,
Which upon lusty heaps into my cote I heave,
That in the handling feels as soft as any fleece ;
When every ewe two lambs that yeaned hath that year,

About her new shorn neck a chaplet then doth wear ;
My tarbox, and my scrip, my bagpipe at my back,
My sheephook in my hand, what can I say I lack ?
He that a sceptre sway'd, a sheephook in his hand
Hath not disdain'd to have ; for shepherds then I stand.

Then forester, and you my fisher, cease your strife,
I say your shepherd leads your only merry life.

They had not cry'd the forester,
And fisher up before,
So much : but now the nymphs prefer
The shepherd ten times more,
And all the ging goes on his side,
Their minion him they make,
To him themselves they all apply,
And all his party take ;
Till some in their discretion cast,
Since first the strife begun,
In all that from them there had past
None absolutely won ;
That equal honour they should share ;
And their deserts to show,
For each a garland they prepare,
Which they on them bestow,
Of all the choicest flowers that were
Which purposely they gather,
With which they crown them, parting there
As they came first together.

NYMPHAL VII.

FLORIMEL, LELIPA, NAIIS, CODRUS—a Ferryman.

The Nymphs the queen of love pursue,
Which oft doth hide her from their view :
But lastly from th' Elysian nation
She banish'd is by proclamation.

Florimel.

DEAR Lelipa, where hast thou been so long?
Was't not enough for thee to do me wrong,
To rob me of thyself, but with more spite
To take my Naiis from me, my delight?
Ye lazy girls, your heads where have ye laid,
Whilst Venus here her antick pranks hath play'd?

Lelipa. Nay, Florimel, we should of you inquire,
The only maiden, whom we all admire
For beauty, wit, and chastity, that you
Amonst the rest of all our virgin crew,
In quest of her, that you so slack should be,
And leave the charge to Naiis and to me.

Florimel. Y'are much mistaken, Lelipa, 'twas I,
Of all the nymphs, that first did her descry,
At our great hunting, when as in the chace
Amongst the rest, methought I saw one face
So exceeding fair, and curious, yet unknown,
That I that face not possibly could own.
And in the course, so goddesses like a gait,
Each step so full of majesty and state;
'That with myself, I thus resolv'd, that she
Less than a goddess, surely, could not be.
Thus as Idalia stedfastly I ey'd,
A little nymph, that kept close by her side,
I noted, as unknown as was the other,
Which Cupid was disguis'd so by his mother,
The little purblind rogne, if you had seen,
You would have thought he verily had been
One of Diana's votaries, so clad,
He every thing so like a huntress had :
And she had put false eyes into his head,
That very well he might us all have sped.
And still they kept together in the rear,
But as the boy should have shot at the deer,
He shot amongst the nymphs, which when I saw,
Closer unto them I began to draw;
And fell to hearken, when they nought suspecting,
Because I saw them utterly neglecting,
I heard her say, My little Cupid to't,
Now, boy, or never, at the bevie shoot,

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Have at them, Venus, quoth the boy anon,
I'll pierce the proud'st, had she a heart of stone :
With that I cry'd out, Treason, treason ; when
The nymphs, that were before, turning again
To understand the meaning of this cry,
They out of sight were banish'd presently.
Thus but for me, the mother and the son,
Here, in Elysium, had us all undone.

Naiis. Believe me, gentle maid, 'twas very well;
But now hear me, my beauteous Florimel.
Great Mars his lemman being cry'd out here,
She to Felicia goes, still to be near
Th' Elysian nymphs, for at us is her aim,
The fond Felicians are her common game.
I upon pleasure idly wand'ring thither,
Something worth laughter from those fools to
gather,
Found her, who thus had lately been surpris'd,
Fearing the like, had her fair self disguis'd
Like an old witch, and gave out to have skill
In telling fortunes, either good or ill :
And that more neatly she with them might close,
She cut the corns of dainty ladies toes;
She gave them physic either to cool or move
them
And powders too to make their sweethearts love
them :

And her son Cupid as her zany went,
Carrying her boxes, whom she often sent
To know of her fair patients how they slept,
By which means she and the blind archer crept
Into their favours, who would often toy,
And took delight in sporting with the boy ;
Which many times, amongst his waggish tricks,
These wanton wenches in the bosom pricks;
'That they before which had some frantic fits,
Were by his witchcraft quite out of their wits,
Watching this wizard, my mind gave me still
She some impostor was, and that this skill
Was counterfeit, and had some other end :
For which discovery, as I did attend,
Her wrinkled vizard being very thin,
My piercing eye perceiv'd her clearer skin

R r

Through the thick rivels perfectly to shine;
 When I perceiv'd a beauty so divine,
 As that so clouded, I began to pry
 A little nearer, when I chanc'd to 'spy
 That pretty mole upon her cheek, which when
 I saw; surveying every part again,
 Upon her left hand I perceiv'd the scar
 Which she received in the Trojan war:
 Which when I found, I could not choose but smile;
 She who again had noted me the while,
 And, by my carriage, found I had descry'd her,
 Slipp'd out of sight, and presently doth hide her.

Lelipa. Nay, then, my dainty girls, I make no doubt

But I myself as strangely found her out
 As either of you both; in field and town,
 When like a pedlar she went up and down:
 For she had got a pretty handsome pack,
 Which she had fardled neatly at her back:
 And opening it, she had the perfect cry,
 Come, my fair girls, let's see, what will you buy?
 Here be fine night-masks, plaster'd well within,
 To supple wrinkles, and to smooth the skin:
 Here's crystal, coral, bugle, jet, in beads,
 Cornelian bracelets, for my dainty maids:
 Then perriwigs and searcloth gloves doth show,
 To make their hands as white as swan or snow;
 Then takes she forth a curious gilded box,
 Which was not open'd but by double locks,
 Takes them aside, and doth a paper spread,
 In which was painting both for white and red;
 And next a piece of silk, wherein there lies
 For the decay'd, false breasts, false teeth, false eyes:
 And all the while she's opening of her pack,
 Cupid, with his wings bound close down to his back,
 Playing the tumbler, on a table gets,
 And shews the ladies many pretty feats,
 I seeing behind him that he had such things;
 For well I knew no boy but he had wings,
 I view'd his mother's beauty, which to me
 Less than a goddess said she could not be:
 With that, quoth I to her, The other day,
 As you do now, so one that came this way,
 Shew'd me a neat piece, with the needle wrought,
 How Mars and Venus were together caught
 By pelt-foot Vulcan in an iron net;
 It griev'd me after that I chanc'd to let
 It go from me; whereat waxing red,
 Into her hamper she hung down her head,
 As she had stoop'd some novelty to seek,
 But 'twas indeed to hide her blushing cheek:
 When she her trinkets trusteth up anon,
 Ere we were 'ware, and instantly was gone.

Florimel. But hark you, nymphs, amongst our idle prate,

'Tis current news through the Elysian state,
 That Venus and her son were lately seen
 Here in Elysium, whence they oft have been
 Banish'd by our edict, and yet still merry
 Were here in public row'd o'er at the ferry,
 Where, as 'tis said, the ferryman and she
 Had much discourse, she was so full of glee,

Codrus much wond'ring at the blind boy's bow.

Nais. And what it was, that easily you may know,
 Codrus himself comes rowing here at hand.

Lelipa. Codrus, come hither, let your wherry stand,

I hope upon you ye will take no state,
 Because two gods have grac'd your boat of late;
 Good ferryman, I pray thee let us hear
 What talk they had, aboard thee whilst they were.

Codrus. Why thus, fair nymphs,
 As I a fare had lately past,
 And thought that side to ply,
 I heard one, as it were in haste,
 A boat, a boat, to cry;
 Which as I was about to bring,
 And came to view my freight,
 Thought I, what more than heavenly thing
 Hath fortune hither brought?
 She seeing mine eyes still on her were,
 Soon, smilingly, quoth she,
 Sirrah! look to your rudder there,
 Why look'st thou thus at me?
 And nimbly stepp'd into my boat,
 With her a little lad
 Naked and blind, yet did I note,
 That bow and shafts he had,
 And two wings to his shoulders fixt,
 Which stood like little sails,
 With far more various colours mixt
 Than be your peacocks tails:
 I seeing this little dapper elf
 Such arms as these to bear,
 Quoth I, thus softly to myself,
 What strange thing have we here?
 I never saw the like, thought I,
 'Tis more than strange to me,
 To have a child have wings to fly,
 And yet want eyes to see;
 Sure this is some devised toy,
 Or it transform'd hath been,
 For such a thing, half bird, half boy,
 I think was never seen:
 And in my boat I turn'd about,
 And wistly view'd the lad,
 And clearly saw his eyes were out,
 Though bow and shafts he had.
 As wistly she did me behold,
 How lik'st thou him? quoth she.
 Why, well, quoth I, and better should,
 Had he but eyes to see.
 How say'st thou? honest friend, quoth she,
 Wilt thou a prentice take?
 I think, in time, though blind he be,
 A ferryman he'll make.
 To guide my passage boat, quoth I,
 His fine hands were not made,
 He hath been bred too wantonly
 To undertake my trade.
 Why help him to a master then,
 Quoth she, such youths be scant,
 It cannot be but there be men
 That such a boy do want.

Quoth I, when you your best have done,
 No better way you'll find,
 Than to a harper bind your son,
 Since most of them are blind.
 The lovely mother and the boy,
 Laugh'd heartily thereat,
 As at some nimble jest or toy,
 To hear my homely chat.
 Quoth I, I pray you let me know,
 Came he thus first to light,
 Or by some sickness, hurt, or blow,
 Depriv'd of his sight?
 Nay, sure, quoth she, he thus was born.
 'Tis strange! born blind! quoth I;
 I fear you put this as a scorn,
 On my simplicity,
 Quoth she, Thus blind I did him bear.
 Quoth I, If't be no lie,
 Then he's the first blind man I'll swear,
 E'er practis'd archery.
 A man! quoth she, nay there you miss,
 He's still a boy as now,
 Nor to be elder than he is
 The gods will him allow.
 To be no elder than he is!
 Then sure he is some sprite,
 I strait reply'd. Again at this
 The goddess laugh'd outright.
 It is a mystery to me,
 An archer, and yet blind!
 Quoth I again, how can it be,
 That he his mark should find?
 The gods, quoth she, whose will it was
 That he should want his sight,
 That he in something should surpass,
 To recompense their spite,
 Gave him this gift, though at his game
 He still shot in the dark,
 That he should have so certain aim,
 As not to miss his mark.

By this time we were come ashore,
 When me my fare she pay'd,
 But not a word she utter'd more,
 Nor had I her bewray'd.
 Of Venus nor of Cupid I
 Before did never hear,
 But that a fisher coming by
 Then told me who they were.

Florimel. Well; against them then proceed
 As before we have decreed,
 That the goddess, and her child,
 Be for ever hence exil'd,
 Which, Lelipa, you shall proclaim
 In our wise Apollo's name.

Lelipa, To all th' Elysian nymphish nation;
 Thus we make our proclamation,
 Against Venus and her son,
 For the mischiefs they have done:
 After the next last of May,
 The fix'd and peremptory day,
 If she or Cupid shall be found
 Upon our Elysian ground,
 Our edict mere rogues shall make them;
 And as such, whoe'er shall take them,
 Them shall into prison put;
 Cupid's wings shall then be cut,
 His bow broken, and his arrows
 Given to boys to shoot at sparrows,
 And this vagabond be sent,
 Having had due punishment,
 To mount Cytheron, which first fed him;
 Where his wanton mother bred him,
 And there out of her protection:
 Daily to receive correction;
 Then her passport shall be made,
 And to Cyprus isle convey'd,
 And at Paphos in her shrine,
 Where she hath been held divine,
 For her offences found contrite,
 There to live an anchorite.

R r ii

N Y M P H A L VIII.

MERTILLA, CLAIA, CLORIS.

A Nymph is married to a Fay,
Great preparations for the day;
All rites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.

Mertilla.

BUT will our Tita wed this Fay?

Claia. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

Mertilla. But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

Claia. Why by her smallness you may find,
That she is of the fairy kind,
And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take:
Besides, he's dext and wond'rous airy,
And of the noblest of the fairy,
Chief of the crickets of much fame,
In fairy a most ancient name,
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and won.

Cloris. If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elysium,
Queen Mab will look she should be dress'd
In those attires we think our best;
Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

Mertilla. I'll have a jewel for her ear,
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear)
'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling, with their wings shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor as shall move
Each thing that smells, to be in love.

Claia. Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And to this pendent, then take mine;
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,

Whose brightness Venus' self did move,
Therein to put her drink of love,
Which for more strength she did distil,
The limbeck was a phoenix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become.

Cloris. For jewels for her ears she's sped:
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I have a tire,
That all fairies shall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth inclose,
Like drops of gold-ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scatter'd seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides:
With some o' th' rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:
Whose dainty colours being mix'd
With th' other beauties, and so fix'd,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And to be sure she shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in circlets set,
To be our Tita's coronet.

Mertilla. Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt,
But we shall neatly send her out:
But let's amongst ourselves agree,
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

Claia. Of pansy, pink, and primrose leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaves:
And all embroidery to supply,
Powder'd with flowers of rosemary:
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun:
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With th' smallest of the spinner's clue:

And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train :
Which for our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which quivering as the wind doth blow,
The sun shall it like tinsel show.

Cloris. And being led to meet her mate,
To make sure that she want no state,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,
With feathers from the pheasant's head :
Mix'd with the plume of (so high price)
The precious bird of paradise.
Which to make up our nymphs shall ply
Into a curious canopy,
Borne o'er her head (by our equerry)
By Elfs, the fittest of the fairy.

Mertilla. But all this while we have forgot
Her buskins, neighbours, have we not ?

Glaia. We had, for those I'll fit her now,
They shall be of the lady-cow :
The dainty shell upon her back
Of crimson strew'd with spots of black ;
Which as she holds a stately pace,
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

Cloris. But then for music of the best,
This must be thought on for the feast.

Mertilla. The nightingale of birds most choice
To do her best shall strain her voice ;
And to this bird to make a set,
The mavis, merl, and robinet :
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
That make a choir of every bush.
But for still music, we will keep
The wren, and titmouse, which to sleep
Shall sing the bride, when she's alone,
The rest into their chambers gone.
And like those upon ropes that walk
On gossamer, from stalk to stalk,
The tripping fairy tricks shall play
The evening of the wedding day.

Glaia. But for the bride-bed, what were fit,
That hath not yet been talk'd of yet.

Cloris. Of leaves of roses white and red,
Shall be the covering of her bed :
The curtains, vallens, tester, all,
Shall be the flower imperial ;
And for the fringe, it all along
With azure harebells shall be hung ;
Of lilies shall the pillows be,
With down stuff of the butterfly.

Mertilla. Thus far we handsomely have gone,
Now for our prothalamion,
Or marriage song, of all the rest,
A thing that much must grace our feast.
Let us practise then to sing it
Ere we before the assembly bring it ;
We in dialogue must do it,
Then my dainty girls set to it.

Glaia. This day must Tita married be,
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

Mertilla. But is it certain that ye say ?
Will she wed the noble Fay ?

Cloris. Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the gods at banquets use :
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,
And make proud the posts with posies :
Shoot your sweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair,

Glaia. } For our Tita is this day
Mertilla. } To be married to a Fay.

Glaia. By whom then shall our bride be led
To the temple to be wed ?

Mertilla. Only by yourself and I,
Who that roomth should else supply ?

Cloris. Come, bright girls, come all together,
And bring all your off'rings hither,
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,
All your goodly graces levy,
Come in majesty and state
Our bridal here to celebrate.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Glaia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Glaia. Whose lot will't be the way to strow,
On which to church our bride must go ?

Mertilla. That I think as fit'st of all,
To lively Lelipa must fall.

Cloris. Summon all the sweets that are,
To this nuptial to repair ;
Till with their throngs themselves they smother,
Strongly stifling one another ;
And at last they all consume,
And vanish in one rich perfume.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Glaia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla. By whom must Tita married be,
'Tis fit we all to that should see ?

Glaia. The priest he purposely doth come,
Th' Arch Flamen of Elysium.

Cloris. With tapers let the temples shine,
Sing to Hymen hymns divine ;
Load the altars till there rise
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice,
With your censers sling aloof
Their smells, till they ascend the roof.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Glaia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla. But coming back when she is wed,
Who breaks the cake above her head ?

Claia. That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest,
And our Tita is the smallest.

Cloris. Violins, strike up aloud,
Ply the gittern, scour the crowd,
Let the nimble hand belabour
The whistling pipe, and drumbling tabor:
To the full the bagpipe rack,
'Till the swelling leather crack.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Claia. But when to dine she takes her seat,
What shall be our Tita's meat?

Mertilla. The gods this feast, as to begin,
Have sent of their ambrosia in.

Cloris. Then serve we up the straw's rich berry.
The respas, and Elysian cherry:
The virgin honey from the flowers
In Hibla, wrought in Flora's bowers:

Full bowls of nectar, and no girl
Carouse but in dissolved pearl.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Claia. But when night comes, and she must
go
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

Mertilla. In the posset must be brought,
And points be from the bridegroom caught.

Cloris. In masks, in dances, and delight,
And rare banquets spend the night:
Then about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble:
Over stools and tables tumble,
Never think of noise nor rumble.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

N Y M P H A L IX.

MUSES and NYMPHS.

The Muses spend their lofty lays,
Upon Apollo and his praise;
The Nymphs with gems his altars build.
This Nymphal is with Phœbus fill'd.

A TEMPLE of exceeding state,
The nymphs and muses rearing,
Which they to Phœbus dedicate,
Elysium ever cheering:
These muses and these nymphs contend
This phane to Phœbus offering,
Which side the other should transcend,
These praise, those prizes proffering.
And at this long appointed day,
Each one their largesse bringing,
Those nine fair sisters led the way
Thus to Apollo singing.

The Muses. Thou youthful god that guid'st the
hours,
The muses thus implore thee,
By all those names, due to thy powers,
By which we still adore thee.
Sol, Titan, Delius, Cynthius, styles,
Much reverence that have won thee,

Deriv'd from mountains as from isles
Where worship first was done thee,
Rich Delos brought thee forth divine,
Thy mother thither driven,
At Delphos thy most sacred shrine,
Thy oracles were given,
In thy swift course from east to west,
The minutes miss to find thee,
That bear'st the morning on thy breast,
And leav'st the night behind thee.
Up to Olympus' top so steep,
Thy startling couriers currying;
Thence down to Neptune's vasty deep
Thy flaming chariot hurrying.
(a) Eos, Ethon, Phlegon, Pirois, proud,
Their lightning manes advancing,
Breathing forth fire on every cloud
Upon their journey prancing:

(a) The horses drawing the chariot of the sun,

Whose sparkling hoofs with gold for speed
 Are shod, to 'scape all dangers,
 Where they upon ambrosia feed
 In their celestial mangers.
 Bright (b) Colatina, that of hills
 Is goddess, and hath keeping
 Her nymphs, the clear Oreades wills
 T' attend thee from thy sleeping.
 Great (c) Demogorgon feels thy might,
 His mines about him heating;
 Who through his bosom dart'st thy light,
 Within the centre sweating.
 If thou but touch the golden lyre,
 Thou (d) Minos mov'st to hear thee;
 The rocks feel in themselves a fire.
 And rise up to come near thee,
 'Tis thou that physics didst devise,
 Herbs by their natures calling;
 Of which some opening at thy rise,
 And closing at thy falling.
 Fair Hyacinth, thy most lov'd lad,
 That with the sledge thou slewest,
 Hath in a flower the life he had,
 Whose root thou still renewest:
 Thy Daphne thy beloved tree,
 That scorns thy father's thunder,
 And thy dear (e) Clitia yet we see,
 Not time can from thee sunder;
 From thy bright bow that arrow flew
 (Snatch'd from thy golden quiver)
 Which that fell serpent Python slew,
 Renowning thee for ever.
 The (f) Actian and the Pythian games
 Devis'd were to praise thee,
 With all th' Apollinary names
 That th' ancients thought could raise thee.
 A shrine upon this mountain high
 To thee we'll have erected,
 Which thou the god of poesy
 Must care to have protected:
 With thy lov'd Cynthus that shall share,
 With all his shady bowers,
 Nor Licia's Cragus shall compare
 With this, for thee, of ours.

Thus having sung, the nymphish crew
 Thrust in amongst them thronging,
 Desiring they might have the due
 That was to them belonging,
 Quoth they, Ye Muses, as divine,
 Are in his glories graced,
 But it is we must build the shrine
 Wherein they must be placed:
 Which of those precious gems we'll make
 That nature can afford us,
 Which from that plenty we will take,
 Wherewith we here have stor'd us:
 O glorious Phœbus! most divine!
 Thine altars then we hallow,
 And with those stones we build a shrine
 To thee our wise Apollo.

(b) The mountain first saluting the sun at his rising.
 (c) Supposed the god of earth.
 (d) One of the judges of hell.
 (e) A nymph lov'd of Apollo, and by him changed into a flower.
 (f) Plays or games in honour of Apollo.

The Nymphs. No gem from rocks, seas, running
 streams,
 (Their numbers let us muster)
 But hath from thy most perfect beams
 The virtue and the lustre;
 The diamond, the king of gems,
 The first is to be placed,
 That glory is of diadems,
 Them gracing, by them graced:
 In whom thy power the most is seen,
 The raging fire refelling:
 The emerald then, most deeply green,
 For beauty most excelling,
 Resisting poison often prov'd
 By those about that wear it.
 The cheerful ruby then, much lov'd
 That doth revive the spirit,
 Whose kind to large extensure grows
 The colour so inflamed,
 Is that admired mighty stone
 The carbuncle that's named,
 Which from it such a flaming light
 And radiancy ejecteth,
 That in the very darkest night
 The eye to it directeth.
 The yellow jacinth, strengthening sense,
 Of which who hath the keeping,
 No thunder hurts nor pestilence,
 And much provoketh sleeping.
 The crysolite that doth resist
 Thirst, prov'd never-failing,
 The purple-colour'd amethyst,
 'Gainst strength of wine prevailing:
 The verdant gay green smaragdus,
 Most sovereign over passion:
 The sardonix, approv'd by us
 To master incantation.
 Then that celestial colour'd stone
 The saphyr, heavenly wholly,
 Which worn, there weariness is none,
 And cureth melancholy;
 The lazulus whose pleasant blue
 With golden veins is graced;
 The jaspis of so various hue,
 Amongst our other placed;
 The onyx from the ancients brought,
 Of wond'rous estimation,
 Shall in amongst the rest be wrought
 Our sacred shrine to fashion;
 The topaz we'll stick here and there,
 And sea-green colour'd beryl,
 And turcoise, which who haps to bear
 Is often kept from peril:
 The selenite, of Cynthia's light
 So nam'd, with her still ranging,
 Which as she wanes or waxeth bright
 Its colours so are changing.
 With opals more than any one
 We'll deck thine altar fuller,
 For that of every precious stone
 It doth retain some colour.
 With bunches of pearl paragon
 Thine altar underpropping,
 Whose base is the cornelian,
 Strong bleeding often stopping:

With th' agate very oft that is
Cut strangely in the quarry,
As nature meant to shew in this,
How she herself can vary :
With worlds of gems from mines and seas
Elysium well might store us,

But we content ourselves with these
That readiest lie before us.
And thus, O Phœbus! most divine,
Thine altars still we hallow,
And to thy godhead rear this shrine,
Our only wise Apollo.

NYMPHAL X.

Naiis, Claia, Corbilus, Satyr.

A Satyr on Elysium lights,
Whose ugly shape the Nymphs affrights,
Yet when they hear his just complaint,
They make him an Elysian saint.

Corbilus.

WHAT; breathless nymphs? bright virgins let me
What sudden cause constrains ye to this haste?
What have you seen that should affright you so?
What might it be from which ye fly so fast?
I see your faces full of pallid fear,
As though some peril follow'd on your flight;
Take breath a while, and quickly let me hear
Into what danger ye have lately light.

Naiis. Never were poor distressed girls so glad,
As when kind, loved Corbilus we saw,
When our much haste us so much weak'ned had,
That scarcely we our wearied breaths could draw.
In this next grove under an aged tree,
So fell a monster lying there we found,
As till this day, our eyes did never see,
Nor ever came on the Elysian ground.
Half man, half goat, he seem'd to us in shew,
His upper parts our human shape doth bear,
But he's a very perfect goat below,
His crooked cambrils arm'd with hoof and hair.

Claia. Through his lean chops a chattering he
doth make,
Which stirs his staring beastly drivell'd beard,
And his sharp horns he seem'd at us to shake
Canst thou then blame us though we were afraid.

Corbilus. Surely it seems some Satyr this should
Come and go back and guide me to the place,
Be not afraid, ye are safe enough with me,
Silly and harmless be their sylvan race.

Claia. How, Corbilus; a Satyr do you say?
How should he over high Parnassus hit?
Since to these fields there's none can find the way,
But only those the Muses will permit.

Corbilus. 'Tis true; but oft the sacred sisters grace
The silly Satyr, by whose plainness they
Are taught the world's enormities to trace,
By beastly mens abominable way;
Besides he may be banish'd his own home
By this base time, or be so much distressed,
That he the craggy by-clift hill hath clome
To find out these more pleasant fields of rest.

Naiis. Yonder he sits, and seems himself to bow
At our approach; what, doth our presence awe
him?

Methinks he seems not half so ugly now,
As at the first, when I and Claia saw him,

Corbilus. 'Tis an old Satyr, nymph, I now discern,
Sadly he sits, as he were sick or lame,
His looks would say, that we may eas'ly learn
How, and from whence, he to Elysium came.
Satyr, these fields how cam'st thou first to find?
What fate first shew'd thee this most happy shore?
When never any of thy sylvan kind
Set foot on the Elysian earth before?

Satyr. O never ask, how I came to this place,
What cannot strong necessity find out?
Rather bemoan my miserable case,
Constrain'd to wander the wide world about,
With wild Silvanus and his woody crew,
In forests I, at liberty and free,
Liv'd in such pleasure as the world ne'er knew,
Nor any rightly can conceive but we.
This jocund life we many a day enjoy'd,
Till this last age, those beastly men forth brought,
That all those great and goodly woods destroy'd,
Whose growth their grandfires with such suffer-
ance sought,

That fair Felicia which was but of late
 Earth's paradise, that never had her peer,
 Stands now in that most lamentable state,
 That not a sylvan will inhabit there;
 Where in the soft and most delicious shade,
 In heat of summer we were wont to play,
 When the long day too short for us was made,
 The sliding hours so sily stole away;
 By Cynthia's light, and on the pleasant lawn,
 The wanton fairy we were wont to chase,
 Which to the nimble cloven-footed fawn,
 Upon the plain durst boldly bid the chase.
 The sportive nymphs, with shouts and laughter
 shook

The hills and valleys in their wanton play,
 Waking the echoes, their last words that took,
 Till at the last they louder were than they.
 The lofty high wood, and the lower spring,
 Sheltering the deer, in many a sudden shower;
 Where choirs of birds oft wonted were to sing,
 The flaming furnace wholly doth devour;
 Once fair Felicia, but now quite defac'd,
 Those braveries gone wherein she did abound,
 With dainty groves, when she was highly grac'd
 With goodly oak, ash, elm, and beeches crown'd:
 But that from heaven their judgment blinded is,
 In human reason it could never be,
 But that they might have clearly seen by this,
 Those plagues their next posterity shall see,
 The little infant on the mother's lap
 For want of fire shall be so sore distressed,
 That whilst it draws the lank and empty pap,
 The tender lips shall freeze unto the breast;
 The quaking cattle which their warm stall want,
 And with bleak winter's northern wind oppress'd,
 Their brows and stouter waxing thin and scant,
 The hungry crows shall with their carrion feast.
 Men wanting timber wherewith they should
 build,

And not a forest in Felicia found,
 Shall be enforc'd upon the open field
 To dig them caves for houses in the ground:
 The land thus robb'd of all her rich attire,
 Naked and bare herself to heaven doth shew,
 Begging from thence that Jove would dart his fire
 Upon those wretches that disrob'd her so;

This beastly brood by no means may abide
 The name of their brave ancestors to hear,
 By whom their fordid slavery is descry'd,
 So unlike them as though not theirs they were;
 Nor yet they sense, or understanding have,
 Of those brave Muses that their country song,
 But with false lips ignobly do deprave
 The right and honour that to them belong;
 This cruel kind thus viper-like devour
 That fruitful soil which them too fully fed
 The earth doth curse the age and every hour
 Again, that it these viperous monsters bred.
 I seeing the plagues that shortly are to come
 Upon this people, clearly them forsook:
 And thus am light into Elysium,
 To whose strait search I wholly me betook.

Naiis. Poor silly creature, come along with us,
 Thou shalt be free of the Elysian fields:
 Be not dismay'd, nor inly grieved thus,
 This place content in all abundance yields.
 We to the cheerful presence will thee bring
 Of Jove's dear daughters, where in shades they sit,
 Where thou shalt hear those sacred sisters sing
 Most heavenly hymns, the strength and life of wit.

Claia. Where to the Delphian God upon their
 lyres
 His priests seem ravish'd in his height of praise:
 Whilst he is crowning his harmonious choirs
 With circling garlands of immortal bays.

Corbilus. Here live in blest, till thou shalt see
 those slaves
 Who thus set virtue and desert at nought,
 Some sacrific'd upon their grandfires graves,
 And some like beasts in markets sold and bought.
 Of fools and madmen leave thou then the care,
 That have no understanding of their state:
 For whom high heaven doth so just plagues pre-
 pare,
 That they to pity shall convert thy hate.
 And to Elysium be thou welcome then,
 Until those base Felicians thou shalt hear,
 By that vile nation captived again,
 That many a glorious age their captives were.

NOAH'S FLOOD, &c.

To the Right Noble,

RELIGIOUS, AND TRULY VIRTUOUS LADY,

MARY, COUNTESS OF DORSET,

Worthy of all titles and attributes, that were ever given to the most renowned of her sex; and of me most deservedly to be honoured. To her fame and memory, I consecrate these my Divine Poems, with all the wishes of a grateful heart, for the preservation of her, and her children, the succeeding hopes of the ancient and noble family of the Sackvilles.

Her Servant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

NOAH'S FLOOD.

ETERNAL and all-working God, which wast
Before the world, whose frame by thee was cast,
And beautify'd with beamful lamps above,
By thy great wisdom set how they shall move
To guide the seasons, equally to all,
Which come and go as they do rise and fall.

My mighty Maker, O do thou infuse
Such life and spirit into my labouring muse,
That I may sing (what but from Noah thou hid'st)
The greatest thing that ever yet thou didst
Since the creation; that the world may see
The muse is heav'nly, and (a) deriv'd from thee.

O let that glorious angel which since kept
That gorgeous Eden, where once Adam slept,
When tempting Eve was taken from his side,
Let him, great God, not only be my guide,
But with his fiery fauchon still be nigh,
To keep affliction far from me, that I
With a free soul thy wond'rous works may show,
Then like that deluge shall my numbers flow,
Telling the state wherein this earth then stood,
The giant race, the universal flood.

The fruitful earth being lusty then and strong,
Like to a woman, fit for love, and young;
Brought forth her creatures mighty, not a thing
Issu'd from her, but a continual spring
Had to increase it, and to make it flourish,
For in herself she had that power to nourish
Her procreation, that her children then
Were at the instant of their birth, half men,
Men then begot so soon, and got so long,
That scarcely one a thousand men among,
But he ten thousand in his time might see,
That from his loins deriv'd their pedigree.
The full-womb'd women very hardly went
Out their nine months, abundant nature lent
Their fruit such thriving, as that once wax'd quick,
The large-limb'd mother, neither faint nor sick,
Hasted her hour by her abundant health,
Nature so play'd the unthrift with her wealth,
So prodigally lavishing her store
Upon the teeming earth, then wasting more
Than it had need of: (b) not the smallest weed
Known in that first age, but the natural seed

Made it a plant, to these now since the flood;
So that each garden look'd then like a wood:
Beside, in med'cine simples had that power,
That none need then the planetary hour
To help their working, they so juicy were,
The winter and the spring-time of the year
Seem'd all one season: that most stately tree
Of Libanus, which many times we see
Mention'd for tallness in the holy writ,
Whose tops the clouds oft in their wand'ring hit,
Were shrubs to those then on the earth that grew,
Nor the most sturdy storm that ever blew
Their big-grown bodies to the earth e'er shook,
Their mighty roots so certain fast'ning took;
Cover'd with grafs more soft than any silk,
The trees dropt honey, and the springs gush'd
milk:

The flower-fleec'd meadow, and the gorgeous grove,
Which should smell sweetest in their bravery above;
No little shrub but it some gum let fall,
To make the clear air aromatical:
Whilst to the little birds melodious strains
The trembling rivers tript along the plains.
Shades serv'd for houses, neither heat nor cold
Troubled the young, nor yet annoy'd the old:
The bat'ning earth all plenty did afford,
And without tilling, of her own accord;
That living idly without taking pain
(Like to the first) made every man a Cain.
Seven hundred years a man's age scarcely then,
Of mighty size so were these long-liv'd men,
The flesh of lions, and of bulls they tore,
Whose skins those giants for their garments wore,
Yet not term'd giants only, for that they
Excell'd men since, in bigness every way:
Nor that they were so puissant of their hand,
But that the race wherewith the earth was mann'd,
So wrathful, proud, and tyrannous were then,
Not (c) dreading God, nor yet respecting men;
For they knew neither magistrate nor law,
Nor could conceive ought that their wills could awe;
For which wax'd proud, and haughty in their
thought,

They set th' eternal living God at nought:

(a) A Jove Musa.

(b) The fruitfulness and bravery of the earth before the
flood.

(c) Josephus,

Mankind increasing greatly every day,
 Their sins increase in numbers more than they;
 Seven ages had past Adam, when men prone
 To tyranny, and no man knew his own:
 His sensual will then followed, and his lust
 His only law, in those times to be just
 Was to be wicked; God so quite forgot,
 As what was damn'd, that in that age was not.
 With one another's flesh themselves they fill'd,
 And drank the blood of those whom they had kill'd.
 They dar'd to do what none should dare to name,
 They never heard of such a thing as shame.
 Man mixt with man, (d) and daughter, sister, mo-
 ther,

Were to these wicked men as any other.
 To rip their women's wombs, they would not stick,
 When they perceiv'd once they were waxed quick;
 Feeding on that from their own loins that sprung;
 Such wickedness these monsters was among,
 That they us'd beasts, digressing from all kind:
 That the Almighty pond'ring in his mind
 Their beastliness, (from his intent) began
 'T' repent himself that he created man.
 Their sins ascending the Almighty's seat,
 Th' eternal throne with horror seem'd to threat;
 Still daring God a war with them to make,
 And of his power no knowledge seem'd to take:
 So that he vow'd, the world he would destroy,
 Which he revealed only to just Noy.
 For but that man, none worthy was to know,
 Nor he the manner to none else would show.
 For since with stars he first high heaven enchas'd,
 And Adam first in paradise had plac'd,
 Amongst all those inhabiting the ground,
 He not a man so just as Noah had found.
 For which he gave him charge an ark to build,
 And by those workmen which were deepest skill'd
 In architecture, to begin the frame,
 And thus th' Almighty taught just Noah the same.
 (e) Three hundred cubits the whole length to be,
 Fifty the breadth, the height (least of the three)
 Full thirty cubits; only with one light
 A cubit broad, and just so much in height:
 And in three stories bad him to divide
 The inner room, and in the vessel's side
 To place a door, commanding Noah to take
 Great care thereof: and this his ark to make
 Of Gopher wood, which some will need'fly have
 To be the pine tree, and commandment gave
 That the large planks whereof it was compos'd,
 When they by art should curiously be clos'd,
 Should with bitumen both within and out
 Be deeply pitch'd, the vessel round about,
 So strong a glew as could not off be worn,
 The rage of winds and waters that doth scorn;
 Like to a chest or coffer it was fram'd,
 For which an ark most fitly it was nam'd;
 Nor like a ship, for that a ship below
 Is ridg'd and narrow, upward but doth grow
 Wider and wider: but this mighty bark,
 Built by just Noah, this universal ark,
 Held one true breadth i' th' bottom as above,
 That when this frame upon the flood should move,

On the fall'n waters it should float secure,
 As it did first the falling shower endure:
 And close above, so to bear out the weather
 For forty days when it should rain together.

A hundred years the ark in building was,
 So long a time e'er he could bring to pass
 This work intended; all which time just Noy
 Cry'd, that th' Almighty would the world de-
 stroy:

And as this good man used many a day
 To walk abroad, his building to survey,
 These cruel giants coming in to see,
 (In their thoughts wond'ring what this work
 should be)

He with erected hands to them doth cry,
 " (f) Either repent ye, or ye all must die.
 " Your blasphemies, your beastliness, your wrongs,
 " Are heard to heaven, and with a thousand
 " tongues
 " Shoot in the ears of the Almighty Lord;
 " So that your sins no leisure him afford
 " To think on mercy, they so thickly throng,
 " That when he would your punishment prolong,
 " Their horror hales him on, that from remorse
 " In his own nature, you do him enforce,
 " Nay, wrest plagues from him upon human kind,
 " Who else to mercy wholly is inclin'd.
 " From Seth, which God to Eva gave in lieu
 " Of her son Abel whom his brother slew,
 " That cursed Cain, how hath th' Almighty bless'd
 " The seed of Adam though he so transgress'd,
 " In Enos by whose godliness men came
 " At first to call on the Almighty name,
 " And Enoch, whose integrity was such,
 " In whom the Lord delighted was so much,
 " As in his years he suffer'd no decay,
 " But God to heaven took bodily away;
 " With long life blessing all that goodly stem,
 " From the first man down to Methusalem;
 " Now from the loins of Lamech sendeth me,
 " (Unworthy his ambassador to be)
 " To tell ye yet, if ye at last repent,
 " He will lay by his wrathful punishment,
 " That God, who was so merciful before
 " To our forefathers, likewise hath in store
 " Mercy for us their nephews, if we fall
 " With tears before him, and he will recal
 " His wrath sent out already; therefore fly
 " To him for mercy, yet the threat'ning sky
 " Pauses, e'er it the deluge down will pour,
 " For every tear you shed, he'll stop a shower;
 " Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may win,
 " He'll leave to punish, if you leave to sin;
 " That God eternal, which old Adam cast
 " Out of that earthly heaven, where he had plac'd
 " That first-made man, for his forbidden deed
 " From thence for ever banishing his seed,
 " For us his sinful children doth provide,
 " And with abundance hath us still supply'd;
 " And can his blessings, who respects you thus,
 " Make you most wicked, most rebellious?
 " Still is your stubborn obstinacy such?
 " Have ye no mercy, and your God so much?

(d) Berofus cited by Pirerius.
 (e) The structure of the ark.

(f) Noah threatening God's vengeance upon the world;
 with his sermon of repentance.

" Your God ! said I, O wherefore said I so ?
 " Your words deny him, and your works say no ;
 " O ! see the day doth but too fast approach,
 " Wherein heav'n's Maker means to set abroad
 " That world of water, which shall overflow
 " Those mighty mountains whereon now ye go,
 " The dropst clouds, see, your destruction threat,
 " The sun and moon both in their course are set
 " To war by water, and do all they can
 " To bring destruction upon sinful man ;
 " And every thing shall suffer for your sake,
 " For the whole earth shall be but one whole lake.
 " O cry for mercy, leave your wicked ways,
 " And God from time shall separate those days
 " Of vengeance coming, and he shall disperse
 " Those clouds now threat'ning the whole uni-
 " verse,

" And save the world, which else he will destroy."
 But this good man, this terror-preaching Noy,
 The bears and tigers might have taught as well,
 They laugh'd to hear this godly man to tell
 That God would drown the world, they thought
 him mad,

For their great Maker they forgotten had.
 They knew none such, Th' Almighty God, say they,
 What might he be ? and when shall be the day
 Thou talk'st of to us ? can'st thou think that we
 Can but suppose that such a thing can be ?
 What can he do that we cannot defeat ?
 Whose brawny fists to very dust can beat
 The solid'st rock, and with our breasts can bear
 The strong'st stream backward ; dost thou think
 to fear

Us with these dreams of deluges ? to make
 Us our own ways and courses to forsake ?
 Let us but see that God who dares to stand
 To what thou speak'st, that with his furious hand
 Dare say he'll drown us, and we will defy
 Him to his teeth ; and if he keep the sky
 We'll dare him thence, and if he then come down,
 And challenge us that he the world will drown,
 We'll follow him until his threats he stints,
 Or we will batter his blue house with flints.

The ark is finish'd, and the Lord is wrath,
 To aid just Noah, and he provided hath
 His blessed angels, bidding them to bring
 The male and female of each living thing
 Into the ark, by whom he had decreed
 T' renew the world, and by their fruitful seed
 To fill it as before, and is precise
 For food for men, and for his sacrifice,
 That seven just pairs, of birds, and beasts that were
 Made clean by him, should happily repair
 To the great ark, the other made unclean,
 Of male and female only should come twain :
 Which by the angels every where were sought,
 And thither by their ministry were brought.
 When Noah sets ope the ark and doth begin
 To take his freight, his mighty lading in :
 And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
 As well of ravine, as that chew the cud,
 The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
 And to the ark leads down the lions ;
 The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
 And to the ark brings on the fair-ey'd cow :

The stately courser for his mare doth neigh,
 And t'wards the new ark guideth her the way ;
 The wreath'd-horn'd ram his safety doth pursue,
 And to the ark ushers his gentle ewe ;
 The bristly boar, who with his snout up plow'd
 The spacious plains, and with his grunting loud,
 Rais'd rattling echoes all the woods about,
 Leaves his dark den, and having scented out
 Noah's new-built ark, in with his sow doth come,
 And stye themselves up in a little room ;
 The hart with his dear hind, the buck and doe,
 Leaving their wildness, bring the tripping roe
 Along with them ; and from the mountain steep
 The clamb'ring goat, and coney, us'd to keep
 Amongst the cliffs, together get, and they
 To this great ark find out the ready way ;
 Th' unwieldy elk, whose skin is of much proof,
 Throngs with the rest t' attain this wooden roof ;
 The unicorn leaves off his pride, and close
 There sets him down by the rhinoceros ;
 The elephant there coming to embrak,
 And as he softly getteth up the ark,
 Feeling by his great weight his body sunk,
 Holds by his huge tooth and his nervy trunk ;
 The crook-back'd camel climbing to the deck,
 Draws up himself with his long sinewy neck ;
 The spotted panther, whose delicious scent
 Oft causeth beasts his harbour to frequent,
 But having got them once into his power,
 Sucketh their blood, and doth their flesh devour,
 His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,
 And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,
 And brings into the universal shop
 The ounce, the tiger, and the antelope ;
 By the grim wolf the poor sheep safely lay,
 And was his care, which lately was his prey ;
 The ass upon the lion lean'd his head,
 And to the cat the mouse for succour fled ;
 The silly hare doth cast aside her fear,
 And forms herself fast by the ugly bear,
 At whom the watchful dog did never bark,
 When he espy'd him clamb'ring up the ark :
 The fox got in, his subtilties hath left,
 And as ashamed of his former theft,
 Sadly sits there, as though he did repent,
 And in the ark became an innocent :
 The fine-furr'd ermin, marten, and the cat
 That voideth civet, there together sat
 By the shrewd monkey, babion, and the ape,
 With the hyæna, much their like in shape,
 Which by their kind are ever doing ill,
 Yet in the ark sit civilly and still ;
 The skipping squirrel of the forest free,
 That leap'd so nimbly betwixt tree and tree,
 Itself into the ark then nimbly cast,
 As 'twere a ship-boy come to climb the mast ;
 The porcupine into the ark doth make,
 Nor his sharp quills, though angry, once doth
 shake ;
 The sharp-fang'd beaver, whose wide gaping jaw
 Cutteth down plants as it were with a saw,
 Whose body poised, weigheth such a mass,
 As though his bowels were of lead or brass,
 His cruel chaps though breathless he doth close,
 As with the rest into the ark he goes.

Th' uneven-legg'd badger (whose eye-pleasing skin
The case to many a curious thing hath been,
Since that great flood) his fortresses forsakes
Wrought in the earth, and though but halting,
makes

Up to the ark; the otter then that keeps
In the wild rivers, in their banks and sleeps,
And feeds on fish, which under water still,
He with his keld feet and keen teeth doth kill;
The other two into the ark do follow,
Though his ill shape doth cause him but to wallow;
The tortoise and the hedgehog both so slow,
As in their motion scarce discern'd to go,
Good footmen grown, contrary to their kind,
Left from the rest they should be left behind;
The rooting mole, as to foretell the flood,
Comes out o' th' earth, and clambers up the
wood;

The little dormouse leaves her leaden sleep,
And with the mole up to the ark doth creep;
With many other, which were common then,
Their kind decay'd, but now unknown to men;
For there was none that Adam e'er did name,
But to the ark from every quarter came;
By two and two the male and female beast,
From swift'st to flow'st, from greatest to the least;
And as within the strong pale of a park,
So were they all together in the ark.

And as our God the beasts had given in charge
To take the ark, themselves so to embarge,
He bids the fowl, the eagle in his flight,
Cleaving the thin air, on the deck doth light;
Nor are his eyes so piercing to controul,
His lowly subjects, the far lesser fowl,
But the Almighty who all creatures fram'd,
And them by Adam in the garden nam'd,
Had given courage fast by him to sit,
Nor at his sharp sight are amaz'd one whit;
The swan by his great Maker taught this good,
T' avoid the fury of the falling flood,
His boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sail,
And oar-like feet, him nothing to avail
Against the rain, which likely was to fall,
Each drop so great, that like a pond'rous mall
Might sink him under water, and might drown
Him in the deluge, with the crane comes down,
Whose voice the trumpet is, that through the air
Doth summon all the other to repair
To the new ark; when with his mooned train,
The strutting peacock yawling 'gainst the rain,
Flutters into the ark, by his shril cry
Telling the rest the tempest to be nigh;
The iron-eating ostrich, whose bare thighs
Resembling man's, fearing to low'ring skies,
Walks to the great boat; when the crowned cock,
That to the village lately was the clock,
Comes to roost by him, with his hen, foreshewing
The shower would quickly fall, that then was
brewing;

The swift-wing'd swallow feeding as it flies,
With the fleet martlet thrilling through the skies,
As at their pastime sportively they were,
Feeling th' unusual moisture of the air,
Their feathers flag, into the ark they come,
As to some rock or building, their own home;

The airy lark his hallelujah sung,
Finding a slackness seize upon his tongue,
By the much moisture, and the welkin dark,
Drops with his female down into the ark;
The soaring kite there scantled his large wings,
And to the ark the hovering castril brings;
The raven comes, and croaking, in doth call
The carrion crow, and she again doth brawl,
Foretelling rain; by these there likewise sat
The careful (t) stork, since Adam wonder'd at
For thankfulness, to those where he doth breed,
That his ag'd parents naturally doth feed,
In filial duty as instructing man;
By them there sat the loving pelican,
Whose young ones poison'd by the serpent's sting,
With her own blood to life again doth bring;
The constant turtle up her lodging took
By these good birds; and in a little nook
The nightingale with her melodious tongue
Sadly there sits, as she had never sung;
The merl and mavis on the highest spray,
Who with their music wak'd the early day,
From the proud cedars to the ark come down,
As though forewarn'd, that God the world would
drown;

The prattling parrot comes to them aboard,
And is not heard to counterfeit a word;
The falcon and the dove sit there together,
And th' one of them doth prune the other's feather;
The goss-hawk and the pheasant there do twin,
And in the ark are perch'd upon one pin;
The partridge on the spar-hawk there doth 'tend
Who entertains her as a loving friend;
The ravenous vulture feels the small birds sit
Upon his back, and is not mov'd a whit;
Amongst the thickest of these several fowl
With open eyes still sat the broad-fac'd owl;
And not a small bird as they wonted were,
Either persuade or wond'ring at her there.
No wayless desert, heath, nor fen, nor muir,
But in by couples sent some of their store;
The ospray, and the cormorant forbear
To fish, and thither with the rest repair:
The heron leaves watching at the river's brim,
And brings the snite and plover in with him;
There came the halcyon, whom the sea obeys,
When she her nest upon the water lays;
The goose which doth for watchfulness excel,
Came for the rest to be the centinel;
The charitable robinet in came,
Whose nature taught the others to be tame;
All feather'd things yet ever known to men,
From the huge (u) ruck, unto the little wren;
From forests, fields, from rivers and from ponds,
All that have webs, or cloven-footed ones;
To the grand ark together friendly came,
Whose several species were too long to name.

The beasts and birds thus by the angels brought,
Noah found his ark not fully yet was fraught,
To shut it up for as he did begin,
He still saw (x) serpents, and their like come in;

(t) The stork used to build upon houses, leaveth ever one behind him for the owner.

(u) The mighty Indian bird.

(x) Creeping things in the sixth of Gen. the 20th verse.

The salamander to the ark retires,
 To fly the flood, it doth forsake the fires ;
 The strange camelion, comes t' augment the crew,
 Yet in the ark doth never change her hue;
 To these poor silly few of harmless things,
 So were their serpents, with their teeth and stings
 Hurtful to man, yet will th' Almighty have,
 That Noah their seed upon the earth should save;
 The watchful dragon comes the ark to keep,
 But lull'd with murmur, gently falls to sleep :
 The cruel scorpion comes to climb the pile,
 And meeting with the greedy crocodile,
 Into the ark together meekly go,
 And like kind mates themselves they there bestow;
 The dart and dipas, to the ark com'n in,
 Enfold each other as they were a twin;
 The cockatrice there kills not with his sight,
 Put in his object joys, and in the light;
 The deadly killing (y) aspic when he seeth,
 This world of creatures sheaths his poison'd teeth,
 And with the adder and the speckled snake,
 Them to a corner harmlessly betake;
 The lizard shuts up his sharp-sighted eyes,
 Amongst these serpents, and there sadly lies;
 The small-ey'd slow-worm held of many blind,
 Yet this great ark it quickly out could find,
 And as the ark it was about to climb,
 Out of its teeth shoots the envenom'd slime;
 These viler creatures on the earth that creep,
 And with their bellies the cold dews do sweep;
 All these base grovelling, and ground-licking sute,
 From the large (z) boas, to the little neuter;
 As well as birds, or the four-footed beasts,
 Came to the ark their hoftry as Noah's guests.

Thus, fully furnish'd, Noah need not to cark
 For stowage, for provision for the ark :
 For that wise God, who first direction gave,
 How he the structure of the ark would have,
 And for his servant could provide this freight,
 Which thither he miraculously brought,
 And did the food for every thing survey,
 Taught him on lofts it orderly to lay :
 On flesh some feed, as others fish do eat,
 Various the kind, so various was the meat :
 Some on fine grass, as some on grosser weeds,
 As some on fruits, so other some on seeds,
 To serve for food for one whole year for all,
 Until the flood, which presently should fall
 On the whole world, his hand again should drain,
 Which under water should that while remain.
 Th' Almighty measur'd the proportion such,
 As should not be too little, nor too much :
 For he that breath to every thing did give,
 Could not that God them likewise make to live,
 But with a little, and therewith to thrive,
 Who at his pleasure all things can contrive ?

Now, some there be, too curious at this day,
 That from their reason dare not stick to say,
 The flood a thing fictitious is, and vain,
 Nor that the ark could possibly contain
 Those sundry creatures, from whose being came
 All living things man possibly could name.

(y) The aspic hath a kell of skin which covereth his teeth until it be angry.

(z) A serpent of an incredible bigness.

I say it was not, and I thus oppose
 Them by my reason, strong enough for those :
 My instance is a mighty argosie,
 That in it bears, besides th' artillery,
 Of fourscore pieces of a mighty bore,
 A thousand soldiers (many times and more)
 Besides the sails, and arms for every one,
 Cordage, and anchors, and provision,
 The large spread sails, the masts both big and tall,
 Of all which Noah's ark had no need at all,
 Within the same eight persons only were :
 If such a ship can such a burthen bear,
 What might the ark do, which doth so excel
 That ship, as that ship doth a cockle shell;
 Being so capacious for this mighty load,
 So long, so high, and every where so broad;
 Besides three lofts just of one perfect strength,
 And bearing out proportionably in length,
 So fitly built, that being thus employ'd,
 There was not one inch in the ark was void :
 Beside, I'll charge their reason to allow
 The cubits doubled to what they are now,
 We are but pigmies (even our tallest men)
 To the huge giants that were living then :
 For but th' Almighty, which to this intent
 Ordain'd the ark, knew it sufficient,
 He in his wisdom (had he thought it meet)
 Could have bid Noah to have built a fleet,
 And many creatures on the earth since grown
 Before the flood that were to Noah unknown :
 For though the mule begotten on the mare,
 By the dull ass is said doth never pair,
 (a) Yet sundry others naturally have mix'd
 And those that have been gotten them betwixt
 Others begot, on others from their kind.
 In sundry climates, sundry beasts we find,
 That what they were, are nothing now the same,
 From one self strain, though at the first they came,
 But by the soil they often alter'd be,
 In shape and colour as we daily see.

Now Noah's three sons all busy that hath been
 To place these creatures as they still came in :
 Sem, Ham, and Japheth, with their (b) wives
 assign'd

To be the parents of all human kind :
 Seeing the ark thus plentifully stor'd,
 The wond'rous work of the Almighty Lord,
 Behold their father looking every hour,
 For this all-drowning earth-destroying shower,
 When Noah their faith thus lastly to awake,
 To his lov'd wife, and their six children spake :
 " The mighty hand of God do you not see,
 In these his creatures, that so well agree ?
 Which were they not thus master'd by his power,
 Us silly eight would greedily devour :
 And with their hoofs and paws, to splinters rend
 This only ark, in which God doth intend
 We from the flood that remnant shall remain
 T' restore the world, in aged Adam's strain :
 Ye seven, with sad astonishment then see [me !
 The wond'rous things the Lord hath wrought for

(a) The opinions of the best naturalists that have written.

(b) The names of the women were Tita, Pandora, Noella and Noegla, as some of the most ancient write; but Epiphanius will have Noah's wife's name to be Barthenon.

What have I done, so gracious in his sight,
 Frail, wretched man, but that I justly might
 Have with the earth's abominable brood
 Been overwhelm'd, and buried in the flood?
 But in his judgment, that he hath decreed,
 That from my loins by your successful seed,
 The earth shall be replenished again,
 And the Almighty be at peace with men.
 A hundred years are past (as well you know)
 Since the Almighty God, his power to shew,
 Taught me the model of this mighty frame,
 And it the ark commanded me to name.
 Be strong in faith, for now the time is nigh,
 That from the conduits of the lofty sky,
 The flood shall fall, that in short time shall bear
 This ark we are in up into the air,
 Where it shall float, and further in the end,
 Shall fifteen cubits the high'st hills transcend.
 Then bid the goodly fruitful earth adieu,
 For the next time it shall be seen of you,
 It with an ill complexion shall appear,
 The weight of waters shall have chang'd her cheer:
 Be not affrighted when ye hear the roar
 Of the wide waters when they charge the shore
 Nor be dismay'd at all, when you shall feel
 Th' unwieldy ark from wave to wave to reel;
 Nor at the shrieks of those that swimming by
 On trees and rafters, shall for succour cry,
 O ye most lov'd of God, O take us in!
 For we are guilty, and confess our sin."

Thus whilst he spake, the skies grew thick and
 dark,
 And a black cloud hung hovering o'er the ark;
 (c) Venus and Mars, God puts this work upon,
 Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction
 I' th' tail of Cancer, inundations threat,
 Luna disposed generally to wet,
 The Hiades and Pleiades put too
 Their helps; Orion doth what he can do.
 No star so small, but some one drop let down,
 And all conspire the wicked world to drown:
 On the wide heaven there was not any sign,
 To wat'ry Pisces but it doth incline.

Now some will ask, When th' Almighty God,
 (but Noy
 And his) by waters did the world destroy,
 Whether those seven then in ark were good,
 And just as he (reserved from the flood)?
 Or that th' Almighty for his only sake,
 Did on the other such compassion take?
 'Tis doubtless Noah, being one so clearly just,
 That God did with his secret judgments trust
 From the whole world; one that so long had
 known

That living Lord, would likewise teach his own
 To know him too, who by this mean might be,
 As well within the covenant as he.

(d) By this the sun had suck'd up the vast deep,
 And in gross clouds like cisterns did it keep;
 The stars and signs by God's great wisdom set,
 By their conjunctions water to beget,

(c) God makes the stars his instruments to punish the
 wicked.

(d) A description of the tempest, at the falling of the
 deluge.

Had wrought their utmost, and even now began
 Th' Almighty's justice upon sinful man:
 From every several quarter of the sky,
 The thunder roars, and the fierce lightnings fly
 One at another, and together dash,
 Volley on volley, flash comes after flash,
 Heaven's lights look sad, as they would melt away,
 The night is come i' th' morning of the day:
 The card'nal winds he makes at once to blow,
 Whose blasts to buffets with such fury go,
 That they themselves into the centre shot,
 Into the bowels of the earth and got,
 Being condens'd (e) and strongly stiff'ned there,
 In such strange manner multiply'd the air,
 Which turn'd to water, and increas'd the springs
 To that abundance, that the earth forth brings
 Water to drown herself, should heaven deny
 With one small drop the deluge to supply,
 That through her pores, the soft and spongy earth,
 As in a dropsy, or unkindly birth,
 A woman, swoln, sends from her fluxive womb
 Her oozy springs, that there was scarcely room
 For the waste waters which came in so fast,
 As though the earth her entrails up would cast.
 But these seem'd yet but easily let go,
 And from some sluice came softly in, and flow,
 Till God's great hand so squeez'd the boisterous
 clouds, [shrouds,
 That from the spouts of heaven's embattel'd
 Even like a flood-gate pluck'd up by the height,
 Came the wild rain, with such a pond'rous weight,
 As that the fierceness of the hurrying flood,
 Remov'd huge rocks, and ramm'd them into mud:
 Pressing the ground with that impetuous power,
 As that the first shock of this drowning shower
 Furrow'd the earth's late plump and cheerful face
 Like an old woman, that in little space [eyes,
 With rivell'd cheeks, and with blear'd blubber'd
 She wistly look'd upon the troubled skies.
 Up to some mountain as the people make,
 Driving their cattle till the shower should flake;
 The flood o'ertakes them, and away doth sweep
 Great herds of neat, and mighty flocks of sheep.
 Down through a valley as one stream doth come,
 Whose roaring strikes the neighbouring echo dumb,
 Another meets it, and whilst there they strive,
 Which of them two the other back should drive,
 Their dreadful currents they together dash,
 So that their waves like furious tides do wash
 The head of some near hill, which falleth down
 For very fear, as it itself would drown.
 Some back their beasts, so hoping to swim out,
 But by the flood encompassed about
 Are overwhelmed; some clamber up to towers;
 But these and them the deluge soon devours:
 Some to the top of pines and cedars get,
 Thinking themselves they safely there should sit;
 But the rude flood that over all doth sway,
 Quickly comes up, and carrieth them away.
 The (f) roe's much swiftness doth no more avail,
 Nor help him now, than if he were a snail:
 The swift-wing'd swallow, and the slow-wing'd owl,
 The fleetest bird, and the most flagging fowl,

(e) Water is but air condens'd.

(f) The roe-deer the swiftest beast known.

Are at one pass, the flood so high hath gone,
 There was no ground to set a foot upon :
 Those fowl that follow'd moistness, now it fly,
 And leave the wet land to find out the dry ;
 But by the mighty tempest beaten down,
 On the blank water they do lie and drown.
 The strong-built tower is quickly overborne,
 The o'er-grown oak out of the earth is torn :
 The subtle shower the earth hath soft'ned so,
 And with the waves, the trees tost to and fro,
 That the roots loosen, and the tops down sway,
 So that whole forests quickly swim away.
 Th' offended heaven hath shut up all her lights,
 The sun nor moon make neither days nor nights,
 The waters so exceedingly abound
 That in short time the sea itself is drown'd,
 That by the freshness of the falling rain,
 Neptune no more his saltness doth retain ;
 So that those scaly creatures us'd to keep
 The mighty wastes of the unmeasur'd deep,
 Finding the general and their natural brack,
 The taste and colour every where to lack,
 Forfake those seas wherein they swam before,
 Strangely oppress'd with their wat'ry store.
 The crooked dolphin on those mountains plays,
 Whereas before that time, not many days,
 The goat was grazing ; and the mighty whale
 Upon a rock out of his way doth fall,
 From whence before one eas'ly might have seen
 The wand'ring clouds far under to have been.
 The grampus, and the whirlpool, as they rove,
 Lighting by chance upon a lofty grove
 Under this world of waters, are so much [touch,
 Pleas'd with their wombs each tender branch to
 That they leave slime upon the curled sprays,
 On which the birds sung their harmonious lays.
 As huge as hills still waves are wallowing in,
 Which from the world so wond'rously do win,
 That the tall mountains which on tiptoe stood,
 As though they scorn'd the force of any flood,
 No eye of heaven of their proud tops could see
 One foot, from this great inundation free.
 As in the chaos e're the frame was fix'd,
 The air and water were so strongly mix'd,
 (g) And such a bulk of grossness do compose,
 As in those thick clouds which the globe enclose,
 Th' all-working Spirit were yet again to wade,
 And heaven and earth again were to be made.
 Meanwhile the great and universal ark,
 Like one by night were groping in the dark,
 Now by one billow, then another rock'd,
 Within whose boards all living things were lock'd ;
 Yet Noah his safety not at all doth fear,
 For still the angels his blest barge do steer :
 But now the shower continued had so long,
 The inundation wax'd so wond'rous strong,
 That fifteen cubits caus'd the ark to move
 The highest part of any hill above :
 And the gross earth so violently binds,
 That in their coasts it had enclos'd the winds ;
 So that the whole wide surface of the flood,
 As in the whole height of the tide it stood,
 Was then as sleek and even as the seas
 In the more still and calmest halcyon days.

(g) A simile of the grossness of the deluge.

VOL. III.

The birds, the beasts, and serpents safe on board,
 With admiration look upon their lord,
 The righteous Noah ; and with submissive fear
 Tremble his grave and awful voice to hear,
 When to his household (during their abode)
 He preach'd the power of the Almighty God.

" (b) Dear wife and children, quoth this goodly

Noy,

Since the Almighty vow'd he would destroy
 The wicked world, a hundred years are past,
 And see, he hath performed it at last ;
 In us poor few the world consists alone,
 And besides us there not remaineth one,
 But from our seed the emptied earth again
 Must be repeopled with the race of men ;
 Then since thus far his covenant is true,
 Build ye your faith on that which shall ensue ;
 Such is our God, who thus did us embark
 (As his select) to save us by the ark,
 And only he whose angels guard our boat,
 Knows over what strange region now we float,
 Or we from hence that very place can sound,
 From which the ark was lifted first from ground :
 He that can span the world, and with a grip
 Out of the bowels of the clouds could rip
 This mass of waters, whose abundant birth
 Almost to heaven thus drowneth up the earth ;
 He can remove this round if he shall please,
 And with these waters can sup up the seas,
 Can cause the stars out of their spheres to fall,
 And on the winds can toss this earthly ball,
 He can wrest drops from the sun's radiant beams,
 And can force fire from the most liquid streams,
 He curls the waves with whirlwinds, and doth
 make

The solid centre fearfully to shake ;
 He can stir up the elements to wars,
 And at his pleasure can compose their jars ;
 The sands serve not his wondrous works to count,
 Yet doth his mercy all his works surmount ;
 His rule and power eternally endures,
 He was your fathers God, he's mine, he's yours :
 In him, dear wife and children, put your trust,
 He only is Almighty, only just."

But on the earth the waters were so strong ;
 And now the flood continued had so long,
 That (i) the let year foreflow'd about to bring
 The summer, autumn, winter, and the spring ;
 The gyring planets with their starry train,
 Down to the south had sunk, and rose again
 Up towards the north, whilst the terrestrial globe
 Had been involved in this wat'ry robe.
 During which season every twinkling light
 In their still motion, at this monstrous sight,
 By their complexion a distraction shew'd,
 Looking like embers that through ashes glow'd.
 When righteous Noah remembereth at the last
 The time prefix'd to be approaching fast,
 After a hundred fifty days were gone,
 Which to their period then were drawing on,
 The flood should somewhat slack, God promis'd so,
 On which relying, the just godly Noah,

(b) Noah preaching faith to his family

(i) The revolution of the year by a short periphrasis,

S s

To try if then but one poor foot of ground.
 Free from the flood might any where be found,
 Let's forth a raven, which strait cuts the sky,
 And wond'rous proud his rested wings to try,
 In a large circle girdeth in the air,
 First to the east, then to the south doth bear,
 Follows the sun, then towards his going forth,
 And then runs up into the rising north,
 Thence climbs the clouds to prove if his sharp eye
 From that proud pitch could possibly descry
 Of some tall rock-crown'd mountain, a small stone
 A minute's space to set his foot upon,
 But finding his long labour but in vain,
 Returneth wearied to the ark again;
 By which Noah knew he longer yet must stay,
 For the whole earth still under water lay.

Seven days he rests, but yet he would not cease,
 (For that he knew the flood must needs decrease)
 But as the raven late, he next sends out
 The damask-colour'd dove, his nimble scout,
 Which thrills the thin air, and his pinions plies,
 That like to lightning, gliding through the skies,
 His sundry colour'd feathers by the sun,
 As his swift shadow on the lake doth run,
 Causeth a twinkling both at hand and far,
 Like that we call the shooting of a star;
 But finding yet that labour lost had been,
 Comes back to Noah, who gently takes him in.

Noah rests a while, but meaning still to prove
 A second search, again sends out the dove,
 After other seven, some better news to bring,
 Which by the strength of his unwearied wing
 Finds out at last a place for his abode,
 When the glad bird stays all the day abroad,
 And wond'rous proud that he a place had found,
 Who of a long time had not touch'd the ground,
 Draws in his head, and thrusteth out his breast,
 Spreadeth his tail, and swelleth up his crest,
 And turning round and round with cutty-coo,
 As when the female pigeon and he woo;
 Bathing himself, which long he had not done,
 And dries his feathers in the welcome sun,
 Pruning his plumage, cleansing every quill,
 And going back, he beareth in his bill
 An olive; by which Noah understood
 The great decrease and waning of the flood:
 For that on mountains olives seldom grow,
 But in flat vallies and in places low;
 Never such comfort came to mortal man,
 Never such joy was since the world began,
 As in the ark, when Noah and his behold
 The olive leaf, which certainly them told
 The flood decreas'd, and they such comfort take,
 That with their mirth the birds and beasts they
 make

Sportive, which send forth such a hollow noise
 As said they were partakers of their joys.
 The lion roars, but quickly doth forbear,
 Lest he thereby the lesser beasts should fear;
 The bull doth bellow, and the horse doth neigh,
 The stag, the buck, and shag-hair'd goat do bray,
 The boar doth grunt, the wolf doth howl, the ram
 Doth bleat, which yet so faintly from him came,
 As though for very joy he seem'd to weep;
 The ape and monkey such a chattering keep

With their thin lips, which they so well express'd,
 As they would say, we hope to be releas'd;
 The silly ass set open such a throat,
 That all the ark resounded with the note;
 The watchful dog doth play, and skip, and bark,
 And leaps upon his masters in the ark;
 The raven croaks, the carrion crow doth squall,
 The pie doth chatter, and the partridge call,
 The jocund cock crows as he claps his wings,
 The merl doth whistle, and the mavis sings,
 The nightingale strains her melodious throat,
 Which of the small birds being heard to rote,
 They soon set to her, each a part doth take,
 As by their music up a choir to make;
 The parrot lately sad, then talks and jeers,
 And counterfeiteth every sound he hears;
 The purblind owl which heareth all this do,
 T' express her gladness, cries too-whit too-whoop.
 No beast nor bird was in the ark with Noy,
 But in their kind express'd some sign of joy;
 When that just man, who did himself apply
 Still to this dear and godly family,
 Thus to them spake, and with erected hands
 The like obedience from the rest demands.

"The world's foundation is not half so sure
 As is God's promise, nor is heaven so pure
 As is his word, to me most sinful man;
 To take the ark, who, when I first began,
 Said on the hundred and the fiftieth day
 I should perceive the deluge to decay;
 And 'tis most certain, as you well may know,
 Which this poor pigeon by his leaf doth shew.
 He that so long could make the waters stand
 Above the earth, see how his powerful hand
 Thrusts them before it, and so fast doth drive
 The big-swoln billows, that they seem to strive
 Which shall fly fastest on that secret path,
 Whence first they came to execute his wrath;
 The sun which melted every cloud to rain,
 He makes it now to sup it up again;
 The wind by which he brought it on before,
 In their declining drives it o'er and o'er:
 The tongues of angels serve not to express,
 Neither his mercy nor his mightiness.
 Be joyful, then, in our Great God (saith he)
 For we the parents of mankind shall be,
 From us poor few, his pleasure that attend,
 Shall all the nations of the earth descend."

When righteous Noah desirous still to hear,
 In what estate th' unwieldy waters were,
 Sends forth the dove as he had done before,
 But it found dry land and came back no more;
 Whereby this man precisely understood
 The great decrease of this world-drowning flood.
 Thus as the ark is floating on the main,
 As when the flood rose, in the fall again,
 With currents still encountered every where
 Forward and backward which it still do bear,
 As the stream strait'neth, by the rising clives
 Of the tall mountains, 'twixt which oft it drives,
 Until at length by God's almighty hand,
 It on the hills of (k) Ararat doth land.

(k) Mountains of a wonderful height, either within, or bordering upon Armenia.

When those within it felt the ark to strike
On the firm ground, was ever comfort like
To theirs, which felt it fixed there to stay,
And found the waters went so fast away,
That Noah set up the covering of the ark,
That those which long had sitten in the dark,
Might be saluted with the cheerful light,
(O since the world, was ever such a sight!)
That creeping things as well as bird or beast,
Their several comforts sundry ways exprest?
His wife and children then ascend to see
What place it was so happy that should be
For th' ark to rest on, where they saw a plain,
A mountain's top which seemed to contain,
On which they might discern within their ken,
The carcases of birds, of beasts, and men,
Chok'd by the deluge, when Noah spake them thus:

"Behold th' Almighty's mercy shew'd to us,
That through the waves our way not only wrought,
But to these mountains safely hath us brought,
Whose dainty tops all earthly pleasures crown,
And on the green-sward sets us safely down.
Had our most gracious God not been our guide,
The ark had fall'n upon some mountain side,
And with a rush removing of our freight
Might well have turn'd it backward with the
weight,

Or by these billows lastly over-borne
Or on some rock her ribs might have been torn.
But see, except these here, each living thing
That crept, or went, or kept the air with wing
Lay here before us to manure the land;
Such is the power of God's all-working hand."

In the six hundredth year of that just man,
The second (l) month, the seventeenth day, began
That horrid deluge, when heaven's windows were
At once all open'd, then did first appear
Th' Almighty's wrath, when for full forty days
There rain'd from heaven not showers, but
mighty seas,

A hundred fifty days that so prevail'd,
Above the mountains till the great ark sail'd,
In the seventh (m) month, upon the seventeenth
day,

Like a ship fall'n into a quiet bay,
It on the hills of Ararat doth light:
But Noah deny'd yet to discharge the freight,
For that the mountains clearly were not seen,
'Till the first day of the tenth month, when green
Smil'd on the blue skies, when the earth began
To look up cheerly, yet the waters ran
Still through the vallies, till the (n) month again
In which before it first began to rain;

(l) In May, according to the expositors.

(m) Part of September and part of October.

(n) In the same month the flood began, it ceased: which
made up the year.

Of which, the seven-and-twentieth day expir'd,
Quite from the earth the waters were retir'd:
When the Almighty God bad Noah to set
Open the ark, at liberty to let
The beasts, the birds, and creeping things, which
came

Like as when first they went into the same;
Each male comes down, his female by his side,
As 'twere the bridegroom bringing out his bride,
Till th' ark was emptied, and that mighty load,
For a whole year that there had been bestow'd,
(Since first that forty days still-falling rain
That drown'd the world, was then dry'd up again)
Which with much gladness do salute the ground,
The lighter sort some caper, and some bound,
The heavier creatures tumble them, as glad
That they such ease by their enlargement had;
The creeping things together fall to play;
Joy'd beyond measure for this happy day,
The birds let from this cage, do mount the sky,
To shew they yet had not forgot to fly,
And sporting them upon the airy plain,
Yet to their master Noah they stoop again,
To leave his presence, and do still forbear,
Till they from him of their release might hear;
The beasts each other woo, the birds they bill,
As they would say to Noah, they meant to fill
The roomy earth, then altogether void,
And make, what late the deluge had destroy'd.
When righteous Noah, who ever had regard
To serve his God, immediately prepar'd
To sacrifice, and of the cleanest beasts
That in the ark this while had been his guests,
He seizeth, (yet obedient to his will)
And of them he for sacrifice doth kill:
Which he and his religiously attend,
And with the smoke their vows and thanks as-
cend; [then,
Which pleas'd th' Almighty, that he promis'd
Never by flood to drown the world again;
And that mankind his covenant might know,
He in the clouds left the celestial bow.

When to these living things, quoth righteous
Noah,

"Now take you all free liberty to go,
And every way do you yourselves disperse
Till you have fill'd this globy universe
With your increase, let every soil be yours,
He that hath sav'd ye faithfully assures
Your propagation: and dear wife, quoth he,
And you my children, let your trust still be
In your preserver, and on him rely,
Whose promise is that we shall multiply,
Till in our days, of nations we shall hear
From us poor few in th' ark that lately were."

To make a new world, thus works every one,
The deluge ceaseth, and the old is gone.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

This Canto our attracted Muse
The Prophet's glorious birth pursues,
The various changes of his fate,
From humbleness to high estate,
His beauty, more than mortal shape,
From *Egypt* how he doth escape,
By his fair bearing in his flight,
Obtains the lovely *Midianite*,
Where God unto the Hebrew spake,
Appearing from the burning brake,
And back doth him to *Egypt* send,
That mighty things doth there intend.

GIRT in bright flames, rapt from celestial fire,
That our unwearied faculties refine,
By zeal transported boldly we aspire
To sing a subject gloriously divine :
Him that of mortals only had the grace,
(On whom the spirit did in such power descend)
To talk with God face opposite to face,
Even as a man with his familiar friend.

Muse, I invoke the utmost of thy might,
That with an armed and auspicious wing,
Thou be obsequious in his doubtless right.
'Gainst the vile atheist's vituperious sting :
Where thou that gate industriously may'st flie,
Which nature strives but feignedly to go,
Borne by a power so eminent and high,
As in his course leaves reason far below,
To shew how poesy (simply hath her praise)
That from full Jove takes her celestial birth,
And quick as fire, her glorious self can raise
Above this base abominable earth.

O, if that time have happily reserv'd,
(Besides that sacred and canonic writ,
What once in flates and barks of trees was carv'd)
Things that our Muse's gravity may fit,

Unclasp the world's great register to me,
That smoky rust hath very near defac'd,
That I in those dim characters may see
From common eyes that hath aside been cast,
And thou translator of that faithful Muse
This ALL's creation that divinely song,
From courtly French (no travel do'st refuse)
To make him master of thy genuine tongue,
Salust to thee and Silvester thy friend,
Comes my high poem peaceably and chaste
Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend,
That wreckful Time shall not have power to waste.

A gallant Hebrew (in the height of life)
Amram a Levite honourably bred,
Of the same offspring won a beauteous wife,
And no less virtuous, goodly Jacobed :
So fitly pair'd that (without all ostent)
Even of the wise it hardly could be said
Which of the two was most pre-eminent,
Or he more honour'd, or she more obey'd.
In both was found that livelihood and meetness,
By which affection any way was mov'd :
In him that shape, in her there was that sweetness,
Might make him lik'd, or her to be belov'd :

As this commixion, so their married mind
 Their good corrected, or their ill reliev'd,
 As truly loving as discreetly kind,
 Mutually joy'd, as mutually griev'd:
 Their nuptial bed by abstinence maintain'd,
 Yet still gave fuel to love's sacred fire,
 And when fruition plentifullest gain'd,
 Yet were they chaste in fulness of desire.

Now griev'd Israel many a woeful day,
 That at their vile servility repin'd,
 Press'd with the burthens of rude boist'rous clay,
 By stern Egyptian tyranny assign'd:
 Yet still the more the Hebrews are oppress'd
 Like to firm seed they fructify the more,
 That by th' eternal providence fore-blest,
 Goshen gives roomth but scantly to their store.
 And the wise midwives in their natural need,
 That the fair males immediately should kill,
 Hating s' abhorr'd and heathenish a deed,
 Check his harsh bruteness and rebellious will.
 That small effect perceiving by the same,
 Bids the men-children (greatly that abound)
 After that day into the world that came,
 Upon their birth should instantly be drown'd.
 And now the time came had been long foretold,
 He should be born unto the Hebrews joy,
 Whose puissant hand such fatal power should hold,
 As in short time all Egypt should destroy.
 The execution which more strongly forc'd,
 And every where so generally done,
 As in small time unnaturally divorc'd
 Many a dear mother and as dear a son.
 Though her chaste bosom that fair altar were,
 Where love's pure vows he dutifully paid,
 His arms to her a sanctuary dear,
 Yet they so much his tyranny obey'd,
 By free consent to separate their bed,
 Better at all no children yet to have,
 Than their dead love should procreate the dead,
 Untimely issue for a timeless grave.
 When in a vision whilst he slept by night,
 God bids him so not Jacobed to leave,
 The man that Egypt did so much affright,
 Her (a) pregnant womb should happily conceive.
 Soon after finding that she was with child,
 The same conceals by all the means she can,
 Left by th' appearance she might be beguil'd,
 If in the birth it prov'd to be a man.
 The time she goes till her account was nigh,
 Her swelling belly no conception shews,
 Not at the time of her delivery,
 As other women panged in her throes.
 When, lo, the fair fruit of that prospering womb
 Wounds the kind parents in the prime of joy,
 Whose birth pronounceth his too timeless doom,
 Accus'd by nature forming it a boy:
 Yet 'tis so sweet, so amiably fair,
 That their pleas'd eyes with rapture it behold,
 The glad-sad parents full of joy and care
 Fain would reserve their infant if they could;
 And still they tempt the sundry varying hours,
 Hopes and despairs together strangely mixt,
 Distasting sweets with many cordial sour,
 Opposed interchangeably betwixt,

(a) Joseph.

If ought it ail'd or haplessly it cry'd,
 Unheard of any that she might it keep,
 With one short breath she did entreat and chide,
 And in a moment she did sing and weep.
 Three lab'ring months them flatterer-like be-
 And danger still redoubling as it lasts, [guil'd,
 Suspecting most the safety of the child,
 Thus the kind mother carefully forecasts:
 (For at three months a scrutiny was held,
 And searchers then sent every where about,
 That in that time if any were conceal'd, [out)
 They should make proof and straitly bring them
 To Pharaoh's will she awfully must bow,
 And therefore hastens to abridge these fears,
 And to the flood determines it should go,
 Yet e'er it went she'll drown it with her tears.
 This afternoon love bids a little stay,
 And yet these pauses do but lengthen sorrow,
 But for one night although she make delay,
 She vows to go unto his death to-morrow.
 The morning comes, it is too early yet,
 The day so fast not hast'ning on his date,
 The gloomy evening murder best doth fit,
 The evening come, and then it is too late.
 Her pretty infant lying on her lap
 With his sweet eyes her threat'ning rage beguiles,
 For yet he plays and dallys with his pap,
 To mock her sorrows with his am'rous smiles,
 And laugh'd, and chuck'd, and sprea'n the pretty
 hands,
 When her full heart was at the point to break,
 (This little creature yet not understands
 The woful language mothers tears did speak.)
 Wherewith surpris'd, and with a parent's love
 From his fair eyes she doth fresh courage take,
 And nature's laws allowing, doth reprove
 The frail edicts that mortal princes make.
 It shall not die, she'll keep her child unknown,
 And come the worst in spite of Pharaoh's rage,
 As it is hers, she will dispose her own,
 And if't must, it must die at riper age.
 And thus revolving of her frailties care, [mind,
 A thousand strange thoughts throng her troubled
 Sounding the dangers deeply what they are,
 Betwixt the laws of cruelty and kind.
 But it must die, and better yet to part,
 Since pre-ordin'd to his disast'rous fate,
 His want will fit the nearer to the heart
 In riper and more flourishing estate.
 The perfect husband, whose impressiv'e soul
 Took true proportion of each pensive throe,
 Yet had such power his passion to controul,
 As not the same immediately to shew;
 With carriage full of comeliness and grace,
 As grief not felt nor sorrow seem'd to lack,
 Courage and fear so temper'd in his face,
 Thus his beloved Jacobed bespake:
 Dear heart be patient, stay these timeless tears,
 Death of thy son shall never quite bereave thee,
 My soul with thine that equal burthen bears,
 As what he takes, my love again shall give thee:
 For Israel's sin if Israel's seed must suffer,
 And we of mere necessity must leave him,
 Please yet to grace me with this gentle offer,
 Give him to me by whom thou did'st conceive him.

So though thou with so dear a jewel part,
 This yet remaineth lastly to relieve thee,
 Thou hast impos'd this hind'rance on my heart,
 Another's loss shall need the less to grieve thee;
 Nor are we Hebrews abject by our name,
 Though thus in Egypt hatefully despis'd,
 That we that blessing fruitlessly should claim
 Once in that holy covenant compris'd.
 It is not fit mortality should know
 What his eternal providence decreed,
 That unto Abraham ratify'd the vow
 In happy Sarah and her hallowed seed.
 Nor shall the wrong to godly Joseph done
 In his remembrance ever be inroll'd,
 By Jacob's sighs for his lost little son
 A captiv'd slave to the Egyptian's fold:
 Reason sets limits to the longest grief,
 Sorrow scarce past when comfort is returning,
 He sends affliction that can lend relief,
 Best that is pleas'd with measure in our mourning.

Lost in herself, her spirits are so distracted,
 All hopes dissolv'd might fortify her further,
 Her mind seems now of misery compacted,
 That must consent unto so dear a murder.
 Of slime and twigs she makes a simple shroud
 (The poor last duty to her child she owes,
 This pretty martyr, this yet living dead)
 Wherein she doth his living corpse enclose:
 And means to bear it presently away,
 And in some water secretly bestow it,
 But yet a while bethinks herself to stay,
 Some little kindness she doth further owe it:
 Nor will she in this cruelty persevere,
 That by her means his timeless blood be spilt,
 If of her own she doth herself deliver,
 Let others hands be 'nocent of the guilt:
 Yet if she keep it from the ruthless flood
 That is by Pharaoh's tyranny assign'd it,
 What boots that wretched miserable good,
 If so dispos'd where none do come to find it;
 For better yet the homicide should kill it,
 Or by some beast in pieces to be rent,
 Than ling'ring famine cruelly should spill it,
 That it endure a double languishment:
 And neighbouring near to the Egyptian court,
 She knows a place that near the river side
 Was oft frequented by the worthier sort,
 For now the spring was newly in her pride.
 Thither she hastes but with a painful speed
 The nearest way she possibly could get,
 And by the clear brim, 'mongst the flags and reed,
 Her little coffin carefully she set;
 Her little girl (her mother following near)
 As of her brother that her leave would take,
 Which the sad woman unexpected there,
 Yet it to help her kindly thus bespake:
 Quoth she, Sweet Miriam, secretly attend,
 And for his death see who approacheth hither,
 That once for all assured of his end,
 His days and mine be consummate together;
 It is some comfort to a wretch to die,
 (If there be comfort in the way of death)
 To have some friend or kind alliance by,
 To be officious at the parting breath.

Thus she departs, oft stays, oft turneth back,
 Looking about lest any one espy'd her,
 Fain would she leave, that leaving she doth lack,
 That in this sort so strangely doth divide her.
 Unto what dame (participating kind)
 My verse her sad perplexity shall shew,
 That in a soft'ned and relenting mind
 Finds not a true touch of that mother's woe?
 Yet all this while full quietly it slept,
 (Poor little brat incapable of care)
 Which by that powerful providence is kept,
 Who doth this child for better days prepare.
 See here an object utterly forlorn,
 Left to destruction as a violent prey,
 Whom man might judge accursed to be born,
 To dark oblivion moulded up in clay,
 That man of might in after-times should be
 (The bounds of frail mortality that brake)
 Which that Almighty gloriously should see,
 When he in thunder on Mount Sinai spake. [fair,

Now Pharaoh's daughter, Termuth, young and
 With such choice maidens as she favour'd most,
 Needs would abroad to take the gentle air,
 Whilst the rich year his braveries seem'd to boast;
 Softly she walks down to the secret flood,
 Through the calm shades most peaceable and quiet,
 In the cool streams to check the pamper'd blood,
 Stirr'd with strong youth and their delicious diet;
 Such as the princess, such the day address,
 As though provided equally to pair her,
 Either in other fortunately blest,
 She by the day, the day by her made fairer,
 Both in the height and fulness of their pleasure,
 As to them both some future good divining,
 Holding a steady and accomplish'd measure,
 This in her perfect clearness, that in shining:
 The very air to emulate her meekness,
 Strove to be bright and peaceable as she,
 That it grew jealous of that sudden sleekness,
 Fearing it oster otherwise might be.
 And if the fleet wind by some vigorous gale
 Seem'd to be mov'd, and patiently to chide her,
 It was as angry with her lawny vail,
 That from his sight it enviously should hide her:
 And now approaching to the flowery mead
 Where the rich summer curiously had dight her,
 Which seem'd in all her jollity array'd,
 With nature's cost and pleasures to delight her:
 See this most blessed! this unusual hap!
 She the small basket sooner should espy,
 That the child wak'd, and missing of his pap,
 As for her succour instantly did cry:
 Forth of the flags she caus'd it to be taken,
 Calling her maids this orphanet to see,
 Much did she joy an innocent forsaken
 By her from peril privileg'd might be:
 This most sweet princess, pitiful and mild,
 Soon on her knee unswathes it as her own,
 Found for a man, so beautiful a child,
 Might for an Hebrew easily be known:
 Nothing the care in dressing it bestow'd,
 Each thing that fitted gentleness to wear,
 Judg'd the sad parents this lost infant ow'd,
 Were as invulgar as their fruit was fair.

Saith she, My mind not any way suggests
An unchaste womb these lineaments hath bred,
For thy fair brow apparently contests
The current stamp of a clean nuptial bed:
She nam'd it Moses, which in time might tell
(For names do many mysteries expound)
When it was young the chance that it befel,
How by the water strangely it was found,
Calling milch women that Egyptians were,
Once to the teat his lips he could not lay,
As though offended with their sullied lear,
Seeming as still to turn his head away.

The little girl that near at hand did lurk,
(Thinking this while she tarried but too long)
Finding these things so happily to work,
Kindly being crafty, wise as she was young,
Madam, saith she, wil't please you I provide
A nurse to breed the infant you did find,
There is an Hebrew dwelling here beside,
I know can do it fitly to your mind:
For a right Hebrew if the infant be,
(As well produce you instances I can,
And by this child as partly you may see)
It will not suck of an Egyptian.

The courteous princess offered now so fair,
That which before she earnestly desir'd,
That of her foundling had a special care,
The girl to fetch her instantly requir'd.
Away the girl goes, doth her mother tell
What favour God had to her brother shewn,
And what else in this accident befel,
That she might now be nurse unto her own.
Little it boots to bid the wench to ply her,
Nor the kind mother hearken to her son,
Nor to provoke her to the place to hie her,
Which seem'd not now on earthly feet to run:
Slow to herself yet hasting as she flew,
(So fast affection forward did her bear)
As though forewafted with the breath she drew,
Borne by the force of nature and of fear,
Little the time, and little is the way,
And for her business either's speed doth crave,
Yet in her haste bethinks her what to say,
And how herself in presence to behave,
Slack she'll not seem, lest to another's trust
Her hopeful charge were happily directed,
Nor yet too forward shew herself she must,
Lest her sweet fraud thereby might be suspected,
Com'n she doth bow her humbly to the ground,
And every joint incessantly doth tremble,
Gladness and fear each other so confound,
So hard a thing for mothers to dissemble.
Saith this sweet Termuth, Well I like thy beauty,
Nurse me this child (if it thy state behove)
Although a prince I'll not enforce thy duty,
But pay thy labour, and reward thy love:
Though even as God's, is Pharaoh's high com-
mand,

And as strong nature so precise and strict,
There rests that power yet in a princess' hand,
To free one Hebrew from this strong edict:
That shall in rich habiliments be dight,
Deck'd in the gems that admirablest shine,
Wearing our own robe gracious in our sight,
Free in our court, and nourished for mine:

Love him, dear Hebrew, as he were thine own;
Good nurse be careful of my little boy,
In this to us thy kindness may be shewn,
Some mother's grief is now a maiden's joy.

This while all mute, the poor astonish'd mother,
With admiration as transpierced stood,
One bursting joy doth so confound another,
Passion so powerful in her ravish'd blood,
Whisp'ring some soft words which deliver'd were,
As rather seem'd her silence to impart,
And being enforc'd from bashfulness and fear,
Came as true tokens of a graceful heart.
Thus she departs her husband to content,
With this dear present back to him she brought,
Making the time short, telling each event,
In all shapes joy presented to her thought.
Yet still his manly modesty was such,
(That his affections strongly so controul'd)
As if joy seem'd his manly heart to touch,
It was her joy and gladness to behold;
When all rejoic'd unmov'd thereat the whiles,
In his grave face such constancy appears,
As now scarce shewing comfort in his smiles,
Nor then revealing sorrow in his tears:
Yet oft beheld it with that stedfast eye,
Which though it 'sdain'd the pleas'dness to confess,
More in his looks in fulness there did lie,
Than all their words could any way express.

(b) In time the princess playing with the child,
In whom she seem'd her chief delight to take,
With whom she oft the weary time beguil'd,
That as her own did of this Hebrew make:
It so fell out as Pharaoh was in place,
Seeing his daughter in the child to joy,
To please the princess, and to do it grace,
Himself vouchsafes to entertain the boy:
Whose shape and beauty when he did behold,
With much content his princely eye that fed,
Giving to please it any thing it would,
Set his own crown upon the infant's head,
Which this weak child regarding not all
(As such a baby carelessly is meet)
Unto the ground the diadem let fall,
Spurning it from him with neglectful feet.
Which as the priests beheld this ominous thing,
(That else had past unnoted as a toy)
As from their skill report unto the king,
This was the man that Egypt should destroy.
Told by the Magi that were learn'd and wise,
Which might full well the jealous king enflame,
Said by th' Egyptian ancient prophecies
That might give credit eas'lier to the same.
She as discreet as she was chaste and fair,
With princely gesture, and with countenance mild,
By things that hurtful and most dangerous were,
Shews to the king the weakness of the child:
Hot burning coals doth to his mouth present,
Which he to handle simply doth not stick,
This little fool, this retchless innocent
The burning glee with his soft tongue doth lick:
Which though in Pharaoh her desire it wrought,
His babish imbecility to see,
To the child's speech impediment it brought,
From which he never after could be free.

(b) Josephus Per. Comellor.
S s iij

The child grew up, when in his manly face
 Beauty was seen in an unusual cheer,
 Such mixtures sweet of comeliness and grace,
 Likely apparell'd in complexion clear.
 The part of earth contends with that of heaven,
 Both in their proper purity excelling,
 To whether more pre-eminence was given,
 Which should excel, the dweller or the dwelling.
 Men's usual stature he did far exceed,
 And every part proportioned so well,
 The more the eye upon his shape did feed,
 The more it long'd upon the same to dwell:
 Each joint such perfect harmony did bear,
 That curious judgment taking any limb,
 Searching might miss to match it any where,
 Nature so fail'd in paralleling him:
 His hair bright yellow, on an arched brow
 Sat all the beauties kind could ever frame,
 And did them there so orderly bestow,
 As such a seat of majesty became.
 As time made perfect each exterior part,
 So still his honour with his years increas'd,
 That he sat lord in many a tender heart:
 With such high favours his fair youth was blest'd.

So fell it out that Æthiop war began,
 Invading Egypt with their armed powers,
 And taking spoils, the country over-ran
 To where as Memphis vaunts her climbing towers;
 Wherefore they with their oracles confer
 About th' event, which do this answer make:
 That if they would transport this civil war,
 They to their captain must an Hebrew take.
 And for fair Moses happily was grown
 Of so great towardness and especial hope,
 Him they do choose as absolute known,
 To lead their power against the Æthiope.
 Which they of Termuth hardly can obtain,
 Though on their altars by their gods they vow
 Him to deliver safe to her again,
 (Once the war ended) safe as he was now.
 Who for the way the army was to pass,
 That by th' Egyptians only was intended,
 Most part by water, more prolixious was
 Than present peril any whit commended:
 To intercept the Æthiopians wrought
 A way far nearer who their legions led,
 Which till that time impassable was thought,
 Such store of serpents in that place was bred:
 Devis'd by birds this danger to eschew,
 Whereof in Egypt be exceeding store,
 The stork and ibis, which he wisely knew,
 All kinds of serpents naturally abhor.
 Which he in baskets of Egyptian reed,
 Borne with his carriage easily doth convey,
 And where encampeth sets them forth to feed,
 Which drive the serpents presently away.
 Thus them preventing by this subtil course,
 That all their succour suddenly bereft,
 When Æthiop flies before th' Egyptian force,
 Shut up in Saba their last refuge left.
 Which whilst with strait siege they beleagued long
 The (c) king's fair daughter haps him to behold,
 And became fetter'd with affection strong,
 Which in short time could hardly be controul'd.

(c) Comeller.

Tarbis that kindled this rebellious rage,
 That they to Egypt tributary were,
 When the old king decrepit now with age,
 She in his stead the sovereignty did bear.
 Up to his tower where she the camp might see,
 To look her new love every day she went,
 And when he happen'd from the field to be,
 She thought her blest'd beholding but his tent;
 And oftentimes doth modestly inveigh
 'Gainst him the city walled first about,
 That the strong site should churlishly deny
 Him to come in, or her for passing out,
 Had the gates been but soften'd as her breast
 (That to behold her loved enemy stands)
 He had ere this of Saba been possess'd,
 And therein planted the Egyptian hands:
 Oft from a place as secretly she might
 (That from her palace look'd unto his tent)
 When she came forth appearing in his sight,
 Shewing by signs the love to him she meant.
 For in what arms it pleas'd him to be dight,
 After the Hebrew or th' Egyptian guise:
 He was the bravest, the most goodly wight
 That ever graced Æthiop with his eyes.
 And finding means to parley from a place
 By night, her passion doth to him discover,
 To yield the city if he would embrace
 Her a true princess, as a faithful lover,
 The features of so delicate a dame
 Motives sufficient to his youth had been,
 But to the lord of kingdoms by the same,
 And of so great and absolute a queen,
 Soon gently stole him from himself away,
 That doth to him such rarities partake,
 Off'ring so rich, so excellent a prey,
 Loving the treason for the traitor's sake.

But whilst he lived in this glorious vein,
 Israel his conscience oftentimes doth move,
 That all this while in Egypt did remain,
 Virtue and grace o'ercoming youth and love.
 And though God knows unwilling to depart,
 From so high empire wherein now he stood,
 And her that sat so near unto his heart,
 Such power hath Israel in his happy blood,
 By skill to quit him forcibly he wrought,
 As he was learn'd and traded in the stars,
 Both by the Hebrews and th' Egyptians taught,
 That were the first, the best astronomers,
 (d) Two sundry figures makes, whereof the one
 Cause them that wear it all things past forget,
 As th' other of all accidents foregone
 The memory as eagerly doth whet,
 Which he insculped in two likely stones,
 For rareness of invaluable price,
 And cunningly contriv'd them for the nones
 In likely rings of excellent device:
 That of oblivion giving to his queen,
 Which soon made shew the violent effect,
 Forgot him straight as he had never been,
 And did her former kindnesses neglect.
 The other (that doth memory assist)
 Him with the love of Israel doth inflame;
 Departing thence not how the princess wilt,
 In peace he leaves her as in war he came.

(d) Comeller ex vet. script.

But all the pleasures of th' Egyptian court
 Had not such power upon his springing years,
 As had the sad and tragical report
 Of the rude burdens captiv'd Israel bears :
 Nor what regards he to be grac'd of kings ?
 Or flatter'd greatness idly to await ?
 Or what respects he the negotiating
 Matters comporting emperie and state ?
 The bondage and servility that lay
 On buried Israel (funk in ordurous slime)
 His grieved spirit down heavily doth weigh,
 That to lean care oft lent the prosperous time.
 A wretched Hebrew happen'd to behold,
 Bruis'd with sad burdens without all remorse,
 By an Egyptian barb'rously controul'd,
 Spurning his pin'd and miserable corse,
 Which he beholding vexed as he stood,
 His fair veins swelling with impatient fire,
 Pity and rage so wrestled in his blood
 To get free passage to conceived ire,
 Rescuing the man th' Egyptian doth resist :
 (Which from his vile hands forcibly he took)
 And by a strong blow with his valiant fist,
 His hateful breath out of his nostrils struck,
 Which though his courage boldly dare aver,
 In the proud power of his imperious hand,
 Yet from high honour deigneth to inter
 The wretched carcase in the smouldring sand ;
 Which then suppos'd in secret to be wrought,
 Yet still hath envy such a jealous eye,
 As forth the same incontinent it sought,
 And to the king delivered by and by,
 Which soon gave vent to Pharoah's cover'd wrath,
 Which till this instant reason did confine,
 Opening a strait way, and apparent path
 Unto that great and terrible design :
 Most for his safety forcing his retreat
 When now affliction every day did breed,
 And when revengeful tyranny did threat
 The greatest horror to the Hebrew seed ;
 To Midian now his pilgrimage he took,
 Midians earth's only paradise for pleasures,
 Where many a soft rill, many a sliding brook,
 Through the sweet valleys trip in wanton measures,
 Where as the curl'd groves and the flow'ry fields
 To his free soul so peaceable and quiet,
 More true delight and choice contentment yields
 Than Egypt's braveries and luxurious diet :
 And wandering long he happen'd on a well,
 Which he by paths frequented might espy,
 Border'd with trees where pleasure seem'd to
 dwell,
 Where to repose him, eas'ly down doth lie :
 Where the soft winds did mutually embrace
 In the cool arbours nature there had made,
 Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face
 Through the calm cincture of the am'rous shade :
 Till now it nigh'd the noon-stead of the day,
 When scorching heat the gadding herds do grieve,
 When shepherds now and herdsmen every way
 Their thirsting cattle to the fountain drive :
 Amongst the rest seven shepherdesses went
 Along the way for watering of their sheep,
 Whose eyes him seemed such reflection sent,
 As made the flocks even white that they did keep :

Girls that so goodly and delightful were,
 The fields were fresh and fragrant in their view,
 Winter was as the spring-time of the year,
 The grass so proud that in their footsteps grew :
 Daughters they were unto a holy man,
 (And worthy too of such a fire to be)
 Jethro the priest of fertile Midian,
 Few found so just, so righteous men as he.
 But see the rude swain, the untutor'd slave,
 Without respect or rev'rence to their kind,
 Away their fair flocks from the water drave,
 Such is the nature of the barb'rous hind.
 The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,
 Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem
 Were in his presence discontent thereat,
 Whom he perhaps improvident might deem ;
 Which he perceiving kindly doth entreat,
 Reproves the rustics for that offer'd wrong,
 Averting it an injury too great,
 To such, of right, all kindness did belong.
 But finding well his oratory fail,
 His fists about him frankly he bestows,
 That where persuasion could not late prevail,
 He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.
 Entreats the damsels their abode to make,
 With courtly semblance and a manly grace,
 At their fair pleasures quietly to take,
 What might be had by freedom of the place.
 Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,
 Exceeding these, the honour of his mind,
 For what in mortal could their hearts desire,
 That in this man they did not richly find ?
 Returning sooner than their usual hour,
 All that had happen'd to their father told,
 That such a man reliev'd them by his power,
 As one all civil courtesy that could :
 Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,
 Of his behaviour greatly pleas'd to hear,
 Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,
 To honour him by whom his honour'd were :
 Gently receives him to his goodly seat,
 Feasts him his friends and families among,
 And him with all those offices entreat,
 That to his place and virtues might belong :
 Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,
 Wherein wise nature her own skill admires,
 He feeds those secret and impiercing flames,
 Nurs'd in fresh youth, and gotten in desires :
 Won with this man this princely priest to dwell,
 For greater hire than bounty could devise,
 For her whose praise makes praise itself excel,
 Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wise.
 In her, her sisters severally were seen,
 Of every one she was the rarest part,
 Who in her presence any time had been,
 Her angel-eye transpierced not his heart.
 For Zipora a shepherd's life he leads,
 And in her sight deceives the subtil hours,
 And for her sake oft robs the flow'ry meads,
 With those sweet spoils t' enrich her rural
 bowers,
 Up to mount Horeb with his flock he took,
 The flock wise Jethro willed him to keep,
 Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook.
 Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep :

To feed and fold full warily he knew,
 From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free,
 The goodliest flowers that in the meadows grew
 Were not more fresh and beautiful than he.
 Gently his fair flocks lessow'd he along
 Through the firm pastures freely at his leisure,
 Now on the hills, the vallies then among,
 Which seem themselves to offer to his pleasure.
 Whilst feather'd silvans from each blooming spray,
 With murm'ring waters wistly as they creep,
 Make him such music, to abridge the way,
 As fits a shepherd company to keep.
 When lo! that great and fearful God of might
 To that fair Hebrew strangely doth appear,
 In a bush burning visible and bright,
 Yet unconsuming as no fire there were:
 With hair erected and upturned eyes,
 Whilst he with great astonishment admires,
 Lo! that eternal Rector of the skies, [fires:
 Thus breathes to Moses from those quick'ning
 Shake off thy sandals, saith the thund'ring God,
 With humbled feet my wond'rous power to see,
 For that the soil where thou hast boldly trod,
 Is most select and hallow'd unto me:
 The righteous Abraham for his God me knew,
 Isaac and Jacob trusted in my name,
 And did believe my covenant was true,
 Which to their seed shall propagate the same:
 My folk that long in Egypt had been barr'd,
 Whose cries have enter'd heaven's eternal gate,
 Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,
 Kneeling in tears at our eternal state;
 And am come down them in the land to see,
 Where streams of milk through batful valleys flow,
 And luscious honey dropping from the tree
 Load the full flowers that in their shadows grow:
 By thee my power am purposed to try, [bring,
 That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrews
 Bearing that great and fearful embassy
 To that monarchal and imperious king.
 And on this mountain, standing in thy sight,
 When thou returnest from that conquer'd land,
 Thou hallow'd altars unto me shalt light,
 This for a token certainly shall stand.

O! who am I! this wond'rous man replies,
 A wretched mortal, that I should be sent,
 And stand so clear in thine eternal eyes,
 To do a work of such astonishment!
 And trembling now with a transfixed heart,
 Humbling himself before the Lord, quoth he,
 Who shall I tell the Hebrews that thou art,
 That giv'st this large commission unto me?
 Say, quoth the spirit from that impetuous flame,
 Unto the Hebrews asking thee of this,
 That 'twas, I AM; which only is my name,
 God of their fathers, so my title is;
 Divert thy course to Goshen, then again,
 And to divulge it constantly be bold,
 And their glad ears attractively retain,
 With what at Sinai Abraham's God hath told:

And tell great Pharoah, that the Hebrews God
 Commands from Egypt that he set you free,
 Three journeys thence in deserts far abroad
 To offer hallow'd sacrifice to me:
 But he refusing to dismiss you so,
 On that proud king I'll execute such force,
 As never yet came from the sling, the bow,
 The keen-edg'd cutlas or the puissant horse.
 But if th' afflicted miserable fort,
 To idle incredulity inclin'd,
 Shall not, quoth Moses, credit my report,
 That thou to me hast so great power assign'd.
 Cast down, quoth God, thy wand unto the
 ground.

Which he obeying fearfully, behold
 The same a serpent suddenly was found,
 Itself contorting into many a fold.
 With such amazement Moses doth surprise,
 With cold convulsions shrinking every vein,
 That his affrighted and uplifted eyes,
 Even shot with horror, sink into his brain.
 But being encouraged by the Lord to take
 The ugly tail into his trembling hand,
 As from a dream he suddenly doth wake,
 When at the instant it became a wand.
 By the same hand into his bosom shut,
 Whose eyes his wither'd leprosy abhorr'd,
 When forth he drew it, secondly being put,
 Unto the former purity restor'd.
 These signs he gives this sad admiring man,
 Which he the weak incredulous should show,
 When this frail mortal freshly now began
 To forge new causes, why unfit to go?
 Egypt accusing to have done him wrong,
 Scantling that bounty nature had bestow'd,
 Which had well-near depriv'd him of his
 tongue,
 Which to this office chiefly had been ow'd:
 When he whose wisdom nature must obey,
 In whose resistance reason weakly fails,
 To whom all human instances give way,
 'Gainst whom not subtil argument prevails,
 Thus doth remove this idle vain excuse,
 Who made the mouth? who th' eye? or who the
 ear?

Or who deprives those organs of their use?
 That thou thy imbecility should'st fear?
 Thy brother Aaron cometh unto thee,
 Which as thy speaker purposely I bring,
 To whom thyself even as a God shalt be,
 And he interpret to th' Egyptian king.
 That when he at thy miracles shall wonder,
 And wan with fear shall tremble at thy rod,
 To feel his power that sways the dreadful thun-
 der.

That is a jealous and a fearful God.
 Then shall mine own self purchase me renown,
 And win me honour by my glorious deed
 On all the Pharaohs on th' Egyptian throne,
 That this proud mortal ever shall succeed.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

Moses doth his message bring,
Acts miracles before the king
With him the Magi do contend,
Which he doth conquer in the end,
When by th' extensure of the wand
He brings ten plagues upon the land,
And in despite of Pharaoh's pride,
From Goshen doth the Hebrews guide.

WHEN now from Midian Moses forward set,
With whom his wife and fair retinue went,
Where on his way him happily hath met
His brother Aaron to the Lord's intent,
And to the Hebrews in th' impatient hand
Of mighty Egypt all his power implies,
And as the Lord expressly did command,
Acteth his wonders in their pleased eyes.
Those miracles mortality beholds
With an astonish'd and distracted look,
The mind that so amazedly enfolds,
That every sense the faculty forlook,
The little infant with abundant joy,
To man's estate immediately is sprung,
And though the old man could not back turn boy,
Casts half his years so much becoming young,
Whilst mirth in fulness measureth every eye,
Each breast is heap'd up with excess of pleasure,
Rearing their spread hands to the glorious sky,
Gladly embracing the Almighty's leisure.
These Hebrews ent'ring the Egyptian court,
Their great commission publicly proclaim,
Which there repulsed as a slight report,
Doth soon denounce defiance to the same,
Where now these men their miracles commend,
By which their power precisely might be try'd,
And Pharaoh for his forcerers doth send,
By them the Hebrews only to deride.

Where heaven must now apparently transcend
Th' infernal powers imperiously to thwart,
And the bright perfect Deity contend
With abstruse magic and fallacious art.
Never was so miraculous a strife
Where admiration ever so abounded,
Where wonders were so prodigally rife,
That to behold it nature stood confounded,
Casting his rod a serpent that became,
Which he suppos'd with marvel them might strike,
When every priest essaying in the same,
By his black skill did instantly the like:
Which Pharaoh's breast with arrogance doth fill,
Above the high God's to exalt his power,
When by his power (t' amate their weaker skill)
The Hebrew's rod doth all their rods devour:
Which deed of wonder slightly he rejects,
His froward spirit insatiantly elate,
Which after caus'd those violent effects
That sat on Egypt with the power of fate.
When he whose wisdom ere the world did fare,
From whom not counsel can her secrets hide,
Forewarneth Moses early to prepare
T' accost the proud king by the river's side.
What heavenly rapture doth enrich my brain,
And through my blood extravagantly flows,
That doth transport me to that endless main,
Whereas th' Almighty his high glories shows?

That holy heat into my spirit infuse,
 Wherewith thou wouldest thy prophets to inspire,
 And lend that power to our delightful muse,
 As dwelt in sounds of that sweet Hebraick lyre.
 A task unusual I must now essay,
 Striving through peril to support this mass,
 No former foot did ever track a way,
 Where I propose unto myself to pass.

When Moses meeting the Egyptian king,
 Urgeth afresh the Israelites depart,
 And him by Aaron stoutly menacing,
 To try the temper of his stubborn heart.
 (y) When lo! the torrent, the fleet hurrying flood,
 So clear and perfect crystalline at hand,
 As a black lake or settled marish stood
 At the extensure of the Hebrew's wand.

Where fegs, rank bulrush, and the sharpen'd
 reed,

That with the fluxure of the wave is fed,
 Might be discern'd unnaturally to bleed,
 Dying their fresh green to a sullied red:
 Like issuing ulcers every little spring,
 That being ripen'd void the filthy core,
 Their loathsome slime and matter vomiting
 Into the rivers they enrich'd before:
 What in her banks hath bath'ning Nilus bred,
 Serpent, or fish, or strange deformed thing,
 That on her bosom she not beareth dead,
 Where they were born them lastly burying?
 That bird and beast incontinently fly
 From the detested and contagious stink,
 And rather choose by cruel thirst to die,
 Than once to taste of this contaminate drink;
 And useful cisterns delicately fill'd,
 With which rich Egypt wondrously abounds,
 Looking as bowls receiving what was spill'd
 With which rich Egypt wondrously abounds,
 That the faint earth even poison'd now remains,
 In her own self so grievously dejected,
 Horrid pollution travelling her veins,
 Desp'rate of cure so dangerously infected
 The spongy soil, that digging deep and long
 To suck clear liquor from her plenteous pores,
 This bloody issue breaketh out among,
 As sickly menstruas or inveterate sores:
 Seven days continuing in this flux of blood,
 Sadly sits Egypt a full week of woe,
 Shame taints the brow of every flew and flood;
 Blushing, the world her filthiness to show.
 Yet 'scains proud Pharaoh Israel thus to free,
 Nor this dire plague his harden'd heart can tame,
 Which he suppos'd but fallacies to be,
 When his magicians likewise did the same.

When he again that glorious rod extends
 'Gainst him that heaven presumeth thus to
 dare:

On Egypt soon a (z) second plague that sends,
 Which he till now seem'd partially to spare
 The soil, that late the owner did enrich
 Him his fair herds and goodly flocks to feed,
 Lies now a leystall, or a common ditch,
 Where in their toddler loathly paddocks breed.

(y) The first plague.

(z) The second plague.

Where as the up-land mountainous and high
 To them that sadly do behold it shows,
 As though in labour with this filthy fry,
 Stirring with pain in the parturient throes:
 People from windows looking to the ground,
 At this stupendous spectacle amaz'd,
 See but their sorrow every where abound,
 That most abhorring whereon most they gaz'd.
 Their troughs and ovens toadstools now become,
 That housewives wont so carefully to keep,
 These loathsome creatures taking up the room,
 And croaking there continually do creep.
 And as great Pharaoh on his throne is set,
 From thence affrighted with this odious thing,
 Which crawling up into the same doth get,
 And him deposing sitteth as a king.
 The wearied man his spirits that to refresh
 Gets to his bed to free him from his fear,
 Scarce laid but feels them at his naked flesh,
 So small the succour that remaineth there.
 No court so close to which the speckled toad
 By some small cranny creeps not by and by,
 No tower so strong, nor natural abode,
 To which for safety any one might fly.
 Egypt now hates the world her so should call,
 Of her own self so grievously ashamed,
 And so contemned in the eyes of all,
 As but in scorn she scarcely once is nam'd,
 When this profane king with a wounded heart
 (His Magi though these miracles could do)
 Sees in his soul one greater than their art,
 Above all power, that put a hand thereto:
 But as these plagues and sad afflictions ceas'd
 At the just prayer of this mild godlike man,
 So Pharaoh's pride and stubbornness increas'd,
 And his lewd course this headstrong mortal ran.
 Which might have surelier settled in his mind,
 (At his request which Moses quickly flew,
 Leaving a stench so pestilent behind)
 As might preserve old sorrows freshly new.

But stay, my muse, in height of all this speed,
 Somewhat plucks back to quench this sacred heat,
 And many perils doth to us areed
 In that whereof we seriously entreat.
 Lest too concise injuriously we wrong
 Things that such state and fearfulness impart,
 Or led by zeal irregularly long,
 Infringe the curious liberties of art,
 We that calumnious critic may eschew,
 That blasteth all things with his poison'd breath,
 Detracting what laboriously we do,
 Only with that which he but idly saith.
 O be our guide, whose glories now we preach,
 That above books must steer us in our fate,
 For never ethnic to this day did teach,
 (In this) whose method we may imitate.

When now these men of miracle proceed,
 And by extending of that wondrous wand,
 As that resistless providence decreed,
 Thereby bring (a) lice on the distemper'd land:
 All struck with lice so numberless they lie,
 The dust grown quick in every place doth creep,
 The sands their want do secondly supply,
 As they at length would suffocate the deep:

(a) The third plague.

That th' atomi that in the beams appear,
 As they the sun through cranies shining see,
 The form of those detested things do bear,
 So miserable the Egyptians be :
 Who rak'd the brands the passed evening burn'd,
 (As is the use the morning fire to keep)
 To these foul vermin finds the ashes turn'd,
 Covering the earth, so thick thereon they creep.
 Now prince and peasant equally are drest,
 The costliest silks and courtest rags alike,
 The worst goes now companion with the best,
 The hand of God so generally doth strike.
 The king's pavilion and the captive's pad
 Are now in choice indifferent unto either,
 Great, small, fair, foul, rich, poor, the good and bad,
 Do suffer in this pestilence together.
 In vain to cleanse, in vain to purge and pick,
 When every mote that with the breath doth rise,
 Forthwith appeareth venomously quick,
 Although so small scarce taken with the eyes.
 By which his wisdom strongly doth prevail,
 When this self-wise, this overweening man,
 Even in the least, the slightest thing doth fail,
 The very beggar absolutely can ;
 When now these wizards with transfixed hearts
 To make his glory by the same the more,
 Confess a godhead shining through their arts,
 Which by their magics they deny'd before.
 Yet this proud Pharoah as oppugning fate,
 Still dorth resist that majesty so high,
 And to himself doth yet appropriate
 A supreme power his godhead to deny :
 When from his wilful stubbornness doth grow
 That great amazement to all ears and eyes,
 When now the Lord by Aaron's rod will show
 His mighty power even in the wretched'st (b) flies:
 Varying his vengeance in as many kinds,
 As Pharoah doth his obstinancies vary,
 Suiting their plagues so fitly with their minds,
 As though their sin his punishments did carry.
 In summer time as in a evening fair,
 The gnats are heard in a tumultuous sound
 On tops of hills, so troubled is the air
 To the disturbance of the wondering ground.
 The skies are darken'd as they yet do hover
 In so gross clouds congested in their flight,
 That the whole land with multitudes they cover,
 Stopping the streams as generally the light.
 O cruel land, might these not yet thee move ?
 Art thou alone so destitute of fear ?
 Or dost thou mean thy utmost to approve
 How many plagues thou able art to bear ?
 Three have fore-threat'ned thy destruction sure,
 And now the fourth is following on as fast,
 Dost thou suppose thy pride can still endure ?
 Or that his vengeance longer cannot last ?
 These are as weak and worthless as the rest,
 Thou much enfeebled, and his strength is more,
 Fitly prepar'd thee sadly to infest,
 Thy sins so many, by their equal store.
 This wretched creature man might well suppose
 To be the least that he had need to fear,
 Amongst the rest is terrify'd with those
 With which before none ever troubled were.

(b) The fourth plague.

As we behold a swarming cast of bees
 In a swollen cluster to some branch to cleave :
 Thus do they hang in branches on the trees,
 Pressing each plant, and loading ev'ry greave.
 The houses cover'd with these must'ring flies,
 And the fair windows that for light were made,
 Eclips'd with horror, seeming to their eyes,
 Like the dim twilight, or some ominous shade.
 For human food what Egypt had in store,
 The creatures feed on, till they bursting die,
 And what in this unhappy land was more,
 Their loathsome bodies lastly putrify.

O goodly Goshen where the Hebrews rest,
 How dear thy children in th' Almighty's fight,
 That for their sakes thou only should'st be blest,
 When all these plagues on the Egyptians light ?
 What promis'd people rested thee within,
 To whom no peril ever might aspire,
 For whose dear sake some watchful cherubim
 Stood to defend thee arm'd in glorious fire ?
 Thou art that holy sanctuary made,
 Where all th' afflicted cast aside their fear,
 Whose privileges ever to invade,
 The heavens command their horrors to forbear.
 But since man's pride and insolence is such,
 Nor by these plagues his will to pass could bring,
 Nor with a sharp and wounding hand will touch
 The dearer body of each living thing :
 To other ends his courses to direct,
 By all great means his glory to advance,
 Altereth the cause by altering the effect,
 To work by wonder their deliverance.

As Aaron grasping ashes in his hand,
 Which scarcely cast into the open air,
 But brings a murrain over all the land,
 With (c) scabs and botches such as never were.
 What chews the cud, or hoof, or horn allotted,
 Wild in the fields, or tamed by the yoke,
 With this contagious pestilence is rotted,
 So universal's the Almighty's stroke.
 The goodly horse of hot and fiery strain
 In his high courage hardly brook'd his food,
 That ditch or mound not lately could contain,
 On the firm ground so scornfully that stood,
 Crest-fall'n hangs down his hardly manag'd head,
 Lies where but late disdainfully he trod,
 His quick eye fixed heavily and dead,
 Stirs not when prick'd with the impulsive goad.
 The swine which nature secretly doth teach,
 Only by fasting sicknesses to cure,
 Now but in vain is to itself a leech,
 Whose sudden end infallibly is sure.
 Where frugal shepherds reckoning wool and
 lamb,
 Or who by herds hop'd happily to win,
 Now sees the young one perish with the dam,
 Nor dare his hard hand touch the poison'd skin.
 Those fertile pastures quickly overspread
 With their dead cattle, where the birds of prey
 Gorg'd on the garbidge (woefully bestead)
 Poison'd fall down as they would fly away.
 And hungry dogs the tainted flesh refrain'd,
 Whereon their master gormondiz'd of late,

(c) The fifth plague.

What nature for man's appetite ordain'd,
 The creature that's most ravenous doth hate.
 Thus all that breathes and kindly hath encrease,
 Suffer for him that proudly did offend,
 Yet in this manner here it shall not cease,
 (c) In beasts begun, in wretched man to end.
 'To whom it further violently can,
 Not by th' Almighty limited to flake,
 As beast is plagued for rebellious man,
 Man in some measure must his pain partake.
 Those dainty breasts that open'd lately were,
 Which with rich veins so curiously did flow,
 With boils and blains most loathsome do appear,
 Which now the damsel not desires to show.
 Features disfigur'd only now the fair,
 (All are deformed) most ill-favour'd be,
 Where beauty was most exquisite and rare,
 There the least blemish eas'liest you might see.
 For costly garments fashion'd with device
 To form each choice part curious eyes to please,
 The sick man's gown is only now in price,
 To give their blotch'd and blister'd bodies ease.
 It is in vain the surgeon's hand to prove,
 Or help of physic to assuage the smart,
 For why, the power that ruleth from above
 Crossing all means of industry and art.
 Egypt is now an hospital forlorn,
 Where only cripples and diseased are,
 How many children to the world are born,
 So many lazars thither still repair.
 When those proud Magi as oppos'd to fate,
 That durst high heaven in every thing to dare,
 Now in most vile and miserable state
 As the mean'st caitif equally do fare.
 Thus stands that man so eminent alone,
 Arm'd with his power that governeth the sky,
 Now when the wizards lastly overthrown,
 Grovelling in sores before his feet do lie.
 Not one is found unpunished escapes
 So much to do his hungry wrath to feed,
 Which still appeareth in as many shapes
 As Pharaoh doth in tyrannies proceed.
 (d) Even as some grave wise magistrate to find
 Out some vile treason, or some odious crime,
 That beareth every circumstance in mind,
 Of place, of manner, instance, and of time:
 That the suspected strongly doth arrest,
 And by all means invention can devise
 By hopes or torture out of him to wrest
 The ground, the purpose, and confederacies,
 Now slack his pain, now doth the same augment,
 Yet in his strait hand doth contain him still,
 Proportioning his allotted punishment
 As he's removed or pliant to his will.
 But yet hath Egypt somewhat left to vaunt,
 What's now remaining may her pride repair,
 But lest perhaps she should be arrogant,
 Till she be humbled he will never spare.
 These plagues seem yet but nourished beneath,
 And even with man terrestrially to move,
 Now heaven his fury violently shall breath,
 Rebellious Egypt scourging from above.

(e) Winter let loose in his robustious kind
 Wildly runs raving through the airy plains,

(c) The sixth plague.

(d) A simile of God's justice.

(e) The seventh plague.

As though his time of liberty assign'd
 Roughly now shakes off his impris'ning chains.
 The winds spit fire in one another's face,
 And mingled flames fight furiously together,
 Through the wild heaven that one the other chace,
 Now flying thence and then returning thither.
 No light but lightning ceaselessly to burn
 Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,
 And being gone doth suddenly return
 E'er you could say precisely that it was.
 In one self moment darkness and the light
 Instantly born, as instantly they die,
 And every minute is a day and night
 That breaks and sets in twinkling of an eye.
 Mountain and valley suffer one self ire,
 The stately tower and lowly cote alike,
 The shrub and cedar this impartial fire
 In one like order generally doth strike:
 On flesh and plant this subtil lightning preys,
 As through the pores its passage fitly finds,
 In the full womb the tender burden slays,
 Piercing the stiff trunk through the spongy rinds,
 Throughout this great and universal ball
 The wrath of heaven outrageously is thrown,
 As the lights quick'ning and celestial
 Had put themselves together into one.
 This yet continuing the big-bellied clouds,
 With heat and moisture in their fulness brake,
 And the stern thunder from the airy shrouds
 To the sad world in fear and horror spake.
 The black storm bellows and the yerning vault,
 Full charg'd with fury as some signal given,
 Preparing their artillery to assault,
 Shoot their stern volleys in the face of heaven.
 The bolts new wing'd with fork'd æthereal fire,
 Through the vast region every where do rove,
 Goring the earth in their imperious ire,
 Pierce the proud'st building, rend the thickest
 grove.

When the breem hail as rising in degrees
 Like ruffled arrows through the air doth sing,
 Beating the leaves and branches from the trees,
 Forcing an autumn earlier than the spring.
 The birds late shrouded in their safe repair,
 Where they were wont from winter's wrath to rest,
 Left by the tempest to the open air,
 Shot with cold bullets through the trembling breast.
 Whilst cattle grazing on the barful ground,
 Finding no shelter from the shower to hide,
 In ponds and ditches willingly are drown'd,
 That this sharp storm no longer can abide.
 Windows are shiver'd to forgotten dust,
 The slates fall shatter'd from the roof above,
 Where any thing finds harbour from this gust,
 Now even as death it feareth to remove.
 The rude and most impenetrable rock
 Since the foundation of the world was laid,
 Never before stirr'd with tempestuous shock,
 Melts with this storm as sensibly afraid.
 Never yet with so violent a hand,
 A brow contracted and so full of fear,
 God scourg'd the pride of a rebellious land,
 Since into kingdoms nations gather'd were,
 But he what mortal was there ever known,
 So many strange afflictions did abide,

On whom so many miseries were thrown,
Whom heaven so oft and angerly did chide?
Who but relenting Moses doth relieve?
Taking off that which oft on him doth light,
Whom God so oft doth punish and forgive,
Thereby to prove his mercy and his might.
So that eternal providence could frame
The means whereby his glory should be try'd,
That as he please, miraculously can tame
Man's sensual ways, his transitory pride.
But Pharaoh bent to his rebellious will,
His hate to Israel instantly renews,
Continuing author of his proper ill,
When now the plague of grasshoppers ensues.

(f) Long e'er they fell, on th' face of heaven
they hung,
In so vast clouds as covered all the skies,
Colouring the sun-beams piercing through their
throng,
With strange distraction to beholding eyes.
This idle creature that is said to sing
In wanton summer, and in winter poor,
Praising the emmet's painful labouring,
Now eats the labourer and the heaped store.
No blade of grass remaineth to be seen,
Weed, herb, nor flower, to which the spring gives
birth,

Yet ev'ry path, even barren hills are green,
With those that eat the greenness from the earth.
What is most sweet, what most extremely sour,
The loathsome hemlock as the verdurous rose,
These filthy locusts equally devour,
So do the heavens of every thing dispose.
The trees all barkless nakedly are left
Like people stript of things that they did wear,
By the enforcement of disastrous theft,
Standing as frightened with erected hair:
Thus doth the Lord her nakedness discover,
Thereby to prove her stoutness to reclaim,
That when nor fear nor punishment could move
her,

She might at length be tempted with her shame.
Disrob'd of all her ornaments she stands,
Wherein rich nature whilom did her dight,
That the sad verges of the neighbouring lands
Seem with much sorrow wend'ring at the sight.
But Egypt is so impudent and vile,
No blush is seen that pity might compel,
That from all eyes to cover her a while,
The Lord in darkness leaveth her to dwell.

(g) Over the great and universal face
Are drawn the curtains of the horrid night,
As it would be continually in place,
That from the world had banished the light.
As to the sight, so likewise to the touch
Th' appropriate object equally is dealt,
Darkness is now so palpable and much,
That as 'tis seen, as easily is felt.
Who now it hap'd to travel by the way,
Or in the field did chance abroad to roam;
Loosing himself then wander'd as astray,
Nor finds his hoftry nor returneth home.

(f) The eighth plague.

(g) The ninth plague.

The cock the country horologe that rings
The cheerful warning to the sun's awake,
Missing the dawning scantles in his wings,
And to his roost doth sadly him betake.
One to his neighbour in the dark doth call,
When the thick vapour so the air doth smother,
Making the voice so hideous therewithal,
That one's afraid to go unto the other.
The little infant for the mother shrieks,
Then lies it down astonished with fear,
Who for her child whilst in the dark she seeks,
Treads on the babe that she doth hold so dear.
Darkness so long upon the land doth dwell,
Whilst men amaz'd, the hours are stol'n away,
Erring in time that now there's none can tell
Which should be night, and which should be the
day.

Three doubled nights the proud Egyptian lies
With hunger, thirst, and weariness oppress'd,
Only relieved by his miseries,
By fear enforced to forget the rest.
Those lights and fires they laboured to defend,
With the foul damp that over all doth flow,
Such an eclipsed sulliedness doth send,
That darkness far more terrible doth show;
When the perplexed and astonish'd king,
'Twixt rage and fear distracted in his mind,
Israel to pass now freely limiting,
Only their cattle to be staid behind.
Commanding Moses to depart his sight,
And from that time to see his face no more,
Which this mild man doth willingly acquit
That he well knew would come to pass before.
That for the droves the Israelites should leave,
Forbid by Pharaoh to be borne away,
Israel shall Egypt of her store bereave,
To bear it with her as a violent prey.
So wrought her God in the Egyptians thought,
As he is only provident and wise,
That he to pass for his choice people brought
More than man's wisdom ever might devise.
Touching their soft breasts with a wounding love
Of those who yet they enviously admir'd,
Which doth the happy Jacobites bebove,
To compass what they instantly requir'd,
That every Hebrew borrowed of a friend
Some special jewel feignedly to use,
Every Egyptian willing is to lend,
Nor being ask'd can possibly refuse.
Now closets, chests, and cabinets are fought
For the rich gem, the rarity, or thing,
And they the happiest of the rest are thought,
That the high'st priz'd officiously could bring.
Rings, chains, and bracelets, jewels for the ear,
The perfect glorious, and most lustrous stone,
The carcanet so much requested there,
The pearl most orient, and a paragon.
What thing so choice that curious art could frame,
Luxurious Egypt had not for her pride?
And what so rare an Israelite could name,
That he but asking was thereof deny'd?

When God doth now the passover command,
Whose name that sacred mystery doth tell,
That he pass'd o'er them with a spareful hand,
When all th' first-born of th' Egyptians fell,

Which should to their posterity be taught,
 That might for ever memorize this deed,
 The fearful wonders he in Egypt wrought,
 For Abraham's offspring, Sarah's promis'd seed.
 A lamb unblemish'd, or a spotless kid,
 That from the dam had weaned out a year,
 Which he without deformity did bid,
 Held to himself a sacrifice so dear.
 Roasted and eaten with unleaven'd bread,
 And with four herbs such viands as became,
 Meat for the ev'ning, that prohibited
 The morn ensuing partner of the same.
 Girding their loins, shoes fasten'd to their feet,
 Staves in their hands, and passing it to take,
 In manners as to travellers is meet,
 A voyage forth immediately to make.
 Whose blood being put upon the outmost posts,
 Whereby his chosen Israelites he knew,
 That night so dreadful when the Lord of hosts
 All the (b) first-born of the Egyptians flew.
 Darkness invades the world, when now forth went
 The spoiling angel as the Lord did will,
 And where the door was not with blood besprent,
 There the first-born he cruelly did kill.
 Night never saw so tragical a deed,
 Thing so replete with heaviness and sorrow,
 Nor shall the day hereafter ever read
 Such a black time as the ensuing morrow.
 The dawn now breaking, and with open sight
 When every lab'ring and affrighted eye
 Beholds the slaughter of the passed night,
 The parting plague protracted misery.
 One to his neighbour hastes his heedless feet,
 To bring him home his heavy chance to see,
 And him he goes to by the way doth meet,
 As grieved and as miserable as he.
 Who out of door now hastily doth come,
 Thinking to howl and bellow forth his woe,
 Is for his purpose destitute of room,
 Each place with sorrow doth so overflow.
 People awaked with this sudden fright,
 Run forth their doors as naked as they be,
 Forget the day, and bearing candle light
 To help the sun their miseries to see.
 Who lost his first-born e'er this plague begun,
 Is now most happy in this time of woe,
 Who mourn'd his eld'st, a daughter or a son,
 Is now exempt from what the rest must do.
 To one that fains poor comfort to his friend,
 His child was young, and need the less be car'd,
 Replies if his had liv'd the other's end,
 With all his heart he could him well have spar'd.
 No eye can lend a mourning friend one tear,
 So busy is the gen'ral heart of moan,
 So strange confusion sits in every ear,
 As warneth power to entertain his own.

(b) The tenth plague.

Imparted woe, the heavy heart's relief,
 When it hath done the utmost that it may,
 Outright is murder'd with a second grief,
 To see one mute tell more than it can say:
 The greatest blessing that the heart could give,
 The joy of children in the married state,
 To see his curse the parent now doth live,
 And none be happy but th' unfortunate.
 Whilst some for burial of their children stay,
 Others pass by with theirs upon the bier,
 Which from the church met mourners by the way,
 Others they find that yet are burying there.

Afflicted London, in six hundred three,
 When God thy sin so grievously did strike,
 And from th' infection that did spring from thee,
 The spacious isle was patient of the like.
 That sickly season, when I undertook
 This composition faintly to supply,
 When thy affliction serv'd me for a book
 Whereby to model Egypt's misery.
 When pallid horror did possess the street,
 Nor knew thy children refuge where to have,
 Death them so soon in every place did meet,
 Unpeopling houses to possess the grave.

When woeful Egypt with a wounded heart
 So many plagues that suffered for their stay,
 Now on their knees entreat them to depart,
 And even impatient of their long delay.
 Six hundred thousand Israelites depart,
 Besides the nations that they thence releas'd,
 And Hebrew babes, the joy of many a heart,
 That Sarah's happy promises had bless'd.
 After four hundred thirty years expir'd,
 (Measuring by minutes many a woeful hour)
 That day they came they thence again depart,
 By his eternal providence and power.
 With all the jewels Egypt could afford
 With them away that wisely they did bear,
 Th' Egyptians ask'd not to have back restor'd,
 All then so busy at their burials were:
 And (i) Joseph's bones precisely thence convey,
 Whose tomb by Nile's oft inundations drown'd,
 Yet the deceased strictly to obey)
 By Moses were miraculously found.
 (k) Who did in gold that powerful word engrave,
 By which th' Almighty fully is exprest,
 Which bare the metal floating on the wave,
 Till o'er his coffin lastly it did rest.
 As by a sheep that shew'd them to the same,
 To make them mindful of the reverend dead,
 Which beast thence forth they call'd by Joseph's name
 And when they went from Egypt, with them led.
 But that he thus did find his burying place,
 As we tradition wisely may suspect,
 We only this as history embrace,
 But else in faith as fabulous neglect.

(i) Comester in Exod.

(k) Tetrageimaton.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

God drowns th' Egyptians in his ire,
Doth march before his host in fire,
From the hard rocks strikes gushing springs,
Rains quails and manna, conquers kings,
And fearful plagues on them doth try,
For murm'ring and idolatry:
Unto the promis'd land them brought,
When it they forty years had fought;
Balaam to bless them he doth send,
Their good success, mild Moses' end.

Those which at home scorn'd Pharoah and his
force,
And whose departure he did humbly pray,
He now pursues with his Egyptian horse
And warlike foot to spoil them on the way.
Where his choice people strongly to protect,
The only God of empire and of might,
Before his host his standard doth erect,
A glorious pillar in a field of light,
Which he by day in sable doth unfold,
To dare the sun his ardour to forbear,
By night converts it into flaming gold,
Away the coldness of the same to fear.
Not by Philistia he his force will lead,
Though the far nearer and the happier way,
His men of war a glorious march shall tread
On the vast bowels of the bloody sea.
And sends the winds as couriers forth before
To make them way from Pharoah's power to fly,
And to convey them to a safer shore;
Such is his might that can make oceans dry.
Which by the stroke of that commanding wand,
Shoulder'd the rough seas forcibly together,

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Raised as ramparts by that glorious hand,
(Twixt which they march) that did conduct them
thither.

The surly waves their ruler's will obey'd,
By him made up in this confused mass,
Like as an ambush secretly were laid,
To set on Pharoah as his power should pass.
Which soon with wombs insatiably wide, [power,
Loos'd from their late bounds by th' Almighty's
Came raging in, enclosing every side,
And the Egyptians instantly devour.
The sling, the stiff bow, and the sharpen'd lance,
Floating confus'dly on the waters rude,
They which these weapons lately did advance,
Perish in sight of them that they pursu'd.
Clashing of armours, and the rumor sound
Of the stern billows in contention stood,
Which to the shores do every way rebound,
As doth affright the monsters of the flood.
Death is discern'd triumphantly in arms
On the rough seas his slaughtery to keep,
And his cold self in breath of mortals warms,
Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep.

T t

There might you see a chequer'd ensign swim
 About the body of the envy'd dead,
 Serve for a hearse or coverture to him,
 Ere while did waft it proudly 'bout his head:
 The warlike chariot turn'd upon the back
 With the dead horses in their traces ty'd,
 Drags their fat carcase through the foamy brack
 That drew it late undauntedly in pride.
 There floats the bard steed with his rider drown'd,
 Whose foot in his caparison is cast,
 Who late with sharp spurs did his courser wound,
 Himself now ridden with his strangled beast.
 The waters conquer (without help of hand)
 For them to take for which they never toil,
 And like a quarry cast them on the land,
 As those they slew they left to them to spoil.
 In eighty-eight at Dover that had been,
 To view that navy (like a mighty wood)
 Whose sails swept heaven, might eas'ly there have
 been seen,
 How puissant Pharoah perish'd in the flood.
 What for a conquest strictly they did keep,
 Into the channel presently was pour'd.
 Castilian riches scatter'd on the deep,
 That Spain's long hopes had suddenly devour'd.
 Th' afflicted English rang'd along the strand
 To wait what would this threat'ning power be-
 tide;

Now when the Lord with a victorious hand
 In his high justice scourg'd th' Iberian pride.
 Hence three days march to Mara leads them on,
 Where Sur's wild deserts as the army past
 Seemed as from their presence to have flown,
 The mountains stood so miserably aghast.
 Where, for with drought they hardly are bested,
 And the foul waters bitter as the gall,
 That they should through this wilderness be led
 To thankless murm'ring presently they fall.
 God pointeth Moses to a precious tree,
 Whose med'c'nal branches cast into the lake,
 Of that rare virtue he approv'd to be,
 The waters sweet and delicate to make.
 Not that his hand stands any way in need
 Of mediate means his purposes to bring,
 But that in state his wisdom will proceed
 To shew his power in every little thing.
 Nor metaphysics fully him confine,
 All measuring so immeasurably great,
 That doth in nature every cause combine,
 This All in him so aptly hath reate.
 Which might have learn'd them in this helpless
 case,

With tribulations willingly to meet,
 When men with patience troubles do embrace,
 How oftentimes it makes afflictions sweet.
 And his free bounty fully now they found,
 As they for Mara to mount Sinai made,
 Pitching in Elim in that plenteous ground
 Of pleasant fountains and delicious shade.
 But as at Sur, so they again at Sin,
 Before of thirst, of hunger now complain,
 Wishing they might in Egypt still have been,
 Where never famine all their time did reign.
 When clouds of quails from the Arabian shore
 Upon the camp immediately are sent,

Which came so long and in such marv'lous store,
 That with their flight they smother'd every tent:
 This glads the ev'ning, each unto his rest,
 With souls even sated with these dainty cates,
 And the great goodness of the Lord confest,
 That in like measures each participates.
 The morn strews manna all about the host
 (The meat of Angels) mortals to refresh,
 Candyng the fresh grafs, as the winter's frost,
 Never such bread unto such dainty flesh.
 O Israel pamper'd with this heavenly food,
 Which else to nations earthly he denies,
 To raise thy spirits, to rectify thy blood
 With these so rare celestial purities.
 Then the fat flesh-pots they so much desire,
 Whereon in Egypt gluttoning they fed,
 When they came hungry home from carrying
 mire,

Which only dulness, and gross humours bred.
 Yet in the sweetness and th' abundant store,
 His power not so conclusively exprest,
 But who took most not capable of more
 Than in his Gomer he that gathered least.
 By night corrupting, each day gathering new,
 But for the Sabbath what they did provide,
 That day descended not that heavenly dew,
 That as that day was only sanctify'd.
 Thence through those deserts desolate and dry,
 They reach to Raph'dem where as they should
 pass,

There was not found a fountain far nor nigh,
 Such want of water every where there was.
 Thither the Lord by Moses did them bring,
 His force the faithless Israelites might know,
 For even in the impossiblest thing,
 He most delights his wond'rous might to show.
 Far worse than Mafa is this fruitless soil,
 For there were waters (bitter though they were)
 But here are none, though sought with ne'er such
 toil,

That they from murm'ring longer not forbear.
 Commanding Moses he should take the rod,
 Wherewith in Egypt he such wonders wrought,
 For that most wise, that secret-seeing God
 Saw there were some thus reason'd in their thought,
 The mystery of that miraculous wand
 He did to plagues and fearful things imply,
 That Aaron yet ne'er took it in his hand,
 When work of mercy was achiev'd thereby.
 Therefore bids Moses to his high intent,
 The same to use, they visibly might see,
 That this which erst had been the instrument
 Of justice, so of clemency to be.
 Which with a blow, the cleaves in sunder cracks,
 As with an earthquake violently rent,
 Whence came so strong and rough a cataract,
 That in the stones wore gutters as it went.
 The springs spout forth such plenty, that withal
 Down the slope sides it violently swept,
 So divers ways, so various in the fall,
 Through every cranny the clear water crept.
 In pails, kits, dishes, basons, pinboukes, bowls,
 Their scorched bosoms merrily they baste,
 Until this very hour their thirsty souls
 Never touch'd water of so sweet a taste.

Scarcely suffic'd but in the very neck
 Of this, 'tis bruted by the watchful post,
 That the near-bord'ring envious Amalek
 Was marching towards them with a mighty host.
 When he forth Joshua from the rest doth draw,
 A man selected, of courageous spirit,
 Which Moses with prophetic eye foresaw,
 Should be the man his room that should inherit.
 Commanding him to muster out of hand,
 And draw his forces presently to head,
 Against that proud Amalekite to stand,
 Which in the field a puissant army led.
 Whilst on rock Horeb, with erected hand,
 Bearing the rod up to the glorious sky,
 'Twixt Hur and Aaron, Amram's son doth stand,
 Whilst both the hosts for victory do try.
 When blades are brandish'd, and the fight begun,
 War's thund'ring horror trumpets do proclaim,
 With the reflection of the radiant sun,
 Seems to beholders as a general flame.
 Much courage and dexterity that day
 On either side sufficiently is shown,
 And on the earth full many a soldier lay,
 Thrusting through danger to make good his own.
 Here men might see how many a strenuous guide
 Striveth to make his enemy to bleed,
 Now the fierce vaward, then the rereward ply'd,
 As he perceiveth the battalions need.
 They fight the full day, he the rod upheld,
 But when his strength by long continuing fails,
 Where as before the Israelites had quell'd,
 The adverse proud Amalekite prevails.
 Whilst the two Hebrews provident of harms,
 Setting grave Moses down upon a stone,
 And by their force support his wearied arms,
 Until the foe was lastly overthrown.

Jethro the just, to whom report had told
 Th' achievements wrought by his renowned son,
 That all the world did tributary hold,
 By deeds in Egypt God by him had done:
 This good old man to consummate their joys,
 In happy hour his son is come to see,
 Bringing his wife and his two little boys
 Moses sent back to Midian safe to be:
 Which by this time two proper youths are grown,
 Bred by their grandfire with exceeding care,
 In all the host there hardly could be shown
 That with those boys for beauty could compare.
 Such mirth and feasting as for them was seen,
 For this grave father and this goodly dame,
 Unto this day in Israel had not been,
 Since to kind Joseph righteous Jacob came.
 The day mild Moses scarcely can suffice
 To tell this man the troubles they had past,
 The wonders God had acted in their eyes,
 Since they in Midian kindly parted last.
 Jethro that mark'd the pains that Moses took,
 In rising early, and in resting late,
 That did himself into all causes look,
 And in his person censure each debate:
 This princely priest, a man exceeding wise,
 And long experienc'd in this great affair,
 (For at that time few states or monarchies
 Whose government he could not well declare)

Reproves good Moses in this zealous deed:
 Quoth he, Methinks thou dost not well in this,
 The course wherein I see thou dost proceed
 Trouble to thee and to the people is.
 Appoint out judges, and inferior courts,
 'Twixt the plebeians and thyself to be,
 From them receive those matters by report,
 Speak thou to God, and let them speak to thee;
 In things important be thou still in place,
 In lesser causes leaving them to deal,
 So may you both your quietness embrace,
 By an exact and perfect commonweal.

Now when to Sinai they approached near,
 God calls up Moses to the mount above,
 And all the rest commandeth to forbear,
 Nor from the bounds assign'd them to remove.
 For who the limits loosely did exceed,
 Which were by Moses mark'd them out beneath,
 The Lord had irrevocably decreed
 With darts or stones should surely die the death.
 Where as the people in a wond'rous fright
 (With hearts transfixed even with frozen blood)
 Beheld their leader openly in sight
 Pass to the Lord, where he in glory stood.
 Thunder and lightning led him down the air,
 Trumpets celestial sounding as he came,
 Which struck the people with astounding fear,
 Himself invested in a splendrous flame.
 Sinai before him fearfully doth shake,
 Covered all over in a smould'ring smoke,
 As ready the foundation to forsake,
 On the dread presence of the Lord to look.
 Erect your spirits and lend attentive ear
 To mark at Sinai what to you is said,
 Weak Moses now you shall not simply hear,
 The son of Amram and of Jacobed.
 But he that Adam did imparadise,
 And lent him comfort in his proper blood,
 And saved Noah, that did the ark devise,
 When the old world else perish'd in the flood,
 To righteous Abraham Canaan frankly lent,
 And brought forth Isaac so extremely late,
 Jacob so fair and many children sent,
 And rais'd chaste Joseph to so high estate.
 He whose just hand plagu'd Egypt for your sake,
 That Pharaoh's power so scornfully did mock,
 Why for his people through the sea did make,
 Gave food from heaven, and water from the rock.
 Whilst Moses now in this cloud cover'd hill
 Full forty days his pure abode did make,
 Whilst that great God in his almighty will,
 With him of all his ordinances brake.
 The decalogue from which religion took
 The being; sin and righteousness began
 The different knowledge; and the certain book
 Of testimony betwixt God and man.
 The ceremonial as judicious laws,
 From his high wisdom that receiv'd their ground,
 Not to be alter'd in the smallest clause,
 But as their Maker wond'rously profound.
 The composition of that sacred phane,
 Which as a symbol curiously did shew,
 What all his six days workmanship contain,
 Whose perfect model his own finger drew.

Whose absence thence gave leisure to their lust,
Oppugning Aaron, idols them to frame,
And by their power still strengthen this disgust,
In him denouncing the Almighty's flame.
A gold made god how durst you ever name,
For him so long had led you from the sky,
In sight of Sinai crowned with a flame,
His glory thence residing in your eye?
Such things might melt mortality to see,
That even the very elements did fright,
He that in Egypt had perform'd for thee
What made the world amazed at his might.
'Thy soul transpierced ne'er before thou felt'st,
But like a quarry it even clave thy breast,
Coming from Sinai when as thou beheld'st
Th' elected Israel kneeling to a beast.
Him sense forsook, his sinews strengthless are,
He came so much amazed therewithal,
The stony tables flipp'd him unaware,
That with their own weight brake them in the fall.
Down this proud lump ambitiously he flung,
Into base dust dissolving it with fire,
That since they for variety did long,
They should thereby even surfeit their desire.
And sent the mineral through their hateful throats,
Whence late those horrid blasphemies did fly,
On bestial figures when they fell to doat
In prostitution to idolatry.

Now when this potion that they lately took,
This chymic medicine (their deserved fare)
Upon their beards, and on their bosoms stuck,
He doth their slaughter presently prepare.
What's he himself to Levi could ally
Before this calf not sinfully did fall,
Girds not his broad blade to his sinewy thigh,
When he hears Moses unto arms to call?
Killing not him appointed he should slay,
Though they had slept in either's arms before,
Though in one womb they at one burthen lay,
Yea, when this dead, though that could be no
more?

You whom not Egypt's tyranny could wound,
Nor seas, nor rocks could any thing deny,
That till this day no terror might astound
On the sharp points of your own swords to die?

When Moses now those tables to renew
Of that essential Deity doth merit,
Which from his hands he dissolutely threw
In the deep anguish of his grieved spirit.
When forty days without all nat'ral food,
He on Mount Sinai fixed his abode,
Retaining strength and fervour in his blood,
Rapt with the presence of that glorious God.
Who in his high estate whilst he past by
In the cleft rock that holy man did hide,
Lest he should perish by his radiant eye,
When Moses seeing but his glorious side,
Celestial brightness seized on his face,
That did the wond'ring Israelites amaze,
When he returned from that sovereign place,
His brows encircled with splendid rays;
'That their weak sight beholding of the same,
He after cover'd from the common eyes,
Lest when for answer unto him they came,
The lustful people should idolatry.

Might we those muster'd Israelites admire,
From plains of Sinai mighty Moses led,
Or else to view that opulent desire,
To that rich ark so freely offered,
The marv'lous model of that rarest piece,
Th' engravings, carvings, and embroideries tell,
The cunning work and excellent device
Of neat Aholiah, and Bezaliel.
But we our Moses seriously pursue,
And our strong nerves to his high praise apply,
That through this maze shall guide us as a clew,
And may his virtues absolutely try.
Whose charge being weary of their mighty arms,
And much offended they had march'd so long,
As oft disturbed with their stern alarms,
Suppose by Moses to have suffered wrong.
When with the luggage such as lagg'd behind,
And that were set the carriages to keep,
'Gainst God and Moses grievously repin'd,
Wanting a little sustenance and sleep.
Who with their murmur'd moved in his ire,
That they so soon his providence mistrust,
Down from his full hand flung that forceful fire,
Which in a moment bruise'd their bones to dust.
Other the mutt'ring Israelites among,
When now to Pharan having come so far,
For flesh, fish, fallads, and for fruits do long,
Manna, they say, is not for men of war.
Their glut'nous stomachs loth that heavenly bread,
That with full chargers hunger here relieves,
As by the belly when they strongly fed
On hearty garlic and the flesh of bees.
Mild man, what fearful agony thee vex'd,
When thou thy God unkindly didst upbraid?
How grievously thy suffer'd soul perplex'd,
When thou repin'd the charge on thee was laid?
With God to reason why he should dispose
On thee that burthen heavy to sustain,
As though he did his purposes enclose
Within the limits of man's shallow brain.
To judge so many marching every day,
That all the flesh of forest and of flood,
(When the wild deserts scarcely yield them
way)
Should them suffice for competence of food.
That thou should'st wish that hand so full of dread
Thy ling'ring breath should suddenly expire,
Than that the clamorous multitude should spread
These wicked slanders to incite his ire.
That God to punish whom he still did love,
And in compassion of thy frailties fear,
The spirit he gave thee lastly should remove
To those thy burthen that should after bear.
O wond'rous man! who parallel'd thee ever?
How large a portion diddest thou inherit?
That unto seventy he should it dissever,
Yet all be prophets only with thy spirit?
When, lo, a cloud comes sailing with the wind,
Unto these rebels terrible to see,
That when they now some fearful thing divin'd,
A flight of quails perceived it to be.
A full day's journey round about the host,
Two cubits thickness over all they flew,
That when by Israel he was tempted most,
His glory then most notably to shew,

The greedy people with the very sight
 Are fill'd before they come thereof to taste,
 That with such surfeit gluts their appetite,
 Their queasy stomachs ready are to cast.
 Those that for beef in gluttony did call
 Those the high'st God his powerfulness to try,
 Cloys with the fowl that from the heavens do fall,
 Until they stuff their stomachs by the eye.
 But whilst the flesh betwixt their teeth they chew,
 And suck the fat so delicately sweet,
 (With too much plenty that even fulsome grew
 That lies so common trodden under feet.)
 That God impartial and so rightly just,
 When he had given them more than they desire,
 Duly to punish their insatiate lust,
 Pours down his plagues consuming as his fire.
 And with a strong hand violently strake
 Their blood, distemper'd with luxurious diet,
 That soon the sores in groins and arm-pits brake,
 Thus could the Lord scourge their rebellious riot.
 Aaron and Miriam, all too much it were
 For grief when Moses ready is to die;
 But you whom one womb happily did bear
 'Gainst your mild brother needs must mutiny.
 O unkind Aaron when thou fondly fram'd'st,
 That beast-like idol bowing Israel's knee,
 He then thee begg'd, and those so basely blam'd'st,
 And did divert the judgment due to thee.
 Immodest Miriam, when the hand of might
 Lest thee with loathsome leprosy defil'd,
 Contemn'd and abject in the vilest sight,
 From the great host perpetually exil'd:
 When thou hadst spit the utmost of thy spite,
 And for thy sin this plague on thee was thrown,
 He not forsook thee, but in heavy plight
 Kneeling to God obtain'd thee for his own.
 His wond'rous patience ever was apply'd
 To those on him that causelessly complain,
 Who did with comely carelessness deride
 What happy men should evermore disdain.

When now the spials for the promis'd soil,
 For the twelve tribes that twelve in number went,
 Having discover'd forty days with toil,
 Safely return'd as happily they went:
 Bringing the figs, pomegranates, and the grapes,
 Whose verdurous clusters that with moisture swell,
 Seem by the taste and strangeness of the shapes,
 The place that bare them faithfully to tell:
 That well express'd the nature of the earth,
 So full of liquor and so wond'rous great,
 That from such wished fruitfulness in birth,
 Suck'd the sweet marrow of a plenteous teat.
 But whilst they stand attentively to hear
 The sundry soils wherein they late had been,
 Telling what giants did inhabit there,
 What towns of war that walled they had seen.
 Of Anack's offspring when they came to tell,
 And their huge stature when they let them see,
 And of their shapes so terrible and fell,
 Which were suppos'd the Titanois to be;
 Their hearts sunk down, and though the fruits
 they saw

By their rare beauty might allure their eyes,
 Yet this report their coward souls did awe,
 And so much daunt the forward enterprise,

That they their God do utterly refuse,
 Against just Moses openly exclaim,
 And were in hand a captain them to choose
 To guide them back to Goshen whence they came.
 Not at the dread of the Egyptian days,
 What by mild Moses he to pass had brought,
 Nor seen by him done at the purple seas,
 On their vile minds a higher temper wrought.
 Whom when of God he begg'd with bloody eyes,
 And against heaven did obstinately strive,
 Obtain'd so hardly their immunities,
 Whose sin seem'd greater than he could forgive.
 Caleb and Joshua, you courageous men,
 When bats and stones against your breasts were
 laid,

Oppose yourselves against the other ten,
 That expedition basely that dissuade.

Quoth they, To conquer as he did before
 No more than men, what praise his puissance yields,
 But he whose force the very rocks did gore,
 Can with the same hand cleave their brazen shields.
 He that foresaw that this should be our seat,
 And only knew the goodness of the same,
 Possess'd the place with those that were so great
 For us to keep it safely till we came.
 For which the Lord did vow that not a man
 At Sinai muster'd, where such numbers were,
 Should live to come to fruitful Canaan,
 Only those two so well themselves that bear.
 And for the baseness of those recreant spies,
 Whose melting minds this impious slander bred,
 And the vile people's incredulities,
 In that their God so strongly promised.
 For forty days discovery of the land,
 They forty years in wilderness shall waste,
 Consum'd with plagues from his impetuous hand,
 Until that age be absolutely past.
 Which scarcely spoke, but quickly took effect,
 For those so cold, and cowardly before,
 Hearing the censure of their base neglect,
 To make his vengeance and their sin the more.
 Ent'ring the land which Moses them denies,
 Their desp'rate will no better can afford,
 Offering those lives they did so lightly prize
 Unto the vengeance of the heath'nish sword.
 And in the host new factions daily grew,
 When Choran, Dathan, and Abiram rise,
 Two hundred men of special note that drew,
 Whose strength gave power to their confederacies.
 But the vast earth incontinently clave,
 And on the sudden hurried them to hell;
 With the shrill scream the shrieking people gave,
 The fainting host into a fever fell:
 The rest of the conspirators were left
 (From the first's fall enforcing their retire,
 Of all the succours of the host bereft)
 Consum'd to ashes with heaven's violent fire
 And those th' abettors of this vile attempt
 That did mild Moses cruelly pursue,
 From th' other's sin that could not be exempt,
 Them with the dreadful pestilence he slew.
 That had not Aaron when all hope was fled,
 With holy incense their atonement wrought,
 Thrusting himself 'twixt the living and the dead,
 All had to ruin utterly been brought.

Where fourteen thousand and seven hundred sunk
Under the burden of their odious sin,
Which now was wax'd so insufferably rank,
It was high time his vengeance should begin.

When after this so terrible a thing,
Now that triumphant and miraculous wand
Brings forth ripe almonds, strongly witnessing
In Levi's tribe the priesthood still to stand.
With leaves and blossoms bravely it doth flourish,
Some budding, some as instantly but blown.
As when the same the natural rind did nourish,
For Moses' sake such miracles were shewn.
Forward to Cadesh they their journey cast,
Where the good Miriam makes her latest hour,
Miriam the fair, the excellent, the chaste,
Miriam that was of womanhood the flower,
Here bids her brothers lovingly adieu,
Who at her parting kifs her closing eyes,
Whose wond'rous loss sufficiently to rue,
More is the grief that tears cannot suffice.
Moist are their eyes, their lips are shrunk with heat,
Their grief within, as outward it appears,
Their want of water in that place as great,
As it to them is plentiful of tears.
They at one instant mutiny and mourn,
Sorrows creep confusedly together,
The tears for her incontinent they turn
To words 'gainst Moses that did guide them thi-
ther.

Who from the rock struck water with the wand,
That man and beast might plenteously maintain,
But he from rocks that fountains can command,
Cannot yet stay the fountains of his brain.
Much woe for Miriam these good men did make
Whilst there were two that might bewail this one,
But two departing for their mutual sake,
Moses remains to mourn himself alone,
Aaron the ancient'st of Hebrew line,
Replete with natural comeliness and grace,
(God-like so far as man might be divine)
Endeth his days in this predestin'd place.
Which being forewarned to await his end,
And here the fate foretelling him to die,
That the good hour doth only now attend,
Will'd to ascend the mountain (being nigh.)
With Eleazar his dear child he goes,
Led by mild Moses as the Lord decreed,
To his lov'd son his garments to dispose,
Him in the priesthood 'pointed to succeed.
When turning back to bid them all adieu,
Who look'd as fast to bid this lord farewell.
Fountains of late so fast from rocks ne'er flew,
As the salt drops down their sad bosoms fell.
Nor the obdurate'st, nor the stoniest hearts,
That in deep sorrow melting here forbears,
Those to whom nature not those drops imparts,
Spent what in sighs, the other did in tears.
Sated with sobs, but hungry with his sight,
Their wat'ry eyes him earnestly pursue,
When to discern him they no longer might,
Where their sighs ends, their sorrows do renew.
Com'n to the top, to the appointed place,
His son in all his ornaments invested,
Which the good Aaron meekly doth embrace,
And unto him his offices bequested.

When they the time no longer could adjourn,
After embraces and a flood of woes,
(Which when one ceas'd the other took his turn)
From either's eyes that on the other flows.
Now at the last point, at the gasp of death,
He whom the whole world hath but such another,
Gives up his latest, his most blessed breath,
In the dear arms of his beloved brother :
So wisely worketh that eternal being
By the still changes of their varying state,
(As to the end through the beginning seeing)
To build the frame of unavowed fate.
When those given up to their lascivious wills,
Themselves in Midian wantonness that waste,
Whose fleshly knowledge sip'd those sugar'd ills,
Twenty-four thousand slaughtered at the last.
Of all those that in Sinai number'd are,
I' th' plains of Moab muster'd then again,
Wasted by time, fire, pestilence, and war,
Those promis'd two, and Moses did remain.

The time expir'd that they for Aaron mourn'd,
New conquest now, new comfort them doth bring,
Their former hope successively return'd,
That seem'd before so sadly languishing.
When they the glorious victory obtain
The plains of Horma scatter'd all with shields,
Where Arad and his Canaanites are slain,
Not the least fight of many glorious fields.
With Sehon's slaughter seconded again,
And Og's great fall of a gigantic strength,
Whose bed of iron fashion'd to contain
In breadth four cubits, doubling it in length :
The living remnant of the mighty race
Of big-bon'd Anack terrible and dread,
Which long time bat'ning in that fertile place,
Grew like the fat soil wherein they were bred.
Not poets fictions of the Phlægian fields,
Where as the giants up to heaven would climb,
Heaping on mountains not such wonder yields,
As did the man that lived in that time.
And five proud kings fell in their recreant flight,
Before arm'd Israel on the Midian plain,
Zur, Hur, and Eni, men of wonders might,
Reba and Rekem valiantly slain.
And as his strength crush'd mighty kings to dust,
And cleft the helms that thunder proof were
thought, [lust,
That hand that help'd them scourg'd their impious
When his high judgment to pervert they sought.
And sent those serpents (with their fiery stings,)
With inflammations that their flesh did swell,
Sharply to scourge their trustless murmurings,
That still in infidelity did dwell.
Rare in this creature was his wond'rous might,
That should effect the nature of the fire,
Yet to recure the sorance by the sight,
Sickness might seem the remedy t' admire.
Only by metal miracles to work, [heal,
That serpent's shape, the serpent's hurt should
To shew in him the mysteries that lurk,
And being so strange, as strangely doth reveal,
That the forg'd figure of so vile a thing
Should the disease so presently remove,
Only by th' eye a remedy to bring,
Deep searching magic leaveth to approve.

As Balaam's beast did Balak's haste delay,
 And the full purpose of the prophet brake,
 When he beheld the angel by the way,
 Burst out from beast, and to his master spake :
 Whose execration able to astound
 The sun, when he his summer's height did boast,
 And with a word could instantly confound
 The world, were it a congregated host.
 He whose wise lips could oracles compile,
 And judgments irrevocable did pass,
 Should be confounded by the thing most vile,
 By that base creature, the dull worthless ass,
 Ruling his mouth as with a rider's bit,
 Bidden by Balaack to denounce their fall :
 Doth all his dreadful menaces acquit,
 Sounding their blessing and their enemies fall.
 When this mild man that only did remain,
 Of those from Egypt that the Lord did bring,
 Which he in justice sundry ways had slain,
 For their false worship and their murmuring.
 Since he remits at Meriba was prov'd
 And there his zeal not ardently exprest,
 The Lord did swear (though him he dearly lov'd)
 He should not come to Canaan as the rest.
 And now approaching Abaris, the place
 From whence he might that promis'd country see,
 (So much the Lord good Moses pleas'd to grace)
 But there his days must consummated be.
 When this great prophet zealously had blest'd
 Each sever'd tribe with a particular good,
 Whose parting them with sorrow so oppress'd,
 That shedding tears, their eyes shed drops of
 blood.
 To Nebo seated admirably high,
 (The spirit prepares him safely to retire)
 Which thrusts his head into the cloudy sky,
 Pisga so proudly thither dare aspire.
 Pisga the height of Abaris, and this
 The height of Pisga over all doth stand,
 That as the eye of mighty Abaris
 Surveyeth the imparalleled land.
 Where goodly Gilead unto him he shews
 As far as ever he could look to Dan.
 The length and breadth how every way it goes,
 Till her brow kiss the calm Mediterian.

Where the sweet South lays forth her swelling
 breast.

With a pleas'd eye he silently survey'd,
 To that fair city whose high towers do rest
 Under the palm trees most delicious shade.
 When this meek man approaching to his death,
 In death ev'n pleas'd fair Canaan to behold,
 Whilst he had use of his expiring breath,
 Thus his last farewell mildly doth enfold.
 Israel (quoth he) dear Israel now adieu,
 Moses no more is, that your leader was,
 Joshua and Caleb, none but only you,
 Of the last age must over Jordan pass.
 Th' Egyptian horrors yet 'twas I did see,
 And through those strange calamities did wade,
 And Israel's charge imposed was on me,
 When they (but then) had scarcely learn'd to dade.
 Forty-two journies have I straitly pass'd
 Since first this glorious pilgrimage begun,
 In wrath or mercy where as first or last,
 Some wond'rous thing hath happily been done.
 M' immortal Maker that so oft have seen
 (That God of wonder) these complaints not boot,
 In yonder fields so delicate and green,
 That may not set my miserable foot.
 Thus leaning back against the rising cleave,
 Raising his faint hands to the hopeful skies,
 Meek as the morning never seen to strive,
 Great'st of the prophets, the good Moses dies.
 An hundred twenty hardly pass'd years,
 His natural vigour no whit did assuage,
 His eyes as bright, his body then appears
 As in the height and summer of his age.
 Who being dissolv'd, the angels did inter
 Near to Bethpeor in the vallied ground,
 But yet so secret kept his sepulchre
 That it by mortal never should be found.
 Lest that his people (if the place were known)
 Seeing by him the miracles were done,
 That ever to idolatry were prone,
 Unto his bones a worshipping should run.
 One that God grac'd so many sundry ways,
 No former age hath mentioned to be,
 Arrived at the period of his days.
 The future time in Israel shall not see.

T t iij

DAVID AND GOLIAH.

OUR sacred Muse of Israel's finger sings,
'That heavenly harper, whose harmonious strings
Expell'd that evil spirit which Saul possess'd,
And of his torments often him releas'd ;
'That princely prophet, David, whose high lays,
Immortal God, are trumpets of thy praise,
'Thou Lord of hosts be helping then to me,
'To sing of him who hath so sung of thee.

What time great Saul, after so bloody fights,
Return'd a victor of th' Amalekites,
(Two hundred and ten thousand men at arms
Under his conduct) had reveng'd the harms
Done to God's chosen people, when as they
Came back from Egypt, troubled on their way ;
Saul with their blood had now manur'd the
plains,

Leading king Agag, as a slave, in chains :
But for that Saul this Agag's blood had spar'd,
And 'gainst the will of the Almighty dar'd.
'To save that man he should have put to sword,
For disobeying the Almighty's word,
Their larded fatlings keeping for a prey,
Which he commanded to be made away :
For which the living God displeas'd, swore
'To holy Samuel, Saul should reign no more ;
Samuel, God's prophet, by whose holy hand
The oil was pour'd, by his divine command,
Upon the head of comely Saul when he
Was chosen over Israel to be :

But for that place another God had 'pointed,
Which should by Samuel likewise be anointed :
And this was David his most dear delight,
The son of Jesse the just Bethlehemite.

Meanwhile this youth like a poor shepherd clad,
(Of whom such care the God of Israel had)
His father's flock was following day by day
Upon a desert near at hand that lay :
Whose wealthy fleeces and fat bodies he
From ravenous vermin hourly us'd to free,
His only arms his sling and sheephook were,
Other than those he had not us'd to bear ;
With these a wolf oft coming from the wood,
Or subtle fox, that forag'd for his food,
He quickly slew ; or if a bear, oppress'd
With cruel hunger, happen'd to molest
His feeding flocks, he with such bangs him ply'd,
That with the prey even in his teeth he dy'd ;

Or if a lion, as his fair flock graz'd,
Hapt to assail it, he no whit amaz'd
At his stern roaring, when his clutches caught
At this brave shepherd, but such blows him
wrought,

Till by the beard that kingly beast he shook,
And from his jaws the trembling wether took ;
And if it chanc'd that sometime from the air
An eagle stoop'd a lamb away to bear,
He with a stone that from a sling he threw,
Down from the clouds would fetch her as she flew.

His curled tresses on his shoulders hung,
To which the dews at morn and eve so clung,
To the beholders that they did appear
As nature threaded pearl with every hair :
The bees and wasps, in wildernesses wild,
Have with his beauties often been beguil'd,
Roses and lilies thinking they had seen,
But finding there they have deceived been,
Play with his eyes, which them that comfort bring,
That those two suns would shortly get a spring ;
His lips in their pure coral liveries mock
A row of pales cut from a crystal rock,
Which flood within them, all of equal height ;
From top to toe each limb so clean and straight,
By every joint of his that one might try,
Or give true laws to perfect symmetry ;
The vermin oft his sheep that would surprise
Became so charm'd with th' splendour of his eyes,
That they forgot their ravine, and have lain
Down by his flocks, as they would glad and fain
Keep them from others that on them would prey,
Or 'tend upon them, that they should not stray.
Whether in cotes he had his flock in hold,
Or for the fallows kept him in the fold,
He was not idle, though not taking pains,
Celestial lyrics singing to the swains,
And often sitting in the silent shade,
When his fair flock to rest themselves were laid,
On his lyre tuned such harmonious lays,
That the birds perch'd upon the tender sprays,
Mad at his music, strain themselves so much
To imitate th' inimitable touch, [ground,
Breaking their hearts, that they have dropt to
And dy'd for grief in malicing the sound.
Sometimes a stag he with his sling would slay,
Or with his sheephook kill a boar at bay,

Or run a roe so long (he was so fleet)
 'Till it lay trembling, breathless, at his feet.
 Sometimes again he practised a fight,
 That from the desert should a dragon light
 Upon his sheep, the serpent to assail,
 How by clear skill through courage to prevail.
 Then with a small stone thrown out of his sling
 To hit a swallow on her height of wing.
 And home at night when they their sheep should
 drive,

The sluggish shepherds lastly to revive,
 He took his harp so excellently strung,
 In a broad bauldric at his back that hung,
 And on the same stroke such melodious strains,
 That from the coverts of the neighbouring plains
 The echoes wak'd with sweetness of his notes,
 Which each to other diligently rotes
 And thus his time the Lord's beloved past,
 Till God to Samuel calling at the last:

Samuel, faith he, to Bethlehem take thy way,
 To Jesse's house, and to that old man say,
 Out of his loins that I will choose a king;
 And when his sons before thee he shall bring,
 Choose out that man that I shall thee appoint,
 With sacred oil, and see thou him anoint;
 For of them all, he's known to me right well
 The first to guide my people Israel.

Samuel replies, My God, if Saul should know
 Upon what business I to Bethlehem go,
 Except my blood him nothing will suffice.
 Take thou a heifer, God again replies,
 And give it out thou purposely dost go
 To sacrifice. As God doth counsel, so
 The holy prophet acts, and coming thither,
 The noblest of the people get together,
 Doubting the Lord had angry with them been,
 And had sent Samuel to reprove their sin.
 But peace to all, the holy prophet cries,
 And then preparing to the sacrifice:
 The rites perform'd, he bids old Jesse bring
 His sons before him whilst the offering
 Smok'd on the altars (and the elders there
 Stood round about with reverence and fear)
 For in his household he a king must choose.
 Jesse who might not God's command refuse,
 Calls Eliab out for Samuel to see,
 Who at the first thought surely this was he,
 Till God to Samuel said, Do not deceive
 Thyself, weak man, but thy election leave,
 Thou canst not see the soul of man, as I
 Who search the heart, and every thought can try.
 His second son Abinadab then came,
 But this not he that Samuel must name;
 Then calls he Shamma his third son, but yet
 This was not he the Almighty's turn must fit;
 He calls for more till he had counted seven,
 To none of these yet must the oil be given:
 Before the prophet brother stood by brother,
 A twelvemonth's growth just one before another;
 Like seven brave blossom'd plants, that in the spring
 Nature prepar'd such goodly fruit to bring:
 So comely all, that none in them could read
 Which one of them should any one exceed;
 If he excell'd for loveliness of face,
 Another for his person and his grace

Match'd him at full, as nature meant to shew
 Her equal bounties how she could bestow.
 There he beholds one brother tall and straight,
 Another that was wanting of his height,
 For his complexion and his curious shape
 Well-near outwent him; nature let not 'scape
 Ought she could do, in them each limb to fit
 To grace the other that was next to it.
 When Samuel asks if these were all he had,
 Jesse replies, Only his youngest lad
 That in the desert on his flocks doth 'tend.
 Samuel commands away for him to send,
 For till he came he vow'd he would not sit,
 Out of the place nor would he stir a whit.

Before grave Samuel David soon is brought,
 Upon the prophet which most strongly wrought,
 When he beheld him beautiful and tall,
 Of goodly presence, and well-shap'd withal;
 His cheek a mixture of such red and white,
 As well with wonder might attract the sight;
 A sprightly aspect, and so clear an eye,
 As shot a lightning at the standers-by,
 His every gesture seen in it to bring
 The majesty that might besit a king;
 All those rare parts that in his brothers were
 Epitomiz'd, at large in him appear;
 And (in his ear) God doth the prophet tell,
 This David shall be king of Israel.

Whom with the sacred oil (instead of Saul)
 Samuel anointed there before them all:
 Which having done, to Rama takes his way,
 Lest Saul for him the country should forelay.

When kingly David, of his own accord,
 Though he were then th' anointed of the Lord,
 And though his shephook might his sceptre be,
 This holy youth so humble is, that he
 Will back to th' fields his father's flock to keep,
 And make his subjects (for a while) his sheep.

The powerful spirit of God redoubled grew
 Daily in David, and his fame now flew
 O'er all the region, how he was belov'd
 Of God's high prophet, and by him approv'd;
 Field, town, and city with his name do ring;
 The tender virgins to their timbrels sing
 Ditties of him; and in their rural plays
 The homely shepherds in their roundelays
 Record his acts, and build him shady bowers;
 The maidens make him anadems of flowers;
 And to what sport himself he doth apply,
 Let's follow David, all the people cry.

An evil spirit then sent by God possess'd
 Enraged Saul, so grievously oppress'd
 With melancholy, that it craz'd his wits,
 And falling then into outrageous fits,
 With cramps, with stitches, and convulsions
 rack'd,

That in his pangs he oft was like to act
 His rage upon himself, so raving mad,
 And soon again disconsolate and sad;
 Then with the throbs of his impatient heart,
 His eyes were like out of his head to start,
 Foams at his mouth, and often in his pain
 O'er all his court is heard to roar again:
 As the strong spirit doth punish or doth spare,
 Even so his fits or great or lesser are,

That Israël now doth generally lament
 Upon their king God's grievous punishment,
 When some who saw this spirit possessing Saul,
 Amongst themselves a council quickly call,
 To search if there might remedy be found
 For this possession, each man doth propound
 His thoughts of curing, as by physic some,
 Each man speaks what into his mind doth come;
 But some whose souls were ravished more high,
 Whose composition was all harmony,
 Of th' angels nature and did more partake,
 By which as seers prophetically they spake;
 (With holy magic for some spirits inspir'd
 Which by a clear divinity are fir'd,
 And sharpen'd so, each depth and height to try,
 That from their reach and visibility
 Nature no secrets shuts, and heaven reveals
 Those things which else from reason it conceals)
 Those men conclude the spirit that thus had
 harm'd

Their sovereign Saul, with music must be charm'd.
 And having heard of Israël's dear delight,
 Beloved David, the brave Bethlemite,
 What wond'rous things by music he had done,
 How he fierce tygers to his hand had won,
 Had laid the lion and the bear to sleep,
 And put such spirit into his silly sheep
 By his high strains, as that they durst oppose
 The wolf and fox, their most inveterate foes:
 Of this musician they inform the king,
 And all assure him, there was no such thing
 For him as music, and this man was he
 That his physician in this kind must be.

When Saul dispatch'd his messengers away
 To aged Jesse, that without delay
 His young'st son David should to court be sent:
 The speedy post relating the intent
 To the old man; who in his heart was glad,
 For at the first he great suspicion had.
 That angry Saul might else have been acquainted,
 By Samuel's hand his son had been anointed,
 And therefore caus'd David to be sought,
 As of his death he direly had forethought.

The good old man enjoy'd with this good news,
 Calls home his darling from his teeming ewes,
 And to the care of Israël's God commends
 His loved boy, and kindly by him sends
 Of bread and wine a present to the king.
 They him no sooner to Saul's presence bring,
 But David's beauty so extremely took
 The doting king, that in each glance or look
 He thought he saw high valour mixt with truth,
 And near his person takes the lovely youth;
 And who but David then with mighty Saul,
 His only favourite is, his all in all?

Nor long it is e'er Saul the spirit doth feel
 To stir within him, and begins to reel,
 And suddenly into a trance he falls,
 And with his hands lies grasping at the walls,
 When David takes his well-tun'd harp in hand,
 By which the spirit he meaneth to command;
 His quavering fingers he doth now advance
 Above the trembling strings, which 'gin to dance
 At his most clear touch, and the winged sound
 About the spacious room began to bound;

The airs flew high, and every dainty strain
 Betters the former, which doth so detain
 The ears of those stood by, that they heard not
 Saul's sad complaints, and instantly forgot
 To list or stir him, and the standers-by
 Were so intranced with the melody,
 That to a holy madness some it brought,
 Others again to prophecy it wrought.
 The wiry chords now shake so wond'rous clear
 As one might think an angel's voice to hear
 From every quaver, or some spirit had pent
 Itself of purpose in the instrument;
 The harmony of the untuned 'st strings
 Torments the spirit which so torments the king,
 Who as he faintly, or he strongly groans,
 This brave musician altereth so his tones,
 With sounds so soft, as like themselves to smother,
 Then like loud echoes answering one the other:
 Then makes the spirit to shift from place to place,
 Still following him with a full diapense.
 Thus day by day as th' evil spirit oppress'd
 Diseased Saul, David himself address'd,
 T' await the hours before the king to play,
 Until he made th' unruly fiend obey
 The force of music, more than that to fear
 But the least sound of David's harp to hear.

When now the king by David's cunning cur'd,
 Old Jesse's son who thought he had endur'd
 Restraint too long, gets leave of Saul to go
 To Bethlehem back (God's holy will was so)
 He rather chose to view his well-shorn sheep,
 His yeaving ewes, and late-fall'n lambs to keep,
 Than on a bed of silk himself repose,
 And the delights of the fresh fields to lose.

When now Philista horribly enrag'd,
 With God's own people had itself engag'd,
 With a revengeful deadly hand to smite
 The still-preserv'd oft-troubled Israelite,
 Who had in battle many times before
 Upon the earth spilt her unhallow'd gore.
 Grim-visag'd war more sternly doth awake
 Than it was wont, and furiously doth shake
 Her lightning sword, intruding with the force
 Of men of war, both skilful foot and horse.
 Two mighty nations are now up in arms,
 And to both sides the soldiers come in swarms:
 The fields with ensigns, as 'twere flowers, are
 deck'd,

Which their refulgence every way reflect
 Upon the mountains and the vallies nigh,
 And with their splendor seem to court the sky,
 Two mighty armies on the plain appear,
 These Israelites, and those Philistines were;
 Their great commanders, proved men of war,
 Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
 To order fights as they occasion found
 T' offend the foe, by sitting with the ground,
 Which chosen Israël's infantry doth call,
 In this defensive war to follow Saul.
 And aged Jesse faithfully to shew
 His love to Saul and Israël he doth owe,
 His eldest three into the army sent,
 That to the field, as well appointed, went,
 As on their bravery they that bare them most,
 Nor was there in the Israelitish host

Three goodlier men, especially when they
Were in their arms, the most unclouded day
That ever shone, took not with such delight
The glad beholders, as the wond'ring sight
Of these brave youths, still as they marched by

Now in the fields the mighty armies lie
On the wide champaign, each in other's sight;
But as the trumpets shout them out to fight,
From the Philistines host a giant came,
Whose splend'rous arms shone like a mighty flame,
Against the sun; Goliath nam'd of Gath;
The only champion that Philista hath:
This huge Colossus, than six cubits height
More by a handful; and his ponderous weight,
Wherefoe'er he made but any little stay,
Shew'd that his breadth it answer'd every way:
Never such might in mortal man there was,
From head to foot at all points arm'd with brass;
Five thousand shekels his prov'd cuirass weigh'd,
Upon whose temper wond'rous cost was laid:
His shield and harness well might load a team,
His lance as big as any weaver's beam;
Whose very pile upon the poise contain'd
A hundred shekels, he a less disdain'd:
His brows like two steep penthouses hung down
Over his eye-lids, and his angry frown
Was like a cloud, when it like pitch appears,
And some stern tempest in its bosom bears;
His voice was hoarse, and hollow, yet so strong,
As when you hear the murmuring of a throng
In some vast arched hall, or like as when
A lordly lion anger'd in his den
Grumbles within the earth, such his resembled,
That when he spake, th' affrighted hearers trembled:
His 'squire before him marching to the field,
Who for this champion bare a second shield.

Upon two easy hills the armies lay,
A valley 'twixt them in the middle way;
Into the midst of which Goliath came,
And thus doth to the Israelites proclaim:
If there be found in all your host, quoth he,
A man so valiant, that dare fight with me,
If I shall fall under his mighty sword,
Israel shall then be the Philistines lord:
But if by my puissance shall prevail
Over your champion, that shall me assail.
Then as our slaves, of you we will dispose;
And use at pleasure as our conquer'd foes:
For he that's god of the Philistines boasts
Himself more powerful than your Lord of hosts.
Which challenge thus not only troubled Saul,
But bred amazement through the host in all.
For forty days thus us'd he forth to go,
Off'ring by combat to decide it so.

Old Jesse now desiring much to hear
Of his three sons, in what estate they were,
Doubting lest they some needful things might want,
As in the army victuals might grow scant,
Wherefore he calls young David from his sheep,
And to another gives his charge to keep.
My boy, quoth he, haste to the camp and see
In what estate my sons your brothers be:
Bear them parch'd corn, and cakes, though home-
ly food,
Yet simple cates may do poor soldiers good:

And to the general ten fine cheefes bear,
Such in the camp are not found every where:
And if for need t' have pawn'd ought of esteem,
Take money with you and their pledge redeem.
David, make haste, for I desire to know
'Twixt the two puissant hosts how business go.

No marvel David in his heart was glad
That he such cause to view the armies had:
From his brave thoughts, and to himself he told
The wond'rous things that he should there be-
hold;

The rare devices by great captains worn,
The five-fold plumes their helmets that adorn;
Armours with stones and curious studs enrich'd,
And in what state they their pavilions pitch'd;
There should he see their marshalling a war,
Th' iron bound chariot, and the armed car:
As where consisted either army's force,
Which had advantage by their foot or horse:
The several weapons either nation bear,
The long sword, bow, the pole-axe and the spear:
There the Philistian gallantry and then
His Israel's bravery answering them again:
And hear them tell th' adventures had been done,
As what brave man had greatest honour won.

David bestirs him presently, and packs
Up his provision, puts it into sacks,
And by his servant on his mule doth lay,
Then tow'rd's Saul's army takes the ready way:
And his no tedious journey so contrives,
That in short time he at the camp arrives;
And at his coming, instantly bestows
His needful provant to the charge of those
That tend the carriage, and of them doth learn
(As near as he could make them to discern
By his description) Jesse's sons, who led,
And in the army where they quartered:
By whose direction he his brothers sought,
And told them what provision he had brought:
And to all three their father's pleasure shew'd,
And how the cheefes he would have bestow'd.
As they were talking, suddenly a noise
Ran through the army, and the general voice.
Was the Philistine, the Philistine see,
Goliath comes, ordain'd our scourge to be;
Who as his used manner was, defies
The host of Israel, and thus loudly cries,
Bring down your champion, that with me dare
fight,

And this our war shall be decided straight:
But Israel's God for fear draws back his hand,
Nor is there one against me that dare stand.

Which David hearing, his young blood doth
rise,

And fire was seen to sparkle from his eyes:
His spirits begin to startle, and his rage
Admits no reason that may it assuage:
No nerve of his, but to itself doth take
A double strength, as though his arm could shake
The iron lance that great Goliath bears,
And beat his brazen shield about his ears.
His struggling thoughts now being set a-work,
Awake that flame, which lately seem'd to lurk
In his meek breast, which into passion breaks,
And to himself thus princely David speaks.

Despised nation, Israel, quoth he,
Where be those valiant men that liv'd in thee?
What! are our souls in lesser moulds now cast,
Than at the first, with time or do they waste?
What flaved people, but we can stand by,
And hear this base Philistian dog defy
God and his people! must he stand to boast
His strength and valour, and in all the host
No man dare undertake him! might I prove
My manhood on him, I should soon remove
The world's opinion, and both hosts should know
He's but a dog on us that railleth so.

And to one standing near him thus he spake,
Of this huge beast what wonder do you make!
What shall be done to that one man that shall
Fight with this giant, and before ye all,
His pride and horrid blasphemies shall quell,
And take this shame away from Israel?
When one that heard him, quickly thus replies,
He by whose hand this huge Goliath dies,
For wife to him Saul's daughter shall be given,
One of the goodliest creatures under heaven;
And yet this further his reward shall be,
His father's house in Israel shall go free.

With this yet David closeth not his ear,
But of some others likewise doth inquire
For his reward, the giant that should slay,
The former's words, which like a lesson say,
None of them thinking, this yet scarcely man
Should strike to death the proud Philistian.

His brother Eliab, now which over-heard
Young David's questions, and was much afraid
His over-daring spirit might draw him on
To work their shame, and his confusion,
Thinks with himself, it greatly him behoves
To check his boldness, and him thus reproves:
Fond boy, quoth he, why stand'st thou to inquire
After these things? thy business lies not here:
I would not (sure) but you the camp should view!
A sheep cote, sir, would better suit with you:
Who have you left after your flock to look?
Your scrip (no question) or your shepherd's crook.
Sirrah, my father sent you not to us,
About the army to lie loitering thus:
I think 'tis time to get you on your way,
Our father thinks that we enforce your stay.

At Eliab's speeches David somewhat mov'd,
To hear himself thus scornfully reprov'd:
Brother, quoth he, few words might have suf-
fic'd,

Had you but known how lightly they are priz'd
Of me, these speeches you would have forborne,
Upon some other and have spent your scorn.
I come to view the camp, you say; 'tis so,
And I will view it better e'er I go.
Why may not I, as well as other men?
I'll go when I shall please, and not till then:
When time may me more liberty allow,
I may bear arms perhaps as you do now:
Look to your warfare, and what is your own,
Good brother Eliab, and let me alone:
For of myself I know how to dispose.
And thus away resolved David goes.
And as he went, still as he hears the cry
After Goliath, still more high and high,

His spirit is mounted, and his oft demand,
What his reward should be, whose valiant hand
Should kill Goliath, through the army went,
And was the common talk in every tent,
(But in the most bred fundry doubts and fears,
When as they weigh'd his tenderness of years)
Until his fame, by going getting strength,
In Saul's pavilion is cry'd up at length:
Who with much speed sent out to have him
sought,

And to his presence caus'd him to be brought.
Who with a constant and delightful cheer,
Comes to the king, and doth to him appear
With such a sprightly, and majestic grace,
As victory were written in his face:
And being by Saul demanded if 'twere he,
That Israel's champion undertook to be;
He with a meek smile, boldly doth reply,
I am the man, my sovereign, 'tis even I:
My liege, quoth he, be not at all dismay'd,
Nor let God's chosen Israel be afraid;
This mighty monster in the people's sight,
So terrible, whose shape doth so affright
The multitude, I do no more esteem
Than if a dwarf, nor he to me doth seem
But such a thing; my only envy's this,
That he is not much greater than he is:
The more his strength, the more his fall will be,
And Israel's God more glorify'd in me.

Quoth Saul again, Thou art of tender age,
And in respect of him a very page;
Beside the other arms that he doth bear,
Thou art not able to lift half his spear:
If he strike at thee and thy body miss,
Yet on his side there this advantage is,
The wind of his huge weapon hath the force
To drive the breath out of thy slender corse:
And this vast man, besides his wond'rous might,
No man as he so skilful is in fight;
Expert in all to duels that belong,
Train'd up in arms whilst yet he was but young.

The better; answer'd David, if his skill
Equal his strength; for what is it to kill
A common man? a common thing it were,
Which happeneth every day, and every where;
But for a giant, such a one as he,
Upon the field to be subdu'd by me,
This to all nations shall be thought a thing
Worthy of Israel's God, and Israel's king.
I have slain a lion and a bear, quoth he,
And what is this uncircumcis'd to me
More than a beast? That only God of might,
By whose great power I conquer'd these in fight,
In spite of human strength and greatness, can
Give to my hands this proud Philistian.

When Saul thus sees that there was in his soul
That courage which no danger could controul,
A valour so invincible and high,
As naturally enabled him to fly
Above all thought of peril, and to bear
Him quite away beyond the bounds of fear;
He caus'd an armour for him to be brought,
But first of all a garment richly wrought
He puts upon the brave youth, and then bade
That in those goodly arms he should be clad;

Which put upon him, as to stir he strives,
 He thinks himself in manacle and gives,
 Their ponderousness him to the earth doth press,
 These arms do make his activeness far less;
 For he before had not been us'd to these,
 Nor him at all their boist'rousness can please,
 His gorget gall'd his neck, his chin beneath,
 And most extremely hinder'd him to breathe,
 His cuirass fit too close upon his side,
 He in no hand his helmet can abide,
 It is so heavy, and his temples wrings,
 His pouldrons pinch him, and be cumb'rous things,

His gauntlets clumsy, and do wring his wrists,
 And be so stiff he cannot clutch his fists:
 His guses they so strong and stubborn be,
 That for his life he cannot bend his knee;
 He knew not how to bear his brazen shield,
 Such weapons shepherds were not us'd to wield,
 Their weight and their unwieldiness was such,
 And they restrain'd his nimbleness so much,
 That he pray'd Saul of these he might be freed,
 It is not armour that must do the deed,
 Let me alone, saith he, and I'll provide
 Myself of arms, this quarrel to decide.

When forth he goes, shot for his sling to look,
 And near the camp he finds a purling brook,
 Whose shallow sides with pebbles did abound,
 Where seeking such as massy were and round,
 He picks out five, away with him to bring,
 Such as he knew would fit his trusty sling,
 And in his scrip them closely doth bestow,
 By which he vows Goliath's overthrow.

When swift report throughout the army runs,
 That youthful David one of Jesse's sons,
 A very stripling, and the young'st of eight,
 With the Philistine was that day to fight;
 That great Goliath which so oft had brav'd
 Dejected Israel, and the combat crav'd
 With any one she to the field could bring,
 Now for it was so pertinent a thing,
 As that their freedom or subjection lay
 On the success of this unequal fray;
 Th' event thereof struck every one with fear,
 But his sad brethren most perplexed were,
 And to themselves thus say they: O that we
 So long should draw our loathed breath, to see
 That by the pride of this accursed boy,
 Despised Israel should no more enjoy
 Her ancient glories, but be made a slave
 To proud Philistia; and our fathers grave
 Slander'd by him; his family and name
 Branded by David with perpetual shame;
 Curs'd be the time that he was hither sent,
 Curs'd be the time he came into our tent.
 And now and then they purpos'd to fly,
 Nor would they stay to see their brother die,
 But at the very point to take their way,
 Bethink themselves, it better were to stay,
 To seek his scatter'd limbs to pieces hew'd,
 And see them in some obscure earth bestow'd.

In this sad manner whilst they murmur'd were,
 David is busy list'ning still to hear
 Of great Goliath; scarce can he refrain
 From calling for him; now in every vein

His blood is dancing, and a sprightly fire
 Takes up his bosom, which doth him inspire
 With more than human courage, nor he can
 Conceive a terror to proceed from man;
 His nerves and sinews to that vigour grow,
 As that his strength assures him he can throw
 Through thicker arms than mortal yet could
 wield.

Upon the sudden, when through all the field
 The word was heard, Goliath now appears!
 Which David's heart in such strange manner
 cheers,

As that he feels it caper in his breast.
 When soon that huge uncircumcised beast,
 As he was wont, between the hosts doth come,
 And with his harsh voice, like an unbrac'd drum,
 Calls to the host of Israel, Where's your man,
 You cowardly nation? Where's your champion
 To undertake me, bring him to the field,
 Or to Philistia your subjection yield?
 It was still summer, and the day so clear,
 As not a little cloud did once appear;
 In view of either army the free sun [run,
 That t'wards the noonstead half his course had
 On the Philistine darting his clear rays,
 His bright refulgent arms so sundry ways
 Reflects the beams, as that he seems to all
 Like that in painting we a glory call,
 And from his helmet sharp'ning like a spire,
 He look'd like to a pyramid on fire.

And now before young David could come in,
 The host of Israel somewhat doth begin
 To rouse itself; some climb the nearest tree,
 And some the tops of tents, whence they might see
 How this unarmed youth himself would bear
 Against th' all armed giant (which they fear);
 Some get up to the fronts of easy hills;
 That by their motion a vast murmur fills
 The neighbouring valleys, that th' enemy thought
 Something would by the Israelites be wrought
 They had not heard of, and they long'd to see
 What strange or warlike stratagem 't should be.

When soon they saw a goodly youth descend
 Himself alone, none after to attend,
 That at his need with arms might him supply,
 As merely careless of his enemy:
 His head uncover'd, and his locks of hair
 As he came on being play'd with by the air
 Toss'd to and fro, did with such pleasure move,
 As they had been provocatives for love:
 His sleeves stript up above his elbows were,
 And in his hand a stiff short staff did bear,
 Which by the leather to it, and the string,
 They easily might discern to be a sling;
 Suited to these he wore a shepherd's scrip,
 Which from his side hung down upon his hip.
 Those for a champion that did him disdain,
 Cast with themselves what such a thing should
 mean;

Some seeing him so wonderously fair.
 (As in their eyes he stood beyond compare)
 Their verdict gave that they had sent him sure
 As a choice bait their champion to allure;
 Others again, of judgment more precise
 Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.

And though he seem'd thus to be very young,
Yet was he well proportioned and strong,
And with a comely and undaunted grace,
Holding a steady and most even pace,
This way, nor that way, never stood to gaze,
But like a man that death could not amaze,
Came close up to Goliath, and so near
As he might easily reach him with his spear.

Which when Goliath saw, Why boy, quoth he,
Thou desperate youth, thou tak'st me sure to be
Some dog, I think, and under thy command,
That thus art come to beat me with a wand:
The kites and ravens are not far away,
Nor beasts of ravine, that shall make a prey
Of a poor corpse, which they from me shall have,
And their foul bowels shall be all thy grave.

Uncircumcised slave, quoth David then,
That for thy shape, the monster art of men;
Thou thus in brags com'st arm'd into the field,
And thy huge spear of brass, of brass thy shield:
I in the name of Israel's God alone,
That more than mighty, that Eternal One,
Am come to meet thee, who bids not to fear,
Nor once respect the arms that thou dost bear.
Slave, mark the earth whereon thou now dost
stand,

I'll make thy length to measure so much land,
As thou liest grov'ling, and within this hour
The birds and beasts thy carcase shall devour.

In mean time David looking in his face,
Between his temples, saw how large a space
He was to hit, steps back a yard or two;
The giant wond'ring what the youth would do;
Whose nimble hand out of his scrip doth bring
A pebble stone and puts it in his sling,
At which the giant openly doth jeer,
And as in scorn, stands leaning on his spear,
Which gives young David much content to see,
And to himself thus secretly saith he,
Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,
And have at all Philistia at a cast;
When with such flight the shot away he sent,
That from his sling as 't had been lightning went;
And him so full upon the forehead smit,
Which gave a crack, when his thick scalp it hit,
As 't had been thrown against some rock or post,
That the shrill clap was heard through either host;
Staggering a while upon his spear he leant,
Till on a sudden he began to faint;
When down he came like an old o'ergrown oak,
His huge root hewn up by the labourers stroke,
That with his very weight he shook the ground,
His brazen armour gave a jarring sound

Like a crack'd bell, or vessel chanc'd to fall
From some high place, which did like death apall
The proud Philistines (hopeless that remain)
To see their champion great Goliath slain:
When such a shout the host of Israel gave,
As cleft the clouds, and like to men that rave,
(O'ercome with comfort) cry, The boy, the boy,
O the brave David, Israel's only joy;
God's chosen champion, O most wond'rous
thing!

The great Goliath slain with a poor sling!
Themselves encompass nor can they contain,
Now are they silent, then they shout again.
Of which no notice David seems to take,
But towards the body of the dead doth make,
With a fair comely gait, nor doth he run,
As though he gloried in what he had done;
But treading on th' uncircumcised dead,
With his foot strikes the helmet from his head;
Which with the sword ta'en from the giant's
side,

He from the body quickly doth divide.

Now the Philistines at this fearful sight,
Leaving their arms, betake themselves to flight
Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute stay,
Time wants to carry any thing away,
Being strongly routed with a general fear;
Yet in pursuit Saul's army strikes the rear
To Ekron walls, and slew them as they fled,
That Sharam's plains lay cover'd with the dead:
And having put the Philistines to foil,
Back to the tents retire and take the spoil
Of what they left, and ransacking the cry,
A David, David, and the victory.

When straitways Saul his general Abner sent
For valiant David, that incontinent
He should repair to court; at whose command
He comes along, and beareth in his hand
The giant's head, by th' long hair of his crown,
Which by his active knee hung dangling down.
And through the army as he comes along,
To gaze upon him the glad soldiers throng:
Some do instile him Israel's only light,
And other some the valiant Bethlemite.
With congees all salute him as he past,
And upon him their gracious glances cast.
He was thought base of him that did not boast,
Nothing but David, David, through the host.
The virgins to their timbrels frame their lays,
Of him; till Saul grew jealous of his praise:
But for his meed doth to his wife receive
Saul's lovely daughter; where 'tis time I leave.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF

THOMAS CAREW, Esq.

Containing his

POEMS,
SONGS,

SONNETS,
MASQUE,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

— Thy verses are as smooth and high,
As glory, love, or wine, from wit can raise.

DAVENANT.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

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SONNETS,
MAZOUZ,

POEMS,
SONGS,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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THE LIFE OF CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW was younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, a zealous royalist in the time of the civil war, of the family of the Carews in Gloucestershire; but descended from the ancient family of that name in Devonshire.

The year of his birth is not known. He had his academical education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but it does not appear that he either took any degree there, or was even matriculated as a member.

Afterwards, however, having greatly improved himself by travelling, and conversation with men of learning and ingenuity at London, he became "reckoned," as Philips expresses it, "among the chiefest of his time, for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy."

His abilities recommending him to the court, he was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and sewer in ordinary to King Charles I. who always esteemed him as one of the most deserving wits about his court.

Wood says he was "famed for the charming sweetness of his lyric odes, and amorous sonnets." And so favourable an opinion did the court entertain of his abilities in that respect, that it was by his Majesty's especial desire that he wrote his beautiful masque, intitled, *Calum, Britannicum*; with a reference to which circumstance, he has prefixed to it the following modest distich:

*Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit; habebo:
Cur me posse negem, posse quid ille putat?*

He was much respected, if not adored, by the poets of his time, particularly by Jonson, Davenant, Donne, May, and Suckling.—Dr. Percy places his death in the year 1639.

His poems, first printed in octavo, and afterwards being revised and enlarged, were several times reprinted, the last edition being in 1774, 12mo, by T. Davies, the laudable restorer of the elder classics. The songs, as Wood expresses it, "were wedded to the charming notes of Mr. Henry Lawes," gentleman of the King's Chapel, and the most celebrated musical composer in England. The masque was performed at Whitehall, on the 18th February 1633, by the King, and several young lords and noblemen's sons. It was formerly, through mistake, ascribed to Davenant; and is now, with his poems, for the first time, admitted into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character is given by the Earl of Clarendon, who knew him well, in his "Life and Continuation," and is too honourable to his memory to be omitted here. The most material circumstances are the following: "He was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself, some years before he could obtain to be sewer to the King; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman. He was of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems, (especially in the amorous way), which, for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time." Clarendon adds what it would be injuring the cause of virtue to

conceal, "But his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity and exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire."

Davenant has addressed some stanzas to Carew, celebrating his wit and talent in poetry; among which are the following lines:

Not but thy verses are as smooth and high,
As glory, love, and wine, from wit can raise:
But now, the Devil take such destiny!
What should commend them turns to their dispraise.
Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice;
For every beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
That now coarse faces carry such a price,
As must undo a lover that would buy.

Suckling, who delighted to rally the best poets, and spared not Jonson himself, has thus characterized him in his *Session of the Poets*:

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a laureat.
His muse was hide-bound, and the issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.
And all that were present there did agree,
That a laureat muse should be easy and free;
Yet sure 'twas not that; but 'twas thought that his Grace,
Considered he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place.

Lloyd also, in his *Worthies*, calls him "elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, his poems contain no internal evidence of his having been a laborious writer.

Pope, with more justice, ranks him with Sprat, Sedley, and "the mob of gentlemen, who wrote with ease;" but his consummate elegance, which has not either been sufficiently considered or allowed, entitles him to more attention than is due to "the wits of either Charles's days."

Of the modern testimonies to his merits, that of Mr. Headley alone is equal to his deserts.

Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry, and breeding; indeed many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity, both of thought and expression, much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and on similar subjects, rarely surpassed by his successors. He has the ease, without the pedantry, of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttleton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first poet who brought versification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit, are seldom considered. Though love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious, and romantic cast; and with a very few exceptions, its effects upon composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring, was still wanting; in every thing but sincerity of intention, it was deficient. Panegyric, declamatory and nauseous, was rated by those to whom it was addressed by its quantity, not its elegance. Satire, dealing in rancour, rather than reproof, was more inclined to lash than to laugh us out of our vices, and nearly counteracted her intentions by her want of good manners. Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy these defects. In them, gallantry for the first time, was accompanied by the graces, the fulsome ness of panegyric forgot in its gentility, and the edge of satire rendered keener in proportion to its smoothness.

Hume has properly remarked that Waller's pieces "aspire not to the sublime, and still less to the pathetic." The same remark may be as properly made on the pieces of Carew, but with this exception in his favour, that he has sublimity in many parts, particularly in his *masque*; and in his *epitaph on Lady Mary Villiers*, he is eminently pathetic.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The Spring.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the
frost

Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream :
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a quire of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring :
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile ; only my love doth low'r ;
Nor hath the scalding noon-day-sun the pow'r
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields ; and love no more is made
By the fire-side ; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season ; only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

TO A. L.

Persuasions to Love.

THINK not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning-star,
That you are so ; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem :
For being so, you lose the pleasure
Of being fair, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd, and t'were a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces ;
Thus common beauties and mean faces

Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you lose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue,
Only concern myself, not you :
Were men so fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
Then had you reason to be scant ;
But 'twere a madness not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you the giver, more content
Than me the beggar ; oh then be
Kind to yourself, if not to me ;
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away ;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake :
For that lovely face will fail ;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail ;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun :
Most fleeting, when it is most dear ;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lilly shall be found, nor rose ;
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call ?
Like swallows, when your summer's done
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm ; be provident,
And think before the summer's spent
Of following winter ; like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant,
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day ;
One that will quench your youthful fires,
And feed in age your hot desires.
For when the storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd ;

When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
 And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may return, but lovers never:
 And old folks say there are no pains
 Like itch of love in aged veins.
 Oh love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not lose this present minute:
 For time and age will work that wrack
 Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
 And eagles change their aged plumes;
 The faded rose each spring receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You never know a second May.
 Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you days for sport, do reason;
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
 But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Lips and Eyes.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
 Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes:
 We (said the Eyes) send forth those pointed
 darts.
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts,
 From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses,
 Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses.
 Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did
 pour
 Of liquid oriental pearl a show'r.
 Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and plea-
 sure,
 Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly
 treasure;
 And bade Love judge, whether did add more
 grace,
 Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face.

A Divine Mistress.

In Nature's pieces still I see
 Some error, that might mended be;
 Something my wish could still remove,
 Alter or add; but my fair Love
 Was fram'd by hands far more divine;
 For she hath every beauteous line:
 Yet I had been far happier
 Had Nature, that made me, made her;
 Then likeness might (that love creates)
 Have made her love what now she hates:
 Yet I confess I cannot spare
 From her just shape the smallest hair;
 Nor need I beg from all the store
 Of heaven for her one beauty more:
 She hath too much divinity for me:
 Ye Gods, teach her some more humanity!

SONG.

A Beautiful Mistress.

If when the sun at noon displays
 His brighter rays,
 Thou but appear,
 He then all pale with shame and fear,
 Quencheth his light,
 Hides his dark brow, flies from thy sight,
 And grows more dim,
 Compar'd to thee, than stars to him.
 If thou but shew thy face again,
 When darkness doth at midnight reign,
 The darkness flies, and light is hurl'd
 Round about the silent world:
 So as alike thou driv'st away
 Both light and darkness, night and day.

A Cruel Mistress.

We read of kings, and gods, that kindly took
 A pitcher fill'd with water from the brook:
 But I have daily tendered without thanks
 Rivers of tears that overflow their banks.
 A slaughter'd bull will appease angry Jove;
 A horse the sun, a lamb the god of love:
 But she disdains the spotless sacrifice
 Of a pure heart, that at her altar lies.
 Vesta is not displeased, if her chaste urn
 Do with repaired fuel ever burn; [name
 But my Saint frowns, though to her honour'd
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 Th' Assyrian king did none i' th' furnace throw,
 But those that to his image did not bow;
 With bended knees I daily worship her,
 Yet she consumes her own idolater.
 Of such a goddess no times leave record,
 That burnt the temple where she was ador'd.

SONG.

Murdering Beauty.

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching face,
 Since ruin harbours there in every place:
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns [frowns.
 With calms and tempests of her smiles and
 I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
 Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers:
 For if she dart (like lightning) through the air
 Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despair;
 If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
 I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

My Mistress commanding me to return her Letters.

So grieves th' advent'rous merchant, when he
 throws
 All the long-tail'd-for treasure his ship stows

Into the angry main, to save from wrack
Himself and men; as I grieve to give back
These letters: yet so powerful is your sway,
As if you bid me die, I must obey.
Go then, blest papers, you shall kiss those hands
That gave you freedom, but hold me in bands;
Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
Methinks, as if they knew they should be sent
Home to their native soil from banishment,
I see them smile, like dying saints, that know
They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd heaven
go.

When you return, pray tell your sovereign,
And mine, I gave you courteous entertain;
Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiss;
First bath'd in that, it scap'd unscorch'd from this:
I kiss it, because your hand had been there;
But, 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.
Tell her no length of time nor change of air,
No cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,
No, nor her steadfast constancy can deter
My vassal heart from ever hon'ring her.
Though these be pow'rful arguments to prove
I love in vain; yet I must ever love.
Say, if she frown when you that word rehearse,
Service in prose is oft call'd love in verse:
Then pray her, since I send back on my part
Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
If she refuse, warn her to come before
The God of Love, whom thus I will implore:
'Trav'ling thy country's road (great God) I spy'd
By chance this lady, and walk'd by her side
From place to place, fearing no violence,
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence
In former fights, 'gainst fiercer foes than she
Did at our first encounter seem to be:
But going farther, every step reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
Seeing those outward arms, I did begin
To fear some greater strength was lodg'd within.
Looking unto her mind, I might survey
An host of beauties that in ambush lay;
And won the day before they fought the field:
For I, unable to resist, did yield.
But the insulting tyrant so destroys
My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joys;
Breaks my sweet sleeps, invades my harmless rest,
Robs me of all the treasure of my breast;
Spare not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
For having stol'n my heart, she binds my tongue.
But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
To her own ears the story of my harms,
Wrought by her virtues, and her beauty's charms.
Now hear (just judge) an act of savageness:
When I complain, in hope to find redress,
She bends her angry brow, and from her eye
Shoots thousand darts, I then well hop'd to die;
But in such sovereign balm love dips his shot,
That, though they wound a heart, they kill it not;
She saw the blood gush forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since; 'tis true,
Absence and time (two cunning leeches) drew

The flesh together, yet sure though the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.
Thus hath this cruel lady us'd a true
Servant and subject to herself, and you;
Nor know I (great Love) if my life be lent
To shew thy mercy, or my punishment;
If this inditement fright her, so as she
Seem willing to return my heart to me,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongst other trifling hearts, be out of the way)
If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.

Secrecy Protested.

FEAR not (dear Love) that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No ear shall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be;
The God of Love himself (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell,
What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell:
This only means may find it out;
If, when I die, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death; and, there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart: O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

A Prayer to the Wind.

Go, thou gentle whispering Wind,
Bear this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruel fair doth rest.
Cast it in her snowy breast;
So, inflam'd by my desire,
It may set her heart a-fire:
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosom; lastly, fall
Down, and wander over all;
Range about those ivory hills
From whose every part distils
Amber dew; there spices grow,
There pure streams of nectar flow:
There perfume thyself, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'st, change by thy pow'r
Every weed into a flow'r;
Turn each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine;
For so rich a booty made,
Do but this, and I am paid.
Thou canst, with thy pow'rful blast,
Heat apace, and cool as fast:

Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And again destroy the same:
Then, for pity, either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

SONG.

Mediocrity in Love Rejected.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danaë in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd:
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

SONG.

Good Counsel to a Young Maid.

GAZE not on thy beauty's pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful chrystal show,
How thy colours come and go:
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streams lies
Under pity's fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprise.

Nets of passion's finest thread,
Luring poems, will be spread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

When beware; for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

To my Mistress sitting by a River's Side.

AN EDDY.

MARK how yon eddy steals away
From the rude stream into the bay;

There lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channel's course,
And scorns the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
As amorously their arms display,
T' embrace and clip her silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frowns, threatening to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.
Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream:
Let him to the wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name, and taste;
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

SONG.

Conquest by Flight.

LADIES, fly from Love's smooth tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail;
Grief is infectious, and the air
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair:
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.

Young men, fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt mark gives the shooter aim,
And ladies' looks have power to maim;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies,
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

To my Inconstant Mistress.

WHEN thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward, and glorious fate,
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart which thy false oaths did wound;
And to my soul, a soul more pure
Than thine shall by love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou shalt be
Damned for thy false apostacy.

SONG.

Persuasions to Enjoy.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

A Deposition from Love.

I WAS foretold, your rebel sex
Nor love nor pity knew;
And with what scorn you use to vex
Poor hearts that humbly sue;
Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
Could we the fortress win,
The happy lover sure should gain
A paradise within:
I thought Love's plagues like dragons fate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy lovers prove;
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
And taste those sweets of love,
Which, had they but a lasting state,
Or if in Celia's breast
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once possesst,
As victor, of a heart
Atchiev'd with labour and unrest,
And then forc'd to depart!
If the stout foe will not resign
When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine;
But he that is cast down
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
Only deposed kings can know.

Ingrateful Beauty Threatened.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise,
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some Pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

A Looking Glass.

THAT flattering glass, whose smooth face wears
Your shadow, which a sun appears,
Was once a river of my tears.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the briny lake
Congeal'd into a crystal cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For fear the native cruelty
Doom you, as it doth all, to die;

For fear lest the fair object move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you yourself my rival prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pinn'd;
There view your beauties; there you'll find
A fair face, but a cruel mind,

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
One beam of love will soon destroy
And melt that ice to floods of joy.

*An Elegy on the LADY PEN, sent to my Mistress out
of France.*

LET him, who from his tyrant mistress did
This day receive his cruel doom, forbid
His eyes to weep that loss, and let him here
Open those flood-gates to bedew this bier;
So shall those drops, which else would be but brine,
Be turn'd to manna, falling on her shrine.
Let him, who, banish'd far from her dear sight
Whom his soul loves, doth in that absence write
Or lines of passion, or some pow'rful charms,
To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemoan
This general sorrow, and forget his own:
So may those verses live, which else must die;
For though the Muses give eternity,
When they embalm with verse, yet she could give
Life unto that Muse by which others live.
Oh pardon me (fair soul) that boldly have
Dropt, though but one tear, on thy silent grave;
And writ on that earth, which such honour had
To clothe that flesh wherein thyself was clad.
And pardon me, sweet Saint, whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay out of the store
Of lines and tears, that's only due to thee;
Oh, do not think it new idolatry!
Though you are only sovereign of this land,
Yet universal losses may command
A subsidy from every private eye,
And press each pen to write, so to supply
And feed the common grief: if this excuse
Prevail not, take these tears to your own use,
As shed for you; for when I saw her die,
I then did think on your mortality:
For since nor virtue, wit, nor beauty, could
Preserve from death's hand this their heav'nly
mould,
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
I then knew you must die too, and did melt
Into these tears: but thinking on that day,
And when the gods resolv'd to take away
A saint from us, I that did know what dearth
There was of such good souls upon the earth,
Began to fear lest Death, their officer,
Might have mistook, and taken thee for her;
So hadst thou robb'd us of that happiness
Which she in heaven, and I in thee possess.
But what can heaven to her glory add?
The praises she hath dead, living she had.

To say she's now an angel, is no more
Praise than she had, for she was one before.
Which of the saints can shew more votaries
Than she had here? E'en those that did despise
The angels, (and may her, now she is one)
Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion
Adore, and worship her; her virtues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate or envy her; these cannot rise
So high, as to repine at deities:
But now she's 'mongst her fellow saints, they may
Be good enough to envy her: this way
There's loss i' th' change, 'twixt heav'n and earth,
if she

Should leave her servants here below, to be
Hated of her competitors above;
But sure her matchless goodness needs must move
Those blest souls to admire her excellence;
By this means only can her journey hence
To heav'n prove gain, if as she was but here
Worship'd by men, she be by angels there.
But I must weep no more over this urn,
My tears to their own channel must return;
And having ended these sad obsequies,
My Muse must back to her old exercise,
To tell the story of my martyrdom.
But oh! thou idol of my soul, become
Once pitiful, that she may change her style,
Dry up her blubber'd eyes, and learn to smile;
Rest then, blest soul; for as ghosts fly away,
When the shrill cock proclaims the infant day;
So must I hence—for lo, I see from far,
The minions of the Muses coming are,
Each of them bringing to her sacred hearse
In either eye a tear, each hand a verse.

To my Mistress in Absence.

THOUGH I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more myself) still stays behind;
I breathe in you, you keep my heart;
'Twas but a carcase that did part.
Then thou our bodies are disjoin'd,
As things that are to place confin'd;
Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
And in Love's sphere each other greet;
There let us work a mystic wreath,
Unknown unto the world beneath;
There let our claspt loves sweetly twine;
There our secret thoughts unseen,
Like nets be weav'd and intertwin'd,
Wherewith we catch each other's mind:
There, whilst our souls do sit and kiss,
Tasting a sweet and subtle bliss
(Such as gross lovers cannot know,
Whose hands and lips meet here below;)
Let us look down, and mark what pain
Our absent bodies here sustain,
And smile to see how far away
The one doth from the other stray;

Yet burn, and languish with desire
To join and quench their mutual fire.
There let us joy, to see from far
Our emulous flames at loving war,
Whilst both with equal lustre shine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
There seated in those heavenly bowers,
We'll cheat the lag and ling'ring hours,
Making our bitter absence sweet,
Till souls and bodies both may meet.

To her in Absence.

A SHIP.

Tost in a troubled sea of griefs, I float
Far from the shore in a storm-beaten boat,
Where my sad thoughts do (like the compass) show,
The several points from which cross winds do
My heart doth, like the needle, touch'd with love,
Still fix'd on you, point which way I would move.
You are the bright pole-star which in the dark
Of this long absence guides my wand'ring bark.
Love is the pilot, but o'ercome with fear
Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steer;
My fearful hope hangs on my trembling sail;
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale; [lip
Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet
Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this ship
Into your arms, which are my port, will flie,
Where it for ever shall at anchor lie.

S O N G.

Eternity of Love protested.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat, in spite of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire!
True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive
When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead;
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.
My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

Upon some Alteration in my Mistress, after my Departure into France.

On gentle Love, do not forsake the guide
Of my frail bark, on which the swelling tide

Of ruthless pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.
Gulfs of disdain do gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh sunk with grief; whilst at the
helm

Despair commands,
And round about the shifting sands
Of faithless love and false inconstancy,
With rocks of cruelty,
Stops up my passage to the neighbour lands.
My sighs have rais'd those winds, whose fury bears
My sails o'erboard, and in their place spreads tears;
And from my tears
This sea is sprung, where nought but death appears.
A misty cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair star, and every where black night
Usurps the place
Of those bright rays, which once did grace
My forth-bound ship; but when it could no more
Behold the vanish'd shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamy face.

Good Counsel to a Young Maid.

WHEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
He courts the crystal Nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.
But when his sweaty face is drench'd
In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd;
Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace.
So shalt thou be despis'd, fair Maid,
When by the fated lover tasted;
What first he did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;
When all the virgin springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left but in thine eye.

CELIA Bleeding.—To the Surgeon.

FOND man, that canst believe her blood
Will from those purple channels flow,
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foul distemper know;
Or that thy weak steel can incise
The crystal case wherein it lies:

Know, her quick blood, proud of his seat,
Runs dancing through her azure veins;
Whose harmony no cold nor heat
Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;
And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
The keenest darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'st, Behold she bleeds.
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and dost not know

The mystic knot whence this proceeds,
 How lovers in each other grow;
 Thou struck'st her arm, but 'twas my heart
 Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

TO T. H.

A Lady resembling my Mistress.

FAIR copy of my Celia's face,
 Twin of my soul, thy perfect grace
 Claims in my love an equal place.

Disdain not a divided heart;
 Though all be hers, you shall have part:
 Love is not ty'd to rules of art.

For as my soul first to her flew,
 Yet stay'd with me; so now 'tis true
 It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertain this wand'ring guest,
 And if not love, allow it rest;
 It left not, but mistook the nest.

Nor think my love or your fair eyes
 Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathies
 You hold with her, these flames arise.

To lead or brass, or some such bad
 Metal, a prince's stamp may add
 That value which it never had:

But to the pure refined ore,
 The stamp of kings imparts no more
 Worth, than the metal held before.

Only the image gives the rate
 To subjects; in a foreign state
 'Tis priz'd as much for its own weight:

So, though all other hearts resign
 To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
 Only because you are her coin.

To Saxham.

THOUGH frost and snow lock'd from mine eyes
 That beauty which without door lies.
 The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
 I might not all thy pleasures know;
 Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
 Art of thyself so delicate,
 So full of native sweets, that blest
 Thy roof with inward happiness;
 As neither from, nor to thy store,
 Winter takes aught, or Spring adds more.
 The cold and frozen air had starv'd
 Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
 Whose prayers have made thy table blest
 With plenty, far above the rest.

The season hardly did afford
 Coarse eates unto thy neighbour's board,
 Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
 Had only been thy volary (a);
 Or else the birds, fearing the snow
 Might to another deluge grow,
 The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
 Flew to thy house as to the ark.
 The willing ox of himself came
 Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,
 And every beast did thither bring
 Himself to be an offering.
 The scaly herd more pleasure took,
 Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
 Water, earth, air, all did conspire
 To pay their tributes to thy fire;
 Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
 Through every room, where they deride
 The night, and cold abroad; whilst they,
 Like suns within, keep endless day.
 Those cheerful beams send forth their light,
 To all that wander in the night,
 And seem to beckon from aloof
 The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
 Where, if refresh'd, he will away,
 He's fairly welcome: or, if stay,
 Far more, which he shall hearty find,
 Both from the master and the hind.
 The stranger's welcome each man there
 Stamp'd on his cheerful brow doth wear;
 Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer
 Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.
 There's none observes, much less repines,
 How often this man sups or dines.
 Thou hast no porter at the door
 T' examine or keep back the poor;
 Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been
 Made only to let strangers in;
 Untaught to shut, they do not fear
 To stand wide open all the year;
 Careless who enters, for they know
 Thou never didst deserve a foe;
 And as for thieves, thy bounty's such,
 They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

Upon a Ribband. (b)

THIS silken wreath, which circles in mine arm,
 Is but an emblem of that mystic charm,
 Wherewith the magic of your beauties binds
 My captive soul, and round about it winds
 Fetters of lasting love: this hath entwin'd
 My flesh alone, that hath impal'd my mind:
 Time may wear out these soft, weak bands; but
 those
 Strong chains of brass fate shall not discompose.
 This only relic may preserve my wrist,
 But my whole frame doth by that pow'r subsist:
 To that my prayers, and sacrifice to this
 I only pay a superstitious kiss:

(a) A great bird cage, in which the birds have room to fly up and down.

(b) These verses were presented to his Mistress,

This but the idol, that's the Deity;
 Religion there is due, here ceremony.
 That I receive by faith, this but in trust;
 Here I *may* tender duty, there I *must*:
 This order as a layman I may bear,
 But I become Love's priest when that I wear.
 This moves like air, that as the centre stands;
 That knot your virtue ty'd, this but your hands:
 That nature fram'd, but this was made by art;
 This makes my arm your prisoner, that my heart.

To the King, at his Entrance into Saxham.

BY MASTER JO. CROFTS.

SIR,

ERE you pass this threshold, stay,
 And give your creature leave to pay
 Those pious rites which unto you,
 As to our household gods, are due.
 Instead of sacrifice, each breast
 Is like a flaming altar drest
 With zealous fires; which, from pure hearts,
 Love mix'd with loyalty imparts.
 Incense nor gold have we, yet bring
 As rich and sweet an offering;
 And such as doth both these express,
 Which is, our humble thankfulness:
 By which is paid the all we owe
 To gods above, or men below.
 The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
 The hungry flames, we, for pure need,
 Dress for your supper; and the gore,
 Which should be dash'd on every door,
 We change into the lusty blood
 Of youthful vines, of which a flood
 Shall sprightly run through all your veins,
 First to your health, then your fair trains,
 We shall want nothing but good fare
 To shew your welcome, and our care;
 Such rarities that came from far,
 From poor men's houses banish'd are;
 Yet we'll express, in homely cheer,
 How glad we are to see you here.
 We'll have what'er the season yields,
 Out of the neighbouring woods and fields;
 For all the dainties of your board
 Will only be what those afford;
 And, having supp'd, we may perchance
 Present you with a country dance.

Thus much your servants, that bear sway
 Here in your absence, bade me say;
 And beg, besides, you'd hither bring
 Only the mercy of a king,
 And not the greatness; since they have
 A thousand faults must pardon crave;
 But nothing that is fit to wait
 Upon the glory of your state:
 Yet your gracious favour will,
 They hope, as heretofore, shine still
 On their endeavours; for they swore,
 Should Jove descend, they could no more.

Upon the Sickness of E. S.

MUST she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
 And no kind god help her, nor pity us?
 Is Justice fled from heaven? Can that permit
 A foul deformed ravisher to sit
 Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
 The rose-buds in their maiden excellence?
 To spread cold paleness on her lips, and chase
 The frighted rubies from their native place?
 To lick up with his searching flames a flood
 Of dissolv'd coral, flowing in her blood;
 And with the damps of his infectious breath,
 Print on her brow moist characters of death?
 Must the clear light, 'gainst course of nature, cease
 In her fair eyes, and yet the flames increase?
 Must fevers shake this goodly tree, and all
 That ripen'd fruit from the fair branches fall,
 Which princes have desired to taste? Must she
 Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
 From all solicitation, now at last
 By agues and diseases be embrac'd?
 Forbid it, holy Dian! else who shall
 Pay vows, or let one grain of incense fall
 On thy neglected altars, if thou bless
 No better this my zealous votarefs?
 Hasten then, O maiden goddess, to her aid;
 Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be laid,
 And rock her fainting body in thine arms;
 Then let the God of Music with still charms
 Her restless eyes in peaceful slumbers close,
 And with soft strains sweeten her calm repose.
 Cupid, descend, and, whilst Apollo sings,
 Fanning the cool air with thy panting wings,
 Ever supply her with refreshing wind.
 Let thy fair mother with her tresses bind
 Her labouring temples, with whose balmy sweat
 She shall perfume her hairy coronet,
 Whose precious drops shall, upon every fold,
 Hang like rich pearls about a wreath of gold:
 Her looser locks, as they unbraided lie,
 Shall spread themselves into a canopy,
 Under whose shadow let her rest secure
 From chilling cold, or burning calenture;
 Unless she freeze with ice of chaste desires,
 Only holy Hymen kindle nuptial fires.
 And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,
 Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A New Year's Sacrifice.

TO LUCINDA.

THOSE that can give, open their hands this day;
 Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;
 That health may crown the seasons of this year,
 And mirth dance round the circle; that no tear
 (Unless of joy) may with its briny dew
 Discolour on your cheek the rosy hue;
 That no access of years presume to abate
 Your beauty's ever-flourishing estate;

Such cheap and vulgar wishes I could lay,
As trivial offerings, at your feet this day;
But that it were apostacy in me
To send a prayer to any deity
But your divine self, who have power to give
Those blessings unto others, such as live
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose fair aspects govern our destinies.

Such incense, vows, and holy rites, as were
To the involved serpent of the year
Paid by Egyptian priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine; whilst I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dress
With gums and spice of humble thankfulness.

So may my goddess from her heaven inspire
My frozen bosom with a Delphic fire;
And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortal name!

SONG.

*To one who, when I praised my Mistress's beauty,
said I was blind.*

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me:
If the powerful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart,
Then you'll confess your mortal sight
Too weak for such a glorious light:
For if her graces you discover,
You grow, like me, a dazzled lover;
But if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SONG.

To my Mistress—I burning in Love.

I BURN, and cruel you, in vain,
Hope to quench me with disdain;
If from your eyes those sparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,
What boots it me, though now you shroud
Those fierce comets in a cloud,
Since all the flames that I have felt
Could your snow yet never melt?
Nor can your snow (though you should take
Alps into your bosom) flake
The heat of my enamour'd heart;
But with wonder learn Love's art,
No seas of ice can cool desire;
Equal flames must quench Love's fire:
Then think not that my heart can die,
Till you burn as well as I.

SONG.

To Her again—she burning in a Fever.

Now she burns as well as I,
Yet my heat can never die;
She burns that never knew desire,
She that was ice, she that was fire.
She, whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arm
So, as Love's could never warm
The frozen bosom where it dwelt;
She burns, and all her beauties melt:
She burns, and cries, Love's fires are mild;
Fevers are Gods, but he's a child.
Love, let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of soul and sense;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

Upon the King's (c) Sickness.

SICKNESS, the minister of death, doth lay
So strong a siege against our brittle clay,
As, whilst it doth our weak forts singly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
First, it begins upon the womb to wait,
And doth the unborn child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lies,
Where, ere it fully be alive, it dies.
It never leaves fond youth, until it have
Found or an early, or a later grave.
By thousand subtle flights from heedless man
It cuts the short allowance of a span;
And where both sober life and art combine
To keep it out, age makes them both resign.
Thus, by degrees, it only gain'd of late
The weak, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the sober, strong, and young decay;
Ent'ring his royal limbs, that is our head,
Through us, his mystic limbs, the pain is spread.
That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion;
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This grief is felt at court, where it doth move
Through every joint, like the true soul of Love.
All those fair stars that do attend on him,
Whence they derive their light, wax pale and dim:
That ruddy morning beam of majesty,
Which should the sun's eclipsed light supply,
Is overcast with mists, and in the lieu
Of cheerful rays, sends us down drops of dew.
That curious form made of an earth refin'd,
At whose blest birth the gentle planets shin'd
With fair aspects, and sent a glorious flame
To animate so beautiful a frame;
That darling of the gods and men doth wear
A cloud on's brow, and in his eye a tear;
And all the rest (save when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like lifeless statues stand.

(c) Charles I.

So full of grief, so generally worn,
Shews a good king is sick, and good men mourn.

SONG.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her Husband.

COME, Celia, fix thine eyes on mine,
And though those crystals, our souls flitting,
Shall a pure wreath of eye-beams twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting.
Let eaglets the bright sun survey,
Though the blind mole discern not day.

When clear Aurora leaves her mate,
The light of her grey eyes despising,
Yet all the world doth celebrate
With sacrifices her fair uprising.
Let eaglets, &c.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet he those dainties never tasted;
As others pin'd in the pursuit,
So he himself with plenty wasted.
Let eaglets, &c.

SONG.

The willing Prisoner to his Mistress.

LET fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As *be* brings ruin, *that* repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds themselves have made, discover.

A Fly that flew into my Mistress's Eye.

WHEN this fly liv'd, she us'd to play
In the sunshine all the day;
'Till coming near my Celia's sight,
She found a new and unknown light,
So full of glory, as it made
The noon-day sun a gloomy shade;

(d) Cupid,

Then this amorous fly became
My rival, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosom skip,
And from her breath, her cheek, and lip,
Suck'd all the incense, and the spice,
And grew a bird of paradise;
At last into her eye she flew,
There scorch'd in flames, and drown'd in dew,
Like Phaeton from the sun's sphere,
She fell, and with her dropp'd a tear;
Of which a pearl was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lie enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye,
Funeral flame, tomb obsequy.

SONG.

Celia Singing.

HARK how my Celia, with the choice
Music of her hand and voice
Stills the loud wind; and makes the wild
Incensed boar and panther mild!
Mark how those statues like men move,
Whilst men with wonder statues prove!
The stiff rock bends to worship her,
That idol turns idolater.

Now see how all the new inspir'd
Images with love are fir'd!
Hark how the tender marble groans,
And all the late transform'd stones
Court the fair nymph with many a tear,
Which she (more stony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind:
Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
Such matchless beauty with disdain,
Are all turn'd into stones again.

SONG.

Celia Singing.

You that think love can convey,
No other way
But through the eyes, into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but hear
This Syren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That love can enter at the ear:

Then unveil your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwells; and as we know,
When the cocks crow!
We freely may
Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the music's done,
Awake, and see the rising sun.

SONG.

To one that desired to know my Mistress.

SEEK not to know my love, for she
 Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;
 Her mild aspects are mine, and thou
 Shalt only find a stormy brow:
 For, if her beauty stir desire
 In me, her kisses quench the fire;
 Or, I can to love's fountain go,
 Or dwell upon her hills of snow:
 But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
 One gentle breath to cool the air;
 Thou shalt not climb those Alps, nor spy
 Where the sweet springs of Venus lie.
 Search hidden nature, and there find
 A treasure to enrich thy mind;
 Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
 But let my mistress live conceal'd;
 Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
 Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

In the person of a Lady, to her inconstant Servant.

WHEN on the altar of my hand
 (Bedew'd with many a kiss, and tear)
 Thy new-revolted heart did stand
 An humble martyr, thou didst swear
 Thus, (and the God of Love did hear,)
 By those bright glances of thine eye,
 Unless thou pity me, I die.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
 Bepal'd with blasting sighs, did seal
 Their violated faith on mine,
 From the soft bosom that did heal
 Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal;
 My soul, inflam'd with thy false breath,
 Poison'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
 Revenge or mercy to procure
 From the offended God of Love;
 My curse is fatal, and my pure
 Love shall beyond thy scorn endure;
 If I implore the gods, they'll find
 Thee too ungrateful, me too kind.

Truce in Love entreated.

No more, blind God! for see, my heart
 Is made thy quiver, where remains
 No void place for another dart;
 And, alas! that conquest gains
 Small praise, that only brings away
 A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
 Defies thy weak artillery,
 That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd,
 A rebel beauty, conquering thee:

If thou dar'st equal combat try,
 Wound her, for 'tis for her I die.

To my Rival.

HENCE, vain intruder! haste away,
 Wash not with thy unhallowed brim
 The footsteps of my Celia's shrine;
 Nor on her purer altars lay
 Thy empty words, accents that may
 Some looser dame to love incline:
 She must have offerings more divine;
 Such pearly drops, as youthful May
 Scatters before the rising day;
 Such smooth soft language, as each line
 Might stroke an angry god, or stay
 Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
 With envy: Do this, thou shalt be
 Servant to her, rival with me.

Foldness in Love.

HARK how the bashful morn in vain
 Courts the amorous marigold
 With sighing blasts and weeping rain;
 Yet she refuses to unfold:
 But when the planet of the day
 Approacheth with his powerful ray,
 Then she spreads, then she receives
 His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.
 So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
 If thy tears and sighs discover
 Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
 The just reward of a bold lover:
 But when with moving accents thou
 Shall constant faith and service vow,
 Thy Celia shall receive those charms
 With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

CELIA, CLEON.

As Celia rested in the shade,
 With Cleon by her side,
 The swain thus courted the young maid,
 And thus the nymph reply'd.

Cleon. Sweet! let thy captive fetters wear
 Made of thine arms and hands;
 Till such as thraldom scorn or fear,
 Envy those happy bands.

Celia. Then thus my willing arms I wind
 About thee, and am so
 Thy pris'ner; for myself I bind,
 Until I let thee go.

Cleon. Happy that slave, whom the fair foe
 Ties in so soft a chain!

Celia. Far happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt break loose again.

Cleon. By thy immortal beauties, never.

Celia. Frail as thy love's thine oath.

Cleon. Though beauty fade, my faith lasts ever.

Celia. Time will destroy them both.

Cleon. I doat not on thy snow-white skin.

Celia. What then? *Cleon.* Thy purer mind.

Celia. It lov'd too soon. *Cleon.* Thou hadst not been
So fair, if not so kind.

Celia. Oh strange, vain fancy! *Cleon.* But yet true.

Celia. Prove it. *Cleon.* Then make a braid
Of those loose flames that circle you,
My suns, and yet your shade.

Celia. 'Tis Done. *Cleon.* Now give it me. *Celia.* Thus
Shalt thine own error find,
If these were beauties, I am now
Less fair, because more kind.

Cleon. You shall confess you err; that hair,
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountain bare?
Celia. Ah me! it is too true.

Cleon. But this small wreath shall ever stay
In its first native prime:
And smiling when the rest decay,
The triumphs sing of time.

Then let me cut from thy fair grove
One branch, and let that be
An emblem of eternal love;
For such is mine to thee.

Celia. Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
I by thy grace. *Cleon.* And I
Shall live in thy immortal rhyme,
Until the muses die.

By heaven—*Celia.* Swear not: if I must weep,
Jove shall not smile at me.
This kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.
Cleon. 'This breathes my soul to thee.

Then forth the thicket *Thyrsis* rush'd,
Where he saw all their play:
The swain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd;
The nymph fled fast away.

Grief Ingrost.

WHEREFORE do thy sad numbers flow
So full of woe?
Why dost thou melt in such soft strains,
Whilst she disdains?
If she must still deny,
Weep not, but die;
And in thy funeral fire,
Shall all her fame expire:

Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy hearse
Shalt want her tears, so she shall want thy verse.

Repine not then at thy blest state,
Thou art above thy fate:
But my fair *Celia* will not give
Love enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her bright eye
Scorn enough to make me die.

Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath
Or blow my tears away, or speak my death.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

SHEPHERD, NYMPH, CHORUS.

Shepherd.

THIS mossy bank they prest. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.

Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

Shep. See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear;
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Robb'd from the eastern shore)
I' th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nym. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But shew my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return:
The yellow planets, and the grey
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nym.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.

Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Cho. They kiss, and wept; and from their lips and
eyes,

In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet;
But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep. The winged hours fly fast whilst we em-
brace;

But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.

Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark. *Nym.* Ah me stay! *Shep.* For ever.
Nym. No, arise;

We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.

Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.

Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their
eyes

Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies,

Red and White Roses.

READ in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate, and your own glory :
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover ;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red expresses my anguish :
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your brow resided,
Have those roses thus divided ;
Oh ! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

To my Cousin C. R. marrying my Lady A.

HAPPY youth, that shall possess
Such a spring-tide of delight,
As the sated appetite,
Still enjoying such excess,
With the flood of pleasure, less
When the Hymeneal rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in shadows dress
Thy too real happiness ;
Else, as Semele, the bright
Deity in her full height
May thy feeble soul oppress.
Strong perfumes and glaring light
Oft destroy both smell and sight.

A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his Departure, consults with Reason.

LOVER.

WEEP not, nor backward turn your beams,
Fond eyes ; sad sighs, lock in your breath ;
Lest on this wind, or in those streams,
My griev'd soul fly, or sail to death.
Fortune destroys me if I stay,
Love kills me if I go away ;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come, Reason, and resolve my doubtful mind,

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainst the blinder god rebel ;
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
Where scorn and self-will'd error dwell ;
Where entrance unto truth is barr'd ;
Where love and faith find no reward ;
For my just hand may sometime move
The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

Parting, Celia weeps.

WEEP not, my dear, for I shall go
Loaden enough with my own woe :

Add not thy heaviness to mine ;
Since fate our pleasures must disjoin,
Why should our sorrows meet ? If I
Must go, and lose thy company,
I wish not theirs ; it shall relieve
My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.
Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
Every sigh and every tear
Away with me ; so shall thy breast
And eyes, discharg'd, enjoy their rest :
And it will glad my heart, to see
Thou wert thus loath to part with me.

A Rapture.

I WILL enjoy thee now, my Celia : Come,
And fly with me to Love's Elysium :
The giant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
Is but a masquer ; and the servile rout
Of baser subjects only bend in vain
To the vast idol, whilst the nobler train
Of valiant Lovers daily sail between
The huge Colossus legs, and pass unseen
Unto the blissful shore. Be bold and wise,
And we shall enter ; the grim Swifs denies
Only to tame fools passage, that not know
He is but form, and only frights in shew
The duller eyes that look'd from far. Draw
near

And thou shalt scorn what we were wont to fear ;
We shall see how the stalking pageant goes
With borrow'd legs, a heavy load to those
That made, and bear him ; not as we once
thought,

The seed of Gods, but a weak model wrought
By greedy men, that seek t'inclose the common,
And within private arms empale free woman.
Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
We'll cut the flitting air, and soar above
The monster's head ; and in the noblest seats
Of those blest shades quench and renew our heats,
There shall the Queen of Love and Innocence,
Beauty, and Nature, banish all offence
From our close ivy twines ; there I'll behold
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold ;
There my enfranchis'd hand, on every side,
Shall o'er thy naked polish'd ivory slide.
No curtain there, though of transparent lawn,
Shall be before thy virgin treasure drawn :
But the rich mine, to the inquiring eye
Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lie,
And we will coin young Cupids. There a bed
Of roses and fresh myrtles shall be spread
Under the cooler shade of cypress groves,
Our pillows of the down of Venus' doves,
Whereon our panting limbs we'll gently lay
In the faint respites of our active play ;
That so our slumbers may in dreams have less
sure

To tell the nimble fancy our past pleasure ;
And so our souls that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.

Meanwhile the bubbling stream shall court the shore,

Th' enamour'd chirping wood-choir shall adore
In varied tunes the Deity of Love;

The gentle blasts of western winds shall move
The trembling leaves, and through their close
boughs breathe

Still music, whilst we rest ourselves beneath
Their dancing shade; till a soft murmur, sent
From souls entranc'd in amorous languishment,
Rouse us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
Till we in their sweet extasy expire.

Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
Into the common treasure all her store,
Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
Deflow'ring the fresh virgins of the spring;

So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
In my delicious paradise, and swell

My bag with honey, drawn forth by the power
Of fervent kisses from each spicy flower.

I'll seize the rose buds in their perfum'd bed,
The violet knots, like curious mazes spread

O'er all the garden, taste the ripen'd cherry,
The warm firm apple tipt with coral berry;

Then will I visit, with a wandering kiss,
The vale of lilies and the bower of blifs;

And where the beauteous region doth divide
Into two milky ways, my lips shall slide

Down those smooth allies, wearing as I go
A track for lovers on the printed snow;

Thence climbing o'er the swelling Appenine,
Retire into thy grove of eglantine;

Where I will all those ravish'd sweets distil
Through love's alembic, and with chemic skill
From the mix'd mass one sovereign balm derive,
Then bring that great elixir to thy hive.

Now in more subtle wreaths I will entwine
My snowy thighs, my legs, and arms with thine.

Thou like a sea of milk shalt lie display'd,
While I the smooth calm ocean invade

With such a tempest, as when Jove of old
Fell down on Danae in a storm of gold:

Yet my tall pine shall in the Cyprian freight
Ride safe at anchor, and unlade her freight;

My rudder, with thy bold hand, like a try'd
And skilful pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide

My bark into love's channel, where it shall
Dance, as the bounding waves do rise or fall;

Then shall thy circling arms embrace and clip
My willing body, and thy balmy lip

Bathe me in juice of kisses, whose perfume
Like a religious incense shall consume,

And send up holy vapours to those powers
That bless our loves, and crown our sportful hours;

That with such Halcyon calmness fix our souls
In stedfast peace, as no affright controuls.

There, no rude sounds shake us with sudden starts;
No jealous ears, when we unrip our hearts,

Suck our discourse in; no observing spies
This blush, that glance traduce; no envious eyes

Watch our close meetings, nor are we betray'd
To rivals by the bribed chamber-maid.

No wedlock bonds unwreath our twisted loves;
We seek no midnight arbour, no dark groves,

To hide our kisses: there, the hated name
Of husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame,
Are vain and empty words, whose very sound
Was never heard in the Elysian ground.

All things are lawful there, that may delight
Nature or unrestrained appetite;

Like and enjoy, to will and act, is one;

We only sin when love's rites are not done;

The Roman *Lucretia*, there reads the divine
Lectures of love's great master, *Arctine*;

And knows as well as *Lais* how to move
Her pliant body in the act of love;

To quench the burning ravisher, she hurls
Her limbs into a thousand winding curls,

And studies artful postures, such as be
Carv'd on the bark of every neighbouring tree

By learned hands; that so adorn'd the rind
Of those fair plants, which as they lay entwin'd,

Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian
dame,

That in her endless web toil'd for a name
As fruitless as her work, doth there display

Herself before the youth of *Ithaca*,

And the am'rous sport of gamefome nights, pre-
fer

Before dull dreams of the lost traveller.

Daphne hath broke her bark; and that swift
foot,

Which th' angry gods had fastened with a root

To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,

To meet th' embraces of the youthful sun:

She hangs upon him like his Delphique lyre,

Her kisses blow the old, and breathe new fire;

Full of her God, she sings inspired lays,

Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bays,

Which she herself was. Next her, *Laura* lies

In *Petrarch's* learned arms, drying those eyes

That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers
flow,

As made the world enamour'd of his woe.

These, and ten thousand beauties more that dy'd

Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride

His cruel laws; and for their time mispent,

Paid into love's exchequer double rent.

Come then, my *Celia*, we'll no more forbear

To taste our joys, struck with a panic fear,

But will depose from his imperious sway

This proud usurper, and walk free as they,

With necks unyok'd; nor is it just that he

Should fetter your soft sex with chastity,

Which nature made unapt for abstinence;

When yet this false impostor can dispense

With human justice and with sacred right,

And maugre both their laws, command me fight

With rivals or with emulous loves that dare

Equal with thine their mistress' eyes or hair:

If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword

To carve out thy revenge, upon that word

He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands

With marks of infamy my coward hands.

And yet religion bids from blood-shed fly,

And damns me for that act: Then tell me why

This goblin, honour, which the world adores,

Should make men atheists, and not women whores?

Epitaph on the Lady MARY VILLERS.*

THE Lady Mary Villers lies
Under this stone : With weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear :
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them ;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case ;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn.

A N O T H E R.

THE purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement,
Inform'd this dust ; but the weak mould
Could the great guest no longer hold ;
The substance was too pure ; the flame
Too glorious that thither came :
Ten thousand Cupids brought along
A grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there, till they all oppress'd
The seat in which they fought to rest ;
So the fair model broke, for want
Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

A N O T H E R.

THIS little vault, this narrow room,
Of love and beauty is the tomb :
The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
Our clouded sky, lies darken'd here,
For ever set to us, by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath.
'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall spring again ;
A budding star, that might have grown
Into a sun, when it had blown.
This hopeful beauty did create
New life in love's declining state ;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free :
His brand, his bow, let no man fear ;
The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

Epitaph on the Lady S. Wife to Sir W. S.

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting airs (the magic of a face)
Of musical sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one sovereign beauty, lie confin'd
To this dark vault : She was a cabinet
Where all the choicest stones of price were set ;

* Daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament ;
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dress ;
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire, em'rald apt to write
Records of mem'ry, chearful agate, grave
And serious onyx, topaz that doth save
The brain's calm temper, witty amethyst ;
This precious quarry, or what else the list
On Aaron's ephod planted had, she wore :
One only pearl was wanting to her store ;
Which in her Saviour's book she found express'd ;
To purchase that, she sold death all the rest.

Maria Wentworth, Thomæ Comitissæ Cleveland filia primogenita, virginiam animam exhalavit. an. dom. 1613. æt. suæ—

AND here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to gen'ral love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents ; courtesy, behind ;
On either side, an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justify'd
A chaste polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (reader) what small trust
We owe this world, where Virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Beatissimis manibus charissimi viri Ilma. conjunx se parentavit.

WHEN, in the brazen leaves of fame,
The life, the death of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if truth's hand
Incise the story our land,
Posterity shall see a fair
Structure, by the studious care
Of two kings raised, that no less
Their wisdom than their pow'r express ;

By blinded zeal (whose doubtful light
Made murder's scarlet robe seem white,
Whose vain-deluding phantasms charm'd
A clouded sullen soul, and arm'd
A desperate hand thirsty of blood)
Torn from the fair earth where it stood;
So the majestic fabric fell.
His actions let our annals tell;
We write no chronicle; this pile
Wears only sorrow's face and smile,
Which ev'n the envy, that did wait
Upon his flourishing estate,
Turn'd to soft pity of his death,
Now pays his hearse; but that cheap breath
Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
Puddle those streams that bathe this shrine.

These are the pious obsequies
Dropp'd from his chaste wife's pregnant eyes
In frequent showers, and were alone
By her congealing sighs made stone,
On which the carver did bestow
These forms and characters of woe:
So he the fashion only lent,
Whilst she wept all this monument.

ANOTHER.

*Siste, hospes, sive indigena, sive advena: vicissitudinis
rerum memor, pauca perlege.*

READER, when these dumb stones have told
In borrowed speech what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit,
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happiness create,
Her ministers, Fortune and Worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth:
They fix'd this child of honour where
No room was left for hope or fear,
Of more or less: so high, so great
His growth was, yet so safe his seat:
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyal heart and ends:
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stamp of nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the chearful courtesies
Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store:
Yet though for virtue he becomes
Involv'd himself in borrow'd fumes,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.

But though the stars conspire to show'r
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other breasts inspire

With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life:
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?

*Four Songs by way of Chorus to a Play, at an Entertain-
ment of the King and Queen by my Lord
Chamberlain.*

I.

OF JEALOUSY. DIALOGUE.

Question.

FROM whence was first this fury hurl'd,
This Jealousy, into the world?
Came she from Hell? *Answer.* No, there doth
reign

Eternal Hatred, with Disdain:
But she the daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. *Quest.* Then above
She must derive from the third sphere
Her heavenly offspring *Answer.* Neither there:
From those immortal flames could she
Draw her cold frozen pedigree?

Question.

If nor from heaven nor hell, where then
Had she her birth? *Answer.* I' th' hearts of men.
Beauty and Fear did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate.
Sister to both, by Beauty's side
To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd.
Despair her issue is, whose race
Of frightful mischief drowns the space
Of the wide earth in a swoln flood
Of wrath, revenge, spite, rage, and blood.

Question.

Oh how can such a spurious line
Proceed from parents so divine?

Answer.

As streams, which from their crystal spring
Do sweet and clear their waters bring,
Yet, mingling with the brackish main,
Nor taste nor colour they retain.

Question.

Yet rivers 'twixt their own banks flow
Still fresh: Can Jealousy do so?

Answer.

Yes, whilst she keeps the steadfast ground
Of Hope and Fear, her equal bound:
Hope, sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Tow'rd's the fair object doth advance;
Whilst Fear, as watchful centinel,
Doth the invading foe repel;
And Jealousy, thus mixt, doth prove
The season and the salt of love:
But when Fear takes a larger scope,
Stifling the child of reason, Hope;
Then, sitting on th' usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone;
As the wild ocean unconfin'd,
And raging as the northern wind.

II.

FEMININE HONOUR.

In what esteem did the gods hold
Fair Innocence and the chaste bed,
When scandal'd Virtue might be bold,
Bare-foot upon sharp cultures, spread
O'er burning coals, to march; yet feel
Nor scorching fire nor piercing steel?

Why, when the hard-edg'd iron did turn
Soft as a bed of roses blown,
When cruel flames forgot to burn
Their chaste, pure limbs, should man alone
'Gainst female innocence conspire,
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire?

Oh hapless sex! unequal sway
Of partial honour! who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
When Malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and Fame fix high repute
On the loose shameless prostitute?

Vain Honour! thou art but disguise,
A cheating voice, a juggling art;
No judge of Virtue, whose pure eyes
Court her own image in the heart,
More pleas'd with her true figure there,
Than her false echo in the ear.

III.

SEPARATION OF LOVERS.

Stop the chased boar, or play
With the lion's paw, yet fear
From the Lover's side to tear
The idol of his soul away.

Though Love enter by the fight
To the heart, it doth not fly
From the mind, when from the eye
The fair objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
When we lose what we before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is Love more set on fire.

Love doth an hungry eye
Glut on Beauty, and you may
Safer snatch the tiger's prey
Than his vital food deny.

Yet, though absence for a space
Sharpen the keen appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Love's characters efface.

IV.

INCOMMUNICABILITY OF LOVE.

Question.

By what power was Love confin'd
To one object? Who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?

Answer.

Nature; for as bodies may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can minds to more than one Love stray.

Reply.

Yet I feel double smart;
Love's twinn'd flame, his forked dart.

Answer. Then hath wild Lust, not Love, possess'd thy heart.

Question.

Whence springs Love? *Answer.* From Beauty.

Quest. Why should th' effect not multiply
As fast in the heart, as doth the cause in th' eye?

Answer.

When two beauties equal are
Sense preferring neither fair,
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the pair.

So in equal distance lay
Two fair lambs in the wolf's way,
The hungry beast will starve ere choose his prey.

But where one is chief, the rest
Cease, and that's alone possess'd,
Without a rival monarch of the breast.

SONGS IN THE PLAY.

A Lover, in the disguise of an Amazon, is dearly beloved of his Mistress.

CEASE, thou afflicted soul, to mourn,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorn;
For I am starv'd that feel the blisses
Of dear embraces, smiles and kisses,
From my soul's idol, yet complain
Of equal love more than disdain.

Cease, beauty's exile, to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that fair bosom dwell,
That is my paradise and hell;
Banish'd at home, at once at ease
In the safe port, and tost on seas.

Cease in cold jealous fears to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I had lock'd in mine arms
My life's sole joy, a traitor's charms
Prevail; whilst I may only blame
Myself, that mine own rival am.

ANOTHER.

A Lady, rescued from Death by a Knight, who in the instant leaves her, complains thus.

OH whither is my fair sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away?
If thou repose in the moist bed
Of the sea-queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt lie
Bath'd in the sea-flows from mine eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride
Hence, remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd?
Dark riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to fly; so he
Unfeather'd now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave youth! I burn, I bleed!
The cruel God with bow and brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed;
Disarm him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

TO BEN JONSON,

*Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annexed to his
Play of the New Inn.*

'Tis true (dear Ben) thy just chastising hand
Hath fix'd upon the sotted age a brand,
To their swollen pride and empty scribbling due:
It can nor judge, nor write; and yet, 'tis true,
Thy Comic Muse from the exalted line
Touch'd by the Alchymist, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretels a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light
With which all stars shall gild the following night.
Nor think it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the sunny trial) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or That doth shine
Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since All are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or else who dar'd
To call thy births deform'd? But if thou bind,
By city custom, or by gavel kind,
In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sex, and place;
Though one hand form them, and through one
brain strike
Souls into all, they are not all alike.
Why should the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage
As seems to blast thy (else immortal) bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of
praise?
Such thirst will argue droughe. No; let be hurl'd
Upon thy works, by the detracting world,
What malice can suggest; let the rout say
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)

Count the slow minutes, might a Goodwin * frame,
To swallow, when th' hast done, thy shipwreck'd
name;

Let them the dear expence of oil upbraid,
Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt:
Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,
That flecks thy terser Poems; nor is haste
Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring the booty home;
Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils, so torn
From conquer'd Authors, be as trophies worn.
Let others glut on thee th' extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after-days:
Thy labour'd works shall live, when time devours
Th' abortive offspring of their hasty hours:
Thou art not of their rank; the quarrel lies
Within thine own verge; then let this suffice,
The wiser world doth greater thee confess
Than all men else, than thyself only less.

AN HYMENEAL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOM.

Groom.

TELL me (my love) since Hymen ty'd
The holy knot, hast thou not felt
A new infused spirit slide
Into thy breast, whilst thine did melt?

Bride.

First tell me (sweet) whose words were those?
For though your voice the air did break,
Yet did my soul the sense compose,
And through your lips my heart did speak.

Groom.

Then I perceive, when from the flame
Of love my scorch'd soul did retire.
Your frozen heart in her place came,
And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride.

'Tis true; for when that mutual change
Of souls was made with equal gain,
I straight might feel diffus'd a strange
But gentle heat through every vein.

Chorus.

Oh blest disunion! that doth so
Our bodies from our souls divide,
As two do one, and one four grow,
Each by contraction multiply'd.

Bride.

Thy bosom then I'll make my nest,
Since there my willing soul doth perch.

Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste breast
I'll make an everlasting search.

Chorus. Oh blest disunion, &c.

† The Goodwin Sands in Kent.

Obsequies to the Lady ANNE HAY.*

I HEARD the virgins sigh; I saw the sleek
And polish'd courtier channel his fresh cheek
With real tears; the new betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the graver Senate laid
Their business by; of all the courtly throng
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the
tongue:

I that ne'er more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward mistress drew,
And for the public woe had my dull sense
So fear'd with ever-adverse influence,
As the invader's sword might have, unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead bosom, yet began to melt:
Grief's strong instinct did to my blood suggest
In the unknown loss peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlisle's gem,
The fairest branch of Denny's ancient stem,
Was from that casket stol'n, from this trunk torn,
I found just cause why they, why I should mourn.

But who shall guide my artless pen, to draw
Those blooming beauties which I never saw?
How shall posterity believe my story,
If I her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper virtues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortal state?
Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
There steal a grace; and rifling so whole nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
Figure one Venus, and say, Such was she?
Shall I her legend fill with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her sex been told;
And what all pens and times to all dispense,
Restrain to her by a prophetic sense?
Or shall I, to the moral and divine
Exactest laws, shape by an even line
A life so straight, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,
And call it hers? Say, So did she begin;
And, had she liv'd, such had her progress been?
These are dull ways, by which base pens, for hire,
Daub glorious Vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steal holy ditties, which prophanely they
Upon the horse of every strumpet lay.

We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd tear,
Nor shall thy train borrow the blacks they wear
Such vulgar spice and gums embalm not thee;
Thou art the theme of Truth, not Poetry.
Thou shalt endure a trial by thy Peers;
Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,
Whose virtues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life:
One shall ensphere thine eyes, another shall
Impearl thy teeth, a third thy white and small
Hand shall besnow, a fourth incarnadine
Thy rosy cheek; until each beauteous line,
Drawn by her hand in whom that part excels,
Meet in one centre, where all Beauty dwells.

* Daughter of James Hay, first Earl of Carlisle.

Others, in task, shall thy choice virtues share;
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth de-
clare, [deeds:]

Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every virtue, which in the pursuit
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit;
Thus shalt thou from the mouth of Envy raise
A glorious journal of thy thrifty days, [race
Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whose
In a continued line of flames we trace.

This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art:
This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partial rhimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall faint thee, and be this thy pride,
'Thus ey'n by rivals to be deify'd.

To the Countess of Anglesey, upon the immoderately
by her lamented Death of her Husband.*

MADAM, men say you keep with dropping eyes
Your sorrows fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lies
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear Lord's
hearse.

Alas! those odours now no more can pierce
His cold, pale nostril, nor the crimson dye
Present a graceful blush to his dark eye.
Think you that flood of pearly moisture bath
The virtue fabled of old Eson's bath?
You may your beauties and your youth consume
Over his urn, and with your sighs perfume
The solitary vault, which, as you groan,
In hollow echoes shall repeat your moan:
There you may wither, and an autumn bring
Upon yourself, but not call back his spring.
Forbear your fruitless grief then; and let those
Whose love was doubted, gain belief with shows
To their suspected faith; you whose whole life
In every act crown'd you a constant wife,
May spare the practice of that vulgar trade,
Which superstitious custom only made:
Rather, a widow now of wisdom prove
The pattern, as a wife you were of love.
Yet since you surfeit on your grief, 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cares you sit
Glutting your sorrows; and at once include
His story, your excuse, my gratitude.

You, that behold how yon sad Lady blends
Those ashes with her tears, lest, as she spends
Her tributary sighs, the frequent gust
Might scatter up and down the noble dust;
Know, when that heap of atoms was with blood
Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
On stately pillars, the rare form might move
The froward Ino's, or chaste Cynthia's love.

† Elisabeth, the wife of Arthur Annesley, first Earl of Anglesey, and daughter of Sir James Altham.

In motion, active grace; in rest, a calm;
 Attractive sweetness brought both wound and balm
 To every heart; he was compos'd of all
 The wishes of ripe virgins, when they call
 For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
 A shape of studied beauties to their bed.
 Within this curious palace dwelt a Soul
 Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole:
 This dress'd his face in courteous smiles; and so
 From comely gestures sweeter manners flow.
 This courage join'd to strength; so the hand, bent,
 Was Valor's; open'd, Bounty's instrument;
 Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,
 Knew how to brandish steel and scatter gold.
 This taught him not to engage his modest tongue
 In suits of private gain, though public wrong;
 Nor misemploy (as is the great man's use)
 His credit with his Master, to traduce,
 Deprave, malign, and ruin Innocence,
 In proud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence:
 But all his actions had the noble end
 To advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
 He chose not in the active stream to swim,
 Nor hunted Honour, which yet hunted him;
 But like a quiet eddy that hath found
 Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
 And in continual circles dances, free
 From the impetuous torrent; so did he
 Give others leave to turn the wheel of state,
 (Whose steerless motion spins the subjects fate)
 Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noise
 Of court, and suitors press, apart enjoys
 Freedom, and mirth, himself, his time, and friends,
 And with sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.
 I could remember how his noble heart
 First kindled at your beauties; with what art
 He chac'd his game through all opposing fears,
 When I his sighs to you, and back your tears
 Convey'd to him; how loyal then, and how
 Constant he prov'd since to his marriage vow,
 So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in
 One lustful thought to tempt his soul to sin;
 But that I fear such mention rather may
 Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.

Then let him rest, join'd to great Buckingham,
 And with his brother's mingle his bright flame.
 Look up, and meet their beams, and you from
 thence

May chance derive a cheerful influence.
 Seek him no more in dust, but call again
 Your scatter'd beauties home; and so the pen,
 Which now I take from this sad elegy,
 Shall sing the trophies of your conqu'ring eye.

*An Elegy upon the Death of DOCTOR DONNE,
 Dean of Saint Paul's.*

CAN we not force from widow'd poetry,
 Now thou art dead, Great Donne, one elegy
 To crown thy hearse? Why yet did we not crust,
 Though with unkneaded dough-bak'd prose, thy
 dust;

Such as th' uncizar'd lect'rer from the flow'r
 Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, mighty lay
 Upon the ashes on the funeral day?
 Have we not time, nor voice? Didst thou dispense
 Through all our language both the words and sense?
 'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain
 And sober Christian precepts still retain;
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame,
 Grave homilies, and lectures; but the flame
 Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light
 As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
 Committed holy rapes upon the will,
 Did through the eye the melting hours distil,
 And the deep knowledge of dark truths to teach
 As sense might judge what fancy could not reach)
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
 That fills with spirit and heat the delphic quire,
 Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath,
 Glow'd here awhile, lies quench'd now in thy death.
 The Muses garden, with pedantic weeds
 O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
 Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
 Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
 A mimic fury, when our souls must be
 Possess'd or with Anacreon's extasy
 Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle chat
 Of fly exchanges, and the juggling feat
 Of two-edg'd swords; or whatsoever wrong
 By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd; and open'd us a mine
 Of rich and pregnant fancy; drawn a line
 Of masculine expression, which had good
 Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
 Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
 Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more
 They each in other's dung had search'd for ore.
 Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
 And the blind face of language, whose tun'd chime
 More charms the outward sense: yet thou may'st
 claim

From so great disadvantage greater fame,
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
 With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about
 Thy giant Fancy, which had prov'd too stout
 For their soft, melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred year,
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
 To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
 Of what was only thine, thy only hands
 (And what their smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those Times and Tongues could reap
 before.

But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
 Too hard for libertines in poetry;
 They will recall the goodly, exil'd train
 Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
 Was banish'd noble poems. Now, with these,
 The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses

Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page;
Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age
Turn ballad rhyme, or those old idols be
Ador'd again with new apostacy.

Oh pardon me! that break with untun'd verse
'The reverend silence that attends thy hearse;
Whose solemn, awful murmurs were to thee,
More than those rude lines, a loud elegy;
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly-turning wheel not stand
I' th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some short time retains a faint, weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss;
Those are too numerous for one elegy,
And 'tis too great to be express'd by me:
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
I only grave this epitaph incise.
"Here lies a king that rul'd as he thought fit
"The Universal Monarchy of Wit;
"Here lies two Flamens, and both those the best;
"Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest."

*In Answer to an Elegiacal Letter upon the Death of
the King of Sweden, from Aurelian Townsend, in-
viting me to write on that subject.*

WHY dost thou sound, my dear Aurelian,
In so shrill actions, from thy Barbican,
A loud alarm to my drowsy eyes,
Bidding them wake in tears and elegies
For mighty Sweden's fall? Alas! how may
My lyric feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of Love and Beauty only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his majestic hearse
Profane with th' humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso, more
Than both, not Donne, worth all that went before,
With the united labour of their wit
Could a just poem to this subject fit.
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by verse: let him in prose be prais'd,
In modest faithful story, which his deeds
Shall turn to poems: When the next age reads
Of Franckfort, Leipzig, Warsburgh, of the Rhine,
The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Wallestein,
Bavaria, Dapenheim, Lutzen field, where he
Gain'd after death a posthume victory,
They'll think his acts things rather feign'd than
done,
Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.

Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
Who, though to annals he cannot refer
His too-brief story, yet his journals may
Stand by the Cæsar's years; and every day
Cut into minutes, each shall more contain
Of great designment than an Emperor's reign;
And (since 'twas but his church-yard) let him have
For his own ashes now no narrower grave
Than the whole German continent's vast womb,
Whilst all her cities do but make his tomb.
Let us to Supreme Providence commit
The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit
To rend the empire from the Austrian gasp,
And next from Sweden's, even when he did clasp
Within his dying arms the sov'reignty
Of all those provinces, that men might see
The Divine Wisdom would not leave that land
Subject to any king's sole command.
Then let the Germans fear, if Cæsar shall,
Or the United Princes, rise and fall;
But let us that in myrtle bowers sit,
Under secure shades, use the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
Of our good king gives this obdurate land:
Let us of revels sing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fame's strumpet with Gustavus' death,
Blowing his name to Heaven) gently inspire
Thy past'ral pipe till all our swains admire
Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
The Beauties of the *Shepherd's Paradise* (a):
For who, like thee, (whose loose discourse is far
More neat and polish'd than our poems are,
Whose very gait's more graceful than our dance)
In sweetly flowing numbers may advance
The glorious night; when, not to act foul rapes,
Like birds, or beasts, but in their angel-shapes
A troop of deities came down to guide
Our steerless barks in Passion's swelling tide
By Virtue's card, and brought us from above
A pattern of their own celestial love.
Nor lay it in dark sullen precepts drown'd;
But with rich fancy and clear action crown'd,
Through a mysterious fable (that was drawn
Like a transparent vail of purest lawn
Before their dazzling beauties) the divine
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid shine:
The story's curious web, the masculine stile,
The subtle sense, did time and sleep beguile:
Pinion'd and charm'd, they stood to gaze upon
Th' angel-like forms, gestures, and motion;
To hear those ravishing sounds, that did dispense
Knowledge and pleasure to the soul and sense.
It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all spirit; his corporeal mold,
Dissected into atoms, melt away
To empty air, and from the gross allay
Of mixtures and compounding accidents,
Refin'd to immaterial elements.
But when the Queen of Beauty did inspire
The air with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing, from her celestial organ, sweet
Harmonious notes, our souls fell at her feet,
And did with humble, reverend duty, more
Her rare perfections than high state adore.

(a) The title of a poem written by Aurelian Townsend.

These harmless pastimes let my Townsend sing
To rural tunes; not that thy Muse wants wing
To soar a loftier pitch, (for she hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroic shade
Above the reach of our faint, flagging rhyme);
But these are subjects proper to our clime.
Tornies, masks, theatres better become
Our Halcion days. What though the German
drum

Bellow for freedom and revenge? the noise
Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys;
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
Drown the sweet airs of our tun'd violins.
Believe me, friend, if their prevailing pow'rs
Gain them a calm security like ours,
They'll hang their arms upon the olive bough,
And dance and revel then as we do now.

Upon Mr. W. MONTAGUE's return from Travel.

LEAD the black bull to slaughter, with the boar
And lamb; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay:
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Montague:
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus with voice and hand
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth do'st repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
The Halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, Youth, and endless Spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing,
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your
friends,
And fill their circling arms, my glad soul sends
This her embrace: thus we of Delphos greet;
As laymen clasp their hands, we join our feet.

To MASTER W. MONTAGUE.

SIR, I arrest you at your country's suit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich stock, which she by Nature's hand
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land:
Next she indites you of a felony,
For stealing what was her propriety (b),
Yourself, from hence; so seeking to convey
The public treasure of the state away.
More: y'are accus'd of ostracism, the fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
On eminent virtue; but that curse which they
Cast on their men, you on your country lay:
For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdom lives in exile, and all hearts
That relish worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, suffer banishment.
These are your public injuries; but I
Have a just private quarrel, to defy
And call you coward; thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
Till I redeem'd my honour: but I swear
By Celia's eyes, by the same force to tear
Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,
Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
But as in single fights it oft hath been
In that unequal equal trial seen,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
Came from the combat oft too with the worst;
So if you foil me when we meet, I'll then
Give you fair leave to wound me so again.

On the Marriage of T. K. and C. C.—The Morning stormy.

SUCH should this day be, so the sun should hide
His bashful face, and let the conquering bride
Without a rival shine, whilst he forbears
To mingle his unequal beams with hers;
Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
Between the parting clouds, 'tis but to spy,
Not emulate her glories, so comes dress'd
In veils, but as a masker to the feast.
Thus Heav'n should lowr, such stormy gusts should
blow,
Not to denounce ungentle fates, but shew,
The cheerful bridegroom to the clouds and wind
Hath all his tears and all his sighs assign'd.
Let tempests struggle in the air, but rest
Eternal calms within thy peaceful breast!
Thrice happy youth! but ever sacrifice
To that fair hand that dry'd thy blubber'd eyes,
That crown'd thy head with roses, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordial,
When first it join'd her virgin snow to thine,
Which when to-day the Priest shall recombine,
From the mysterious, holy touch, such charms
Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed arms,
And open a free passage to that fruit
Which thou hast toil'd for with a long pursuit.

(b) Property.

But ere thou feed, that thou may'st better taste
 Thy present joys, think on thy torments past :
 Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon
 Her virtues, graces, beauties, one by one ;
 So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
 Delights of her fair body and pure soul :
 Then boldly to the fight of love proceed ;
 'Tis mercy not to pity, though she bleed.
 We'll strew no nuts, but change that ancient form,
 For till to-morrow we'll prorogue this storm,
 Which shall confound with its loud whistling noise
 Her pleasing shrieks, and fan thy panting joys.

*For a Picture where the Queen laments over the Tomb
 of a slain Knight.*

BRAVE Youth, to whom Fate in one hour
 Gave death and conquest, by whose pow'r
 Those chains about my heart are wound,
 With which the foe my kingdom bound ;
 Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
 For either act an offering :
 For victory, this wreath of bay ;
 Ensign of thralldom down I lay
 Sceptre and crown : Take from my sight
 Those royal robes ; since Fortune's spite
 Forbids me live thy Virtue's prize,
 I'll die thy Valour's sacrifice.

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

I.
 Now you have freely given me leave to love,
 What will you do ?
 Shall I your mirth, or passion move,
 When I begin to woo ?
 Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?

II.
 Each petty Beauty can disdain, and I,
 Spite of your hate,
 Without your leave can see and die :
 Dispense a nobler fate ;
 'Tis easy to destroy, you may create.

III.
 Then give me leave to love, and love me too :
 Not with design
 To raise, as Love's curst rebels do,
 When puling poets whine,
 Fame to their beauty from their blubber'd eyn.

IV.
 Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
 Your Beauty's rays :
 Joys are pure streams, your eyes appear
 Sullen in sadder lays ;
 In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise ;

V.
 Which shall not mention, to express you fair,
 Wounds, flames, and darts,
 Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,
 Suborning all your parts,
 Or to betray or torture captive hearts,

VI.
 I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,
 As mild and fair ;
 Your brow, as crystal smooth and clear ;
 And your dishevel'd hair
 Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

VII.
 Rich Nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)
 I'll spend to dress
 Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure
 In equal thankfulness
 You but unlock, so we each other bless.

*Upon my Lord Chief Justice's Election of the Lady
 A. W. for his Mistress.*

I.
 HEAR this, and tremble all
 Usurping Beauties that create
 A government tyrannical
 In Love's free state :
 Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
 His equal balance join'd ; his sage head lies
 In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

II.
 Hark how the stern Law breaths
 Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
 No fetters but of silken wreaths
 And braided hairs :
 His dreadful rods and axes are exil'd,
 Whilst he sits crown'd with roses : Love hath fil'd
 His native roughness ; Justice is grown mild.

III.
 The golden age returns ;
 Love's bow and quiver useles lie ;
 His shaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns ;
 And cruelty
 Is sunk to hell : the Fair shall all be kind ;
 Who loves shall be belov'd ; the froward mind
 To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

IV.
 Astræa hath possess'd
 An earthly seat, and now remains
 In Finch's heart ; but Wentworth's breast
 That guest contains :
 With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
 Nor lost her sphere ; for, new-enthron'd, she cries,
 " I know no heaven but fair Wentworth's eyes."

To A. D. unreasonably distrustful of her own Beauty.

FAIR Doris, break thy glass ; it hath perplex'd,
 With a dark comment, Beauty's clearest text ;
 It hath not told thy face's story true,
 But brought false copies to thy jealous view :
 No colour, feature, lovely air, or grace,
 That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
 But thou may'st read in thine, or justly doubt,
 Thy glass hath been summon'd to leave it out,
 But if it offer to thy nice survey
 A spot, a stain, a blemish or decay,

It not belongs to thee; the treacherous light
 Or faithless stone abuse thy credulous sight.
 Perhaps the magic of thy face hath wrought
 Upon th' enchanted crystal, and so brought
 Fantastic shadows to delude thine eyes
 With airy, repercussive forceries:
 Or else th' enamoured image pines away
 For love of the fair object, and so may
 Wax pale and wan; and though the substance grow
 Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe.
 Give thou no faith to the false specular stone,
 But let thy beauties by th' effects be known:
 Look, sweetest Doris, on my love-sick heart;
 In that true mirror see how fair thou art.
 There, by Love's never-erring pencil drawn,
 Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawn,
 Shoot through the shady covert of thy hair,
 Enam'ling and perfuming the calm air
 With pearls and roses, till thy suns display
 Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day.
 Whilst Delphic priests (enlighten'd by their theme)
 In amorous numbers count thy golden beam,
 And from Love's altars clouds of sighs arise
 In smoking incense to adore thine eyes:
 If then Love flow from Beauty as th' effect,
 How canst thou the resistless cause suspect?
 Who would not brand that fool that should contend,
 There were no fire where smoke and flames ascend?
 Distrust is worse than scorn; not to believe
 My harms, is greater wrong than not to grieve.
 What cure can for my fest'ring sore be found,
 Whilst thou believ'st thy beauty cannot wound?
 Such humble thoughts more cruel tyrants prove,
 Than all the pride that e'er usurp'd in love;
 For Beauty's herald here denounceth war,
 There her false spies betray me to a snare.
 If fire disguis'd in balls of snow were hurl'd,
 It unsuspected might consume the world:
 Where our prevention ends, danger begins;
 So wolves in sheep's, lions in asses skins
 Might far more mischief work, because less fear'd;
 Those, the whole flock, these might kill all the
 herd.
 Appear then as thou art, break through this cloud,
 Confess thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud,
 Be fair, though scornful; rather let me find
 Thee cruel, than thus mild and more unkind.
 Thy cruelty doth only me defy,
 But these dull thoughts thee to thyself deny.
 Whether thou mean to barter or bestow
 Thyself, 'tis fit thou thine own value know.
 I will not cheat thee of thyself, nor pay
 Less for thee than thou'rt worth; thou shalt not say,
 That is but brittle glass which I have found
 By strict inquiry a firm diamond.
 I'll trade with no such Indian fool as sells
 Gold, pearls, and precious stones, for beads and bells;
 Nor will I take a present from your hand,
 Which you or prize not, or not understand,
 It not endears your bounty that I do
 Esteem your gift, unless you do so too.
 You undervalue me, when you bestow
 On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
 No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
 In love first with thyself, and then with me.

You are afflicted that you are not fair,
 And I as much tormented that you are:
 What I admire, you scorn; what I love, hate;
 Through different faiths both share an equal fate;
 Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick;
 I die a martyr, you an heretic.

To my Friend, G. N. from Wreſt.

I BREATHE, sweet Ghibs, the temperate air of
 Wreſt,
 Where I, no more with raging storms oppress'd,
 Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
 On the bleak mountains where fierce tempests breed,
 And everlasting winter dwells; where mild
 Favonius and the vernal winds, exil'd,
 Did never spread their wings: but the wild North
 Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
 Here, steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
 Sends forth her teeming womb a flow'ry birth;
 And, cherish'd with the warm sun's quick'ning
 heat,
 Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;
 Whose perfumes through the ambient air diffuse
 Such native aromatics, as we use
 No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,
 No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
 Adulterate; but, at Nature's cheap expence,
 With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense,
 Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
 This mansion with an useful comeliness
 Devoid of art; for here the architect
 Did not with curious skill a pile erect
 Of carved marble, touch, or prophecy,
 But built a house for hospitality.
 No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
 Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
 And coldly entertain his sight; but clear
 And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here.
 No Doric nor Corinthian pillars grace
 With imagery this structure's naked face:
 The lord and lady of this place delight
 Rather to be in act, than seem, in sight.
 Instead of statues to adorn their wall,
 They throng with living men their merry hall,
 Where, at large tables fill'd with wholesome meats,
 The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:
 Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
 Are with the women, steward, and chaplain, fed
 With daintier cates; others of better note,
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat
 Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
 At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
 A large access of friends to fill those seats
 Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats
 Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
 Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
 Nor think, because our pyramids and high
 Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
 That therefore Wreſt of narrowness complains,
 Or straighten'd walls; for she more numerous trains
 Of noble guests daily receives, and those
 Can with far more conveniency dispose,

Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
 More cost in outward gay embellishment
 Than real use; which was the sole design
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
 But fit for service. Amalthea's horn
 Of plenty is not in effigy worn
 Without the gate; but she within the door
 Empties her free and unexhausted store. [stand
 Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres
 In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand;
 Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
 With grapes, is curl'd, unscizar'd Bacchus rear'd.
 We offer not, in emblems, to the eyes,
 But to the taste, those useful deities:
 We press the juicy God, and quaff his blood,
 And grind the yellow Goddess into food.
 Yet we decline not all the work of Art;
 But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,
 And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
 Fit matter, she with care and diligence
 Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source
 Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
 And entertains the flowing streams in deep
 And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
 In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
 Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
 This island mansion, which i' th' centre plac'd,
 Is with a double crystal heaven embrac'd;
 In which our wat'ry constellations float,
 Our fishes, swans, our waterman, and boat,
 Envy'd by those above, which wish to flake
 Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
 But they stick fast nail'd to the barren sphere,
 Whilst our increase, in fertile waters here,
 Disport, and wander freely where they please
 Within the circuit of our narrow seas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
 Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
 And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
 Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
 On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
 His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyr sports
 On th' other, with lov'd Flora, yielding there
 Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
 But did you taste the high and mighty drink [think
 Which from that luscious fountain flows, you'd
 The God of wine did his plump clusters bring,
 And crush the Falern grape into our spring;
 Or else, disguis'd in wat'ry robes, did swim
 To Ceres' bed, and make her beg of him,
 Beggetting so himself on her: for know,
 Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
 To theirs in autumn; but our fire boils here
 As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.

Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest place; whilst, toil'd in the pursuit
 Of bucks and stags, th' emblem of war, you strive
 To keep the memory of our arms alive.

A New Year's Gift.—To the KING.

Look back, old Janus, and survey,
 From Time's birth till this new-born day,

All the successful seasons bound
 With laurel wreaths, and trophies crown'd;
 Turn o'er the annals past, and, where
 Happy auspicious days appear,
 Mark'd with the white stone that cast
 On the dark brow of th' ages past
 A dazzling lustre, let them shine
 In this succeeding circle's twine,
 Till it be round with glories spread;
 Then with it crown our Charles his head,
 That we th' ensuing year may call
 One great continu'd festival.
 Fresh joys in varied forms apply
 To each distinct captivity,
 Season his cares by day with nights
 Crown'd with all conjugal delights.
 May the choice beauties that inflame
 His royal breast he still the same,
 And he still think them such, since more
 Thou canst not give from Nature's store:
 Then as a father let him be
 With numerous issue blest, and see
 The fair and godlike offspring grown
 From budding stars to suns full blown.
 Circle with peaceful olive boughs
 And conquering bays his regal brows:
 Let his strong virtues overcome,
 And bring him bloodless trophies home:
 Strew all the pavements where he treads
 With loyal hearts or rebels heads:
 But, Byfront, open thou no more,
 In his blest reign, the temple door.

To the QUEEN.

Thou great commandress, that dost move
 Thy sceptre o'er the crown of Love,
 And through his empire, with the awe
 Of thy chaste beams, dost give the law;
 From his prophaner altars we
 Turn to adore thy deity.
 He only can wild lust provoke;
 Thou those impurer flames canst choke:
 And where he scatters looser fires,
 Thou turn'st them into chaste desires:
 His kingdom knows no rule but this,
 "Whatever pleaseth lawful is."
 Thy sacred lord shews us the path
 Of modesty and constant faith,
 Which makes the rude male satisfy'd
 With one fair female by his side;
 Doth either sex to each unite,
 And from Love's pure hermaphrodite.
 To this thy faith behold the wild
 Satyr already reconcil'd,
 Who from the influence of thine eye
 Hath suck'd the deep divinity
 O free them then, that they may teach
 The centaur and the horseman! preach
 To beasts and birds, sweetly to rest
 Each in his proper lair and nest:
 They shall convey it to the flood,
 Till there thy law be understood,

So shalt thou, with thy pregnant fire,
The water, earth, and air inspire.

To the New Year, for the Countess of CARLISLE (c).

GIVE Lucinda pearl nor stone,
Lend them light who else have none :
Let her beauty shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the east,
For the phoenix in her breast
Builds his funeral pile and nest.

No rich 'tire thou canst invent
Shall to grace her form be sent ;
She adorns all ornament.

Give her nothing, but restore
Those sweet smiles which heretofore
In her cheerful eyes she wore.

Drive those envious clouds away,
Veils that have o'ercast my day,
And eclips'd her brighter ray.

Let the royal Goth mow down
This year's harvest with his own
Sword, and spare Lucinda's frown.

Janus, if, when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Read the charter of my grace ;

Then, from bright Apollo's tree,
Such a garland wreath'd shall be
As shall crown both her and thee.

*To my honoured Friend, MASTER THOMAS MAY,
upon his Comedy, the HEIR.*

THE Heir being born, was in his tender age
Rock'd in the cradle of a private stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairly stand.
Since, having gather'd strength, he dares prefer
His steps into the public theatre,
The world; where he despairs not but to find
A doom from me more able, not less kind.

I but his usher am, yet if my word
May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
Such as best writers would have wish'd their own.

You shall observe his words in order meet,
And, softly stealing on with equal feet,
Slide into even numbers with such grace
As each word had been moulded for that place.

You shall perceive an amorous passion spun
Into so smooth a web, as had the fun,

(c) Anne, daughter of Edward Lord Howard of Effrick,
and wife of Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle.

When he pursu'd the swiftly-flying maid,
Court'd her in such language she had stay'd.
A love so well express'd must be the same
The author felt himself from his fair flame.
The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
Through the five acts, as doth the lock that goes
With letters; for till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as if you had found none :
And where his sportive muse doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to read.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
My want of art, dear friend, than to conceal
My love. It did appear I did not mean
So to commend thy well-wrought comic scene,
As men might judge my aim rather to be,
To gain praise to myself, than give it thee ;
Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.

Yet was this garment (though I skilless be
To take thy measure) only made for thee ;
And if it prove too scant, 'tis 'cause the stuff
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

*To my worthy Friend, Mr. GEORGE SANDS, on his
Translation of the Psalms.*

I PRESS not to the choir, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet ;
My unwasht muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine :
Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,
And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
So, devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without door, and some beneath the font,
To stand and hear the church's liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemn exercise :
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train ;
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy lark,
Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.
Who knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that run,
Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the sun :
A pure flame may, shot by Almighty pow'r
Into her breast, the earthy flame devour :
My eyes in penitential dew may steep
That brine, which they for sensual love did weep.
So (though 'gainst nature's course) fire may be
quench'd

With fire, and water be with water drench'd ;
Perhaps my restless soul, tir'd with pursuit
Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though cloy'd,
Weary of her vain search below, above
In the first fair may find th' immortal love.
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;
But tear those idols from my heart, and write
What his blest spirit, not fond love, shall indite ;
Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,
But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha ;
And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,
Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureats worn.

*To my much honoured Friend, HENRY LORD CAREW
of Lepington, upon his Translation of Malvezzi.*

My Lord,

IN every trivial work, 'tis known,
Translators must be masters of their own
And of their author's language; but your task
A greater latitude of skill did ask;
For your Malvezzi first requir'd a man
To teach him speak vulgar Italian:
His matter's so sublime, so new his phrase,
So far above the stile of Bembo's days,
Old Varchie's rules, or what the Trusca } yet
For current Truscan mintage will admit,
As I believe your Marquis by a good
Part of his natives hardly understood.
You must expect no happier fate; 'tis true,
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common ears;
He writes, and you translate, both to your peers.

To my worthy Friend, Mr. D'AVENANT, upon his excellent Play, The Just Italian.

I'LL not mispend in praise the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the garlands bloom
From thine own seeds, that crown each glorious
page
Of thy triumphant work; the fullen age
Requires a satyr. What star guides the soul
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou fly
From hence, clear, candid ingenuity?
I have beheld, when perch'd on the smooth brow
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter works; but then the weak
Spectator gave the knowing leave to speak.
Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn and pity: mark the places
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head, they'll be
A scene of mirth, a double comedy.
But thy strong fancies (raptures of the brain,
Drest in poetic flames) they entertain
As a bold, impious reach; for they'll still slight
All that exceeds Red Bull and Cockpit flight.
These are the men in crouded heaps that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th' untun'd kennel can a line repeat
Of serious sense, but the lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
Keep nat'ral, unstrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Jonson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the state

§ Tuscany.

Hath felt this rancor, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been misunderstood.
So was thy play; whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wise men, that govern fate, shall entertain.

*To the Reader of Mr. WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S
Play.*

IT hath been said of old, that plays are feasts,
Poets the cooks, and the spectators guests;
The actors, waiters: from this simile,
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty
To use their judgments as their tastes, which chuse;
Without controul, this dish, and that refuse:
But wit allows not this large privilege,
Either you must confess or feel its edge;
Nor shall you make a current inference,
If you transfer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appear
To every piercing eye or well-tun'd ear.
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my
taste meet:

Both must agree, this meat's or sharp, or sweet.
But if I scent a stench, or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: So you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humorous play;
If, though the kind distaste or please, the good
And bad be by your judgment understood:
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean appetite
With relishes so curious, as dispense
The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
You should profess that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste either with sharp or sweet,
But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold tongue
May do its master, not the author, wrong;
For men of better palate will by it
Take the just elevation of your wit.

To my Friend WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

I CROWDED 'mongst the first, to see the stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancy dazzled; where each scene
Wrought like a charm, and forc'd the audience
lean

To th' passion of thy pen: Thence ladies went
(Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorn; and courtiers, who by art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed those virgins, whom they would t' abuse;
Both render'd Hymen's pros'lites by thy muse.

But others, who were proof 'gainst love, did sit
To learn the subtle dictates of thy wit;
And, as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or bachelor, in comedy.
We of th' adult'rate mixture not complain,
But thence more characters of virtue gain;
More pregnant patterns of transcendent worth,
Than barren and insipid fruit brings forth;

So, oft the bastard nobler fortune meets,
Than the dull issue of the lawful sheets.

The Complaint.

DEAREST, thy tresses are not threads of gold,
Thy eyes of diamonds, nor do I hold
Thy lips for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be
Fresh roses, or thy teeth of ivory:
Thy skin, that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Not alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours; those the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which, would but impair thy
worth.

Such may be others mistresses, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy tresses are those rays that do arise,
Not from one sun, but two; such are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed nectar are, and such
As, but a deity, there's none dare touch;
The perfect crimson that thy cheek doth clothe
(But only that it far exceeds them both)
Aurora's blush resembles, or that red
That Iris struts in when her mantle's spread;
Thy teeth in white do Leda's swan exceed;
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortal weed;
And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready
straight

To filch it from thee; and do therefore wait
Close at thy lips, and snatching it from thence,
Bear it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
Fair goddess, since thy feature makes thee one,
Yet be not such for these respects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as fair, as good, as true.

The Inquiry.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me, (said I in deep distress)
"Where I may find my shepherdes."

"Thou fool, (said Love) know'st thou not this,
"In every thing that's good she is?
"In yonder tulip go and seek,
"There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

"In you enamel'd pansy by,
"There thou shalt have her curious eye.
"In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
"There wave the streamers of her blood.

"In brightest lilies that there stand,
"The emblems of her whiter hand.
"In yonder rising hill there smell
"Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

"'Tis true" (said I): and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,

To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt: said Love, "These be,
"Fond man, resemblances of thee:
"And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
"Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
"And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
"Like these short sweets thus knit together."

The Spark.

MY first Love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;
Sunlike to tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
And that is free to all, that was entire.
Desiring more by thee, desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions hunger most;
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to womankind:
This for her shape I love; that for her face;
This for her gesture or some other grace;
And where I none of these do use to find,
I choose there by the kennel, not by the rind:
And so I hope, since first my hopes are gone,
To find in many what I lost in one;
And, like to merchants after some great loss,
Trade by retail, that cannot now in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go astray;
He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
Guileless I am; she did this change provoke,
And made that charcoal which to her was oak:
And as a looking-glass, from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crack'd or broken, there are shewn
Many half faces, which at first were one;
So Love unto my heart did first prefer
Her image, and there planted none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less faces in her face are born:
Thus, like to tinder, am I prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

The Compliment.

O my Dearest, I shall grieve thee,
When I swear (yet, Sweet, believe me.)
By thine eyes, the tempting book,
On which even crabbed old men look;
I swear to thee, (though none abhor them)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Fairer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I do not love thee for those flow'rs,
Growing on thy cheeks (Love's bow'rs),

Though such cunning them hath spread
None can paint their white and red :
Love's golden arrows thence are shot ;
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft ;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard :
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might Tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;
Though that neck be whiter far,
Than tow'rs of polish'd ivory are.

I do not love thee for those mountains
Hill'd with snow, whence milky fountains
(Sugar'd sweets, as syrup'd berries)
Must one day run through pipes of cherries ;
O how much those breasts do move me !
Yet for them I do not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,
Sleek as fatten, soft as jelly,
Though within that crystal round
Heaps of treasure might be found,
So rich, that for the best of them,
A king might leave his diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighs,
Whose alabaster rocks do rise
So high and even, that they stand
Like sea-marks to some happy land :
Happy are those eyes have seen them ;
More happy they that sail between them.

I love not thee for thy moist palm,
Though the dew thereof be balm :
Nor for thy pretty leg and foot,
Although it be the precious root
On which the goodly cedar grows :
Sweet, I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit, though pure and quick,
Whose substance no arithmetic
Can number down ; nor those for charms
Mask'd in thy embracing arms ;
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love not for those eyes, nor hair,
Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth so rare ;
Nor for thy speech, thy neck, nor breast,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest ;
Nor for thy hand, nor foot so small ;
But, wouldst thou know, dear Sweet, for All.

On Sight of a Gentlewoman's Face in the Water.

STAND still, you floods, do not deface
That image which you bear :

So votaries, from every place,
To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lovers sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streams,
On which no star from any sphere
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste conceal,
Lest you should lose your bliss ;
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd ;

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may despise ;
And from your froth we soon shall see
A second Venus rise.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SONG.

Would you know what's soft, I dare
Not bring you to the down or air ;
Nor to stars to shew what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear ;
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised hard, or what's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar for a taste :
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

The second Rapture.

No, worldling, no ; 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy ; these things be
But shadows of felicity :
Give me a wench about thirteen,
Already voted to the queen
Of lust and lovers ; whose soft hair,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,
O'er spreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her veil and ornament ;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good ;
Whose kisses, fasten'd to the mouth
Of threescore years and longer slouth,
Renew the age ; and whose bright eye
Obscures those lesser lights of sky ;
Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
That snow, that never melts at all)
Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
In spite of Juno's jealousies ;
Whose every part doth reinvoke
The old decayed appetite ;
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt myself to lust, and die.
This is true bliss ; and I confess,
There is no other happiness.

The Hue and Cry.

IN Love's name, you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy hue and cry
After a face which, t' other day,
Stole my wand'ring heart away.
To direct you, these, in brief,
Are ready marks to know the thief.
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove
In his eagle shape ; her brow
Is a comely field of snow ;
Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
Every beam creates a day ;
And if she but sleep (not when
The sun sets) 'tis night again ;
In her cheeks are to be seen
Of flowers both the king and queen,
Thither by the graces led,
And freshly laid in nuptial bed ;
On whom lips like nymphs do wait,
Who deplore their virgin state ;
Oft they blush, and blush for this,
That they one another kiss ;

But observe, besides the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue ; for if your ear
Once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men,
But from that voice, shall hear again,
That, that is she. O straight surprise,
And bring her unto Love's assize :
If you let her go, she may
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and philosophy controul,
And leave the world without a soul.

S O N G.

To his Mistress confined.

O THINK not, Phœbe, 'cause a cloud
Doth now thy silver brightness shroud,
My wand'ring eye
Can stoop to common beauties of the sky.
Rather be kind, and this eclipse
Shall neither hinder eye nor lips ;
For we shall meet
With our hearts, and kiss, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
Without some living sign of me ;
When thou dost spy
A sun-beam peep into the room, 'tis I ;
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see
In what a martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy lute, thou may'st
Think on my heart, on which thou play'st ;
When each sad tune
Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan,
When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble airs, struck to the sound
Of thy own voice ;
O think how much I tremble and rejoice !

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy Arras wall, but well
Resembles me.
No matter though our age do not agree,
Love can make old, as well as time ;
And he that doth but twenty climb,
If he dare prove
As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year ;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew

I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

The Tinder.

Or what mould did nature frame me?
 Or was it her intent to shame me,
 That no woman can come near me,
 Fair, but her I court to hear me?
 Sure that mistress, to whose beauty
 First I paid a lover's duty,
 Burnt in rage my heart to tinder;
 That nor pray'rs, nor tears can hinder;
 But wherever I do turn me,
 Every spark let fall doth burn me.
 Women, since you thus inflame me,
 Flint and steel I'll ever name ye.

A S O N G.

In her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
 To bury those slain by her eye;
 So, spight of death, this comforts me,
 That fairly buried I shall be:
 My grave with rose and lily spread,
 O 'tis a life to be so dead
 Come then, and kill me with thy eye,
 For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips again
 Reviving what those eyes have slain
 With kisses sweet, whose balsam pure
 Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure;
 Methinks 'tis sickness to be sound,
 And there's no health to such a wound.
 Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold,
 Those downy mounts of snow ne'er cold,
 And those blest hearts her beauty kills,
 Reviv'd by climbing those fair hills;
 Methinks there's life in such a death,
 And so t' expire inspires new breath.
 Come then, &c.

Nymph, since no death is deadly, where
 Such choice of antidotes are near,
 And your keen eyes but kill in vain
 Those that are sound; as soon as slain;
 That I no longer dead survive,
 Your ways to bury me alive
 In Cupid's cave, where happy I
 May dying live, and living die:
 Come then, and kill me with thy eye,
 For if thou let me live, I die,

THE CARVER.

To his Mistress.

A CARVER, having lov'd too long in vain,
 Hew'd out the portraiture of Venus' son
 In marble rock, upon the which did rain
 Small drizzling drops that from a fount did run;
 Imagining the drops would either wear
 His fury out, or quench his living flame:
 But when he saw it bootless did appear,
 He swore the water did augment the same.
 So I, that seek in verse to carve thee out,
 Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
 Viewing my lines impolish'd all throughout,
 Find my will rather than my love obey;
 That, with the carver, I my work do blame,
 Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

FOND man, that hop'st to catch that face
 With those false colours, whose short grace
 Serves but to shew the lookers on
 The faults of thy presumption;
 Or at the least to let us see,
 That is divine, but yet not she:
 Say you could imitate the rays
 Of those eyes that outshine the days;
 Or counterfeit, in red and white,
 That most uncounterfeited light
 Of her complexion; yet canst thou,
 (Great master though thou be) tell how
 To print a virtue? Then desist;
 This fair your artifice hath miss'd;
 You should have mark'd how she begins
 To grow in virtue, not in sins;
 Instead of that same rosy dye,
 You should have drawn out modesty,
 Whose beauty sits enthroned there,
 And learns to look and blush at her.
 Or can you colour just the same,
 When virtue blushes; or when shame,
 When sickness, and when innocence,
 Shews pale or white unto the sense?
 Can such coarse varnish e'er be said
 To imitate her white and red?
 This may do well elsewhere in Spain,
 Amongst those faces dy'd in grain;
 So you may thrive, and what you do
 Prove the best picture of the two.
 Besides (if all I hear be true)
 'Tis taken ill by some, that you
 Should be so insolently vain,
 As to contrive all that rich gain
 Into one tablet, which alone
 May teach us superstition;
 Instructing our amazed eyes
 T' admire and worship imag'ries,
 Such as quickly might outshine
 Some new saint, wer't allow'd a shrine,

And turn each wand'ring looker on
 Into a new Pygmalion.
 Yet your art cannot equalize
 This picture in her lover's eyes :
 His eyes the pencils are, which limb
 Her truly, as hers copy him :
 His heart the tablet, which alone
 Is for that portrait the truest stone ;
 If you would a truer see,
 Mark it in their posterity,
 And you shall read it truly there,
 When the glad world shall see their heir.

Love's Courtship.

Kiss, lovely Celia, and be kind ;
 Let my desires freedom find :
 Sit thee down,
 And we will make the gods confess,
 Mortals enjoy some happiness.
 Mars would disdain his mistress' charms,
 If he beheld thee in my arms,
 And descend,
 Thee his mortal queen to make,
 Or live as mortal for thy sake.

Venus must lose her title now,
 And leave to brag of Cupid's bow ;
 Silly queen !
 She hath but one, but I can spy
 Ten thousand Cupids in thy eye.

Nor may the sun behold our bliss,
 For sure thy eyes do dazzle his ;
 If thou fear
 That he'll betray thee with his light,
 Let me eclipse thee from his sight.
 And while I shade thee from his eye,
 Oh let me hear thee gently cry,
 Celia yields.
 Maids often lose their maidenhead,
 E'er they set foot in nuptial bed.

On a Damask Rose sticking upon a Lady's Breast.

LET pride grow big, my rose, and let the clear
 And damask colour of thy leaves appear.
 Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that hand
 That did transplant thee to that sacred land.
 O happy thou that in that garden rests,
 That paradise between that lady's breasts :
 There's an eternal spring ; there shalt thou lie,
 Betwixt two lily mounts, and never die :
 There shalt thou spring among the fertile vallies,
 By buds, like thee, that grow in midst of allies.
 There none dare pluck thee, for that place is such,
 That but a God divine there's none dare touch ;
 If any but approach, straight doth arise
 A blushing lightning flash, and blasts his eyes.

There, 'stead of rain, shall living fountains flow ;
 For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
 Nor now, as erst, one sun shall on thee shine,
 But those two glorious suns, her eyes divine.
 O then what monarch would not think't a grace,
 To leave his regal throne to have thy place ?
 Myself, to gain thy blessed seat, do vow
 Would be transform'd into a rose as thou.

THE PROTESTATION.

A Sonnet.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;
 Nor April violets paint the grove ;
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;
 The humble oak no flood shall know
 When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave ;
 If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;
 The sun refuse to shew his light,
 And day shall then be turn'd to night,
 And in that night no star appear ;
 If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
 Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;
 Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
 Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;
 Grim death no more shall horrid prove ;
 If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

The Tooth-Ach cured by a Kiss.

FATE's now grown merciful to men,
 Turning disease to bliss :
 For had not kind rheum vex'd me then,
 I might not Celia kiss.
 Physicians, you are now my scorn ;
 For I have found a way
 To cure diseases, when forlorn
 By your dull art, which may
 Patch up a body for a time,
 But can restore to health
 No more than chemists can sublime
 True gold, the Indies' wealth.
 The angel, sure, that us'd to move
 The pool men so admir'd,
 Hath to her lip, the seat of love,
 As to his heaven, retir'd.

To the Jealous Mistress.

ADMIT (thou darling of mine eyes)
I have some idol lately fram'd;
That, under such a false disguise,
Our true loves might the less be fam'd;
Canst thou, that know'st my heart, suppose
I'll fall from thee, and worship those?

Remember (dear) how loath and flow
I was to cast a look or smile,
Or one love line to misbestow,
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and style;
And art thou grown afraid to see
That mask put on thou mad'st for me?

I dare not call those childish fears,
Coming from love, much less from thee,
But wash away with frequent tears
This counterfeit idolatry;
And henceforth kneel at ne'er a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

OFT when I look, I may descry
A little face peep through that eye:
Sure that's the boy, which wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withal.

The Mistake.

WHEN on fair Celia I did spy
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
Sure this heart was my own:

But when I saw it was enthron'd
In her celestial breast,
O then! I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne'er so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens do shine
Each constant martyr's heart;
Then she may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart:

Where, seated in so high a bliss,
Though wounded, it shall live:
Death enters not in paradise;
The place free life doth give.

Or, if the place less sacred were,
Did but her saving eye
Bath my kind heart in one kind tear,
Then should I never die.

Slight balms may heal a slighter sore;
No medicine less divine

Can ever hope for to restore
A wounded heart like mine.

To my Lord Admiral†, on his late Sickness and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the Thraean youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elysian shade,
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore,
Make it their public suit he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake:
The ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Which shall the fair Eurydice succeed;
Eurydice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes list'ning trees and savage mountains groan
Through all the air; his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late;
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting, and the main.
When the glad news, that you were admiral,
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in
you,

Should be perplexed how to choose a new:
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature her fairest light eclipsed, seems
Herself to suffer in these sad extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threat'ned, and the sap, in thee
Droop all the branches of that noble tree;
Their beauties they, and we our love suspend,
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend;
As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven con-
tend,

Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry,
He is too faultless, and too young to die:
So, like immortals, round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented and restor'd again?
Or thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? O'er young Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.

And now relentless fate, about to end
The line, which backward doth so far extend

† The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. by whom he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England.

That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,
Kind Phœbus interposing, bade me say,
Such storms no more shall shake that house; but
they,

Like Neptune and his sea-born niece, shall be
The shining glories of the land and sea,
With courage guard, and beauty warm our age,
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

ON MISTRESS N.

To the Green Sickness.

STAY, coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale sister beauty's field,
Who, there displaying round her white
Ensigns, hath usurp'd thy right;
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou should'st rule alone;
And on the cheek, where nature's care
Allotted each an equal share,
Her spreading lily only grows,
Whose milky deluge drowns thy rose.

Quit not the field, faint blood, nor rush
In the short fall of a blush
Upon thy sister foe, but strive
To keep an endless war alive;
Though peace do petty states maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty reign.

Upon a Mole in Celia's Bosom.

THAT lovely spot which thou dost see
In Celia's bosom was a bee,
Who built her amorous spicy nest
I' th' hyblas of her either breast;
But, from close ivory hives, she flew
To suck the aromatic dew
Which from the neighbour vale distils,
Which parts those two twin-sister hills;
There feasting on ambrosial meat,
A rowling file of balmy sweet
(As in soft murmurs, before death,
Swan-like she sung) chok'd up her breath.
So she in water did expire,
More precious than the Phoenix' fire;

Yet still her shadow there remains
Confin'd to those Elysian plains;
With this strict law, that who shall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,
The sweet and smart from thence shall bring
Of the bee's honey and her sting.

*An Hymeneal Song on the Nuptials of the Lady ANNE
WENTWORTH, and the Lord Lovelace.*

BREAK not the slumbers of the bride,
But let the sun in triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light;

† Daughter of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, by
his second wife, Arabella daughter of Lord Clare.

When she awakes, he shall resign
His rays, and she alone shall shine
In glory all the night.

For she, till day return, must keep
An amorous vigil, and not sleep
Her fair eyes in the dew of sleep.

Yet gently whisper as she lies,
And say her lord waits her arise,
The priests at th' altar stay;
With flow'ry wreaths the virgin crew
Attend, while some with roses strew,
And myrtles trim the way.

Now to the temple and the priest
See her convey'd, thence to the feast;
Then back to bed, though not to rest.

For now, to crown his faith and truth,
We must admit the noble youth
To revel in love's sphere;
To rule, as chief intelligence,
That orb, and happy time dispense
To wretched lovers here.

For there, exalted far above
All hope, fear, change, or they to move
The wheel that spins the fates of love;

They know no night, nor glaring noon,
Measure no hours of sun or moon,
Nor mark time's restless glass;
Their kisses measure as they flow,
Minutes, and there embraces shew
The hours as they do pass.

Their motions the year's circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make love an almanack.

A Married Woman.

WHEN I shall marry, if I do not find
A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind:
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty, or wit, shall she derive a power
To prejudice my right; but if she be
A subject born, she shall be so to me,
As to the soul the flesh, as appetite
To reason is; which shall our wills unite
In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
Shall once appear, if she but learn t' obey.
For, in habitual virtues, sense is wrought
To that calm temper, as the body's thought
To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
Passions of lust and anger are subdu'd;
When 'tis the fair obedience to the soul
Doth in the birth those swelling acts controul,
If I in murder steep my furious rage,
Or with adult'ry my hot lust assuage,
Will it suffice to say my sense, the beast,
Provok'd me to't? Could I my soul divest,

Y y iiij

My plea were good. Lions and bulls commit
Both freely, but man must in judgment sit,
And tame this beast; for Adam was not free,
When in excuse he said, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, she perhaps had been
Unpunish'd; his consent made hers a sin.

A Divine Love.

I.
WHY should dull art, which is wise nature's ape,
If she produce a shape
So far beyond all patterns that of old
Fell from her mould,
As thine, admir'd Lucinda! not bring forth
An equal wonder to express that worth
In some new way, that hath,
Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

II.
Is it because the rapes of poetry,
Rifling the spacious sky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did those dispense
On airy creations that surpass
The real works of nature, she at last,
To prove their raptures vain,
Shew'd such a light as poets could not feign?

III.
Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie
With vain idolatry,
Whose goddess was supreme, and so had hurl'd
Schism through the world,
Whose priest sung sweetest lays, thou didst appear
A glorious mystery, so dark, so clear,
As nature did intend
All should confess, but none might comprehend?

IV.
Perhaps all other beauties share a light
Proportion'd to the sight
Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires
As stir desires;
And from the brain distil salt, amorous rheums;
Whilst thy immortal flame such dross consumes,
And from the earthy mould
With purging fires severs the purer gold.

V.
If so, then why in Fame's immortal scrol
Do we their names enrol,
Whose easy hearts and wanton eyes did sweat
With sensual heat?
If Petrarch's unarm'd bosom catch a wound
From a light glance, must Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gain,
He from ill-govern'd love, she from disdain?

VI.
Shall he more fam'd in his great art become
For wilful martyrdom?
Shall he more title gain to chaste and fair,
Through his despair?
Is Troy more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd,
Than virgin cities that yet never burn'd?
Is Fire, when it consumes
Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

VII.

'Cause Venus from the ocean took her form,
Must love needs be a storm?
'Cause she her wanton shrines in islands rears,
Through seas of tears,
O'er rocks and gulfs, with our own sighs for gales,
Must we to Cyprus or to Paphos sail?
Can there no way be given,
But a true hell, that leads to her false heaven?

Love's Force.

IN the first ruder rage, when love was wil'd,
Not yet by laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by reason mann'd, but flew,
Full-illum'd by Nature, on the instant view,
Upon the wings of appetite, at all
The eye could fair or sense delightful call,
Election was not yet; but as their cheap
Food from the oak, or the next acorn heap,
As water from the nearest spring or brook,
So men their undistinguish'd females took
By chance, not choice. But soon the heavenly
spark, [dark
That in man's bosom lurk'd, broke through this
Confusion; then the noblest breast first felt
Itself for its own proper object melt.

A Fancy.

MARK how this polish'd eastern sheet
Doth with our northern tincture meet;
For though the paper seem to sink,
Yet it receives and bears the ink;
And on her smooth, soft brow these spots
Seem rather ornaments than blots,
Like those you ladies use to place
Mysteriously about your face;
Not only to set off and break
Shadows and eye-beams, but to speak
To the skill'd lover, and relate,
Unheard, his sad or happy fate.
Nor do their characters delight,
As careless works of black and white:
But 'cause you underneath may find
A sense that can inform the mind;
Divine or moral rules impart,
Or raptures of poetic art:
So what at first was only fit
To fold up silks, may wrap up wit.

To his Mistress.

I.

GRIEVE not, my Celia, but with haste
Obey the fury of thy fate,
'Tis some perfection to waste
Discreetly out our wretched state,
To be obedient in this sense
Will prove thy virtue, though offence.

II.

Who knows but destiny may relent,
 For many miracles have been,
 Thou proving thus obedient
 To all the griefs she plung'd thee in;
 And then the certainty she meant
 Reverted is by accident.

III.

But yet I must confess 'tis much,
 When we remember'd what hath been,
 Thus parting never more to touch,
 To let eternal absence in;
 Though never was our pleasure yet
 So pure, but chance distracted it.

IV.

What, shall we then submit to Fate,
 And die to one another's love?
 No, Celia, no, my soul doth hate
 Those lovers that inconstant prove.
 Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
 The crime is your's, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the planets sometimes bodies part,
 But canker'd Nature only alters th' heart.

In praise of his Mistress.

I.

You, that will a wonder know,
 Go with me,
 Two suns in a heaven of snow
 Both burning be,
 All they fire, that do but eye them,
 But the snow's unmelted by them.

II.

Leaves of crimson tulips met,
 Guide the way
 Where two pearly rows be set
 As white as day.
 When they part themselves afunder,
 She breathes oracles of wonder.

III.

Hills of milk with azure mix'd
 Swell beneath,
 Waving sweetly, yet still fix'd,
 While she doth breathe.
 From those hills descends a valley
 Where all fall, that dare to dally.

IV.

As fair pillars understand
 Statues two,
 Whiter than the silver swan
 That swims in Po;
 If at any time they move her,
 Every stept begets a lover.

V.

All this but the casket is
 Which contains
 Such a jewel, as the miss
 Breeds endless pains;
 That's her mind, and they that know it
 May admire, but cannot shew it.

To CELIA upon Love's Ubiquity.

As one that strives, being sick, and sick to death,
 By changing places, to preserve a breath,
 A tedious restless breath, removes and tries
 A thousand rooms, a thousand policies,
 To cozen pain, when he thinks to find ease,
 At last he finds all change, but in his disease;
 So (like a ball with fire and powder fill'd)
 I restless am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
 And with that moving torture must retain,
 With change of all things else, a constant pain.
 Say I stay with you, presence is to me
 Nought but a light to shew my misery,
 And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
 The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
 Go I to Holland, France, or Furthest Ind,
 I change but only countries, not my mind.
 And though I pass through air and water free,
 Despair and hopeless fate still follow me.
 Whilst in the bosom of the waves I reel,
 My heart I'll liken to the tottering keel,
 The sea to my own troubled fate, the wind
 To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind:
 But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
 Then shall I think I see my Celia's eyes;
 And when a cloud or storm appears between,
 I shall remember what her frowns have been.
 Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
 All things but make me mind my business, you.
 The good things that I meet, I think streams be
 From you the fountain; but when bad I see,
 How vile and cursed is that thing, think I,
 That to such goodness is so contrary?
 My whole life is 'bout you, the centre star,
 But a perpetual motion circular.
 I am the dial's hand, still walking round;
 You are the compass; and I never sound
 Beyond your circle; neither can I shew
 Aught but what first express'd is in you,
 That wheresoe'er my tears do cause me move,
 My fate still keeps me bounded with your love;
 Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
 Time shall stand still, and moist waves flaming be:
 Yet being gone, think not on me; I am
 A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
 But when I die, and wish all comforts given,
 I'll think on you, and by you think on heaven.

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COELUM BRITANNICUM:

A MASQUE.

The Description of the SCENE.

THE first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich ornament that enclosed the Scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of foliage growing out of leaves and husks, with a cornice at the top: and in the midst was placed a large compartment, composed of grotesque work, wherein were Harpies with wings and lions claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches. Over all was a broken frontispiece, wrought with Scrolls and Masque heads of children, and within this, a table adorned with a lesser compartment, with this inscription, *Calum Britannicum*. The two sides of this ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square basement, and on the plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with sculptures of great relieve, with fruitages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this sat two youths naked, in their natural colours; each of these with one arm supported the vase, on the cover of which stood two young women in draperies, arm in arm; the one figuring the glory of princes, and the other mansuetude: their other arms bore up an oval, in which, to the King's Majesty, was this impress, a lion with an imperial crown on his head; the words, *Animus sub pectore forti*: On the other side was the like composition, but the design of the figures varied; and in the oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this impress to the Queen's Majesty, a lily growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser lilies springing out of the stem; the words, *Semper inclyta virtus*: All this ornament was heightened with gold, and for the invention, and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The curtain was watchet (a), and a pale yellow in panes, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scene, representing old arches, old palaces, decayed walls, parts of temples, theatres, basilica's (b) and thermes (c), with confused heaps of broken columns, bases, cornices, and statues, lying as underground, and altogether resembling the ruins of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civilized Britons. This strange prospect detained the eyes of the spectators some time, when to a loud music Mercury descends. On the upper part of his chariot stands a cock in action of crowing. His habit was a coat of flame-colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimmed with gold and silver: upon his head a wreath with small falls of white feathers, a caducens in his hand, and wings at his heels: Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the state.

MERCURY.

FROM the high senate of the gods, to you,
Bright glorious twins of Love and Majesty,
Before whose throne three warlike nations bend
Their willing knees; on whose imperial brows
The regal circle prints no awful frowns
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerful, loyal reverence;
Come I, Cyllenius, Jove's ambassador,
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing ear
Of some choice beauty in this numerous train:

- (a) Pale blue.
(b) Basilica's, in architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.
(c) Baths.

Those days are fled; the rebel flame is quench'd
 In heavenly breasts; the gods have sworn by Styx,
 Never to tempt yielding Mortality
 To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
 Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
 Of imitation through your virtuous court,
 By whose bright blaze your palace is become
 The envy'd pattern of this under world;
 But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven:
 Th' immortal bosoms burn with emulous fires;
 Jove rivals your great virtues, royal Sir,
 And Juno, Madam, your attractive graces;
 He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
 She lays aside, and through th' Olympic hall,
 As yours doth here, their great example spreads.
 And though, of old, when youthful blood conspir'd
 With his new empire, prone to heats of lust,
 He acted incests, rapes, adulteries,
 On earthly beauties, which his raging Queen,
 Swoln with revengeful fury, turn'd to beasts,
 And in despite he transformed to stars,
 Till he had fill'd the crowded firmament
 With his loose strumpets, and their spurious race,
 Where the eternal records of his shame
 Shine to the world in flaming characters:
 When in the crystal mirror of your reign
 He view'd himself, he found his loathsome stains;
 And now, to expiate th' infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries, he'll chase
 Th' infamous lights from their usurped sphere,
 And drown in the Lethean flood their curs'd
 Both names and memories: In whose vacant rooms
 First you succeed, and of the wheeling orb,
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazzling beams and spreading magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole-star of this hemisphere.
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant chair,
 And crown'd with Ariadne's diadem,
 Sits the fair consort of your heart and throne;
 Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
 As they of virtue have deriv'd from you,
 He'll fix this noble train of either sex;
 So to the British stars this lower globe
 Shall owe his light, and they alone dispense
 To th' world a pure, refined influence.

Enter Momus attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought over with poniards, serpents, tongues, eyes, and ears; his beard and hair party-coloured, and upon his head a wreath stuck with feathers, and a porcupine in the forefront.

Momus.

By your leave, mortals. Good cousin Hermes, your pardon, good my Lord Ambassador: I found the tables of your arms and titles in every inn betwixt this and Olympus, where your present expedition is registered: your nine thousand nine hundred ninety-ninth legation. I cannot reach the policy why your master breeds so few statesmen; it suits not with his dignity, that in the whole Empyræum there should not be a God fit to send on these honourable errands but yourself, who are not yet so careful of his honour or your own, as might become your quality, when you

are itinerant. The hosts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you, for supporting plaçery in your train; which though, as you are the God of petty larceny, you might protect, yet you would know it is directly against the new orders, and opposes the reformation in diamever.

Merc. Peace, railer; bridle your licentious tongue. And let this presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it, if it can; in the mean time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay people, that though your poets (who enjoy by patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the deities from Twelfth Night to Shrove Tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar intercourse between the two courts) have as yet never invited me to these solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is MOMUS *ap-Somnus ap-Erebus ap-Chaos ap-Demorgorgon ap-Eternity*. My offices and titles are, the Supreme Theomastix, Hypercritic of Manners, Prothonotary of Abuses, Arch Informer, Dilator General, Universal Calumniator, Eternal Plaintiff, and perpetual Foreman of the General Inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculative, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings; behind hangings, doors, curtains; through keyholes, chinks, windows; about all venereal lobbies, sconces, or redoubts, though it be to the surprise of a perdu (*d*) page or chambermaid; in and at all courts of civil and criminal judicature; all councils, consultations, and parliamentary assemblies, where, though I am but a wool-sack God, and have no vote in the sanction of new laws, I have yet a prerogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoof or prejudice of Jupiter, his crown, and dignity; for or against the rights of either house of Patrician or Plebeian Gods. My natural qualities are to make Jove frown, Juno pout, Mars chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturn quake, Cynthia pale, Phœbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heels. My recreations are witty mischiefs, as when Saturn gelt his father; the smith caught his wife and her bravo in a net of cobweb iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the halfpace, presented the emblem of the forked tree, and discovered to the tanned Ethiops the snowy cliffs of Calabria, with the grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a bird of mine own feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduced all the sceptres and mitres of that age tributary to his wit, was my parallel, and Frank Rabelais suck'd much of my milk too; but your modern French Hospital of Oratory is a mere counterfeit, an ar-rant mountebank; for though, fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica, he discourses of kings and queens with as little reverence as of grooms

(*d*) Lying in wait to watch any thing.

and chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and scorpions tail; I mean that fellow, who, to add to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tip-toes like a dog in a doublet, than to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more, impertinent trifler; you disturb

The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat.
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concern Jove's solemn message.

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especial commission of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his exchequer; yet, as a freeborn God, I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your pass or countenance legatine; and that it may appear, a sedulous, acute observer may know as much as a dull phlegmatic ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock the mysterious cyphers of your dark secrecies, I will discourse the politic state of heaven to this trim audience.

At this the Scene changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a sphere, with stars placed in their several images; borne up by a huge naked figure (only a piece of drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards; as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppress him; upon his head a crown: By all which he might easily be known to be ATLAS.

—You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what virtuous precedents extant (as they say) here in this court, but, as I more probably guess, out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath, before a frequent convocation of the superlunary peers, in a solemn oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on Juno's breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets; and hath with pathetic remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoined, a respective conformity in the several subordinate deities; and because the libertines of antiquity, the ribald poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards; it is, therefore, by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole army of constellations be immediately disbanded and cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the celestial spirits, and all lustful influences upon terrestrial bodies, and consequently that there be an inquisition erected to expunge in the ancient, and suppress in the modern and succeeding poems and pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinencies, and punish them in their High Commission Court. Am

not I in election to be a tall statesman, think you, that can repeat a passage thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vain the importunity
With which this snarler vexeth all the Gods;
Jove cannot 'scape him: Well, what else from
heaven?

Mom. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place it was; a cloyster of Carthusians, a monastery of converted Gods; Jove is grown old and fearful, apprehends a subversion of his empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legal succession in the legitimate heir, by repossessing the Titanian line; and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Presence Chamber, by the Vice President of Parnassus, too strict to be observed long. Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly beverage of a narcotic weed which hath rendered the ideas confused in the divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturn's reign. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repair of families to the metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all taverns to be shut, and no liquor drawn after ten o'clock at night. Cupid must go no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoined to make him breeches, though of his mother's petticoats. Ganymede is forbidden the bed-chamber, and must only minister in public. The Gods must keep no pages, nor grooms of their chamber, under the age of twenty-five, and those provided of a competent stock of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especial permission. Vulcan was brought to an oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of iron into one of the Sun's chariot-wheels, and frost-nailing his horses upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penal statute, prohibiting work upon holidays, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy. In brief, the whole state of the hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. Venus hath confessed all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her husband, who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows those levities as an equal counterpoise; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowy fingers combing his sooty beard. Jupiter too begins to learn to lead his own wife; I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually, who besides, to eternize the memory of that great example of matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber door and ceiling, fretted with stars, in capital letters,

engraven the inscriptiⁿ of CARLO-MARIA. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or instructions can dire you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without state, formality, politic inferences, or suspected rhetorical elegancies, already delivered, yo may now dextrously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the embers, or reducing the ethereal lights to their primitive opacity and gross, lark subsistence: They are all unrivett^d from the sphere, and hang loose in their sockets, wher they but attend the waving of your caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appear before you in their own natural deformitie

Merc. Momus, thou shalt preva; for since thy bold

Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turn
My face to breathe the Thund'rer's just decree
Gainst this adulterate sphere, which first purge
Of lothsome monsters and mishapen form
Down from her azure concave, thus I char
The Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd B^r;
The watchful Dragon, the storm-boding Wale,
The Centaur, the horn'd goat-fish Capricorn.
The snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling orb, and ere you suck
Fresh venom in, measure this happy earth:
Then to the fens, caves, forests, deserts, seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.

They dance in those monstrous shapes, the First Antimasque of Natural Deformity.

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim play-fellows for the deities? Yet thee and thy fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Do not you, fair ladies, acknowledge yourselves deeply engaged now to these poets, your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least ran'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these inhabitants rather fighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that these heavenly mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since Virtue alone shall be sufficient titl^e fine, and rent: Yet if there be a lady not competely stock'd that way, she shall not on the instant verily despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of andsomeness; for, however the letter of the lawins, Jupiter, notwithstanding his age and pret^d austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty and make it current, with his own impressiⁿ: to such as are destitute of both I can afford but all encouragement. Proceed, cousin Mercury, What follows?

Merc. Look up, and mark where the light zodiac Hangs like a belt about the breast of Heaven

On the right shoulder, like a flaming jewel,
His shell with nine rich topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropic, sits the skalding Crab:
He, when the sun gallops in full career
His annual race, his ghastly claws uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the Torrid Zone
The fiery team, and proudly stops their course,
Making a solstice; till the fierce steeds learn
His backward paces, and so, retrograde,
Post down hill to th' opposed Capricorn.
Thus I depose him from his lofty throne;
Drop from the sky into the briny flood;
There teach thy motion to the ebbing sea;
But let those fires, that beautify'd thy shell,
Take human shapes, and the disorder show
Of thy regressive paces here below.

The Second Antimasque is danced in retrograde paces, expressing Obliquity in Motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confess, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infests the earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer arts and sciences, as they have not been observed for many ages to have made any sensible advance. Could you but lead the learned squadrons, with a masculine resolution, past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with altars; but that not being the work of this night, you may pursue your purposes. What now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that, unbodied, in the appetite Erects his throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes, Branded by Nature with the character And distinct stamp of some peculiar ill, Mounted the sky, and fix'd his trophies there. As fawning Flattery in the little dog;
I th' bigger, churlish Murder; Cowardice
I th' timorous hate; Ambition in the eagle;
Rapine and avarice in th' adventurous ship
That sail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken Distemper in the goblet flows;
I th' dart and scorpion, biting Calumny;
In Hercules and the lion, furious Rage;
Vain Ostentation in Cassiope:
All these I to eternal exile doom,
But to this place their emblem'd vices summon,
Clad in those proper figures by which best
Their incorporeal nature is express^t.

The Third Antimasque is danced of these several Vices, expressing their deviation from Virtue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the Proverb, when you would express a riotous assembly, that Hell, but Heaven, is broke loose. This was an arrant gaol-delivery; all the prisons of your great cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter. But, cousin Cyllenius, in my judgment it is not safe, that these infectious persons should wander here to the hazard of this island; they threatened less danger when they were nail'd to the firmament. I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of

a tall vessel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them altogether in that good ship called the Argo, and send them to the plantation in New England, which hath purged more virulent humours from the politic body, than Guaiacum and all the West-Indian drugs have from the natural bodies of this kingdom. Can you devise how to dispose of them better?

Merc. They cannot breathe this pure and temperate air,
Where Virtue lives, but will with hasty flight,
Mongst fogs and vapours, seek unsound abodes.
Fly after them from your usurped seats,
You foul remainders of that viperous brood :
Let not a star of a luxurious race
With his loose blaze stain the sky's crystal face.

All the Stars are quenched, and the Sphere darkened.

Before the entry of every Antimasque, the stars in those figures in the sphere which they were to represent, were extinct; so as by the end of the Antimasque in the sphere no more stars were seen.

Mom. Here is a total eclipse of the eighth Sphere, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tycho, were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent and some generous constellations, that might have been reserved for noble uses; as the Scales and Sword to adorn the statue of Justice, since she resides here on earth only in picture and effigy. The eagle had been a fit present for the Germans, in regard their bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The dolphin too had been most welcome to the French; and then had you but clapt Perseus on his Pegasus, brandishing his sword, the dragon yawning on his back under the horse's feet, with Python's dart through his throat, there had been a divine St. George for this nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it rests only that we provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free election.

O-yes! O-yes! O-yes!
By the Father of the Gods,
and the King of Men.

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the princes of these later ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprises, sieges, battles, victories, in picture, sculpture, tapestry, embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their public palaces; and taken into our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas-hanging of the Guard Chamber of this Court, wherein the naval victory of 88 is, to the eternal glory of this nation, exactly delineated; and whereas, we likewise, out of a prophetic imitation of this so laudable custom, did

for many thousand years before, adorn and beautify the eighth room of our celestial mansion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in our own person, whilst yet our standard was erected and we a combatant in the amorous warfare it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosom, and afterwards communicated with our privy-council, seemed meet to our Omnipotency, for causes to ourself best known, to unurnish and disarray our foresaid Star-chamber of all those ancient constellations which have or so many ages been sufficiently notorious, as to admit into their vacant places such persons as shall be qualified with exemplary virtue or eminent desert, there to shine in indefinable characters of glory to all posterity; it is therefore of divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, mere grace, and special favour, by these presents to specify and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, that conceive him or herself to be really endued with any heroical virtue or transcendent merit, worth so high a calling and dignity, to bring their several pleas and pretences before our right trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor, Don Mercury, and good Momus, &c. our peculiar delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude, and determine, without appeal or revocation, according as to their Wisdoms it shall appear be-hooful and expedient.

Given at our palace in Olympus, the first day of the first month, in the first year of the Reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a bunch'd back, and attired in a robe of cloth of gold.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterranean fiend, Plutus, in this dialect term'd Riches, or the God of gold; a poison hid by Providence in the bottom of the seas and navel of the earth from man's discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet, at last, by human curiosity brought to light, to their own destruction; this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischiefs that now fill the universe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the Gods Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,

Which ought in justice call me to the place
I now require of right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers,
But to exclude the hopes of partial grace
In all pretenders, who, since I descend
To equal trial, must, by my example,
Waving your favour, claim by sole desert.

If virtue must inherit, shes my slave;
 I lead her captive in a golden chain,
 About the world. She takes her form and being
 From my creation; and those barren seeds
 That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
 With my distilling dews, and sative heat,
 They know no vegetation; but, expos'd
 To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
 Or not shook forth at all, or, budding, wither.
 Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice
 Brought to my temples by the toiling rout,
 Not of the fat and gore of abject beasts,
 But human sweat and blood pour'd on my altars,
 I might provoke the envy of the Gods.

Turn but your eyes, and mark the busy world
 Climbing steep mountains for the sparkling stones;
 Piercing the centre for the shining ore,
 And th' ocean's bosom to take pearly sands;
 Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones,
 'Midst rocks and swallowing gulfs, for gainful
 trade;

And, through opposing swords, fire, murdering
 cannon,

Scaling the walled towns for precious spoils.

Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats

These horrid dangers, and then see who dares

Advance his desperate foot: Yet am I sought,

And oft in vain, through these and greater ha-
 zards.

I could discover how your deities

Are for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd;

Your temples, shrines, altars, and images,

Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and disarray'd,

By sacrilegious hands: Yet is this treasure

To th' Golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd,

With superstitious solemn rites convey'd,

And becomes sacred there; the sordid wretch

Not daring touch the consecrated ore,

Or with profane hands lessen the bright heap.

But this might draw your anger down on mor-
 tals,

For rend'ring me the homage due to you:

Yet what is said may well express my power,

Too great for earth, and only fit for Heaven.

Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,

Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,

Sends forth this precious plant and golden fruit,

You lusty swains, that to your grazing flocks

Pipe amorous roundels; you toiling hinds,

That barb the fields, and to your merry teams

Whistle your passions; and you mining moles,

That in the bowels of your mother-earth

Dwell, the eternal burden of her womb;

Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you
 play;

Sing, dance, and keep a cheerful holiday.

*They dance the Fourth Antimasque, consisting of Coun-
 try-people, Music, and Measures.*

Merc. Plutus, the Gods know and confess
 your power,

Which feeble Virtue seldom can resist,

Stronger than towers of brass or chastity:

Jove knew you when he courted Danaë,
 And Cupid wears you on that arrow's head
 That still prevails. But the Gods keep their
 throne

To instal Virtue, not her enemies:

They dread thy force, which ev'n themselves have
 felt;

Witness Mount Ida, where the martial maid

And frowning Juno did to mortal eyes,

Naked, for Gold, their sacred bodies show;

Therefore for ever be from Heaven banish'd.

But since with toil from undiscover'd worlds

Thou art brought hither, where thou first did
 breathe

The thirst of empire into regal breasts,

And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek throne.

Filling the world, with tumult, blood, and war;

Follow the camps of the contentious earth,

And be the conquerors slave; but he that can

Or conquer thee, or give thee virtuous stamp,

Shall shine in Heaven a pure immortal lamp.

Mom. Nay, stay, and take my benediction
 along with you. I could, being here a co-judge,
 like others in my place, now that you are con-
 demn'd, either rail at you, or break jests upon
 you. But I rather choose to lose a word of good
 counsel, and entreat you be more careful in your
 choice of company; for you are always found
 either with misers that not use you at all, or
 with fools that know not how to use you well.
 Be not hereafter so reserved and coy to men of
 worth and parts; so you shall gain such credit, as
 at the next sessions you may be heard with better
 success. But till you are thus reformed, I pro-
 nounce this positive sentence, that wheresoever
 you shall choose to abide, your society shall add
 no credit or reputation to the party, nor your dis-
 continuance or total absence be matter of dispa-
 ragement to any man; and whosoever shall hold
 a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemned
 to wear perpetual motley, unless he recant his opi-
 nion. Now you may void the court.

*Pania enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of
 a hat upon her head, through which her hair started
 up like a Fury; her robe was of a dark colour, full
 of patches; about one of her hands was tied a chain
 of iron, to which was fastened a weighty stone, which
 she bore up under her arm.*

Merc. What creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other; they
 move like

Two buckets, or as two nails drive out one an-
 other.

If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt, great and immortal
 powers!

But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd

My foe, your justice will confer on me;

Since that which renders him incapable

Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,

E'en in these rags, a larger sovereignty
 Than gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boast;
 For mark how few they are that share the world:
 The numerous armies, and the swarming ants
 That fight and toil for them, are all my subjects;
 They take my wages, wear my livery:
 Invention too, and Wit, are both my creatures,
 And the whole race of Virtue is my offspring:
 As many mischiefs issue from my womb,
 And those as mighty as proceed from Gold.
 Oft o'er his throne I wave my awful sceptre,
 And in the bowels of his state command,
 When, 'midst his heaps of coin and hills of gold,
 I pine and starve the avaritious fool.
 But I decline those titles, and lay claim
 To heaven, by right of divine contemplation;
 She is my darling; I, in my soft lap.
 Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
 Leases, rents, stewards, and the fear of thieves,
 That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
 And with her all the Virtues speculative,
 Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.

For entertainment of this hour, I'll call
 A race of people to this place, that live
 At Nature's charge, and not importune heaven
 To chain the winds up, or keep back the storms,
 To stay the thunder, or forbid the hail
 To thresh the unreap'd ear; but to all weathers,
 The chilling frost and scalding sun, expose
 Their equal face. Come forth, my swarthy train,
 In this fair circle dance; and as you move,
 Mark and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the Fifth Antimasque of Gypsies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual conversation with poets and philosophers hath furnished you with no more logic, or that you should think to impose upon us so gross an inference, as because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore, whatsoever is denied of the one must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the Gods, than to swallow such a fallacy; for though you cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both; and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive. Therefore let me advise you to marry yourself to Content, and beget sage apophthegms and goodly moral sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,
 To claim a station in the firmament,
 Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,
 Nurses some lazy or pedantic Virtue
 In the cheap sun-shine, or by shady springs
 With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
 Tearing those human passions from the mind
 Upon whose stocks fair blooming Virtues flourish,
 Degradeth nature, and benumbeth sense,
 And, Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.

We not require the lull society
 Of your necessitated temperance,
 Or that unnatural stupidity
 That knows not joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
 Falsely exalted passive brtitude
 Above the active: 'Thi low, abject brood,
 That fix their seats in mediocrity,
 Become your servile mind; but we advance
 Such virtues only as admit excess,
 Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,
 All-seeing prudence, unanimity
 That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue
 For which antiquity hath left no name,
 But patterns only; such as Hercules,
 Achilles, Theseus. Back to thy loath'd cell,
 And when thou seest the new enlighten'd sphere,
 Study to know but what those Worthies were.

Tyche enters, her head bald behind, and one great lock before, wings at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment wrought all over with crowns, sceptres, books, and such other things as express both her greatest and smallest gifts.

Mom. See where dame Fortune comes; you may know her by her wheel, and that veil over her eyes, with which she hopes, like a feel'd * pigeon, to mount above the clouds, and perch in the eighth sphere. Listen: she begins.

Fort. I come not here, you Gods, to plead the right

By which antiquity assign'd my deity,
 Though no peculiar station 'mongst the stars,
 Yet general power to rule their influence,
 Or boast the title of omnipotent,
 Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Jove,
 Since you have cancell'd all those old records:
 But confident in my good cause and merit,
 Claim a succession in the vacant orb;
 For since Astræa fled to heaven, I sit
 Her deputy on earth; I hold her scales,
 And weigh men's fates out, who have made me blind

Because themselves want eyes to see my causes;
 Call me inconstant, 'cause my works surpass
 The shallow fathom of their human reason:
 Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispense
 With my impartial hands their constant lots,
 And if desertless, impious men engross
 My best rewards, the fault is yours, ye Gods,
 That scant your graces to mortality,
 And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the world

One virtuous for a thousand wicked men.
 It is no error to confer a dignity,
 But to bestow it on a vicious man;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
 Make you men good, and I'll make good men happy:

That Plutus is refus'd, dismays me not;
 He is my drudge, and the external pomp

* Hooded. Term of Falconry.

In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
Not him; like harmony, that not resides
In strings or notes, but in the hand and voice,
The revolution of empires, states,
Sceptres, and crowns, are but my game and sport;
Which as they hang on the events of war,
So those depend upon my turning wheel.

You warlike squadrons, who in battles join'd,
Dispute the right of kings, which I decide,
Present the model of that martial frame,
By which, when crowns are stak'd, I rule the
game.

They dance the Sixth Antimasque, being the Representation of a Battle.

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous cross-bill of recrimination against the Gods, but your blindness shall excuse you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if Virtue were as universal as Vice is: It would only follow, that as the world now exclaims upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then rail as fast at you for depressing the virtuous; so they would still keep their tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The mists, in which future events are wrapp'd,

That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that works, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his inquiring search; so in the dark
The groping world first found thy deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
Being fix'd and certain, where past, and to come
Are always present, thou dost disappear,
Losest thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then only a deluding phantom,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fools;
Who, would they but survey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain aid. Wisdom, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
Industrious Labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toiling car, and not attending
'Till thou dispense, reaches his own reward:
Only the lazy sluggard yawning lies
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth;
The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
Of his misguided actions on thy shoulders.
Vanish from hence, and seek those idiots out
That thy fantastic godhead hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone. *Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold, her temples crown'd with a garland of roses, and over that a rainbow circling her head down to her shoulders.*

Merc. What Wanton's this?

Mom. This is the sprightly lady, Hedone, a merry Gamester; the people call her Pleasure.

Pleas. The reasons, equal Judges, here alleg'd
By the dismiss'd pretenders, all concur
To strengthen my just title to the sphere.
Honour, or wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple real good,
But as they are the means to purchase pleasure,
The paths that lead to my delicious palace:
They for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is. I am the goal,
The journey's end, to which the sweating world,
And wearied Nature tends. For this, the best
And wisest sect of all philosophers
Made me the seat of supreme happiness:
And though some more austere, upon my ruins,
Did, to the prejudice of nature, raise
Some petty low-built virtues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
Had they been princes born, themselves had
prov'd

Of all mankind the most luxurious:
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: From offices of state;
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, fears,
Retir'd, the churlish cynic, in his tub,
Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue de-
fam'd.

Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods:
My necessary offices preserve
Each single man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I universal as the light,
Or common air we breathe; and since I am
The general desire of all mankind,
Civil felicity must reside in me.
Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,
When, for the short delight of a poor draught
Of cheap cold water, great Lyfimachus
Render'd himself slave to the Scythians.
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The art and beauty of my several objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present the persons to your eyes.

Come forth, my subtle organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charm the ear with moving harmony.

They dance the Seventh Antimasque of the five Senses.

Merc. Bewitching Syren! gilded rottenness!
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd out-side, and the homied verge
Of the fair cup where deadly poison lurks.
Within, a thousand Sorrows dance the round;
And, like a shell, Pain circles thee without.
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their West de-
cline,
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art Pain,
Greedy intense Desire; and the keen edge

Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
 And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror
 And apprehension of thy hasty end
 Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets;
 Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
 Captains that have resisted war and death,
 Nations that over Fortune have triumph'd,
 Are by thy magic made effeminate:
 Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,
 Have in thy wanton lap melted away:
 Thou wert the author of the first excess
 That drew this reformation on the Gods.
 Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from
 Heaven
 Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause?
 To thy voluptuous den fly, Witch, from hence;
 There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concur, and am grown so weary of
 these tedious pleadings, as I'll pack up too and be
 gone. Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors pres-
 sing hither; I'll stop 'em, take their petitions, and
 prefer 'em above; and as I came in bluntly with-
 out knocking, and nobody bid me welcome, so
 I'll depart as abruptly without taking leave, and
 bid nobody farewell.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd
 arguments,
 Urge vain pretences, whilst your actions plead,
 And, with a silent importunity,
 Awake the drowsy justice of the Gods,
 To crown your deeds with immortality.
 The growing titles of your ancestors,
 These nations glorious acts, join'd to the stock
 Of your own royal virtues, and the clear
 Reflex they take from th' imitation
 Of your fam'd court, make Honour's story full,
 And have to that secure, fix'd state advanc'd
 Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
 Wading through streams of blood, sweats to as-
 pire
 Those ancient worthies of these famous isles,
 That long have slept in fresh and lively shapes,
 Shall straight appear, where you shall see yourself
 Circled with modern heroes, who shall be,
 In act, whatever elder times can boast,
 Noble, or great; as they in prophecy
 Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
 The sacred hand of bright eternity
 Mould you to stars, and fix you in the sphere,
 To you your royal half, to them she'll join
 Such of this train, as with industrious steps,
 In the fair prints your virtuous feet have made,
 Though with unequal paces, follow you.
 This is decreed by Jove, which my return
 Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude
 And old abiders here, and in them view
 The point from which your full perfections grew.
 You naked, ancient, wild inhabitants,
 That breath'd this air, and press'd this flow'ry
 earth,
 Come from those shades where dwells eternal
 night,
 And see what wonders time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the sphere vanish'd; and a new scene ap-
 pears of mountains, whose eminent height exceeds the
 clouds which pass'd beneath them; the lower parts
 were wild and woody. Out of this place comes
 forth a more grave Antimasque of Piets, the natural
 inhabitants of this isle, ancient Scotch and Irish;
 these dance a Pyrrhick, or martial dance.

When this Antimasque was past, there began to arise out of
 the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little
 grew to be a huge mountain that covered all the scene.
 The under part of this was wild and craggy, and
 above somewhat more pleasant and flourishing. About
 the middle part of this mountain were seated the three
 kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; all
 richly attired in regal habits, appropriated to the se-
 veral nations, with crowns on their heads, and each
 of them bearing the ancient arms of the kingdoms they
 there presented. At a distance, above these, sat a
 young man in a white embroidered robe, upon his fair
 hair an olive garland, with wings at his shoulders,
 and holding in his hand a cornucopia filled with corn
 and fruits, representing the Genius of these kingdoms.

SONG I.

GENIUS.

RAISE from these rocky cliffs your heads,
 Brave sons, and see where glory spreads
 Her glittering wings; where Majesty,
 Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
 Diffusive joy; where Good and Fair
 United sit in Honour's chair.
 Call forth your aged priests and crystal streams,
 To warm their hearts, and waves in these bright
 beams.

KINGDOMS.

1. From your consecrated woods,
 Holy Druids. 2. Silver-floods,
 From your channels fring'd with flowers,
 3. Hither move; forsake your bowers,
 1. Strew'd with hallowed oaken leaves,
 2. Deck'd with flags and sedgy sheaves,
 And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
 What do your duller eyes survey?

CHORUS of DRUIDS and RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
 A sun appear, and yet a bright
 Noon-day springing from star-light.

GENIUS.

Look up, and see the darken'd sphere
 Depriv'd of light; her eyes shine there.

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMS.

1. These shed a nobler influence;
 2. These by a pure intelligence
 Of more transcendent virtue move;
 3. These first feel, then kindle love;
 1. 2. From the bosoms they inspire,
 These receive a mutual fire;
 1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure return,
 These can quench as well as burn.

GENIUS.

Here the fair victorious eyes
Make worth only beauty's prize;
Here the hand of Virtue ties
'Bout the heart love's amorous chain,
Captives triumph, vassals reign;
And none live here but the slain. [bear
'These are th' Hesperian bow'rs, whose fair trees
Rich golden fruit, and yet no dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then, from your impris'ning womb,
Which is the cradle and the tomb
Of British worthies, (fair sons!) send
A troop of heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

KINGDOMS.

Open thy stony entrails wide,
And break old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd kingdoms may be spy'd.

CHORUS.

Pace forth, thou mighty British Hercules,
With thy choice band! for only thou and these
May revel here in Love's Hesperides.

At this the under part of the rock opens, and out of a cave are seen to come the Masquers richly attired like ancient heroes; the colours yellow, embroidered with silver; their antique helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young Lords and Noblemen's sons, bearing torches of virgin wax: These were apparelled, after the old British fashion, in white coats embroider'd with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square collar'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. First, these dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appears in the further part of the Heaven, coming down, a pleasant cloud, bright and transparent, which, coming softly downwards before the upper part of the mountain, embraceth the Genius, but so, as through it all his body is seen; and then, rising again with a gentle motion, bears up the Genius of the Three Kingdoms, and, being past the airy region, pierceth the Heavens, and is no more seen. At that instant the rock with the Three Kingdoms on it sinks, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration; but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the stage, which was but six feet high.

SONG II.

KINGDOMS.

1. HERE are shapes form'd fit for Heaven;
2. Those move gracefully and even.
3. Here the air and paces meet
So just, as if the skilful feet
Had struck the viols. 1. 2. 3. So the car
Might the tuneful footing bear.

CHORUS.

And had the music silent been,
The eye a moving time had seen.

VOL. III.

GENIUS.

These must in th' unpeopled sky
Succeed, and govern destiny.
Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend,
And help the work.

KINGDOMS.

1. We cannot lend

Heaven so much treasure: 2. Nor that pay;
But rend'ring what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?

GENIUS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the sky,
Beggard the earth; their fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the sphere
Kindle new stars, whilst they rest here.

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the mark?

GENIUS.

Did not the river,
Eridanus, the grace acquire
In heaven and earth to flow,
Above in streams of golden fire,
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. But shall not we, now thou art gone,
Who wert our nature, wither?
Or break that triple Union
Which thy soul held together?

GENIUS.

In concord's pure, immortal spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active virtue bring
At my return. Adieu!

KINGDOMS. Adieu! CHORUS. Adieu!

The Masquers dance their main dance, which done, the scene again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other, the nearest part shewing a delicious garden with several walks, and parterres set round with low trees, and on the sides, against these walks, were fountains and grotts, and in the furthest part a palace, from whence went high walks upon arches, and above them open terraces planted with cypress trees; and all this together was composed of such ornaments as might express a princely Villa.

From hence the Chorus descending into the room, goes up to the State.

SONG III.

By the CHORUS, going up to the QUEEN.

Whilst thus the darlings of the Gods,
From honour's temple to the shrine
Of beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Love, we guide; let thy divine

Z z

Aspects, bright Deity, with fair
And halcyon beams becalm the air.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
Saint George himself, great Queen, to you;
You'll soon discern him: And we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-table Knight, as ever fought
For lady, to each beauty brought.

Plant in their martial hands, War's seat,
Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Love's known language tales of woe;
Say in soft whispers of the palm,
And eyes shoot darts, so lips shed balm.

For though thou seem, like captives, led
In triumph by the foe away,
Yet on the conqueror's neck you tread,
And the fierce victor proves your prey.
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

*The song done they retire, and the Masquers dance the
revels with the ladies, which continued a great part
of the night.*

*The revels being past, and the King's Majesty seated
under the state by the Queen; for conclusion to this
Masque there appears coming forth from one of the
sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great cloud,
which, arriving at the middle heaven, stayeth; this
was of several colours, and so great, that it covered
the whole Scene; out of the further part of the
heaven began to break forth two other clouds, differing
in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there
appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and
Wisdom. Religion was apparelled in white, and
part of her face was covered with a light veil; in
one hand a book, and in the other a flame of fire.
Truth in a watchet robe, a sun upon her forehead,
and bearing in her hand a palm. Wisdom in a mantle
wrought with eyes and bands, golden rays about her
head, and Apollo's Citbarn in her hand. In the
other cloud sat Concord, Government, and Reputation.
The habit of Concord was carnation, bearing in her
hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on
the top of it a hart, and a garland of corn on her
head: Government was figured in a coat of armour
bearing a shield, and on it a Medusa's head; upon
her hand a plumed helm, and in her right hand a
lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe
wrought with gold, and wearing a laurel on his
head. These being come down in an equal distance
to the middle part of the air, the great cloud began to
break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the
midst, suspended in the air, sat Eternity on a globe;
his garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all
over with stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a
serpent bent into a circle, with his tail in his mouth.
In the firmament about him was a troop of fifteen
stars, expressing the stellifying of our British heroes;
but one more great and eminent than the rest, which
was over his head, figured his Majesty; and in
the lower part afar off was seen the prospect of*

*Windsor-Castle, the famous seat of the most honour-
able Order of the Garter.*

SONG IV.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMO-
NOIA, DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

Eternity.

BE fix'd, you rapid orbs, that bear
The changing seasons of the year
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepid spheres grown dark and cold;
Nor did Jove quench her fires; these bright
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light:
This royal pair, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still:
Since good is here so perfect, as no worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

Eusebia.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal the gods adore.

Alethia.

My truths from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

Sophia.

Nor do their actions from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

Homonoia.

And as their own pure souls entwin'd,
So are their subjects hearts combin'd.

Dicæarche.

So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seems empire to obey.

Euphemia.

And their fair fame, like incense hurl'd
On altars, hath perfum'd the world.
So. Wisdom, *Al.* Truth, *Euf.* Pure adoration,
Hom. Concord, *Dic.* Rule, *Eup.* Clear reputation.

Chorus.

Crown this King, this Queen, this Nation.

Chorus.

Wisdom, truth, &c.

Eternity.

Brave spirits, whose advent'rous feet
Have to the mountain's top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert and Honour meet:
Here, from the toiling press retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my temple revel.

With wreaths of stars circled about,
Gild all the spacious firmament,
And smiling on the panting rout
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of human change th' uncertain tide.

Euf. Ale. Sop.

But oh, you royal turtles, shed,
Where you from earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of love.

Chorus.

Which no power can but yours dispense,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.

Hom. Dic. Eup.

Then from your fruitful race shall flow
 Endless succession,
 Sceptres shall bud, and laurels blow
 'Bout their immortal throne.

Chorus.

Propitious stars shall crown each birth,
 Whilst you rule them, and they the earth.

The Song ended, the two clouds with the persons sitting
 on them ascend; the great cloud closeth again, and so
 passeth away overthwart the Scene; leaving behind
 it nothing but a Serene Sky. After which the
 Masquers dance their last dance, and the curtain war-
 let fall.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

*The NAMES of the MASQUERS.**The KING'S MAJESTY.*

Duke of Lennox.	Lord Fielding.
Earl of Devonshire.	Lord Digby.
Earl of Holland.	Lord Dungarvin.
Earl of Newport.	Lord Dunluce.
Earl of Elgin.	Lord Wharton.
Viscount Grandison.	Lord Paget.
Lord Richie.	Lord Saltine.

*The NAMES of the YOUNG LORDS and NOBLEMENS
SONS.*

Lord Walden.	Mr. Thomas Howard.
Lord Cranborn,	Mr. Thomas Egerton.
Lord Brackley.	Mr. Charles Cavendish.
Lord Shadnos.	Mr. Robert Howard.
Mr. Wil. Herbert.	Mr. Henry Spencer.

Z ij

THE LIST OF THE AUTHOR.

The Song ended, the two young men, rising, sitting
as they stood; the great light shone, and so
brightly shone over the scene; leaving behind
it nothing but a great day. After which the
Masters, taking their seats, and the curtain rose
for the first time.

Then from your faithful race shall flow
Rivers of succession.
Scaptes shall bud, and buds shall blow
Beneath their immortal throne.
Propitious stars shall crown each fair
While you rule there, and they the earth.

The Names of the Young Lords and Noblemen
and their Sons.

Mr. Thomas Howard.	Lord Walden.
Mr. Thomas Egerton.	Lord Granby.
Mr. Charles Cavendish.	Lord Brackley.
Mr. Robert Howard.	Lord St. John.
Mr. Henry Spencer.	Mr. Will. Howard.

The Names of the Noblemen
The King's Majesty.
Duke of Lennox. Lord Biddling.
Earl of Devonshire. Lord Digby.
Earl of Holland. Lord Dunsany.
Earl of Newbury. Lord Dunsany.
Earl of High. Lord Winton.
Viscount Grandison. Lord Payer.
Lord Rishington. Lord Rishington.

The Names of the Noblemen
The King's Majesty.
Duke of Lennox. Lord Biddling.
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Earl of Holland. Lord Dunsany.
Earl of Newbury. Lord Dunsany.
Earl of High. Lord Winton.
Viscount Grandison. Lord Payer.
Lord Rishington. Lord Rishington.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Containing his

SESSION OF THE POETS,
BALLAD ON A WEDDING,



SONGS,
EPISTLES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;
And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

SESSION OF THE POETS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR JOHN BUCKLING.

Containing 46

London:
Printed by

JOHN BUCKLING,
PRINTED BY

JOHN BUCKLING

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Nothing more was call'd, but I was
That I might see a glimpse of the
That he was living he could not
The lord and the prince to see in his
And a pair of black eyes on a look
At how he rose all the trophies of war
The Apollo was angry, and his
There is that a little more to be said

JOHN BUCKLING

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MICHAEL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, was son of Sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Household to Charles I. and was born at Witham in the county of Middlesex, in the year 1613, with the remarkable circumstance of his mother going till the eleventh month with him.

"His life," says Langbaine, "was not less remarkable than his birth; for he had so pregnant a genius, that he spoke Latin at five years old, and writ it at nine years of age." If this circumstance is true, it would seem that he had learned Latin from his nurse, nor ever heard any other language, for it is not to be supposed that he could speak Latin at five, in consequence of study.

From this early foundation, he proceeded in the course of his studies, and acquired a general knowledge of polite literature; but applied himself more particularly to music and poetry.

In the acquisition of polite and general knowledge, his proficiency exceeded his application; for though the sprightliness and vivacity of his temper would not suffer him to be long intent upon any particular study, he was made ample amends for it by the strength of his genius and quickness of his apprehension.

When he had completed his studies, and taken a survey of the most remarkable things at home, he travelled to digest and enlarge his knowledge, from a view of the government and manners of other countries.

In his travels, he made a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, where he was present at three battles, five sieges, and several skirmishes.

He returned to England a most accomplished gentleman, and devoted himself to the Court, where he became conspicuous for his gaiety, wit, and gallantry, and was allowed to have the peculiar happiness of making every thing he did become him.

Already a finished courtier and a man of fashion, he was now a prodigy of poetry; the intimate friend and companion of Jonson, Carew, Davenant, and other wits, and like them had the honour of writing plays for the diversion of the Court, in the exhibition of which he went to great expence. "Sir John Suckling's (Suckling's) play cost *three or four hundred pounds* setting out; eight or ten suits of new clothes he gave the players; an unheard-of prodigality." *Strafford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 150. The play on which he expended this large sum was *Aglaure*.

At the breaking out of the civil war, his loyalty was more conspicuous than his valour. He raised a troop of horse for the king's service, entirely at his own charge, and so richly and completely mounted, that it cost him 12,000*l*. But this troop, and their leader, distinguished themselves only by their finery, for they did nothing for the king's service. He laid his miscarriage very much to heart; but the immaturity of his death prevented him from repairing it. He died of a fever, the 7th of May 1641, in the 28th year of his age.

The advantages of birth, person, education, parts, and fortune, with which he set out in life, had raised the expectations of his contemporaries to a prodigious height; and, perhaps, his dying so young, was better for his fame than if he had lived longer.

While he valued himself upon nothing more than the character of a courtier, and a fine gentleman, it is no wonder that he neglected the higher excellencies of genius, and cultivated poetry merely as an amusement.

He did enough, however, in the short space he lived, to procure him the esteem of his own age, and to entitle him to the gratitude of posterity.

He wrote four dramatic pieces. The *Goblins*, a comedy, acted at the private house in Blackfriars, 1636. In this play he has followed the footsteps of Shakspeare, of whom he was a professed admirer. His *Reginella* is an imitation of *Miranda* in the *Tempest*; and his *Goblins*, though counterfeits, being only thieves in disguise, seem to be copied from *Ariel* in the same play. *Aglaura*, acted at Court, and at the private house in Blackfriars, 1637, with much applause; it has the last act so altered, that it may be either represented as a tragedy, or tragi-comedy. The *Discontented Colonel*. The first sketch of *Brennoralt*, a tragedy, exhibited in 1639. The *Sad One*, a tragedy, unfinished.

His plays were printed together in 1646. There are several editions of his *Poems, Letters, and Plays*, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*; or, *a Collection of all the Incomparable Pieces of Sir John Suckling*, 8vo.; the last in 2 vol. 12mo. 1774, by T. Davies. His poems, commonly seen in detached portions, are now, for the first time, inserted in a collection of classical English poetry.

The *Session of the Poets*, his most celebrated performance, was written in 1637, about the time of Jonson's death, as appears from *Strafford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 114. It contains a species of satire, humour, and raillery, that has been imitated by many succeeding poets, and applied to a variety of occasions. The *Pallad on a Wedding*, has much humour and vivacity. His other pieces, which are chiefly amatory, contain marks of genius and true poetry, with much levity and extravagance. The poem *Against Fruition*, in particular, has some weighty and vigorous lines; but there is a ludicrous warmth in some of his descriptions, which is rather to be admired than approved of. The *Supplement of some verses of Shakspeare*, is not inferior to the imperfect copy in *Tarquin and Lucrece*. The *Songs* are gay and sprightly, and more polished than his other pieces; the general defect of which is want of smoothness and harmony, in which he does not much excel Jonson, and is greatly inferior to Carew, Davenant, and other poets of that age.

His character is given by Dryden, who calls him "a sprightly wit, and a courtly writer."

Winstanley says, "he was the delight of the Court, and the darling of the Muses, and one so filled with Phœbean fire, as for excellency of his wit, was worthy to be crowned with a wreath of stars."

Lloyd, with less exaggeration, and more truth, says "his poems are clear, sprightly and natural; his discourses full and convincing; his plays well humoured and taking; his letters fragrant and sparkling."

He observes farther, that his thoughts were not so loose as his expressions, nor his life so vain as his thoughts; and, at the same time, makes allowance for his youth and sanguine complexion, which a little more time and experience would have corrected.

The justness of the observation is exemplified by his *Discourse on Religion*, to Lord Dorset, and his *Thoughts on the State of the Nation*, 1640, in which he has shewn that he could think as coolly, and reason as justly, as men of more years and less fire.

Lloyd concludes his account of him with the following character, in which he alludes to his *Thoughts on Public Affairs*, and to some serious reflections which he delivered to his friends, during his last illness.

Ne hæ zelantis animæ sacriores
Sciptillulæ ipsum, unde deciderant, spirantes
Cælum et Author magnus ipsa, quam
Aliis dedit, careret memoria, interesse
Posteris putavimus brevem honoratissimi
Viri Johannis Sucklingii vitam historia
Esse perennandam.

Utpote qui nobilissima Sucklingiorum familia oriundus, cui tantum reddidit, quantum accepit, honorem, Nat. Cal. April 1613. Withamæ in agro Middles. renatus ibid. Maii 7mo. et denatus 1641, haud jam trigesimus, et scripta dignissima fecit, et factu dignissima scripsit, calamo pariter et gladio celebris, pacis artium gnarus et belli,

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1640.

TO THE KING.

I.
AWAKE, great Sir! the sun shines here,
Gives all your subjects a New-Year,
Only we stay till you appear,
For thus by us your pow'r is understood,
He may make fair days, you must make them good.

Awake, awake,
And take

Such presents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto blifs
Who cannot wish.

II.
May no ill vapour cloud the sky,
Bold storms invade the sovereignty;
But gales of joy, so fresh, so high,
That you may think heaven sent to try this year,
What fail or burthen, a king's mind cou'd bear.

Awake, awake, &c.

III.
May all the discords in your state,
Like those in music we create,
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what wou'd of itself sound harsh, or fright,
May be so temper'd that it may delight,

Awake, awake, &c.

IV.
What conquerors from battles find,
Or lovers when their doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our master's mind,
Make such strange rapes upon the place 't may be
No longer joy there, but an ecstasy.

Awake, awake, &c.

V.
May every pleasure and delight
That has or does your sense invite
Double this year, save those o' th' night:
For such a marriage-bed must know no more
Than repetition of what was before.

Awake, awake,
And take
Such presents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto blifs.
Who cannot wish.

Loving and Belov'd.

I.
THERE never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promote:
For kings and lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reign dissembling is.

II.
Here we are lov'd, and there we love;
Good nature now and passion strive
Which of the two shou'd be above,
And laws unto the other give,
So we false fire with art sometimes discover,
And the true fire with the same art do cover.

III.
What rack can fancy find so high?
Here we must court, and here engage;
Though in the other place we die.
'Tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make false love look well.

IV.
Since it is thus, God of Desire,
Give me my honesty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'm weary of the state I'm in:
Since, if the very best should now befall,
Love's triumph must be honour's funeral.

I.

If, when Don Cupid's dart
Doth wound a heart,
We hide our grief
And shun relief;
The smart increaseth on that score;
For wounds unsought but rankle more.

II.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,
Men are in pain
For us again;
So neither speaking doth become
The lovers state, nor being dumb

III.

When this I do descry,
Then thus think I,
Love is the fart
Of every heart:
It pains a man when 'tis kept close,
And others does offend, when 'tis let loose.

A Session of the Poets.

A Session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say,
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And therefore the wits of the town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There was Selden, and he sat close by the chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townsend, for they kept the order;
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further:

There was Lucan's translator too, and he
That makes God so big in's poetry:
Selwin and Waller, and Bartlets both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others were but
plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the
stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age,
And he hop'd they did not think the Silent Woman,
The Fox, and the Alchymist outdone by no man.

Apollo stopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry't, at which Ben turned about
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit:

And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That wou'd not well stand with a laureat;
His Muse was hard bound, and th' issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and
pain.

And all that were present there did agree,
A Laureat Muse should be easy and free, [Grace
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his
Consider'd he was well he had a cup-bearer's place.

Will. Davenant, asham'd of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hop'd the handsomeness of's Muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

And surely the company wou'd have been content,
If they cou'd have found any precedent;
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one Laureat without a nose.

To Will Bartlet sure all the wits meant well,
But first they wou'd see how his snow wou'd sell:
Will smil'd, and swore in their judgments they
went less,
That concluded of merit upon success.

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Selwin, who straight slept in;
But alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (pox on him) how came he there?
Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear,
When he had the honour to be nam'd in court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for't:

For had not her characters furnish'd you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry Lady-Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the court two or three came in,
And they brought letters, forsooth, from the Queen
'Twas discreetly done too, for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the room.

This made a dispute; for 'twas plain to be seen
Each man had a mind to gratify the Queen:
But Apollo himself could not think it fit;
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling and
wit.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo ask'd him first of all
If he understood his own pastoral.

For if he cou'd do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bays above all the rest,
But the Monsieur was modest; and silence confest.

During these troubles in the court was hid
One that Apollo soon miss'd, little Cid; [throng,
And having spy'd him, call'd him out of the
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd, that he
Was chief already of another company,

Hales set by himself most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spy'd him, but knowing his mind
Past by, and call'd Falkland, that fate just behind:

But he was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry,
Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,
He might have been both his priest and his poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declar'd, that the best sign
Of good store of wits to have good store of coin,
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the Alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such amaze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another; not a man in the place
But had discontent writ at large in his face.

Only the small Poets cheer'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown
When he lends to any Poet about the town.

Love's World.

In each man's heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little world, for 'so I found,
When first my passion reason drown'd.

Instead of earth unto this frame,
I had a faith was still the same,
For to be right it doth behove
It be as that, fix'd and not move.

Yet, as the earth may sometimes shake
(For winds shut up will cause a quake)

So often jealousy, and fear,
Stol'n into mine, cause tremblings there.

My Flora was my Sun, for as
One Sun, so but one Flora was:
All other faces borrow'd hence
Their light and grace, as stars do thence.

My hopes I call my Moon; for they
Inconstant still, were at no stay;
But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or less were sure to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh! too, too soon decrease again;
Eclips'd sometimes, that 'twou'd so fall
There wou'd appear no hope at all.

My thoughts, cause infinite they be,
Must be those many stars we see;
Of which some wander'd at their will,
But most on her were fixed still.

My burning flame and hot desire
Must be the element of fire,
Which hath as yet so secret been
That it as that was never seen:

No kitchen fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot, but in name;
A fire that's starv'd when fed, and gone
When too much fuel is laid on;

But, as it plainly doth appear
That fire subsists by being near
The Moon's bright orb, so I believe
Ours doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the air, most free
And full of mutability,
Big with chimeras, vapours here
Innumerable hatch'd as there.

The sea's my mind, which calm would be
Were it from winds, my passions, free;
But out alas! no sea I find
Is troubled like a lover's mind.

Within it rocks and shallows be,
Despair, and fond credulity.

But in this world it were good reason
We did distinguish time and season;
Her presence then did make the day,
And night shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place
Creates the winter; and the space
She tarry'd with me, well I might
Call it my summer of delight.

Diversity of weather came
From what she did, and thence had name;
Sometimes she'd smile, that made it fair;
And when she laugh'd, the sun shin'd clear.

Sometimes she'd frown, and sometimes weep,
So clouds and rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again she'd be all ice,
Extremely cold, extremely nice.

But soft, my muse, the world is wide,
And all at once was not descry'd:
It may fall out some honest lover
The rest hereafter will discover.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her.

SONNET I.

I.
Dost see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone;
But mark the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it cou'd not charm, or I not see.

II.
And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
Am still the self-same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt
And suffer from those fires;
Oh! some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.

III.
She every day her man does kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor thy Will
Can question'd be,
What is the mystery?
Sure Beauty's empires, like to greater states,
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

SONNET II.

I.
Of thee, kind boy, I ask no red and white
To make up my delight,

No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good store
Of love, for her I court,

I ask no more;
'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

II.
There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
It is mere cozenage all;

For though some long ago
Lik'd certain colours mingl'd so and so,
That does not tie me now from choosing new,
If I a fancy take
To black and blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

III.
'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight,

And if I like one dish
More than another, that a pheasant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick

We up be wound.
No matter by what hand or trick.

SONNET III.

I.
Oh! for some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbod'y'd post
Sent from the shades below;
I strangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
Those that their Mistrefs scorn did bear,
Or those that were us'd kindly.

II.
For whatsoe'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there, I fear, be found,
That to the being crown'd,
T' have lov'd alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

III.
What posture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd again,
Departs, and's thither gone
Where each fits by his own?
Or how can that Elysium be,
Were I my Mistrefs still must see
Circled in others arms?

IV.
For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba must
Be his whom she held dear:
Not his who lov'd her here:
The sweet Philoclea, since she dy'd
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.

V.
Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bought
For difference crowns the brow,

Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds,
As who can tell? ye kinder Gods,
Give me the woman here.

To the Lord LEPINGTON, upon his Translation of
MALVEZZI'S ROMULUS and TARQUIN.

It is so rare and a new thing to see
Ought that belongs to young nobility
In print (but their own clothes) that we must praise.
You, as we wou'd do those first shew the ways
To arts, or to new worlds: You have begun,
Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it should have
done:

For't has indeed too strong a custom been
To carry out more wit than we bring in.
You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)
The choicest things fam'd countries do afford:
Malvezzi by your means is English grown,
And speaks our tongue now as well as his own,
Malvezzi, he, whom 'tis as hard to praise
To merit, as to imitate his ways.
He does not shew us Rome great suddenly,
As if the empire were a tympany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
The little body grew so large and high,
Describes each thing so lively, that we are
Concern'd ourselves before we are aware:
And at the wars they and their neighbours wag'd,
Each man is present still and still engag'd.
Like a good perspective he strangely brings
Things distant to us; and in these two kings
We see what made greatness, and what 't has been
Made that greatness contemptible again.
And all this not tediously deriv'd,
But like the worlds in little maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that does the Roman dame restore,
Makes Lucrece chaster for her being whore;
Gives her a kind revenge for Tarquin's sin;
For ravish'd first, she ravishes again.
She says such fine things after, that we must
In spite of virtue thank foul rape and lust,
Since 'twas the cause no woman wou'd have had,
Though she's of Lucrece side, Tarquin less bad.

But stay;—like one that thinks to bring his
friend

A mile or two, and sees the journey's end,
I straggle on too far: Long graces do
But keep good stomachs off that wou'd fall too.

Against Fruition.

STAY here, fond youth! and ask no more, be wise,
Knowing too much long since lost paradise;
The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wou'd'st should
still
Last in their pride; and wou'd'st not take it ill
If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wert wak'd? he wakes himself that does
enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,
And, while it pleases much, the palate cloy;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit; this once past,
What relishes? even kisses lose their taste.

Urge not 'tis necessary, alas! we know
The homeliest thing which mankind does is so;
The world is of a vast extent, we see,
And must be peopled; children there must be;
So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like romances read, or fights once seen:
Fruition's dull, and spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it
were.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are
poor,
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

I.

THERE never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curst;
And oh! that I (fond I) should first
Of any lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools disco-
ver.

II.

You that have promis'd to yourselves
Propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like straws do move,
And what we call
Their sympathy, is but love to jett in general.

III.

All mankind is alike to them;
And though we iron find
That never with a loadstone join'd,
'Tis not its fault:
It is because the loadstone yet was never brought.

IV.

If where a gentle bee hath fallen
And labour'd to his power,
A new succeeds not to that flower,
But passes by;
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elsewhere loads his
thigh.

V.

For still the flowers ready stand,
One buzzes round about,
One lights and tastes, gets in, gets out,
All, all ways use them,
Till all their sweets are gone, and then again
refuse them.

SONG.

I.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be

But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee;

For were it in my power,

To love thee now this hour

More than I did the last;

I would then so fall

I might not love at all;

Love that can flow, and can admit increase,

Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

II.

True love is still the same; the torrid zones,

And those more frigid ones

It must not know;

For love grown cold or hot

Is lust or friendship, not

The thing we have,

For that's a flame would die

Held down, or up too high:

Then think I love more than I can express,

And would love more, could I but love thee less.

*To my Friend WILL. DAVENANT, upon his Poem of
Madagascar.*

WHAT mighty princes poets are? those things
The great ones stick at, and our very kings
Lay down, they venture on; and with great ease,
Discover, conquer what and where you please.

Some flegmatic sea captain would have stay'd

For money now, or victuals; not have weigh'd

Anchor without 'em; thou Will, dost not stay

So much as for a wind, but go'st away,

Land'st, view'st the country; fight'st, put'st all

to rout,

Before another could be putting out!

And now the news in town is, Davenant's come

From Madagascar, fraught with laurel home;

And welcome, Will! for the first time, but prithee

In thy next voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

*To my Friend WILL. DAVENANT, on his other
Poems.*

THOU hast redeem'd us, Will, and future times

Shall not account unto the age's crimes

Death of pure wit: Since the great lord of it,

Donne, parted hence, no man has ever writ

So near him in his own way; I would commend

Particulars, but then, how should I end

Without a volume; every line of thine

Would ask, to praise it right, twenty of mine.

I.

Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak

Three mates to play at barley-break;

Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;

And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:

Love coupled last, and so it fell

That Love and Folly were in hell.

II.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,

But Hate was nimbler on her feet;

Fancy looks for Pride, and thither

Hies, and they two hug together:

Yet this new coupling still doth tell

That Love and Folly were in hell.

III.

The rest do break again, and Pride

Hath now got Reason on her side;

Hate and Fancy meet, and stand

Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand;

Folly was dull, but Love ran well,

So Love and Folly were in hell.

SONG.

I.

I PRITHEE spare me, gentle boy!

Prefs me no more for that flight toy,

That foolish trifle of an heart;

I swear it will not do its part,

Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy power
and art.

II.

For through long custom it has known

The little secrets, and is grown

Sullen and wise, will have its will,

And, like old hawks, pursues that still

Which makes least sport, flies only where't can kill.

III.

Some youth that has not made his story,

Will think per chance the pain's the glory;

And mannerly sit out Love's feast;

I shall be carving of the best,

Rudely call for the last course 'fore the rest.

IV.

And oh! when once that course is past,

How short a time the feast doth last!

Men rise away, and scarce say grace,

Or civilly once thank the face

That did invite; but seek another place.

DIALOGUE

Upon the Lady CARLISLE's walking in Hampton

Court Garden.

T. C. I. S.

T. C.

DIDST thou not find the place inspir'd,

And flowers, as if they had desir'd

No other sun, start from their beds,

And for a sight steal out their heads?

Heard'st thou not music when she talkt?

And didst not find, that as she walkt

She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give?—

I. s. I must confess those perfumes, Tom,
I did not smell; nor found that from
Her passing by, ought sprung up new,
The flowers had all their birth from you:
For I past o'er the self same walk,
And did not find one single stalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after spring.

T. c. Dull and insensible, could'st see
A thing so near a deity
Move up and down, and feel no change?

I. s. None and so great, were alike strange.
I had my thoughts, but not your way;
All are not born, Sir, to the bay;
Alas! Tom, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could
In spite of masks and hoods descry
The parts deny'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all she wore,
And had she walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked or more plainly seen.

T. c. 'Twas well for thee she left the place,
There is great danger in that face;
But had'st thou view'd her leg and thigh,
And upon that discovery
Search'd after parts that are more dear
(As fancy seldom stops so near)
No time or age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou had'st been.

To Mr. DAVENANT, for Absence.

WONDER not if I stay not here,
Hurt lovers, like to wounded deer,
Must shift the place; for standing still
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
Where in a traitor eye
That lets it from th' enemy,
All that may supplant a heart,
'Tis time the chief should use some art;
What parts the object from the sense,
Wisely cuts off intelligence,
Oh how quickly men must die,
Should they stand all love's battery;
Perfida's eyes great mischief do,
So do we know the cannon too;
But men are safe at distance still,
Where they reach not, they cannot kill,
Love is a fit and soon is past,
Ill diet only makes it last:
Who is still looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i' th' very height of fever.

Against Absence.

My whining lover, what needs all
These vows of life monastical?

Despairs, retirements, jealousies,
And subtle sealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wise; return again,
A finger burnt's as great a pain;
And the same physic, self same art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart;
Would'st thou whilst yet the fire is in
But hold it to the fire again.
If you, dear Sir, the plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the same house lie,
Or carry you abroad to die?
He whom the plague, or love once takes,
Every room a pest-house makes.
Absence were good, if it were but sense
That only holds the intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love, and magic too;
Brings a mistress a thousand miles,
And the sleight of looks beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the same time your rival here;
And—oh, the devil! that she should
Say finer things now than she would;
So nobly fancy doth supply
What the dull sense lets fall and die.
Beauty, like man's old enemies, known
To tempt him most when he's alone.
The air of some wild o'ergrown wood,
Or pathless grove is the boy's food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy senses, and feast high.
Spare diet is the cause love lasts,
For surfeits sooner kill than fasts.

*A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr.
WILL. SHAKSPEARE'S.*

I.
ONE of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Which therefore swell'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss:
The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,
While th' other blush'd, 'cause it had done the wrong.

II.
Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green sattin quilt, whose perfect white
Look'd like a daizy in a field of grass,
* And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight,
There lay this pretty verdure, safe to keep
The rest o' th' body that lay fast asleep.

III.
Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn,
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
That it broke through, and shew'd itself in scorn,
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles still as't came near her face.

* Thus sat Shakspeare,

iv.

Her beams (which some dull men call'd hair) di-
vided,
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport,
But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some
Wifelier downwards fought, but falling short
Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

THAT none beguiled be by time's quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock still going;
For though time be nimble, his motions

Are quicker

And thicker

Where love hath its notions:

Hope is the main spring on which moves desire,
And these do the less wheels, fear, joy inspire;

The balance is thought, evermore

Clicking

And striking,

And ne'er giving o'er.

Occasion's the hand which still's moving round,

Till by it the critical hour may be found,

And when that falls out, it will strike

Kisses,

Strange blisses,

And what you best like.

i.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart;
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

ii.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

iii.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

iv.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

v.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

vi.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

vii.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,

The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

viii.

I sent to know from whence and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

ix.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

x.

To such a place our camp remove
As will not siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

Upon my Lord BROHALL's Wedding,

DIALOGUE.

S. B.

In bed, dull man?

When love and Hymen's revels are begun,
And the church ceremonies past and done.

B. Why, who's gone mad to day?

S. Dull heretic, thou woud'st say,

He that is gone to heav'n is gone astray;

Brohall our gallant friend

Is gone to church, as martyrs to the fire:

Who marry differ but i' th' end,

Since both do take

The hardest way to what they most desire:
Nor stay'd he till the formal priest had done,
But e'er that part was finish'd, his begun:

Which did reveal

The haste and eagerness men have to seal

That long to tell the money.

A sprig of willow in his hat he wore,

(The loser's badge and liv'ry heretofore)

But now so order'd that it may be taken

By lookers on, forsaking as forsaken:

And now and then

A careless smile broke forth, which spoke his mind,
And seem'd to say she might have been more kind.

When this (dear Jack) I saw
Thought I

How weak is lovers law?

The bonds made there (like gypsies knots) with ease
Are fast and loose, as they that hold them please,

But was the fair nymph's praise or power less
That lead him captive now to happiness?

'Cause she did not a foreign aid despise,

But enter'd breaches made by others eyes:

The Gods forbid,

There must be some to shoot and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the town.

To hawks (good Jack) and hearts

There may

Be several ways and arts;

One watches them perchance, and makes them tame:
Another, when they're ready, shews them game.

SIR,

WHETHER these lines do find you out,
 Putting or clearing of a doubt;
 (Whether Predestination,
 Or reconciling Three in One,
 Or the unridling how men die,
 And live at once eternally,
 Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
 You straight bestride the College steed.
 Leave Socinus and the schoolmen.
 (Which Jack Bond swears do but fool men)
 And come to town; 'tis fit you shew
 Yourself abroad, that men may know
 (Whate'er some learned men have guest)
 That Oracles are not yet ceas'd:
 There you shall find the wit, and wine
 Flowing alike, and both divine:
 Dishes, with names not known in books,
 And less amongst the College cooks,
 With sauce so poignant that you need
 Not stay till hunger bids you feed.
 The sweat of learned Johnson's brain,
 And gentle Shakespear's easier strain
 A hackney-coach conveys you to,
 In spite of all that rain can do:
 And for your eighteen-pence you sit
 The Lord and Judge of all fresh wit.
 News in one day as much we've here
 As serves all Windsor for a year;
 And which the carrier brings to you,
 After it has here been found not true.
 Then think what company's design'd
 To meet you here, men so refin'd,
 Their very common talk at board,
 Makes wife, or mad, a young Court Lord:
 And makes him capable to be
 Umpire in's father's company.
 Where no disputes nor forc'd defence
 Of a man's person for his sense
 Take up the time; all strive to be
 Masters of truth, as victory:
 And were you come, I'd boldly swear
 A synod might as eas'ly err.

Against Fruition.

FIE upon hearts that burn with mutual fire;
 I hate two minds that breathe but one desire:
 Were I to curse th' unhallow'd sort of men,
 I'd wish them to love, and be lov'd again.
 Love's a Camelion, that lives on mere air;
 And surfeits when it comes to grosser fare:
 'Tis petty jealousies, and little fears,
 Hopes join'd with doubts, and joys with April
 tears,
 That crown our love with pleasures: These are
 gone
 When once we come to full fruition.
 Like waking in a morning, when all night
 Our fancy has been fed with true delight.
 Oh! what a stroke 'twon'd be! Sure I shou'd die,
 Shou'd I but hear my mistress once say, I.

VOL. III.

That monster Expectation feeds too high
 For any woman e'er to satisfy:
 And no brave spirit ever car'd for that
 Which in down beds with ease he cou'd come at.
 She's but an honest whore that yields, although
 She be as cold as ice, as pure as snow:
 He that enjoys her has no more to say,
 But keep us fasting if you'll have us pray.
 Then, fairest Mistress, hold the power you have,
 By still denying what we still do crave:
 In keeping us in hopes strange things to see
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen:
 Oh things without compare!
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
 And there did I see coming down
 Such folks as are not in our town,
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Among'st the rest, one pest'lent fine,
 (His beard no bigger though than thine)
 Walk'd on before the rest:
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
 The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him;
 Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town:
 Though lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing;
 The parson for him staid:
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much wish all past
 (Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale—
 For such a maid no Whitson ale
 Could ever yet produce:
 No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck:
 And to say truth (for out it must)
 It look'd like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter Day,
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in fight;
And then she look'd as who shou'd say
I will do what I list to day;
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daizy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thoud'it swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get,
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely:
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o'me! how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow; besides the bride.
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the cock knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each serving-man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated:
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

How hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healts first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;

And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss,
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay,
Like new-fal'n snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part,
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,
Good bw'y, with all my heart,

But just as heav'n's wou'd have to cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset:
The bridegroom eat in spite;
For had he left the women to't
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night,

At length the candles out; and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget, and with Nell.

My dearest rival, lest our love
Should with excentric motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'll teach and set it in a way;
And such directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor smile, as we wou'd do
If we had what our higher fame,
Or our vainer wish cou'd frame.
Impossible shall be our hope;
And love shall only have his scope
To join with fancy now and then,
And think what reason wou'd condemn:
And on these grounds we'll love as true,
As if they were most sure t' ensue:
And chaste for these things we'll stay,
As if to-morrow were the day.
Meantime we two will teach our hearts
In love's burdens to bear their parts:
Thou first shalt sigh, and say she's fair;
And I'll still answer, past compare,

Thou shalt set out each part o' th' face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit;
And I, that she so governs it.
Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majesty;
And in good language them adore:
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea, we will sit and sigh a while,
And with soft thoughts some time beguile;
But straight again break out, and praise
All we had done before, new ways.
Thus will we do, till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath;
And then whose fate shall be to die
First of us two, by legacy
Shall all his store bequeath, and give
His love to him that shall survive:
For no one stock can ever serve
To love so much as she'll deserve.

SONG.

I.

HONEST lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

II.

If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over,

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

III.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she has little or nothing spoken:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

IV.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly,

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

V.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;

And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place,

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

VI.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

Upon two Sisters.

BELIEV'E T, young man, I can as eas'ly tell,
How many yards, and inches 'tis to hell;
Unriddle all predestination,
Or the nice points we now dispute upon.
Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,
It had not been so easily decided,
And sure the apple must have been divided:
It must, it must; he's impudent, dares say
Which is the handsomer till one's away.
And it was necessary it should be so;
Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
When she had fram'd the eldest, that each heart
Must at the first sight feel the blind God's dart:
And sure as can be, had she made but one,
No plague had been more sure destruction;
For we had lik'd, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
In half the time that we are choosing now:
Variety, and equal objects make
The busy eye still doubtful which to take;
This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
The other's body, gesture, or her grace:
And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
He sure is happy'st that his hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.

To his Rival.

Now we have taught our love to know
That it must creep where't cannot go,
And be for once content to live,
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amiss t' inquire
What fuel shou'd maintain the fire:
For fires do either flame too high,
Or where they cannot flame, they die.
First then (my half but better heart)
Know this must wholly be her part;
(For thou and I, like clocks, are wound
Up to the height, and must move round)
She then by still denying what
We fondly crave, shall such a rate

Set on each trifle, that a kiss
 Shall come to be the utmost bliss.
 Where sparks and fire do meet with tinder,
 Those sparks mere fire will still engender :
 To make this good, no debt shall be
 From service or fidelity ;
 For she shall ever pay that score,
 By only bidding us do more :
 So, though she still a niggard be,
 In gracing, where none's due, she's free :
 The favours she shall cast on us,
 Lest we shou'd grow presumptuous,
 Shall not with too much love be shewn,
 Nor yet the common way still done ;
 But ev'ry smile and little glance
 Shall look half lent, and half by chance :
 The ribbon, fan, or muff, that she
 Wou'd shou'd be kept by thee or me,
 Shou'd not be giv'n before too many,
 But neither thrown to's, when there's any ;
 So that herself should doubtful be
 Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or she.
 She shall not like the thing we do
 Sometimes, and yet shall like it too ;
 Nor any notice take at all
 Of what, we gone, she wou'd extol :
 Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish,
 For where fear is, love cannot flourish ;
 Yet live it must, nay, must and shall,
 While Desdemona is at all ;
 But when she's gone, then love shall die,
 And in her grave shall buried lie.

Farewell to Love.

I.
 WELL she wou'd landskip, fare-ye-well :
 How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
 At least so well
 As he that now hates more
 Than e'er he lov'd before.

II.
 But my dear nothings, take your leave,
 No longer must you me deceive,
 Since I perceive
 All the deceit, and know
 Whence the mistake did grow.

III.
 As he whose quicker eye do's trace
 A false star shot to a mark'd place,
 Do's run apace,
 And thinking it to catch,
 A gelly up does snatch.

IV.
 So our dull souls tasting delight
 Far off, by sense, and appetite,
 Think that is right
 And real good ; when yet
 'Tis but the counterfeit.

V.
 Oh ! how I glory now, that I
 Have made this new discovery !
 Each wanton eye

Enflam'd before : no more
 Will I increase that score.

VI.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see
 What manner of death's-head 'twill be,
 When it is free
 From that fresh upper skin ;
 The gazers joy, and sin.

VII.

The gum and glist'ning which with art
 And study'd method, in each part
 Hangs down the heart,
 Looks just as if that day
 Snails there had crawl'd the hay.

VIII.

The locks, that curl'd o'er each ear be,
 Hang like two master worms to me,
 That, as we see
 Have tasted to the rest
 Two holes, where they lik'd best.

IX.

A quick course methinks I spy
 In ev'ry woman ; and mine eye,
 At passing by,
 Check, and is troubled, just
 As if it rose from dust.

X.

They mortify, not heighten me ;
 These of my sins the glasses be :
 And here I see
 How I have lov'd before.
And so I love no more.

The Invocation.

Ye juster powers of love and fate
 Give me the reason why
 A lover crost,
 And all hopes lost,
 May not have leave to die.

It is but just, and love needs must
 Confess it is his part,
 When he does spie,
 One wounded lie,
 To pierce the other's heart.

But yet if he so cruel be
 To have one breast to hate,
 If I must live,
 And thus survive,
 How far more cruel's Fate ?

In this same state I find too late
 I am ; and here's the grief :
 Cupid can cure,
 Death heal I'm sure,
 Yet neither sends relief.

To live or die, beg only I,
 Just powers some end me give ;
 And traitor-like,
 Thus force me not
 Without a heart to live,

Sir J. S.

I.
 ONT upon it, I have lov'd
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

II.
 Time shall mould away his wings
 E'er he shall discover
 In the wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

III.
 But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no staies,
 Had it any been but she.

IV.
 Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least e'er this
 A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir TOBY MATHEWS.

I.
 SAY, but did you love so long?
 In truth I needs must blame you:
 Passion did your judgment wrong.
 Or want of reason shame you.

II.
 But, time's fair and witty daughter,
 Shortly shall discover,
 Y'are a subject fit for laughter,
 And more fool than lover.

III.
 But I grant you merit praise
 For your constant folly:
 Since you devoted three whole days,
 Were you not melancholy?

IV.
 She to whom you prov'd so true,
 And that very very face,
 Puts each minute such as you
 A dozen dozen to disgrace.

Love turn'd to Hatred.

I WILL not love one minute more, I swear,
 No not a minute; not a sigh or tear
 Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
 Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st
 begin,
 I will not think of thee but as men do
 Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
 For thy sake woman shall be now to me
 Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be:
 I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
 Treason to love that man that loves a she;
 Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
 That's in thy sex, because it does lie there;

Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
 And all for thee; what, wilt thou love me yet?

The Careless Lover.

NEVER believe me if I love,
 Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
 And yet in faith I lie, I do,
 And she's extremely handsome too;
 She's fair, she's wond'rous fair,
 But I care not who knows it,
 E'er I'll die for love, I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
 My foolish heart could never bear:
 One sigh imprison'd ruins more
 Than earthquakes have done heretofore:
 She's fair, &c.

When I am hungry I do eat,
 And cut no fingers 'stead of meat;
 Nor with much gazing on her face,
 Do e'er rise hungry from the place:
 She's fair, &c.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,
 To this and t'other friend I drink;
 And if 'tis nam'd another's health,
 I never make it her's by stealth:
 She's fair, &c.

Blackfriars to me, and old Whitehall,
 Is even as much as is the fall
 Of fountains on a pathless grove,
 And nourishes as much as my love:
 She's fair, &c.

I visit, talk, do business, play,
 And for a need laugh out a day:
 Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
 He makes not love, but plays the fool:
 She's fair, &c.

Love and Debt alike troublesome.

THIS one request I make to him that sits the clouds
 above,
 That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;
 Then for to dance, to drink and sing, I shou'd be
 very willing;
 I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor ne'er a knave
 a shilling.
 'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us
 of our rest.
 And he that is quite out of both, of all the world
 is blest:
 He sees the golden age wherein all things were
 free and common;
 He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no
 man nor woman.

Though Cræsus compassed great wealth, yet he
still craved more,
He was as needy a beggar still, as goes from door
to door.

Though Ovid was a merry man, love ever kept
him sad; [mad.

He was as far from happiness, as one that is stark
Our merchant he in goods is rich, and full of gold
and treasure;

But when he thinks upon his debts, that thought
destroys his pleasure.

Our courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom
every man envies;

When Love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes
in his eyes.

Our gallant's case is worst of all, he lies so just
betwixt them;

For he's in love, and he's in debt, and knows not
which most vex him.

But he that can eat beef, and feed on bread which
is so brown,

May satisfy his appetite, and owe no man a crown:
And he that is content with lasses clothed in plain
woollen,

May cool his heat in every place, he need not to
be fullen,

Nor sigh for love of lady fair; for this each wise
man knows, [clothes.

As good stuff under flannel lies, as under silken

SONG.

I PRYTHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again,

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh Love! where is thy sympathy.
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

To a Lady that forbade to love before Company.

WHAT! no more favours, not a ribbon more,
Not fan not muff to hold as heretofore?

Must all the little blisses then be left,
And what was once love's gift, become our theft?
May we not look ourselves into a trance,
Teach our souls parley at our eyes, not glance,
Not touch the hand, not by soft wringing there,
Whisper a love that only yes can hear?

Not free a sigh, a sigh that's there for you,
Dear must I love you, and not love you too?
Be wise, nice fair; for sooner shall they trace
The feather'd choristers from place to place,
By prints they make in th' air, and sooner say
By what right line the last star made his way
That fled from heav'n to earth, than guess to
know

How our loves first did spring, or how they grow.
Love is all spirit, fairies sooner may
Be taken tardy; when they night-tricks play,
Than we, we are too dull and lumpish rather,
Wou'd they cou'd find us both in bed together.

The Guiltless Inconstant.

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;
Since like the tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice,
Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,
And that is free to all which was entire,
Desiring more by the desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions linger most.
And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to womankind:
This for her shape I love, that for her face;
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And where that none of all these things I find,
I choose her by the kernel not the rhind:
And so I hope, since my first hope is gone,
To find in many what I lost in one;
And like to merchants after some great loss,
Trade by retail, that cannot do in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go astray,
He needs must wander that has lost his way:
Guiltless I am; she does this change provoke,
And made that charcoal, which to her was oak.
And as a looking-glass from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, does but one face reflect,
But being crackt or broken, there are grown
Many less faces, where there was but one:
So love unto my heart did first prefer
Her image, and there placed none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less faces in her place are born.

Love's Representation.

LEANING her hand upon my breast,
There on love's bed she lay to rest;
My panting heart rock'd her asleep,
My heedful eyes the watch did keep,
Then love by me being harbour'd there,
Choose Hope to be his harbinger;

Desire, his rival, kept the door;
 For this of him I begg'd no more,
 But that, our mistress t' entertain,
 Some pretty fancy he wou'd frame,
 And represent it in a dream,
 Of which myself should give the theme.
 Then first these thoughts I bid him show,
 Which only he and I did know,
 Array'd in duty and respect,
 And not in fancies that reflect;
 Then those of value next present,
 Approv'd by all the world's consent;
 But to distinguish mine afunder,
 Apparell'd they must be in wonder.
 Such a device then I would have,
 As service, not reward, should crave,
 Attir'd in spotless innocence,
 Not self-respect, nor no pretence:
 Then such a faith I would have shown,
 As heretofore was never known,
 Cloth'd with a constant clear intent,
 Professing always as it meant.
 And if love no such garments have,
 My mind a wardrobe is so brave,
 That there sufficient he may see
 To clothe impossibility.
 Then beamy fetters he shall find,
 By admiration subt'ly twin'd,
 That will keep fast the wantonest thought,
 That e'er imagination wrought:
 There he shall find of joy a chain,
 Fram'd by despair of her disdain,
 So curiously that it can't tie
 The smallest hopes that thoughts now spie:
 There acts as glorious as the sun,
 Are by her veneration spun,
 In one of which I wou'd have brought
 A pure unspotted abstract thought.
 Considering her as she is good,
 Not in her frame of flesh and blood.
 These atoms then, all in her sight,
 I bade him join, that so he might
 Discern between true love's creation,
 And that love's form that's now in fashion.
 Love, granting unto my request,
 Began to labour in my breast;
 But with the motion he did make,
 It heav'd so high that she did wake.
 Blush'd at the favour she had done,
 Then smil'd, and then away did run.

S O N G.

THE crafty boy, that had full oft essay'd
 To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,
 But still the bluntness of his darts betray'd,
 Resolv'd at last of setting up his rest,
 Either my wild unruly heart to tame,
 Or quit his godhead, and his bow disclaim.
 So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
 All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles;
 All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
 All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,

He does into one pair of eyes convey,
 And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

And there he brings me, where his ambush lay
 Secure, and careless to a stranger land:
 And never warning me, which was foul play,
 Does make me close by all this beauty stand.
 Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,
 To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess,
 The blind lad's pow'r, whilst he inhabits there;
 But I'll be even with him nevertheless,
 If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere.
 If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,
 I'll fly to her's as to a sanctuary.

Upon the black Spots worn by my Lady D. E.

MADAM,
 I KNOW your heart cannot so guilty be,
 That you should wear those spots for vanity;
 Or as your beauties trophies, put on one
 For every murder which your eyes have done;
 No, they're your mourning-weeds for hearts for-
 lorn,
 Which though you must not love, you could not
 To whom since cruel honour does deny
 Those joys could only cure their misery;
 Yet you this noble way to grace 'em found,
 Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has
 crown'd:
 Of which take heed you prove not prodigal,
 For if to every common funeral,
 By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allow'd,
 Your face wou'd wear not patches, but a cloud.

S O N G.

If you refuse me once, and think again,
 I will complain
 You are deceiv'd; love is no work of art,
 It must be got and born,
 Not made and worn,
 By every one that has a heart.
 Or do you think they more than once can die,
 Whom you deny.
 Who tell you of a thousand deaths a day,
 Like the old poets feign
 And tell the pain
 They met, but in the common way.
 Or do you think't too soon to yield,
 And quit the field.
 Nor is that right they yield that first entreat;
 Once one may crave for love,
 But more would prove
 This heart too little, that too great.

Oh! that I were all soul, that I might prove
 For you as fit a love,
 As you are for an angel; for I know
 None but pure spirits are fit loves for you.
 You are all etherial, there's in you no dross,
 Nor any part that's gross,
 Your courtest part is like a curious lawn,
 The vestal relics for a covering drawn.

Your other parts, part of the purest fire
 That e'er heav'n did inspire;
 Make every thought that is refin'd by it,
 A quintessence of goodness and of wit.

Thus have your raptures reach'd to that degree
 In love's philosophy,
 That you can figure to yourself a fire
 Void of all heat, a love without desire.

Nor in divinity do you go less,
 You think, and you profess,
 That souls may have a plenitude of joy,
 Although their bodies meet not to employ.

But I must needs confess, I do not find
 The motions of my mind
 So purify'd as yet, but at the best
 My body claims in them an interest.

I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts.
 As joyful as our hearts.
 Our senses tell us, if we please not them,
 Our love is but a dotage or a dream.

How shall we then agree? You may descend,
 But will not, to my end.
 I fain would tune my fancy to your key,
 But cannot reach to that obstructed way.

There rests but this, that whilst we sorrow here
 Our bodies may draw near:
 And when no more their joys they can extend,
 Then let our souls begin where they did end.

Proffer'd Love Rejected.

It is not four years ago,
 I offer'd forty crowns,
 To lie with her a night or so:
 She answer'd me in frowns.

Not two years since, she meeting me
 Did whisper in my ear,
 That she would at my service be,
 If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as snow,
 And had no great desire;
 But should be well content to go
 To twenty, but no higher.

Some three months since, or thereabout,
 She that so coy had been,

Bethought herself, and found me out,
 And was content to sin.

I smil'd at that, and told her, I
 Did think it something late:
 And that I'd not repentance buy,
 At above half the rate.

This present morning early she,
 Forsooth, came to my bed,
 And gratis there she offer'd me
 Her high-priz'd maiden-head.

I told her that I thought it then
 Far dearer than I did,
 When I at first the forty crowns
 For one night's lodging bid.

Disdain.

i.
 A quoy servent d' artifices
 Et serments aux vent jettez,
 Si vos amours et vos services
 Me sont des importuneitez?

ii.
 L'amour a d'autres vœux m'appelle,
 Entendez Jamais rien de moy,
 Ne penz nous rendre infidele,
 A me tesmoignant vostre foy.

iii.
 L'amant qui mon amour possede
 Est trop plein de perfection,
 Et doublement il vous excede
 De merit et d'affection.

iv.
 Je ne puis estre refroidie,
 Ni rompre un cordage si doux,
 Ni le rompre sans perfidie,
 En d'estre perfidi pour vous.

v.
 Vos attentes sont toutes en vain,
 Le vous dire est nous obliger,
 Pour vous faire epergner vos peines
 Du vous et du temps mesnager.

Englis'd thus:

i.
 To what end serve the promises
 And oaths lost in the air?
 Since all your proffer'd services
 To me but tortures are.

ii.
 Another now enjoys my love,
 Set you your heart at rest:
 Think not me from my faith to move,
 Because you faith protest.

iii.
 The man that does possess my heart,
 Has twice as much perfection,

And does excel you in desert,
As much as in affection.

iv.

I cannot break so sweet a bond,
Unless I prove untrue:
Nor can I ever be so fond,
To prove untrue for you.

v.

Your attempts are but in vain,
To tell you is a favour:
For things that may be, rack your brain;
Then lose not thus your labour.

LUTEA ALLANSON.

Si sola es, nulla es.

THOUGH you, Diana-like, have liv'd still chaste,
Yet must you not, fair, die a maid at last;
The roses on your cheeks were never made
To bless the eye alone, and so to fade;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being
To please no other sense than that of seeing:
You were not made to look on, though that be
A bliss too great for poor mortality:
In that alone those rarer parts you have,
To better uses sure wise Nature gave,
Than that you put 'em to; to love, to wed,
For Hymen's rights, and for the marriage-bed
You were ordain'd and not to lie alone;
One is no number, 'till that two be one.
To keep a maidenhead but 'till fifteen,
Is worse than murder, and a greater sin,
Than to have lost it in the lawful sheets,
With one that should want skill to reap those
sweets:

But not to lose't at all, by Venus, this,
And by her son, inexpiable is;
And should each female guilty be o' th' crime,
The world would have its end before its time.

Perjury Excus'd.

ALAS it is too late! I can no more
Love now, than I have lov'd before:
My Flora, 'tis my fate, not I;
And what you call contempt, is destiny.
I am no monster sure, I cannot shew
Two hearts, one I already owe:
And I have bound myself with oaths, and
vow'd
Often, I fear, then heaven has e'er allow'd,
That faces now should work no more on me,
Than if they could not charm, or I not see.
And shall I break 'em? shall I think you can
Love, if I could, so foul a perjur'd man;
Oh no, 'tis equally impossible that I
Should love again, or you love perjury.

A S O N G.

HAST thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tost it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou mark'd the crocodiles weeping,
Or the foxes sleeping?
Or hast thou view'd the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his leachery?
Oh! so fickle, oh! so vain, oh! so false, so false
is she!

Upon T. C. having the P.

TROTH, Tom, I must confess I much admire
Thy water should find passage through the fire:
For fire and water never could agree,
These now by nature have some sympathy:
Sure then his way he forces; for all know
The French ne'er grants a passage to his foe:
If it be so, his valour I must praise,
That being the weaker, yet can force his ways;
And wish, that to his valour he had strength,
That he might drive the fire quite out, at length:
For, troth, as yet the fire gets the day.
For evermore the water runs away

Upon the first sight of my LADY SEIMOUR.

WONDER not much if thus amaz'd I look,
Since I saw you, I have been planet-struck:
A beauty, and so rare I did descry,
As should I set her forth, you all, as I,
Would lose your hearts; for he that can
Know her and live, he must be more than man.
An apparition of so sweet a creature,
That, credit me, she had not any feature
That did not speak her angel. But no more
Such heavenly things as these we must adore,
Nor prattle of; lest when we do but touch,
Or strive to know, we wrong her too too much.

Upon L. M. Weeping.

WHOEVER was the cause your tears were shed,
May these my curses light upon his head:
May he be first in love, and let it be
With a most known and black deformity,
Nay, far surpass all witches that have been
Since our first parents taught us how to sin!
Then let this hag be coy, and he run mad
For that which no man else would e'er have had:
And in this fit may he commit the thing
May him impenitent to th' gallows bring!
Then might he for one tear his pardon have,
But want that single grief his life to save!

And being dead, may he at heav'n venture,
But for the guilt of this one fact ne'er enter.

The Deformed Mistress.

I KNOW there are some fools that care
Not for the body, so the face be fair;
Some others too, that in a female creature
Respect not beauty, but a comely feature:
And others too, that for those parts in sight
Care not so much, so that the rest be right.
Each man his humour has; and, faith, 'tis mine
To love that woman which I now define.
First I would have her wainscot foot and hand
More wrinkled far than any plaited band;
That in those furrows, if I'd take the pains,
I might both sow and reap all sorts of grains:
Her nose I'd have a foot long, not above,
With pimples embroider'd, for those I love;
And at the end a comely pearl of snout,
Considering whether it should fall or not:
Provided next that half her teeth be out,
Nor do I care much if her pretty snout
Meet with her furrow'd chin, and both together
Hem in her lips, as dry as good whit-leather.
One wall-eye she shall have; for that's a sign
In other beasts the best, why not in mine?
Her neck I'll have to be pure jet at least,
With yellow spots enamel'd; and her breast
Like a grasshopper's wing, both thin and lean,
Not to be touch'd for dirt, unless swept clean;
As for her belly, 'tis no matter, so
There be a belly, and——
Yet if you will, let it be something high,
And always let there be a timpany.
But soft, where am I now! here I should stride,
Lest I fall in the place must be so wide;
And pass unto her thighs, which shall be just
Like to an ant's that's scraping in the dust:
Into her legs I'd have loves issues fall,
And all her calf into a gouty small:
Her feet both thick, and eagle-like display'd
The symptoms of a comely handsome maid:
As for her parts behind, I ask no more,
If they but answer those that are before,
I have my utmost wish, and having so,
Judge whether I am happy, yea or no.

Upon Mrs. A. L.

Non est mortale quod opto.

THOU think'st I flatter when thy praise I tell,
But thou dost all hyperboles excel:
For I am sure thou art no mortal creature,
But a divine one thron'd in human feature.
Thy piety is such, that heav'n by merit,
If ever any did, thou should'st inherit:
Thy modesty is such, that had'st thou been
Tempted as Eve, thou would'st have shunn'd her
sin:

So lovely fair thou art, that sure dame nature
Meant thee the pattern of the female creature:
Besides all this, thy flowing wit is such,
That were it not in thee, 't had been too much
For womankind: should envy look thee o'er,
I would confess thus much, if not much more.
I love thee well, yet wish some bad in thee,
For, sure I am, thou art too good for me.

His Dream.

ON a still silent night, scarce could I number
One of the clock, but that a golden slumber
Had lock'd my senses fast, and carry'd me
Into a world of blest felicity,
I know not how: First to a garden, where
The apricock, the cherry, and the pear,
The strawberry, and plumb, were fairer far
Than the eye-pleasing fruit that caus'd the jar
Betwixt the goddesses, and tempted more
Than fair Atlanta's ball though gilded o'er:
I gaz'd a while on these, and presently
A silver stream ran softly gliding by;
Upon whose banks, lilies more white than snow
New fall'n from heav'n, with violets mix'd, did
grow;
Whose scent so chaf'd the neighbour-air, that you
Would surely swear Arabic spices grew
Not far from thence, or that the place had been
With musk prepar'd to entertain love's queen.
Whilst I admir'd, the river past away,
And up a grove did spring, green as in May,
When April had been moist: upon whose bushes
The pretty robins, nightingales, and thrushes
Warbled their notes so sweetly, that my ears
Did judge at least the music of the spheres.
But here my gentle dream conveyed me
Into the place which I most long'd to see,
My mistress' bed; who, some few blushes past,
And smiling frowns, contented was at last
To let me touch her neck; I not content
With that, slipt to her breast, thence lower went,
And then——I awak'd.

Upon A. M.

YIELD all, my love; but be withal as coy,
As if thou knew'st not how to sport and toy:
The fort resign'd with ease, men cowards prove
And lazy grow. Let me besiege my love,
Let me despair at least three times a day,
And take repulses upon each essay:
If I but ask a kiss, straight blush as red
As if I tempted for thy maidenhead:
Contract thy smiles, if that they go too far;
And let thy frowns be such as threaten war.
That face which nature sure never intended
Should e'er be marr'd, because 't could ne'er be
mended,
Take no corruption from thy grandame Eve;
Rather want faith to save thee, than believe

Too soon : For, credit me, 'tis true,
Men most of all enjoy, when least they do.

A Candle.

THERE is a thing which in the light
Is seldom us'd, but in the night
It serves the maiden female crew;
The ladies, and the good wives too :
They use to take it in their hand,
And then it will uprightly stand;
And to a hole they it apply,
Where by its good will it would die.
It spends, goes out, and still within
It leaves its moisture thick and thin.

The Metamorphosis.

THE little boy, to shew his might and pow'r,
Turn'd to a cow, Narcissus to a flow'r;
Transform'd Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable, but by th' mass
He's metamorphos'd me into an ass.

To B. C.

WHEN first, fair mistress, I did see your face,
I brought, but carried no eyes from the place :
And since that time god Cupid has me led,
In hope that once I shall enjoy your bed.
But I despair ; for now, alas, I find,
Too late for me, the blind does lead the blind.

*Upon Sir JOHN LAURENCE's bringing Water over
the Hills to my Lord MIDDLESEX's House at
Witten.*

AND is the water come ? sure't cannot be ;
It runs too much against philosophy ;
For heavy bodies to the centre bend,
Light bodies only naturally ascend.
How comes this then to pass ? The good knight's
skill
Could nothing do without the water's will :
Then 'twas the water's love that made it flow,
For love will creep where well it cannot go.

A Barber.

I AM a barber, and I'd have you know,
A shaver too, sometimes no mad one though.
The reason why you see me now thus bare,
Is 'cause I always trade against the hair :

But yet I keep a state ; who comes to me,
Whoe'er he is, he must uncover'd be,
When I'm at work, I'm bound to find discourse
To no great purpose, of great Sweden's force,
Of Witel, and the burse, and what 'twill cost
To get that back which was this summer lost.
So fall to praising of his lordship's hair,
Ne'er so deform'd, I swear 'tis *sun* compare :
I tell him that the king's does sit no fuller,
And yet his is not half so good a colour :
Then reach a pleasing glass, that's made to lie
Like to its master, most notoriously :
And if he must his mistress see that day,
I with a powder send him straight away.

A Soldier.

I AM a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight ;
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right,
Devoutly.

No woman under heav'n I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear,
And forty healths my brains will bear
Most stoutly.

I cannot speak, but I can do
As much as any of our crew ;
And if you doubt it, some of you
May prove me.

I dare be bold thus much to say,
If that my bullets do but play,
You would be hurt so night and day,
Yet love me.

To my Lady E. C. on her going out of England.

I MUST confess, when I did part from you,
I could not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase
Express how many hundred several ways
My heart was tortur'd, nor with arms across
In discontented garbs set forth my loss :
Such loud expressions many times do come
From lightest hearts, great griefs are always dumb ;
The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still ;
Numbers of painted words may shew much skill ;
But little anguish and a cloudy face
Is oft put on, to serve both time and place :
The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,
But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,
And keeps it long : True sorrow's like to wine,
That which is good does never need a sign.
My eyes were channels far too small to be
Conveyers of such floods of misery :
And so pray think ; or if you'd entertain
A thought more charitable, suppose some strain
Of sad repentance had, not long before,
Quite empty'd for my sins, that wat'ry store.
So shall you him oblige that still will be
Your servant to his best ability.

A Pedlar of Small Wares.

A PEDLAR I am, that take great care
And mickle pains for to sell small ware :
I had need so, when women do buy,
That in small wares trade so unwillingly.

L. W. A looking-glass, will please you madam,
buy,
A rare one 'tis indeed; for in it I
Can shew what all the world besides can't do,
A face like to your own, so fair, so true.

L. E. For you a girdle, madam; but I doubt me
Nature has order'd there's no waste about ye :
Pray therefore be but pleas'd to search my pack,
There's no ware that I have that you shall lack.

L. E. L. M. You ladies, want you pins? If
that you do,
I have those will enter, and that slily too :
Its time you choose in troth, you will bemoan
Too late your tarrying, when my pack's once gone.

L. B. L. A. As for you ladies, there are those
behind
Whose ware perchance may better take your mind;
One cannot please ye all; the Pedlar will draw
back, [knack.
And wish against himself, that you may have the

An Answer to some Verses made in his Praise.

THE ancient poets, and their learned rhimes,
We still admire in these our latter times,
And celebrate their fames. Thus though they die,
Their names can never taste mortality :
Blind Homer's muse, and Virgil's stately verse,
While any live, shall never need a hearse.
Since then to these such praise was justly due
For what they did, what shall be said to you?
These had their helps; they write of Gods and
Kings,

Of temples, battles, and such gallant things :
But you of nothing; how could you have writ,
Had you but chose a subject to your wit?
To praise Achilles, or the Trojan crew,
Shew'd little art, for praise was but their due.
To say she's fair that's fair, this is no pains :
He shews himself most poet, that most feigns :
To find our virtues strangely hid in me ;
Ay there's the art, and learned poetry !
To make one striding of a barbed steed,
Prancing a stately round : I use indeed
To ride Bat Jewel's jade; this is the skill,
This shews the poet wants not wit at will.

I must admire aloof, and for my part
Be well contented, since you do't with art.

Love's Burning-Glass.

Wondering how long I could harmless see
Men gazing on those beams that fired me ;

At last I found, it was the crystal love
Before my heart, that did the heat improve :
Which by contracting of those scatter'd rays
Into itself, did so produce my blaze.
Now lighted by my love, I see the same
Beam dazzle through, that we are wont t' inflame.
And now I blest my love, when I do think
By how much I had rather burn than wink.
But how much happier were it thus to burn,
If I had liberty to choose my urn ?
But since those beams do promise only fire,
This flame shall purge me of the dross, desire.

The Miracle.

If thou be'st ice, I do admire
How thou could'st set my heart on fire;
Or how thy fire could kindle me,
Thou being ice, and not melt thee;
But even my flames, light at thy own,
Have hard'ned thee into a stone !
Wonder of love ! that canst fulfil,
Inverting nature thus, thy will ;
Making ice one another burn,
Whilst itself does harder turn.

Εἰ μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν
'Α δεῖ παθεῖν ;
Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν
Καλὸν ἦν τὸ μαθεῖν :
Εἰ δὲ δεῖ παθεῖν
'Α δεῖ μαθεῖν ;
Τὶ δεῖ μαθεῖν
Χρὴ γὰρ παθεῖν.

Scire si liceret quæ debes subire,
Et non subire, pulchrum est scire :
Sed si subire debes quæ debes scire,
Quorsum vis scire, nam debes subire ?

Englished thus:

If man might know
The ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know !
But if he undergo it,
Though he know it,
What boots him know it ?
He must undergo it.

A S O N G.

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted ;
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day
With all his borrow'd lights away,

'Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkest night they may,
By love's quick motion, find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont, that has stood
Far from the main up in the river:
Oh! think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever.

The Expostulation.

TELL me, ye juster deities,
That pity lovers miseries,
Why should my own unworthiness
Light me to seek my happiness?
It is as natural, as just,
Him for to love whom needs I must:
All men confess that love's a fire,
Then who denies it to aspire?

Tell me, if thou wert fortune's thrall,
Would'st thou not raise thee from the fall?
Seek only to o'erlook thy state
Whereto thou art condemn'd by fate?
Then let me love my Coridon,
And by Love's leave, him love alone:
For I have read in stories oft,
That love has wings, and soars aloft.

Then let me grow in my desire,
Though I be martyr'd in that fire:
For grace it is enough for me
But only to love such as he:
For never shall my thoughts be base,
Though luckless, yet without disgrace:
Then let him that my love shall blame,
Or clip Love's wings, or quench Love's flame.

Detraction Execrated.

THOU vermin slander, bred in abject minds,
Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate,
Canker of conversation! could'st thou find
Nought but our love, whereon to shew thy hate?
Thou never wert, when we two were alone;
What canst thou witness then? thou base dull aid
Was useless in our conversation, [said.
Where each meant more than could by both be
Whence hadst thou thy intelligence, from earth?
That part of us ne'er knew that we did love;
Or from the air: Our gentle sighs had birth
From such sweet raptures as to joy did move:

Our thoughts, as pure as the chaste morning's
breath,
When from the night's cold arms it creeps away,
Where cloth'd in words; and maiden's blush that
hath

More purity, more innocence than they,
Nor from the water could'st thou have this tale,
No briny tear has furrow'd her smooth cheek;
And I was pleas'd, I pray what should he ail
That had her love, for what else could he seek?
We short'ned days to moments by Love's art,
Whilst our two souls in amorous ecstacy
Perceiv'd no passing time, as if a part
Our love had been of still eternity,
Much less could have it from the purer fire,
Our heat exhales no vapour from coarse sense,
Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond desire;
Our mutual love itself did recompense,
Thou hast no correspondence had in heav'n,
And th' elemental world, thou see'st, is free:
Whence hadst thou then this, talking monster?
even

From hell, a harbour fit for it and thee.
Curst be th' officious tongue that did address
Thee to her ears, to ruin my content:
May it one minute taste such happiness,
Deserving loos'd unpitied it lament!
I must forbear her sight, and so repay
In grief, those hours joy short'ned to a dram:
Each minute I will lengthen to a day,
And in one year outlive Methusalem.

S O N G.

UNJUST decrees, that do at once exact
From such a love as worthy hearts should own,
So wild a passion,
And yet so tame a presence
As holding no proportion,
Changes into impossible obedience.

Let it suffice, that neither I do love
In such a calm observance, as to weigh
Each word I say
And each examin'd look t' approve
That towards her does move,
Without so much of fire
As might, in time, kindle into desire.

Or give me leave to burst into a flame,
And at the scope of my unbounded will
Love her my fill,
No superscriptions of fame,
Of honour or good name,
No thought but to improve
The gentle and quick approaches of my love.

But thus to throng and overlade a soul
With love, and then to have a room for fear,
That shall all that controul,
What is it but to rear
Our passions and our hopes on high,
That thence they may descry
The noblest way how to despair and die?

A Prologue to a Masque at Witten.

EXPECT not here a curious river fine,
Our wits are short of that ; alas, the time !
The neat refined language of the court
We know not ; if we did, our country sport
Must not be too ambitious ; 'tis for kings,
Not for their subjects, to have such rare things.

ЭКОЗ

The noblest way how to detain and die?
 Their freedom they may take and so
 Our passion and our hopes on high,
 What is it but to win
 That shall all that control
 With love, and then to have a room for love,
 But this to theory and overtake a soul
 The gentle and quick apprehension of my joys,
 No thought but to improve
 Ol' losses or good gains
 No superstitions of time,
 Love but my ill
 Against the hope of my unbounded will
 Or give me leave to pass into a flame,
 As might, so time, and in mine desire,
 Whither so much of life
 That towards her does move
 And each examined look I approve
 Back word I lay
 In such a calm observance, as to weigh
 Let it suffice, that neither I do love
 Changes into impossible opinions
 As holding no proposition,
 And yet to have a presence
 So wild a passion,
 From such a love as worthy hearts should own
 If your desires, stand as at once exact

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